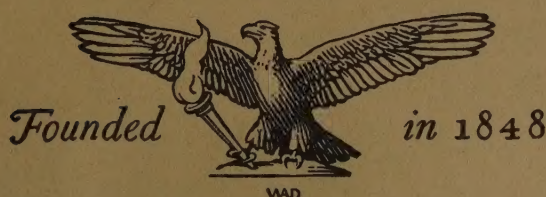


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NOTE. The following key is used to indicate the nature of contributions other than regular signed articles.

Book reviews are indexed under author and first word of title. All other matter is listed under author and under key word of title or general subject.

BR	Book Review
D	Drama
EA	Editorial Article
Ed	Editorial
P	Poetry
W	What the World Is Doing

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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AS the Coolidge special rumbled out of Washington carrying the President on a mission designed to pacify the farmers of the grain belt, another train sped east from Chicago bearing ex-Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois to Binghamton,



New York, for purposes of political speech making. Simultaneously with the Chief Executive's arrival in the Black Hills, the Illinoisan's admirers released to the New York press the first formal Lowden panegyric to be issued east of the Alleghenies. In other words, these two actively receptive candidates for the Republican

nomination have swapped battle fronts in the first major strategy of what promises to be an amusing, if not an instructive, preconvention campaign. With each thus leading an invasion into the other's territory, political observers waited eagerly for the first manifestations of practical politics which might indicate the manner of campaign Mr. Coolidge would promulgate among the rustics and reveal the tactics which Mr. Lowden would employ in his

operations along the Atlantic seaboard. Nor was their watchfulness unrewarded.

The loudest note in the Lowden song so popular in the Mississippi Valley was soft-pedaled in the Eastern version. Contrariwise the Coolidge solo in the Black Hills reached its highest pitch when it touched farm relief. The Lowden encomium in the East attacked the third term and lambasted the Administration's "imperialistic" policy in Mexico, Nicaragua, and China, but it lightly disposed of farm relief with the mild statement that the Middle West is entitled to share in the prosperity of other sections.

On the other hand, the President intimated that he would favor almost any plan to alleviate the sufferings of the farmers provided it did not include elements of price fixing. Before he hurried East the Illinoisan parked his pet doctrine at home, while the Vermonter, for the first time since he had his picture taken pitching hay, appeared before the ailing rustics as an understanding friend.

But the President has done even more than make speeches looking toward a mere nomination. We learn that he has donned a ten-gallon hat, has caught four fish, — with the help of several

broad-minded worms, — has received a delegation of country editors, and is in a fair way to be adopted into the Sioux tribe. "Before the summer is ended," writes one reporter, "President Coolidge will be a Sioux Indian." Well, if one must turn oneself into a pesky redskin, it is probably better to become a Sioux Indian than a Digger Indian or a Cigar Store Indian. The Sioux were considerable Indians in their great day, and they still do quite a business in adopting distinguished visitors and great white chiefs.

Altogether, the news from South Dakota is reassuring. Dry-fly fishermen and other members of the snootier anglers' clubs are understood to be sharpening their pencils to vote the Democratic ticket, but the President is not perturbed by this defection. Mr. Coolidge is very astute; knowing that all the sachems and braves of Tammany are behind Al Smith and having heard tell somewhere that Al is wet, the President steals the governor's loudest thunders by becoming a regular Indian and wearing a ten-gallon hat. In these piping days of prohibition, ten gallons of anything are not to be sneezed at, and what is a Tammany sachem as compared with a Sioux in good standing? Mr. Coolidge is still perfectly familiar with the merchandize on his shelves.

The Task at Geneva

THE Geneva conference on limitation of naval armaments started auspiciously. The United States had a plan, Japan had a plan, and Great Britain had a plan. Each was advanced with frankness and without any of the jingoistic, dogmatic, "take it or leave it" spirit often characteristic of admiralities. True, the plans are different. Each is based on the self-interest of the nation putting it forward, and therefore each has been bombarded by volunteer critics of the other nations. But at least a discussion has begun, plans for actual reduction or limitation have emanated from each delegation, and a sincere effort to find the proper formula for a solution is being made by able minds. So far so good.

A technical discussion of the relative merits of the three plans by laymen is futile. By naval officers it is almost as bootless because it resolves itself into a host of different considerations on which naval men of the same nation cannot agree. Many factors enter into every nation's particular problems of naval defense and the problems of all are different. A certain tonnage in submarines seems essential to one, many light cruisers requisite to another, abundant dreadnoughts necessary to a third.

It is doubtful if any detailed plan which imposes limitations on the three nations regardless of their individual problems of defense will be acceptable to all. On the other hand, a more general scheme

such as that of the 5-5-3 ratio might be so drawn as to satisfy the powers. All three delegations have displayed every indication of honest desire to reach an agreement. Great Britain and Japan must be more than ever anxious to devise a satisfactory plan, for they were astutely served notice by Ambassador Gibson that failure at Geneva would force the United States to launch an extensive naval construction program—a prospect pleasant to neither Tokyo nor London. Americans also look with no favor on costly naval competition, even if our treasury is fat with surplus. The hope is universally shared that the variance between the three plans will be narrowed down by the give and take of compromise, that the glowering menace of huge sea forces may be avoided and a burden of increased taxes on three peoples be prevented.

The Rollins Idea

THE case for the small college, together with a description of a challenging experiment in pedagogy going forward under his direction, was beautifully put by Hamilton Holt, formerly editor of THE INDEPENDENT, in his recent address at the University of North Carolina. As president of Rollins College, Florida, Mr. Holt is endeavoring to solve the problem of making the undergraduate think in the light of his own experience as a college student and later as a man of affairs.

First, President Holt promises that Rollins will stay small, with membership limited to four hundred men and three hundred women, thus outwitting the satiric challenge of Dean Briggs of Harvard that small colleges proclaim the advantages of smallness only for the purpose of becoming bigger. Since the chief advantage of a small-college environment is close contact between student and teacher, his first interest is to hand pick an inspiring faculty and treat them well in the matter of pay, hours, and favorable conditions.

"Most college presidents," says the former editor of THE INDEPENDENT, "swing a club over their professors, whether qualified or not, to make them go in for research." While genius for research is of the highest order of human service, by no means all worthy teachers are equipped for research. Rollins proposes to honor equally the man with a genius for imparting knowledge, in itself one of the noblest of gifts. Such men usually stay where they are put, because the great universities compete for those who through research have made names for themselves. But President Holt boldly declares that he is on a scouting expedition for good teachers without regard to their previous condition of neglect, and he expects to get them by offering larger pay. This notice in itself ought to give hope and courage to scores of professors whose fatal handicap has been that they know only how to teach.

However, the Rollins plan breaks with the traditional college pedagogy. Says President Holt:

The lecture system is probably the worst scheme ever devised for imparting human knowledge. It assumes that what one man has taken perhaps a lifetime to acquire by the most painstaking observation, hard thinking, and long-continued reflection, can be relayed or spoon-fed to another man who has not gone through a like process.

The recitation system, with occasional quizzes, is but slightly better, being of no benefit to the good student and establishing marks, instead of mastery of the subject, as the student's objective. The professor knows, the student does not know, yet the professor is the quizzier. How to stimulate students to the point of asking earnest and intelligent questions is a problem which has stumped many educators. Rollins attempts this by readjusting her schedule to two-hour conference periods in place of the usual hour. For two hours the class studies as well as reports, in an atmosphere of the workshop, with perfect freedom for questions and discussions. The student may dig longer on the subject in his outside time, but two hours' attendance satisfies the requirements. Rollins recognizes that the average student rarely spends more than one hour preparing for one hour under the professor's eye, and it prefers to have that preparatory hour spent in the teacher's company.

These innovations are frankly experimental, but we believe they are sure to succeed if the teaching personnel catches President Holt's enthusiasm. It is significant that the two most striking changes of the year in academic procedure come from university presidents — the other is Frank of Wisconsin — who went to their chairs from responsibilities in which it was their editorial duty to observe educational establishments with critical eyes. Universities, as founts of authority, are especially prone to follow traditions which events have outgrown, and it is well to have the spirit of change, dominant in other American spheres, injected into campus practice.

Home-brewed War Scares

THE latest European war scares bear evidence of having been fabricated in the editorial offices of the alarmist press rather than by actual events in European storm centers. The recent session of the League of Nations Council was characterized by a calm that certainly would not have prevailed if Mars had actually been stalking through the Balkans or clanging his armor in Russia, England, and Poland.

The menace of Yugoslavia's belligerent gestures against Albania, we have repeatedly been told, is a forerunner of an ominous Balkan flare-up and a general European war. But the League Council

apparently did not concur in this jingoist interpretation. The Belgrade-Tirana dispute was speedily disposed of at Geneva by the dispatch of curt advice to the two Governments to be good little boys and stop quarreling. Yugoslavia would no more challenge destiny by jumping on Albania and inviting chastisement from Italy and Britain than Attorney-General Sargent would announce himself as a candidate in opposition to Mr. Coolidge. The Balkan war cloud has apparently been at least temporarily dispelled.

The purported imminence of conflict between Russia and Poland or Russia and Great Britain likewise gave the Council little visible worry. Despite the Soviet's truculent attitude toward Poland since the Voikoff murder, despite even the diplomatic rupture between London and Moscow, the Council was obviously far from panicky. British prestige of course demanded that Moscow be warned against continued spread of Communistic propaganda outside of Russia, and that she be informed, as well, that the Soviet executions are regarded with world-wide disfavor. But aside from this warning and paternal advice to Moscow and Warsaw that the Polish-Russian differences had best be amicably settled, the Council did nothing to indicate deep concern over the situation. Russia is not ready for war. Indeed, it is just possible that she would actually fear war in the belief that a Russian army in fighting trim might turn on the Soviet, destroy the Communist régime, and set up a military dictatorship. At any rate, the Council's apparent lack of concern seems to reveal the purported cloud in the north as a mere mirage.

The alarmist press, however, is incorrigible. With two scares removed, another is dragged out. One newspaper paraded the theory that Germany, chagrined at the refusal of her former enemies to disarm, is getting ready to fight. Such a thought merits consideration only because it indicates the determination of the alarmist press to manufacture *casus belli* even where none exists.

Will Our Schools Breed Castes?

THE term just closed provides interesting indications that the democratic public schools may become the incubator in which a caste system is hatched out for the United States. The evidence is based on a trend toward the inauguration of a system of student gradations in which pupils are sorted out into mental classes according to various degrees of alertness and ability to absorb knowledge. In a few districts, particularly in California, grammar-school principals, dismayed at the growing difficulty of treating all children as mental equals, last year applied the Binet tests as a measure of intelligence and experimented with a system of classifying pupils into three groups — superior, average, and inferior.

The reasons prompting such an innovation are manifold. Public-school attendance in cities has been greatly increased by the flow of people from farms to populous centers. This increase has been augmented by more rigid enforcement of statutes compelling school attendance by children under sixteen. As a result, the teacher who once had fifteen or twenty pupils now faces twice that number. Whereas duldards used to "quit school" in the early grades and go to work, laws now demand they attend classes. Consequently, the variance in student intelligence has been tremendously widened. It is to meet these new demands on a school system necessarily geared to the average mind that educators have cautiously begun experiments in mental gradations. Their scope will undoubtedly be widened as more and more principals follow the lead of the pioneers, perhaps to the point where the public school, main structure of American democracy, will some time become the laboratory which will establish the fallacy of the unwisely popularized American theory that "all men are created equal." Democracy's proudest child may yet deny its own parent.

Pigskin or Sheepskin

PROFESSORS and instructors at Harvard evidently refuse to be moved by the practice in many another university of classroom leniency toward stars of track and playing field. Captains of three Cambridge athletic teams failed to graduate with their class—a fact which should arouse more sympathy for the athletes than criticism for the authorities. After all, universities exist to instruct and not to provide winning teams for great athletic spectacles. The student who would major in athletics must devote long months to training and practice, to the consequent detriment of study. Spirited competition for places on teams, the demands of alumni for winners, and a vast public interest in college sports have made it increasingly difficult for university athletes to find time for academics. It is not surprising that three Crimson captains flunked. Indeed, it is more astonishing that a fourth graduated with honors.

Parties and Principles

"PROHIBITION Will Be National Issue in 1928" the headlines tell us. Well, not if the Democrats or the Republicans can help it. There is still a National Prohibition party existing obscurely in the bushes, and perhaps some day its banners will be pulled out of the moth balls, its slogans polished up, its platform whitewashed, and its orators presented with new dickeys and stovepipe hats. But that day will not come until one of the major parties has decided to be wet, and no major party will be wet until its vote-counting politicians decide that it is

good business to be wet. Prohibition and temperance are conflicting principles. Politicians abhor principles, for principles lose votes. Neither the Republican nor Democratic party is a party of principles. They are both vote-catching machines whose chief objective is self-perpetuation. The National Prohibition party, on the other hand, is founded on the clear-cut principle of prohibition. Its political importance approaches the absolute or mathematical zero.

Please Pass the Ham and Eggs

ARRANGEMENT of the human menu with the sole object of gustatory satisfaction may be as injurious to the body as is the Darwin theory to literal interpretation of the Scriptures. But in spite of danger warnings man continues to order his meals to suit his sense of taste. Science may prate endlessly about protein proportions, caloric contents, or alphabetical vitamins and rule against malnutritious combinations—but the famous copartnerships of things that are good to eat together will never be dissolved. Even the ancient advice of Moses that pork be eschewed has not ruptured the historic *entente cordiale* between two slices of ham and a brace of eggs, sunny side up. Just the same, all these dietetic warnings have been a bit disquieting. Until now at last science appears as an ally to taste and dictates that ham and eggs are not only good for the soul, but equally good for the body.

Wherefore all gourmands owe a debt of gratitude to the lowly albino rat. These pink-eyed quadrupeds possess processes of nutrition almost like those of humans. The Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture has just announced the results of experiments covering ten years in which the little rodents were served plenty of ham and eggs. The tests showed that lean pork is rich in vitamin B, but low in fat-soluble vitamin A, whatever that is. But—and here's the good news—eggs were shown to be low in vitamin B, but rich in fat-soluble vitamin A. Put ham and eggs together and, presto, you have a highly nutritious and health-giving combination.

Thus science backs up the dictates of gustation. An ancient and honorable partnership is made safe for the alimentary canal. Oh, happy circumstance! Now, let us hope, the Department of Agriculture will feed the little albinos on huckleberry pie and ice cream, sauerkraut and wienies, and that most notable gastronomic combination ever invented by mankind—buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. Not that an adverse dictum would make any difference. Even then mortals would continue happily to dig their graves with their teeth. But in view of the recent contribution to the peace of mind of all good eaters, we owe a tasty menu to the rats.

Growing Pains of Mother Ireland

IRELAND, or at least the Free State, seems to be suffering from a stubborn case of growing pains. After the civil war had wiped out armed resistance to the Anglo-Irish Treaty, the Government pledged to carrying out the provisions of that treaty, went into office with the good wishes and support of a people sick to death of dissension and lawlessness. President Cosgrave and his lieutenants have worked hard during the last five years at the humdrum, commonplace, and terribly difficult tasks of organizing administration and financing it. In spite of their very respectable success, the public has not been satisfied — for a number of reasons. Perhaps it is instinctive in the native Irish to be “agin the Government,” even when it is of their own creation. In any event, many patriots have been grievously distressed that their own Government should tax them more highly than was the case under the hated rule of the Briton — and that there have not been enough fat jobs to go around. Perhaps, too, as Mr. J. O. P. Bland recently wrote, “the fact that the country’s grievances can no longer be ascribed to British stupidity makes it all the harder to bear.”

Times have been and still are bad in Ireland as they are in England, but the Irishman is quick to attribute his *res angusta domi* to incompetence on the part of government rather than to general economic conditions about which he knows very little indeed. Besides, Ireland has lost many of the social amenities which — even in times of genuine distress — used to relieve the Irish temperament and give it something to enjoy. Pat might be hungry, but he could throw his cap in the air at a Lord Lieutenant’s parade. Now there are no vice-regal splendors at Dublin, no English regiments spending their money and providing entertainments at garrison towns; even the old families, the “quality,” the sporting squires have largely disappeared. These losses are felt, and only the Simon-pure politicals fail to regret them.

Undoubtedly Eamon De Valera’s recent visit to the United States, where he was amiably greeted in many cities throughout his coast-to-coast tour, added much to his prestige at home and contributed in no small measure to the success of his partisans at the polls. The influence of Irish-Americans and Anglophobes has always been evident in Ireland’s turbulent history, and unfortunately it has seldom been exerted on the side of the Cosgrave brand of conservatism.

At any rate, these and many other factors combined to make the recent general election a most unsatisfactory one for the Government. The returns

seem to give President Cosgrave’s party forty-seven members of the new Dail as against forty-four Republicans, twenty-two Laborites, fifteen Independents, and various other small groups. This is obviously far from being a very impressive vote of confidence. That Mr. De Valera should be able to elect forty-four representatives pledged to an Irish Republic, that the Government’s strength should have been reduced from sixty to forty-seven, are not cheering facts for those who wish to see Ireland peaceful and prosperous, to see her working out her problems with an undivided mind and a loyal comradeship. Mr. De Valera is probably an honest man, but he has the unhappy quality of being an inflexible doctrinaire at all times and seasons. Such a man is a distinctly uncomfortable and dubious asset when conditions and not theories confront us. If Mr. De Valera were a member of a ship’s crew, he would, one feels, not merely “organize” his shipmates against the tyrannic principles of marine authority, but if the ship were sinking and all hands in mortal danger, he would still persist in haranguing the doubters and in refusing to bend his knee or put his hand to the pumps.

Heretofore the numerical strength of his followers has not been sufficiently great to obstruct the program of the Government. Now that he is able to match the Cosgrave strength he may be expected either to force his views upon the Dail and the Free State or check legislation not exactly to his liking. The treaty which settled the famous border controversy between the north and south may be expected to come in for some rough handling. An alliance between Republicans, Labor, and the Farmers would bode no good for the Free State’s relationship with Great Britain. Domestic matters with De Valera in the driver’s seat are certain to be colored by an ultraliberalism not always beneficial in a government that is just learning to walk. Ireland is entering an era of government by bloc — little groups of willful men — with which Americans are so well acquainted in the United States Senate. In view of the De Valera truculence and his tendency to obstruct if he cannot gain his full point, the Irish ship of state seems headed for troubled waters.

To pragmatic, practical Americans and to Anglo-Saxons generally it is more important to get the job done — even at the cost of a little compromising — than to insist on throwing an inflexible monkey wrench of “principles” into the machine which must be used for the job. Only the sound, humorous sanity of the Irish people can save a situation now jeopardized by clashing doctrinaires and selfish politicians. We hope and believe that it will do so and that the most distressful “counthry’s” present troubles will prove to be merely the growing pains inevitable in a government born of rebellion and civil war.

Italy's "Manifest Destiny" in the Balkans

By John Carter

A GREAT deal of insincere nonsense has been current in Europe and America regarding Italy's "imperialism" in Albania. Ever since the two countries signed the Treaty of Tirana on November 27, 1926, the Jugoslavs, with sympathetic support from France, have complained loudly of the "protectorate" conferred on Italy by the treaty and have announced the threat of a new war in the Balkans; liberals in England and America have not failed to see another opportunity for taking a crack at Mussolini. The plain fact of the matter is, however, that in securing a paramount influence over the country across the Strait of

Otranto, Italy is but obeying the iron laws of her national necessities, that Mussolini's personality and methods have no more to do with it than have those of his predecessors at the Italian Foreign Office, and that if there is danger of another war in the Balkans the first aggressive move must be made by that eminently pacific aggregation of hardy fighting men, the inhabitants of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

Anyone who examines a map will see that Albania is as necessary to Italy as is Korea to Japan, Belgium to Great Britain, or Panama to the United States. This is not a matter of ethics, policies, or ambitions—it is a matter of fact. "Antwerp is a pistol leveled at the heart of England," and the English Government has been fighting since the days of Elizabeth to keep the "low countries" from falling into the hands of a rival, whether Spain, France, or Germany. It is supposed to have been General Grant who, on his tour around the world, first urged upon Japanese statesmen the strategic necessity for Japanese control of Korea. At any rate, the result of Korea's threat to Japanese naval and commercial—the two are really identical—communications was the Russo-Japanese War. A Japanese protectorate over Korea followed, and five years later, annexation. The rôle of Panama in American strategy, diplomacy, and commerce is equally compulsive. We have guaranteed Panama's territorial and political integrity, and seem in a fair way—and for the same reason—to repeat the process in Nicaragua. Belgium dominates the coastwise traffic of southern

and eastern England; Korea controls Japanese commerce on the Yellow and Japanese seas; Panama controls the east-west coastwise traffic of the United States. In exactly the same way, Albania dominates the Italian naval and commercial communications between the east and west coasts of Italy. Moreover, the Albanian port of Valona can

be made into a naval fortress capable of sealing the Strait of Otranto, there only sixty miles wide; to all save submarines. Albania, divided between Jugoslavia and Greece, or in the hands of a single transadriatic power—such as Jugoslavia or prewar Austria-Hungary—is such a threat

to Italian security that on November 9, 1921, the Governments of Great Britain, France, and Japan announced that, in the event of a threat to Albania's territorial security, "they will instruct their representatives on the Council of the League of Nations to recommend that the restoration of the territorial integrity of Albania should be intrusted to Italy" and recognized that "any modification of the frontiers of Albania constitutes a danger for the strategic safety of Italy."

Here, then, is a little country, only a little larger than Belgium, with less than a million inhabitants, principally warlike, socially incoherent groups of mountaineers, with few roads, few mineral resources, and a Government which, but for Italy, is about as stable as a Haitian administration without American Marines. Owing to the inexorable facts of geography and political strategy, it is necessary for Italy to control this country in the interests of her own safety. That has been conceded by every great power in Europe and every dispassionate student of politics in the world. The sole question which confronts the world and Italy is the method to be employed in assuring her strategic safety in Albania.

ITALY has, as a matter of fact, experimented with the three available methods, as illustrated by Korea, Belgium, and Panama, and seems inclined to favor the third as involving least effort and giving least cause for hostile action. After the Balkan War which freed Albania from Ottoman rule in 1913, she joined with Austria-Hungary in guaranteeing Albanian independence. This was to

That the League Council adjourned a week ago without giving serious consideration to the recent diplomatic break between Jugoslavia and Albania was largely due to Mussolini's firm assertion that he would not have the Treaty of Tirana called up for review. Mr. Carter of the *New York Times* analyzes here Italy's postwar policy with regard to Albania, as well as Mussolini's recent diplomacy throughout the Balkans. In the present case, his conclusions are practical ones, favorable rather to Italy than to Jugoslavia

keep Albania from falling into Serbian hands, and is comparable to the Franco-Prussian-British guarantee of Belgium. With the outbreak of the war and the absconson of William of Wied, the mpref given to Albania by Europe, Italy seized the port of Valona and prepared to hold it against all comers, even before she joined the Entente. With the Japanese example in Korea before her, Italy, under the statesmanship of Baron Sidney Sonnino, aspired to a protectorate—if not an outright conquest—of the country. In 1918, an officer of the Italian general staff once pointed to Albania on a large scale map and tersely informed the writer that "*Albania é la nostra.*" Albania was Italy's for a brief two years, however, when the inhabitants of the country decided to put an end to the colonial methods of the Italian occupation.

THE statesmen at the Consulta, under Giolitti as Premier and Count Carlo Sforza as Foreign Minister, faced a dilemma. Albania could be kept only by force of arms, which spelled—in all probability—a partition between Italy, Greece, and Serbia, a solution seriously urged by Great Britain and France, but opposed by Wilson. With a serious revolt threatening the Italian expeditionary force and Italy's international prestige at its lowest ebb, Giolitti and Sforza embarked upon a policy which was extraordinarily astute and farsighted, the so-called policy of "renunciation." With the exception of a strong garrison on the island of Sasseno, a natural naval stronghold in the Bay of Valona, the Italian troops were withdrawn and the Italian Government extended *de facto* recognition to the Albanian Republican Government at Tirana in the fall of 1920. A High Commissioner, Count Castoldi, who had made his début in Italian diplomacy in the Macedonian troubles of 1903, and who knew the Balkans like a book, was stationed at Durazzo to shape the course of events favorably to Italy's interest. He saw clearly that, in the long run, between Albania's two greedy territorial neighbors—Jugoslavia and Greece—and the power of Italy across the Adriatic, there was only one choice. Italy would desire to maintain Albania intact; the other two would strive to whittle her down, at Scutari in the north and in the northern Epirus in the south. In time Albania would be driven into the arms of an Italy which knew how to wait.

Such, indeed, was the course of events. The Albanians had, for a time, the impression that they had whipped the Italians single-handed and could capture Sasseno any time they had the notion to go out there in rowboats. It was watchful waiting with a vengeance, of the sort familiar to Americans in Mexico. But one stormy evening, in his castle overlooking the squat little city of Durazzo, Castoldi outlined this view of the situation to the writer, and it has been borne out in every particular.

The Jugoslavs were the first to make their try, launching an "unauthorized" attack on the north-east frontier with the aid of General Wrangel's South Russian mercenaries. The result was the engagement of the great powers on November 9, 1921, cited above. Italy had preserved Albania from the Jugoslavs. Greece was next. The Italian members of the boundary commission sent out by the Conference of Ambassadors to survey the Greco-Albanian frontier were assassinated on Greek territory. There followed the Corfu incident of 1923, when Italy inflicted a signal humiliation on the Greek Government. Italy had preserved Albania from the Greeks. By the end of 1924, Italian policy had brought Albania definitely within the orbit of Rome, when the Fan Noli Government was overthrown by a revolution engineered by the present President, Ahmed Zogu Bey, from Jugoslav territory. The Italian policy of peaceful penetration was not to pass unchallenged any more than was American policy in Nicaragua to remain free from Mexican efforts to alter the *status quo*. But unlike the action of the United States toward Dr. Sacasa, the Italian policy was a prompt recognition of the new Government and its equally prompt capture.

Matters proceeded apace. The National Bank of Albania was set up at Tirana under Italian control and with Italian officials. It received full control of Albanian currency and a loan of fifty million gold lire, secured by the customs receipts and the tobacco, salt, and cigarette-paper monopolies. In 1925, Italy secured the oil lands of Fieri and other exclusive mineral rights. By 1926, half of Albania's exports went to Italy and two thirds of Albanian imports were of Italian origin. Ahmed Zogu found, in the words of a German observer, "that Italy is a larger country than Jugoslavia."

REMEMBERING how Italian diplomacy had been defeated by a revolution directed from Jugoslavia, Italy decided to make sure that the game of buying up anti-Italian revolutions would come to a halt, so the Treaty of Tirana was signed, with the object of creating a permanent relation between Ahmed Zogu and Rome. The former's exclusive control of Albanian politics had previously been assured by the new constitution of 1925. It has been stated, probably with a certain amount of truth, that the Albanian President received a handsome honorarium for his diplomatic compliance. However, there is nothing in the Treaty of Tirana which derogates from Albanian sovereignty or which does not reflect the urgent necessities underlying Italian statecraft. In it Mussolini reaps the harvest sown by Giolitti and Sforza which at the time the Fascisti so bitterly criticized.

Instead of the rebellious "colony" of 1920, six years of patience had won for Italy an ally. As a result, Italy had secured not only protection for her

Adriatic interests, but a bridgehead from which her political and commercial advance could debouch into the Balkans. It was a signal victory, and a victory won by pacific and intelligent diplomacy. For the first time in twenty years, the Balkan *status quo* had been profoundly modified without the use of violence.

The first Yugoslav reaction was, apparently, a temptation to repeat the Ahmed Zogu revolution. At any rate, the Roman press suddenly accused the Slavs of planning such a *coup*. Last March, the Italian Government sent a circular note to Great Britain, France, and Germany repeating these serious allegations of a Yugoslav plot to overthrow the Zogu Government and giving notice that Italy was prepared to maintain the Treaty of Tirana. Early in April a half-hearted attempt was made by the big powers to secure a pledge from Mussolini not to use the treaty as an excuse to interfere in the domestic affairs of Albania, but the Italian answer was not "satisfactory" on this point, and in May both Albania and Italy announced that the treaty—which had been filed with the secretariat of the League of Nations—was private to the two countries. This ended all Yugoslav hopes of bringing the treaty before the Council of the League.

Italy went ahead with "peaceful penetration," and in the latter part of May the Italian Government, through agreement with the Deutsche

Lufthansa, secured control of all commercial aviation in Albania. At the same time, a policy of "encirclement" against Yugoslavia was completed with the Italian recognition of Roumania's claim to Bessarabia. An Italian accord with Hungary, coupled with the conciliatory Italian policy in Bulgaria, left the Belgrade Government isolated in the Balkans and throwing out desperate feelers to Angora and Berlin for a revival of the Berlin-to-Bagdad diplomacy of the halcyon *Drang Nach Osten* days. True, the balance was partly redressed—presumably with French complicity—through the recent overthrow of the Avarescu Ministry by the Bratiano party, but the Little Entente was wabbling and groggy for the first time since its formation on the morrow of the peace treaties, and neither Czechoslovakia nor Roumania was disposed to back Belgrade in a duel with Rome.

Then came the crowning stroke of Roman policy. The Albanian police arrested an Albanian subject, an individual named Gjouiackovitch who was employed in an obscure capacity by the Yugoslav Legation at Tirana. They claimed to have discovered highly incriminating documents on his person and in his domicile, but in these days of raids in London and Peking such a claim is only conventional. Belgrade reacted beautifully, at least from the Italian point of view. On June 4, the Yugoslav Government broke off (*Continued on page 24*)

The La Follette Succession

By Clarence E. Cason

NOT long before his death on June 18, 1925, Senator Robert M. La Follette said to his son, the present Senator La Follette: "I am at peace with all the world, but there is a lot of work I still could do. I don't know how the people will feel toward me, but I shall take to the grave my love for them which has sustained me through life."

With due respect for the circumstances attendant upon the utterance of these words, the cold fact remains that they perhaps embody one of the most skillful of the La Follette attitudes. The statement was one designed to exercise great emotional force among the Wisconsin people.

Proponents of the La Follette Presidential campaign had learned a good deal from their experience of 1924, which demonstrated that the

Wisconsin Senator had no real following except in his own State. They had been led by a few enthusiasts to mistake unfavorable notoriety for country-wide popularity. Leaders of the La Follette organization had understood, soon after the embarrassing results of the ill-calculated campaign, that the people of Wisconsin had been consistently voting year after year for "Bob," and not for "Progressivism" as such; they realized that the people of the State had been, in the more recent years, voting for "Fighting Bob," because the voters from their hearts believed that Senator La Follette was heroically, and alone, contending against ghoulish "interests" which were inimical to them in some vague way.

The Wisconsin inheritors of the La Follette vote power, upon the death of the Senator,

When "Fighting Bob" La Follette died on June 18, 1925, his Senatorial toga fell upon his son's shoulders, and the country waited with curiosity to discover whether La Follette Progressivism had been a widespread conviction or only a man. Out in Wisconsin, the La Follette succession has been a more practical consideration, and Mr. Cason reviews the present prospects of this interesting family

decided that Belle Case La Follette could most easily assume the rôle of her late husband. For various reasons, however, the decision was amended so as to designate the thirty-year-old Robert M. La Follette, Jr., as the temporary symbol.

THE immediate problem was to fill the vacant Senatorship. Young La Follette, accordingly, placarded the State with pictures of his late father — the cards bearing the last words of the Senator — and made convincing speeches to the effect that he was the one appointed to carry on the “lot of work I still could do.” At the special election on September 18, 1925, exactly three months after the Senator’s death, La Follette received about 175,000 votes. Of the three other candidates in the field, the nearest competitor received only about 80,000. It was like old times. Yet, considering the vast demonstration connected with the La Follette funeral, and the emotionalism which filled the brief campaign, it would have been actually indecent for Wisconsin to fail to elect the son of Senator La Follette.

After the first flush of victory, the family group and their closest adherents carefully set about sketching the more important matters of the La Follette succession. There were numerous conferences at the La Follette farm near Madison, and elsewhere. Robert La Follette and Phil La Follette, heirs apparent, were too young, as it appeared to the wiser tacticians, to assume command at once. Gov. John J. Blaine was not to be considered as the central figure; he was not really a member of the inner fold; he and the late Senator had been far from harmonious, and it was known that the governor had at least in part substituted brands of “Progressivism,” that is, that he was fast developing into a “Blaine Progressive” rather than a “La Follette Progressive.” It was, nevertheless, decided that Blaine was the logical man to accomplish the defeat of Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, the “stalwart” or regular Republican.

Herman L. Ekern was unanimously chosen as vice regent, the immediate successor to the La Follette glory. Mr. Ekern was to be made governor of Wisconsin, which position, from the point of view of the machine, is of greatest importance. At the proper time, according to the planned schedule, Mr. Ekern was to be pitted against Mr. Blaine for United States Senator; and Phil La Follette, then older and presumably more experienced, was to be made governor. There would be La Follette and Ekern as Senators and La Follette as governor, than which nothing could be more salubrious. Mr. Ekern was considered wholly trustworthy. The La Follette hopes were placed mainly upon him.

But disaster came at the Republican party primary in Wisconsin on September 7, 1926. Mr. Ekern was defeated for the governorship by a majority well over 40,000! Fred R. Zimmerman, violently opposed

by the La Follette family group, was the victor. The fact that Governor Blaine defeated Senator Lenroot — though his majority was only 25,000 — altogether failed to compensate for the calamity to La Follette Progressivism. In Wisconsin, nomination at the Republican primary is equivalent to election, and accordingly Blaine and Zimmerman became the voters’ final choice.

The La Follette interests, quite desperate, at first thought of running an independent candidate to oppose Mr. Zimmerman; but at a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee this plan was definitely abandoned.

Carrying out the vein of sentimentality, which had been proved of tremendous power, every candidate except one for major offices in the primary election had claimed to have a sort of post-mortem approval of the late Senator La Follette. Mr. Lenroot, of course, was the exception. He had always opposed La Follette in the Senate; he had voted for the Esch-Cummins bill, and had been a strong advocate of the World Court. Mr. Lenroot, incidentally, throughout his campaign had insisted that Governor Blaine meet him in debate over the World Court. But Mr. Blaine had preferred to bank his chances on La Follettism and beer, the latter of which, at any rate, is peculiarly acceptable to the Germanic population of Wisconsin.

Mr. Zimmerman, despite negations of the La Follette family, successfully maintained that he was a “La Follette Progressive.” Many of his campaign cards had borne a legend representing the elder Senator La Follette as having declared, “I have known Fred Zimmerman for twenty years, and he has always been right.” Somewhat ironically, perhaps, the reputed record of Mr. Zimmerman is apparently still unbroken.

SUCH an outcome in a State election would not have been possible before Senator La Follette’s death. After he was elected governor in 1901, and through his nineteen years as United States Senator, his control of Wisconsin politics was absolute. His word for nearly thirty years meant a State majority of more than 100,000. The procedure was not complicated. At the appropriate time before an election in the State, Senator La Follette would publish the names of the candidates whom he desired to have in office. The first official announcement of the choices would usually appear in *La Follette’s Magazine*, established in 1909 during his first term as Senator, and issued from Madison.

Recommendations were short and simple. Above the names of the approved candidates would appear some statement such as this: “The following candidates would, in my opinion, best serve the cause of the people.” Followers of the insurgent leader would read the names eagerly, and vote accordingly without question. Indeed, evidence does not show that

any other American political dictator, depending upon a personally managed machine built upon the spoils system, has ruled his people so directly and so long in the face of constant opposition.

Senator La Follette no doubt stands as the most significant among American radical leaders. He had, during the course of his long life, many notable supporters. Among the contributors to the early issues of his magazine were Brand Whitlock, Lincoln Steffens, Jane Addams, William Allen White, John R. Commons, Richard T. Ely, William Hard, Ernest Poole, Senator Cummins, Senator Borah, William Ellery Leonard, Zona Gale, Herbert Quick, who was associate editor, and Gifford Pinchot. For obvious reasons, Samuel Gompers, Elbert Hubbard, Upton Sinclair, Eugene V. Debs, and the Hearst newspapers have from time to time expressed their approval of La Follette.

EARLY in his career as a Senator, La Follette's name became attached to that of William Jennings Bryan. Upon receipt of the first issue of *La Follette's*, the Commoner wrote from Lincoln, Nebraska, "Strengthen your arm! . . . I shall be glad to coöperate with you as far as I can." Among the prominent advertisements in the first issues are those of "Mr. Bryan's plans," which were, as stated, that Mr. Bryan would "conduct a vigorous Campaign of Education through *The Commoner*, and assist in the organization of 'An education club in every precinct.' These clubs will promote the education among voters on all political questions affecting the American people." Mr. Bryan, in the advertisements, also offers, in large type, "Free Books For Everyone!"

Though La Follette generally assumed credit for the idea and most of the work, Bryan and La Follette combined their powers toward establishment of the direct primary in all States. La Follette is often referred to in his magazine as "the father of the direct primary." The first cover-page cartoon published by the magazine represents the obstructionist as finding himself unable to hold the clapper of a bell which is ringing forth the "popular demand for direct primaries."

In the issue of February 20, 1909, Senator La Follette calls *THE INDEPENDENT* to task for stating that the Wisconsin Legislature had repudiated the direct primary. The situation in Wisconsin, *La Follette's* says, "has been misrepresented by the reactionary press everywhere as was to be expected. But well-informed journals should not be deceived by such a press. Some ordinarily fair and reliable magazines, however, have allowed themselves to be deceived. *THE INDEPENDENT*, for example, says editorially: 'In Wisconsin the legislature repudiates the direct nomination, and Senator La Follette, father of the plan, leads the repudiation.' *THE INDEPENDENT* ought to know better than this. The Legislature of

Wisconsin has not repudiated the primary in any sense." Thus spoke the word of authority.

Senator La Follette then makes an effort to show that the refusal of the State Legislature to elect Senator Stephenson, over which act the discussion seems to have arisen, was a result of alleged violations of a "corrupt-practices act" and that the issues were not drawn over "primary elections, or direct nominations."

During the heated war days, when Senator La Follette's notoriety was greatest, he and William Jennings Bryan again are found to have points of common interest. Just how closely Senator La Follette and Secretary Bryan must have been in sympathy with each other has been made clearer by the recent publication of Secretary Houston's memoirs of the Cabinet meetings during war time. When he was being universally regarded as a traitor, Senator La Follette published in his magazine an article by Mr. Bryan on freedom of discussion. The article contends that a Senator has a right to express his opinion, even when that opinion is opposed to the President's views.

Mr. Bryan, however, ends his discussion as follows: "Patriotism requires some to give their lives; it requires others to give their money; it may require some to hold their peace rather than risk creating dissension or discord by public expression of opinion when such expression is unnecessary." It was on this particular point, evidently, that Secretary Bryan and Senator La Follette held different views. Mr. Bryan resigned from the Cabinet.

His attitude during the war lost Senator La Follette many friends in Wisconsin. He was asked to give up his membership in a Madison town club. Since the La Follette farm adjoins one of the Madison country clubs, the fence between the two pieces of property came to be known as "the Hindenburg line."

IN a round robin a number of professors at Wisconsin State University denounced the war attitude of Senator La Follette. It is said that the Senator, just after the war, in some way forced the professors to recant, and caused the offending papers to be burned rather dramatically. He never forgave the university. Recently the board of regents, politically appointed, refused to accept a gift for medical research tendered by the Rockefeller Foundation, which is interesting in the light of the elder Senator La Follette's previous pleasure over the possibility of funds from the Carnegie Foundation. There was a considerable furor. A number of distinguished professors resigned. President Glenn Frank, faced by the difficult controversy upon arriving at the university, diplomatically made speeches satisfactory to both sides; and later Phil La Follette, district attorney of Dane County, was given a faculty position in the law school. (Continued on page 24)

A PRESIDENT IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP

Perhaps for Reasons of Political Expediency, Perhaps to Give a Distant Section of the Country a Chance to See Its President, Perhaps Only for a Complete Change of Scene, Mr. Coolidge Is Vacationing in the Agrarian West

FOLLOWING the advance guard of the Executive staff, the President and Mrs. Coolidge, with the two White House colliers, a brace of canaries, and a tame raccoon, boarded their special train for South Dakota on June 13. Since the middle of the winter, rumors had been bruited about the capital that the President would spend the summer in this section of the country or that; dozens of offers came to Washington from citizens eager to turn their residences into summer White Houses; but nothing was decided officially until May. The Coolidge's had spent one season on the North Shore of Massachusetts at Swampscott, another at Paul Smiths in the Adirondacks of New York State. It seemed probable that either the South or the West would play host to them this year. It was no surprise, therefore, when Custer State Park, South

Dakota, was finally determined upon. This section of the country is in the center of the Wheat Belt, a hotbed of agrarian unrest at the present time. That its attitude toward the Administration is none too friendly has been amply manifested of late, and this move on the part of Mr. Coolidge may well be taken as significant.

Aside from the political aspects of the Presidential exodus from Washington, the sojourn in the Black Hills of South Dakota promises much in the way of recreation and interest. Here in the State Game Lodge, 3,000 feet above sea level, the President will be in the midst of scenery of surpassing beauty and variety. The historic tradition of the district is well known.

And of course the fishing is good — and the hunting, if the Executive chooses to forsake the rod for the gun.



All photographs from Acme

THE COOLIDGES WITH SECRETARY SAUNDERS, POSTMASTER-GENERAL NEW, AND A SECRET SERVICE MAN, ENTRAIN FOR THE BLACK HILLS



AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THE GAME LODGE IN CUSTER STATE PARK, SOUTH DAKOTA, WHERE THE COOLIDGES WILL HAVE THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE VACATION SEASON



THE DINING ROOM AT STATE LODGE WOULD SEEM COMMODIOUS ENOUGH TO ACCOMMODATE NOT ONLY THE IMMEDIATE EXECUTIVE FAMILY, BUT ALSO WHATEVER GUESTS MAY VENTURE INTO THE DAKOTA HILLS TO CALL UPON THE PRESIDENT

THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW GIVES A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE SITUATION OF THE SUMMER WHITE HOUSE AND ADJACENT BUILDINGS. THE HILLS, WHICH ARE MORE NEARLY MOUNTAINS, DESCEND ALMOST TO THE VERY DOORS ON ALL SIDES



Keystone



THE TWO PICTURES ABOVE ILLUSTRATE THE PECULIAR CHARACTERISTICS OF THE APPROACHES TO THE GAME LODGE IN THE BLACK HILLS RESERVATION. THEY WERE BOTH TAKEN ALONG FAMOUS NEEDLES HIGHWAY WHICH WINDS ABOUT AMONG THE MOUNTAINS AND WHICH FORMS A PART OF THE ROUTE FROM STATE LODGE TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD

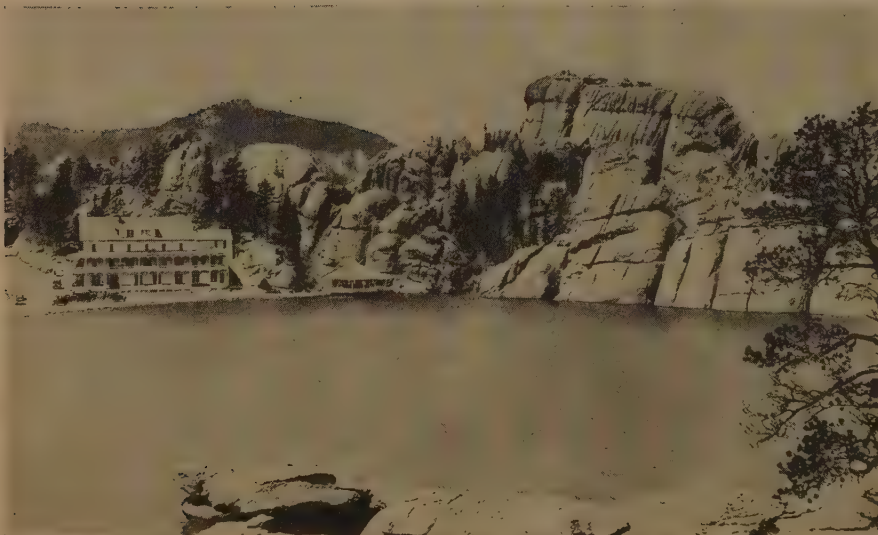


HAIRPIN CURVE IS ALSO A PART OF NEEDLES HIGHWAY. THE WHITE HOUSE CAR WILL DOUBTLESS NEGOTIATE THIS SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE THE SUMMER IS OVER



WHILE THE PRESIDENT RUSTICATES LUXURIOUSLY AT STATE LODGE, HIS EXECUTIVE STAFF WILL MAKE THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING AT RAPID CITY THIRTY-TWO MILES AWAY

ALMOST IN THE DOORYARD OF THE EXECUTIVE DWELLING RIPPLES THIS POOL [OF SQUAW CREEK. IT IS SAID THAT THE STREAM HAS BEEN ESPECIALLY STOCKED WITH A PARTICULARLY SPORTING BRAND OF TROUT WORTHY OF A PRESIDENT'S ANGLING



SOME OF THE NEWSPAPER MEN WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO KEEP TABS ON THE PRESIDENT MAKE THIS HOTEL AT SYLVIAN LAKE, FOURTEEN MILES FROM THE LODGE, THEIR SUMMER HEADQUARTERS. FROM HERE THE WIRES WILL BE KEPT SINGING UNTIL EARLY SEPTEMBER

Business Doubles for Diplomacy

By Frederick Simpich

DIPLOMATS of forty nations met at Stockholm, June 27. But they came not in gold braid and sashes, nor with top hats, sticks, and spats; these diplomats know little of tea, monocles, and foreign-service patter. They speak not for nobles, congress, or clergy, but for trade, finance, for those who toil with their hands and go down to the sea in ships. They are the delegates — a thousand of the world's best business brains — to the fourth biennial Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce. There is Wallenberg, literally the Big Swede, once Minister of Foreign Affairs and powerful in Swedish banks and business. There's Sir Alan Anderson, deputy governor of the Bank of England — owner of ships and director of railways. And Pirelli, master mind of Italian commercial life; Despret, who heads the Bank of Brussels; Duchemin, the du Pont of France; Mendelssohn, the big Berlin banker — and Owen D. Young with 199 others from the United States.

What's it all about? In brief, these business men — recruited from Saigon to Chicago — are seeking to cultivate friendly relations among the nations they represent, and to promote international trade. In other words, they are out to do for themselves what, in theory, professional diplomats are trained to do.

It is nearly ten years since war left world trade paralyzed, millions idle, and nations bankrupt. Economic restoration has been slow. Various trade barriers impede the free movement of goods across frontiers. These barriers spring from racial feuds, fears, and suspicions; from laws often ill-advised; and even from the futility of a decorative but dumb diplomatic system.

"Europe is sick of *malaise économique*," says Sir Alan Anderson. "Not because her climate or her people or her material assets have failed, but because she is haunted by ghosts of the dead hatreds of the war. A false idea has poisoned her mind and, through her mind, poisoned her body. In war, the man across the frontier is an enemy to be killed; but in peace, the man with whom one buys and sells is a partner much more than a rival, and the prosperity of one partner helps another even if they live on opposite sides of a frontier. Our task is to exorcise this baneful ghost of hatred, and to focus the opinion of

Big business turned diplomat is seeking this week to see straight on some of the big world problems which in years past would have been buried in the field of politics. The International Chamber of Commerce, now six years old, is holding its biennial meeting at Stockholm. Mr. Simpich describes the activities of these commercial diplomats and the difficult questions they are seeking to answer

commercial men the world over on this fact that trade profits both the buyer and the seller and that our health, as traders, suffers if our neighbor is sick."

To cultivate friendly relations, and thus promote trade, that's the chief *raison d'être* of

diplomacy. Yet today business men, especially in Europe, see diplomacy at a low ebb. Its old-time "favored-nation" agreements, its reciprocal tariffs, its commercial treaties and consular conventions seem now inadequate. Somehow, the old prewar diplomatic machine fails to break down the trade barriers of postwar reconstruction times. It fails to "cultivate friendly relations" — the only cure for the trade barriers which, between many lands, spring more from fear than from necessity.

In its recent report on trade barriers to the League of Nations, the International Chamber says in substance that so long as national units believe that they can buy abroad without selling there, that by ruining a foreign-trade rival they enrich themselves, that they can in any way impede the free flow of commerce, internationally, without injuring their own trade — just so long will world trade suffer.

BESIDES the broader questions of trade barriers, this congress of world merchants will discuss bills of exchange, credits, air and highway transport, double taxation, ocean-shipping documents, international telephone rules, arbitration of trade disputes, and other important subjects. The American group has two big axes to grind. First, it will oppose any European drive against our tariff; second, it will seek to free certain raw materials from governmental monopolistic control. As to cutting our tariff, the American Committee of the Chamber says, "Our high standards of living and wage scales require tariff protection to preserve them so long as such great disparity exists between them and other standards of living and wage scales." As to political control of exported raw materials, the American contention is that this is economically unsound, and our delegation will seek to have the Stockholm Congress indorse this view. It is well known that Europe objects to many of our high import duties. France even objects to our prohibition law, and various wine groups there have passed resolutions demanding the repeal of the Volstead Act!

But it is the tariff walls between various trading nations of Europe that now hurt them most. This is why one hears much now of a Pan-Europe. Politically, this can never be. Economically, it can be if, as, and when trade barriers are overcome. With all her frontier restrictions on the movement of men and goods, Europe now is as the United States would be if — for example — New York had to pay a high duty on motor cars made in Detroit, or a man had to get a passport to go from Minneapolis to St. Paul. What worries European manufacturers is that huge America — with forty-eight free-trading States — can achieve mass production. By this mass production, and with our huge free home market, Europe knows we can cut costs to a point where it is hard for her to compete with us. She might also cut costs by mass production if she weren't plagued by frontier trade barriers that block traffic every few hours. Germany, for example, can take care of her home market; but when she starts for South America, she meets American competition — with prices cut by reason of our mass production — production made possible in the first place by our larger home market.

Now trading nations of Europe all see this. So they would banish trade barriers. If, by so doing, they can make of Europe more of a free-trading area, then they can begin to compete with the United States. But as long as each national unit fights to protect itself, tariffs as a whole can hardly be much lowered.

So their next step is the "international entente," or cartel. Probably forty or more of these are already set up, in iron and steel, potash, ceramics, tile, pottery, electric lamps, and other fields. These industries form groups, agree on quantities to be produced, prices to be fixed, and often world markets are even divided up. Once such an international cartel is well established, this group ceases to demand that Governments alter tariffs; tariff protection is no longer needed. So, as a starting point to dissolving trade barriers, the cartel is useful. In the face of cartel competition, all America asks is a square deal; if a tariff barrier is lowered somewhere, America asks only the same treatment as is accorded the forty-two other nations in the International Chamber.

THESE are some of the problems which face the business diplomats at Stockholm. Here, indeed, is no place for the typical diplomat of the average European chancellery. Diplomats in general know nothing of business. One of their characteristic poses is to look askance at anyone "in trade." Yet today probably eighty-five per cent of all hard problems brought to embassies and legations for solution are of an economic nature.

Obviously, only Governments can negotiate with Governments. Hence, diplomats, as government agents, are necessary. But today more than ever a variety of thought must be brought to bear on the grave economic riddles which menace the world's

prosperity. Diplomats, politicians, poets, even bankers are helpless before such concrete problems as shipping, cables, double taxation of corporations doing business in two countries, patents, trade marks, and government control of raw materials — as in the case of British rubber, Brazilian coffee, Chilean nitrates, and Mexican sisal. These are problems which only business brains and experience can solve. To diplomats they usually are but a bore — and to them the best-intentioned foreign office could bring but little cumulative commercial experience. It is to such questions, then, which hit hard not only American business but indirectly at every American's pocketbook, that this International Chamber brings the best trade thinking of the world. It tries to reconcile the diverse views of English, French, German, American, and other business men, and to present its decisions to the Governments concerned, or to the trade groups affected. It seeks economic truth and justice, not political expediency. It seeks to avoid mistaking any country's trade wishes for economic fact.

IN the six years of its life, the decisions of the International Chamber have wielded far-reaching influence. When this body met at Rome in 1923, it found that the reparations problem was the key log in the European economic jam. "Let us get this problem out of politics and put it on a business basis," said the delegates. This bold proposal, when made known to all Europe, had a profound effect. Despite the doubts of diplomats, the voice of world business was listened to with respect in Italy, Germany, England, and even in France. In thus molding a favorable public opinion, it encouraged the Governments concerned to call together the economic experts and turn over to them what had previously been a political problem. Thus, while the International Chamber did not make the Dawes Plan, it cleared the way so that it might be worked out by business men. Among the experts called were many Americans identified with the National Chamber of Commerce in America.

Thus, on June 27, Stockholm became the clearing house for the business brains of the world. Through this International Chamber, all nations see their economic problems whole. Here is the world's only effective medium for mobilizing its whole business opinion. Already, the practical working system for arbitrating international trade disputes, as set up by this world trade court, is proved more effective than the average treaty of commerce drafted by professional diplomats in the emasculated terminology of an obsolete commercial era.

Waving aside the diplomats — with their endless group chatter of precedence, protocol, and official immunities — world business at Stockholm sets itself to the real diplomatic duty of "cultivating friendly relations" and "promoting commerce."

The Shadow Stage

Jungle Book, New Style

By Perceval Reniers

AS a reporter of the exotic, the motion picture is beyond all doubt the nonpareil. Since cameras started grinding their way through jungles and over arctic ice, the older methods of bringing the exhibits of primitive life back through the gates of civilization have been revealed as makeshift and clumsy. Not that zoos are more cruel than they ever were or natural history museums more stuffy or literary messengers more inadequate. While they were the best we had, we winked at their shortcomings. We still do, for that matter, despite the fact that a set of lenses and a cellulose emulsion have combined with light to outmode them completely. One tiger caught unawares by a telephoto lens makes the taxidermist and his glass cases seem rather silly. The tattooing ordeal in "Moana of the South Seas" will be etched on the minds of a nation after the works of Mr. Frederick O'Brien and his kind have faded into mildewed oblivion.

Of all the pictures that might serve as a mounting block to these introductory remarks, "Chang," the most recent, is probably the best. In conception, in the taking and the assembling, it has been made into a splendid combination of scenic novelty, jungle reporting, and dramatic entertainment. Ernest B. Schoedsack and Merian C. Cooper, whose picture this is, are the authors of the justly famous "Grass," the film record of Persian nomads. To the already considerable accumulation of praise for "Grass" must now be added a fresh credit, backhanded, to be sure, but none the less appropriate, to wit: Messrs. Schoedsack and Cooper have realized a fat profit from the mistakes of their first-born. They have found for "Chang" a dramatic unit of measure, — the family, — whereas in their former picture they presented an unscanned epic of mass movement. That, as was pointed out to them gratis by the regimented critics, was a vital error.

IT is assumed that they have taken the lesson to heart, for in "Chang" they group life in the Siamese jungle around one family engaged in the hazardous and harried business of carving a freehold out of the rank forest. This brave little group is carved at in turn by the best talent of the unfriendly tropics, beginning with the comparatively small leopards and working up through the tigers to Chang, the wild elephant. To the movie critics of Siam the circumstances of this isolated family will doubtless fail to square with the local

methods of homesteading and betray itself as prearranged, but at this safe distance there can be nothing but the highest esteem for the way in which the authors have used their material. Here are the centuries-old devices employed by the brown men in fighting their natural enemies, all arranged in a nicely dramatized progression that works logically toward the thundering climax of a berserk herd of behemoths mauling a whole village to splinters in its rush. In the jungle or out of it, more magnificent spectacles than this pass only rarely before the camera's eye.

It is not enough that we regard the "Changs" and the "Nanooks" as lucky ten-strikes of enthusiastic amateurs, as by-products of adventure and wanderlust or as records that might be gathered together by anyone with a good camera, a foolproof digestion, and an inexhaustible supply of citronella. As a means of throwing light into the penetralia of primitive life, they are unsurpassed; but they are something more than that, and the highly professional gentlemen of the studios cannot dismiss them as supertravel pictures. They are truly significant for the curators of natural history museums, but I am inclined to believe that they are even more significant for the gentlemen of the studios.

TO anyone who has seen the best of these pictures it must be apparent that the Flahertys and the Schoedsacks and the Coopers are several jumps ahead of the studios in the fundamentals of cinema dramatization. While the stay-at-homes are twisting the familiar material of our daily life out of all recognizable shape to furnish the Talmadges, the Mary Carrs, the Gloria Swansons, and hundreds of other favorites with what we indulgently term "features," the far travelers are making a fetish of the truth. It is of the essence of their contract that they report the existence of Eskimo and Zulu, Tartar and Persian nomad with due respect for everything that distinguishes them, from their table manners to their rites of burial. And despite that they stalk life as it is and not as it might fit into a plot, they are finding the skill to marshal their harvest of peculiarities and local color for absorbing dramatic effect. As a result, they are, unless I am seriously mistaken, turning out as nearly Simon-pure naturalistic drama as the shadow stage affords.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection" has been put on the screen with an honest respect for the original, and that is worth writing

indelibly into the record. When Edwin Carewe, a director of considerable experience, announced his intention of producing "Resurrection," "Anna Karenina," and several other of the stouter modern classics, it seemed a commendable but probably an empty gesture. The woods are so full of producers and actors who air their vaulting ambitions in newspaper print, via their press agents, that one grows skeptical. But if Mr. Carewe proceeds with his program in the same spirit with which he has inaugurated it, he may follow up with notice that he is to do "The Frogs," "Electra," and "Back to Methuselah," and I, for one, will not turn a hair.

HE had the advantage in "Resurrection" of knowing beforehand that he was dealing with material that had already proved its drawing power on the stage, but so long ago that he did not need to fear any preconceptions on the part of this movie-trained generation. So he has taken his continuity from the novel rather than from the theatrical version. Several times he lapses from the text, but not disastrously. As might have been expected, Tolstoy's prison propaganda and sermonizing drop away, sheared off to leave full center stage for the warped, agonized affair of Prince Nekhludof and Katusha Maslova.

That tale is solemn enough, certainly, but just as certainly its circumstances and pathos are of the stuff that makes for popular appeal. It may seem fairly inane to pat Mr. Carewe on the back for recognizing his A, B, C's, but consider for a moment how many directors out of ten would have rung in the Russian ballet, the ever-helpful gypsies, and a few glittering passages from the Czarist court to give a frolicsome touch to the proceedings. And while we are considering, how many directors out of a hundred would have parted Prince Dmitri and Katusha at the last and sent her out over the Siberian snows in the track laid out for her by the great Russian? For purposes of properly distributing the credit it must be recorded that Count Ilya Tolstoy was co-adaptor with Mr. Carewe.

And it might also be set down that the cast, in particular, Miss Del Rio, does more than justice to the discernment of the director. Miss Del Rio gives us a different Katusha, say, from Mary Garden's in the opera, but it is truer to the spirit of the book, and altogether proves one of the more thoughtful and sincere characterizations of the season.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

KATHERINE MAYO'S "Mother India" (Harcourt), is obviously an investigation of Indian conditions by an American addressed to Americans. Walt Whitman once wrote "Passage to India," but beyond that I am not aware that India and her problems loom very large in the mind of ninety-nine out of every hundred American citizens. To persons, like myself, of British birth the subject is not one about which it is possible to be indifferent. One has inevitably a certain point of view, either in favor of British rule in India or against it. Very naturally I turned to Miss Mayo's book with more than the average reader's curiosity.

Circumstances so willed it that I could always hear both sides of the Anglo-Indian question. I had friends who were in the British Indian Civil Service, a branch of the government service for which a particularly high grade of university men are selected by competitive examination. I had friends in other departments of the government service in India, and friends who were in army stations there. These men were by no means just average unthinking Englishmen with a conventional belief that whatever the authorities did and said must be right and true. Yet, when they used to come home on leave I vainly questioned them for any evidence that the Indians were not mere "natives," that they were the possessors of a religion, a literature, and a philosophy, beside which our Occidental, Christian civilization was an upstart.

AT the same time I was in contact with writers to whom India represented the finest flowering of the human mind, the achievement of a culture untroubled by the curse of commercialism and democracy. Their view was that the British had no right to be in India, and that it was the duty of all educated, thinking people to protest in every possible way against the continuance of a system whereby, amid a vast consumption of whiskeys and sodas, a noble race was being degraded and oppressed in the name of imperial progress. Quotations from the Upanishads and the Baghavat Gita were cited with literary and theological intent. The Western world had not a leg to stand on. When Tagore appeared on the horizon, he was simply another proof of the superiority of the Indian. Since then Gandhi has convinced the same public that the crude European is eternally at a disadvantage in his encounters with an older and superior civilization.

It is true that every now and then some voice was heard protesting against that attitude, not from the standpoint of the British bureaucracy, but from a detached and liberal point of view. William Archer, for example, some years ago wrote an account of India which was practically like the after-dinner, whiskey and soda diatribes of the Indian civil servants, except for the fact that Archer was not an official, nor an imperialist, and might

and filth in the sacred Ganges, her cold-blooded account of the piety with which the faithful literally wallow in dirt and germs, I shuddered. Then there came back to my memory Zola's description of the dirtiness of the pool at Lourdes into which the pious pilgrims sprang without a qualm. It is doubtless true that the caste system, the social and religious customs, and the ignorance of the mass of the inhabitants of India produce definite evils which are obvious and remediable to the outside observer. The rule against taking the life of an animal, she tells us, costs the country \$588,000,000 a year for 70,000,000 useless cattle. Plague and fever and famine are the consequences, not of neglect but of piety, as defined by the religion of the country. The attitude toward women debars them from productive work, and in the sex relation produces disease, insanity, and in the men premature old age.

Miss Mayo, therefore, upholds the missionaries and the British bureaucrats. Their fight against the opposition both of the ignorant mob and of the enlightened Indian politicians is a fight for the good of the country. To give the Indians self-government is merely to strengthen their powers of resistance. Even a man like Gandhi, while taking advantage of the services of a Western physician for an appendicitis operation, publicly upholds the native medicine men who are nothing more nor less than voodoo quacks.

I HAVE always argued that there is only one sense in which the idea of progress has any meaning — in the sense of plumbing and its equivalents. Tested by its plumbing and by analogous tests India is in a sad state. But when I had closed the book I began to reflect on certain criticisms of our own cherished Western civilization which I have heard, not from disgruntled Indian agitators, but from sensitive and intelligent men and women who were able to view the situation in perspective. The drunkenness of Glasgow on a Saturday night, the slums of Manchester, the waste of public revenue on unproductive expenditure, the system of primogeniture, the existence in the British Isles of a class of permanently unemployed — these are phenomena which might well prompt a writer from Mars, or even from the continent of Europe, to write a book about "Mother England" which would be as true and as untrue as "Mother India." After all, perhaps the Indians, like other peoples, have a right to go to the devil in their own way.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

Bread and Fire. By Charles R. Walker (Houghton Mifflin).

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking Press).

GENERAL

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Harcourt, Brace).

Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence (Doran).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Grotesques. By Mary Cass Canfield (Harper).

have been expected to take the pro-Indian, radical position, in view of his sympathies and intellectual associations. When the publishers of "Mother India" claim that Miss Mayo's book is "totally unlike any other book on India that has been presented to the Anglo-Saxon world," they are excessive. William Archer certainly preceded her. But, what makes hers a volume of peculiar interest is the fact that she is not patriotically concerned with the problem one way or another, and is, to that extent, an impartial witness.

NONE the less her book will make pleasant reading for the British raj. All his sweeping statements are here mustered with statistical backing and without prejudice. Her chief counts against the Indians are their appalling ignorance of and hostility to hygiene, their barbarous social laws, such as suttee, the untouchables, and the treatment of widows, the unspeakable horror of the child marriage system and the general sexual education, and the economic waste which the religious dogmas inculcate.

As I read her description of the sewage

After Bismarck

A Review by Stewart Beach

FROM BISMARCK TO THE WORLD WAR. By *Erich Brandenburg*. New York: The Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$7.00.

FROM the moment Germany was forced to acknowledge sole guilt for the World War in the Treaty of Versailles, her statesmen have been striving, in the League and elsewhere, to have this judgment revised. They are perfectly willing to admit Germany's share in the complicated series of balancing acts which occupied England and the European powers from 1871 to 1914, but they believe that a dispassionate survey of diplomacy during those years will show Germany no more guilty of starting the war than were France and Russia. In fact, if blame is to be fixed upon any one nation, these revisionists would single out Russia. For the Czar had ordered general mobilization, and, according to a secret Russian order of which Berlin was cognizant, general mobilization was tantamount to a beginning of hostilities against Germany in which France was pledged to join.

Herr Brandenburg, professor of modern history in the University of Leipzig, inlines himself to this view that Russian mobilization was directly responsible for the beginning of hostilities, with the qualification that Austria, through her truculence and her habit of sudden, unexpected moves — such as the annexation of Bosnia, her hostility toward the Serbs in the Balkan crisis of 1913, and finally, the impossible terms of her ultimatum in July, 1914, following the murders at Sarajevo — made war inevitable. His book is in no sense a passionate polemic, however. It is the sort of calm, careful examination of facts which one would expect from a scholar whose point of view is academic rather than stridently nationalist, although he obviously feels that a gross injustice has been done Germany and is eager to correct it.

THE impression of Germany existing in the Allied countries during the war and to a large extent before it was of a proud, self-conscious empire, stretching out toward European dominance if not far wider conquest, and ruled authoritatively by a vain, war-mad Kaiser. With this view, Herr Brandenburg is in violent disagreement. "The supreme object of Germany's policy, which was controlled by Bismarck until 1890 . . . was the maintenance of European peace," he says. But how far, after Bismarck's dismissal, did the Kaiser's influence shape Germany's foreign policy? Brandenburg does

not think to so great an extent as is generally supposed. "The Emperor read a great part of the Foreign Office correspondence and added pencil notes. . . . Everything that was submitted to him had been previously chosen by the Chancellor and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At times the Emperor was not fully informed on very important matters."

But if the Kaiser was not always informed of important matters, neither could he always be counted upon by his advisers. He frequently made indiscreet statements which caused his Foreign Office near heart failure until they had been explained. But that the Kaiser did not desire war, Herr Brandenburg is convinced; that in company with the rest of Europe he thought it inevitable, he believes as firmly.

Throughout Herr Brandenburg's book runs this theme of a general European war's inevitability. Bismarck feared it, and directed all of his efforts toward balancing the various nations and avoiding a conflict from which he felt Germany would gain little. With the Iron Chancellor's retirement, Germany continued this policy, now, however, complicated by more difficult factors. In 1884, against his own wishes, Bismarck had consented to the beginnings of Germany's colonial empire, a move which aroused the earliest rivalry with England. The Kaiser, apparently not entirely convinced of the colonies' value, still felt in a sense that if other powers were to gain from partitioning the world, Germany should not be left out of the running. But the Kaiser's vacillating policy with regard to these far-flung possessions, together with his blundering attempts to play one power off against another — a game at which Bismarck was master — aroused the suspicion that Germany was following some mysterious yet definite policy inimical to the other European nations.

Germany's fear in the late 'nineties and the early part of this century was of a war with Russia in which France would join for motives of revenge. During these years, that his attention might be turned from Germany, the Kaiser was urging the Czar to greater efforts in the Far East, assuring him that he would cover his rear. This scheme was followed until 1905 when the Russo-Japanese War altered matters considerably. Brandenburg makes this moment the supreme proof that Germany had no intention of fomenting a general European war. For this, he points out, would have been the logical moment to begin. "Russia was then incapable of ac-

tion, France and England inadequately equipped, and the Entente only recently founded. Had we wanted a preventive war all the chances were in our favor then and up till 1909. The General Staff, as in duty bound, had called attention to that fact."

So far as the outbreak of the war itself is concerned, Brandenburg seems to lay the onus first upon Austria. The Dual Empire wished to humble and weaken the Serbs and therefore so worded her ultimatum that it must be refused and the refusal serve as an excuse for military action. The Czar stood behind the Serbs and, when Austria declared war, his order for partial mobilization was given. Through this time, says Brandenburg, Germany was bending her efforts to localizing the struggle to a war between Austria and Serbia. She had not been a party to the Austrian ultimatum, and "in Berlin they were shocked by the whole tone of the document," which was shown them but twenty-four hours before its dispatch. Still, Brandenburg believes that Germany deliberately avoided learning earlier of Austria's plans. "It was thought we could then say to the other Powers: It is a matter exclusively between Austria and Serbia, and Germany has no part in it. Thereby we might be able to keep Russia too from intervening and to 'localise' the struggle."

BRANDENBURG thinks the last days before the opening of hostilities were clumsily handled making Germany appear the aggressor when in fact she was simply getting the jump on her enemies in something which was unavoidable. The invasion of Belgium he defends rather inferentially, intimating that it can be defended fully. Russia was mobilized; the war plans called for an attack upon either France or Germany with a view to subduing one enemy quickly, then turning complete attention to the other. It was a foregone conclusion that France would join Russia, and France might be more easily defeated than Russia. Therefore, Germany began the war on the Western rather than upon the Eastern front.

The book cannot be recommended too highly as a skillful and fair-minded presentation of the critical years from a German point of view. That it minimizes a part of the picture in spite of the author's desire to be impartial is obvious and it would be a mistake for the general reader to form his whole estimate of the period from 1871 to 1914 from it. It is, nevertheless, one of the most admirable of the revisionist works, a splendid piece of writing which will help the world to get at the truth.

New Books in Brief Review

Idle Hands. By Janet A. Fairbank. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

MRS. FAIRBANK has followed "The Smiths" with "Idle Hands," a volume of short stories. As in "The Smiths," the subject matter is of more interest than the actual writing of it, which, although adequate, is in no way remarkable. The plots of her stories make good reading, some of them old familiars with a new twist, and others distinctly new. As seems inevitable nowadays, there is a bullfight, which seems flat in comparison with Ernest Hemingway's superb description in "The Sun Also Rises," but as an incident serves its purpose. The title story deals with a middle-aged woman who finds an original way of filling her life by alternating lovers with charity work. All the tales are varied in setting, ranging from a Western ranch through New York to the Riviera, and each one contains interesting women who are consistently true to life; her men, however, are apt to remain rather negative. It is the perfect book to send to some pleasure-seeking friend en route to Europe.

Bronx Ballads. By Robert A. Simon. Illustrated by Harry Hershfield. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$2.00.

HAVING heard Mr. Simon's arrangements of Bronx folklore heralded with warm enthusiasm previous to their publication, we must confess to disappointment now that they are before us. In fact, candor compels the statement that they leave us cold. The lyrics are commonplace; the music lacks any toe-tapping compulsion. Even the publishers' intimation that the ballads were lured between their present covers only at the earnest entreaties of an imposing array of admirers, arouses nothing more than wonderment in us. If you are searching for the sort of uproarious humor which informs, for example, many of Mr. Milt Gross' episodes, you will hardly find it in Mr. Simon's too conscious striving.

The Eye in Attendance. By Valentine Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

THE fact that Mr. Williams writes "summer fiction" all the year round particularly qualifies him, it seems, for preeminence in this arid period of the publishers' season. In this latest of his mystery yarns he once more proves not only that he can weave intricate and

baffling plots with originality, but that he can write as well. "The Eye in Attendance" has its murder, its week-end party in the country where all the guests are suspect, its full quota of love affairs, and its benign termination. Through all this conventional progression of fact, inference, and accessory, however, the author takes his characters dramatically, making of them strangely authentic and moving beings. Occasionally the reader wonders why he is content to construct mystery thrillers — he is capable of such excellent things in writing. Then one concludes that chronic mystery writers, like their readers, are born and not made, and decides that after all it may be better so.

How Red Is America? By Will Irwin. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. \$1.50.

THIS is the first survey that is at once popular and comprehensive of "red radicalism" in America. It is good reading because Irwin has both written his book in vivid incisive English and exercised a keen critical judgment in reaching his conclusions. In no field of social theory does so much loose and dangerous thinking persist in America as upon radicals and radicalism. Americans repeatedly speak of "Socialists and other Anarchists." This is like saying "Baptists and other Catholics." The history and the present status and strength of the various rebel groups in the United States is clearly set forth, and some attempt made to foresee their development. Every American citizen who has not otherwise made a special study of this subject should read "How Red Is America?"

Through Liberia. By Lady Dorothy Mills. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$3.00.

THIS is the story of the interior of Liberia told for the first time by a white woman. The little black republic founded by American philanthropists has never penetrated with its quasi civilization the hinterland of Liberia and only in the past three years has conquered it. In a lively if somewhat uncritical narrative, Lady Mills, the author of "The Road to Timbuktu" and other books of travel, tells the story of her adventurous journey through this dark interior. Some account of the history, government, and institutions of the country is given, but the book is mainly a story of adventure in which the very unusual pluck and resource of the author in the face of danger and hardship

is not its least attraction. The chapter, "Among the Human Leopards," describing one of the few remaining cannibal districts in Liberia is perhaps the most exciting. The book is liberally illustrated.

Where Is Civilization Going? By Scott Nearing. New York: Vanguard Press. \$1.50.

THE Vanguard Press describes itself as "a non-profit publishing house, founded and directed by forward looking men and women." Certain it is that in the publication of many of the classical works of social science in convenient, well-bound volumes at a nominal price they have rendered a real service to popular knowledge. In addition to the established social classics, they print books of "the rebel and realistic writers of our own day." This volume is one of the latter. It is clear, forceful, and well written as are all of Professor Nearing's books. "Do people really get anywhere, or are they merely going in circles?" is the question it sets out to answer. An admirable popular survey of the history of civilization from the earliest times to the present is made, and whether the reader agrees or not with the view that a coöperative commonwealth is the next stage into which society is moving, the book is well worth a reading.

Bella. By Jean Giraudoux. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MUCH of the charm of "Bella," and there is a great deal, lies in J. F. Scanlan's beautiful translation. It reads like a well-Anglicized de Maupassant novel, and is not tremendously unlike the greater novelist's work in subject matter. The plot is trifling but impressive, and barely rises above an interlude. The characters are charming or grotesque at the author's whim, and stand in the foreground at the expense of action. M. Giraudoux has taken a variation of the Romeo and Juliet theme to draw a picture of modern French life dealing entirely with high political and social factions. Bella herself is fascinating and insecure in a rather mysterious manner, and the tragedy that comes of her pathetic attempt to reconcile two hostile clans is her final gesture in what has been a life of hopeful failures. This is a book worthy of serious consideration as a piece of superb writing, pierced with well-aimed satire, and alive with characters that often startle the reader with their sincerity and *naïveté*.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

ON June 20 delegates of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan met at Geneva in response to President COOLIDGE's invitation for a discussion of further limiting naval armaments. In Washington it was made clear that in President COOLIDGE's mind, at least, there was no particular idea of the discussion's entering the field of armament reduction. Scrapping of ships, such as followed the Washington Conference of 1921 and 1922, was not the President's idea, but rather the limitation of further naval construction. The American proposals did comprehend some scrapping, but mostly of obsolete, or nearly obsolete, craft.

The first session lasted exactly forty-five minutes. HUGH S. GIBSON, United States Ambassador to Belgium, who heads the American delegation, was elected chairman of the Conference.

Japan's Plan After this ceremony, Mr. GIBSON for the United States, W. C. BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty, for Great Britain, and Admiral SAITO for Japan, each set forth his country's plan. Of the three, Japan's was probably the most simple. After stating it as the traditional policy of the Japanese Government to give the heartiest support to all measures and endeavors which in whatever form aim at the promotion of the peace of the world and the welfare of mankind," Admiral SAITO announced that Japan believed these ends would be best served by a practical continuation of the *status quo* as established by the Washington Conference. The first article of the Japanese proposal stipulates "that none of the conferring powers shall, for such a period of time as may be agreed upon, adapt new building programs or acquire ships with the purpose of increasing its naval strength." In other words, whereas each power might replace obsolete ships at the end of their periods of usefulness, they should not attempt to increase the size of their navies.

The British plan calls for an extension of the 5-5-3 ratio to cruisers of 10,000 tons, with the stipulation that when the naval limit was placed as to the number of these 10,000-ton cruisers to be built, all cruisers in the future should be limited to 5,000 tons. So far as submarines were concerned, Mr. BRIDGEMAN stated that his Government would be quite amenable to any suggestion leading to the entire abandonment of this form of armament in future warfare. He stated that Great Britain realized the insistence of some

powers, weak in larger ships, upon the need of submarines as a valuable weapon of defense, and that therefore Great Britain believed it would probably be impossible to throw out submarines entirely.

At the same time, he felt that if Britain's limitation suggestions for battleships

The Week

¶The three-power conference opens at Geneva. The United States, Great Britain, and Japan all present their plans, which will require considerable reconciling. Mr. Gibson gives a warning. Shall it be 5-5-3 for all? President Coolidge, now on his vacation, is optimistic. ¶The Council closes its sessions with no great accomplishments to report, but with at least two serious situations circumvented. ¶M. Briand's illness. And Geneva's fear for his resignation. ¶Commander Byrd awaits favorable weather for his hop. And adds a fourth member to his party. ¶The flying colonel comes home. ¶No trace of Nungesser and Coli. ¶A coalition of the Northern armies in China.

and for more powerful vessels were accepted "it would not be unreasonable to

Submarines suggest some limitation in the size and perhaps also in the number of submarines. We therefore propose that the tonnage of the larger type of submarines be limited to 1,600 and of the smaller to 600 and the armament of each be 5-inch guns." Britain's suggestions on larger vessels were that battleships in the future should be reduced from the present limit of 35,000 tons displacement to something under 30,000 tons, and that the guns mounted on these battleships should be reduced from the present 16-inch maximum to 13.5-inches.

Mr. GIBSON, for the United States, opened his address with a message of welcome from President COOLIDGE. In company with Mr. BRIDGEMAN he expressed sorrow that France and Italy, who shared in the Washington Conference, were not present at this later meeting, but expressed his confidence "that the result of our work here will be of a character to facilitate their future coöperation with us in a task which the five powers initiated, and which I trust will be carried forward

by the five powers as a common enterprise in the interests of peace." France and Italy have both sent unofficial observers to be present at the meetings, though they will, of course, take no part in the official discussions. Mr. GIBSON proposed as this country's contribution to arms limitation: 1. That there should be no competitive building between the three naval powers in naval armaments. 2. That the three navies should be maintained at the lowest possible level compatible with national security and should never be large enough to warrant suspicion on the part of any other power, and, finally, that the methods and ratio of limitation set forth in the Washington Treaty, which contained the results of the 1921 and 1922 deliberations, should be extended to all categories of combatant vessels possessed by the three powers.

Speaking more generally, Mr. GIBSON stated that "the United States is prepared to accept a general program providing for as low a total tonnage in each class of

Low Tonnage auxiliary vessels on the basis of the Washington Treaty ratio, as will be acceptable to the other powers here represented." He disclaimed any desire upon the part of our Government to enter into a competitive building program with any other power, or to initiate such a comprehensive program as would cause anxiety to any of the other powers and influence them toward laying down more vessels than are at present contemplated. Said Mr. GIBSON: "It is our desire to have a real limitation which would obviate the necessity for extensive building programs in the future, and we feel that we should therefore keep in mind that the fixing of unduly high tonnages for various classes of auxiliary vessels would not be calculated to this result." He proposed that auxiliary naval armaments should be divided into four classes: the cruiser class, the destroyer class, the submarine class, and a fourth class not subject to limitation. This last category would include naval vessels of negligible combatant value, the definition of which would be left to debate among the powers.

The three plans have been turned over to a committee of experts whose task it will be to go over each proposal carefully with a view to clarifying any obscure points. When the committee has more or less correlated the plans, then the actual work of discussing them and attempting to reach a compromise will be begun.

President COOLIDGE, now quite at home at State Lodge, in Custer State Park,

South Dakota, is taking the greatest interest in the discussions and will follow the debates with the utmost care. It is his belief that Japan and Great Britain will eventually be brought to the American point of view. One interesting point in Mr. GIBSON's statement was the suggestion that if this Conference failed, it would undoubtedly lead the United States to beginning a more comprehensive building program than had been contemplated. He told the delegates that Mr. COOLIDGE had been reluctant to authorize the construction of new cruisers since he felt optimistic about the possibilities of limitation. Mr. GIBSON also pointed out that it was easier to fix limitation of naval armaments than of any other class — far easier, for example, than to limit land arms. Therefore, if the conferees fail to reach some agreement upon limiting naval armament, it augurs badly for the success of any land or air disarmament discussions.

As this issue of THE INDEPENDENT goes to press, Commander RICHARD E. BYRD is still waiting at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, for favorable weather before taking off on his flight to Paris.

The America Waits Storms have been reported over Newfoundland and the North Atlantic, sufficiently serious for weather-bureau officials to counsel Commander BYRD against setting out, and the flight has therefore been delayed. On June 21 Lieut. BERT BALCHEN, formerly of the Norwegian navy, was added to the crew of Commander BYRD's 'plane, the *America*. He will make the fourth member of the party, which also includes Lieut. GEORGE O. NOVILLE, assistant pilot and navigator, and BERT ACOSTA who, with CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN, hung up the new endurance record on April 14. Lieutenant BALCHEN was with Commander BYRD in the Arctic, and in fact, the two men met at Spitsbergen last year whither BALCHEN had been sent by the Norwegian Government to assist Capt. ROALD AMUNDSEN in the preparations for his dirigible flight across the Pole. The destination of the *America* has not been definitely decided. She is apparently going to Paris, but whether Commander BYRD will decide to land at Le Bourget or continue the flight further in the event that he has plenty of gasoline to keep on, has not been decided.

Col. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, the first transatlantic flyer, is home at last. He arrived in St. Louis, Missouri, at 5.08 P.M. on June 17, after a rapid flight from New York in the *Spirit of St. Louis*. Various cities over which Colonel LINDBERGH passed on his flight caught glimpses of the famous young aviator and to the delight of crowds in a number of them he stunted for them, looping the loop, side-slipping, and tail-spinning, before continuing on his way to St. Louis, where a monster celebration had been arranged for him. Colonel

LINDBERGH's plans for the future are unsettled. When asked about them he simply reiterates what he first said in Paris, that he would not take advantage of the huge sums of money offered him for appearances in motion pictures and in vaudeville.

Although hope has not been abandoned for discovering some trace of the two French flyers, Capt. CHARLES NUNGESSER and Capt. FRANÇOIS COLI, who set out for this country from France on May 8, shortly before LINDBERGH completed his hop, it is now established that recent reports coming from Quebec of their discovery there are unfounded. Previous to June 15, several reports had been made of the sighting of flares in northern Quebec, and so far the source of these lights has not been ascertained. When the reports were relayed to France, officers who were on the field at the take-off stated that they gave Captain COLI a pistol with ten signal rockets of the type used in military aviation just before the start. These, it is believed, should make an illumination similar to that reported as having been seen in Quebec. The search for the flyers is still being carried on, despite the fact that little hope is held out now for their discovery.

The armies of Northern China seem for the moment to have composed their difficulties and to have chosen Marshal CHANG TSO-LIN as generalissimo of their allied armies. To what extent this coalition of Northern forces is complete it is difficult to ascertain. With this new set-up, the threat of an attack on Tientsin and Peking seems for the moment at least to be postponed. Apparently the Southern or Nationalist troops are all south of the Yellow River with the Northerners holding strong positions above it. Whether or not CHIANG KAI-SHEK can effect a crossing of the river in such numbers as to menace seriously the Northern forces is problematical. However, the strengthening of forces in the Northern capital and in Tientsin to protect foreign lives and property continues, Brig. Gen. SMEDLEY D. BUTLER having gone there from Shanghai to superintend the quartering of the 5,000 American Marines who have been moved north. The Chinese situation is as bewildering as ever, and it is still impossible to gauge the outcome.

The League Council adjourned its forty-fifth session on June 17 without having placed great accomplishment behind it. Herr STRESEMANN, German Foreign Minister, did not get further with his suggestions that the army of occupation be withdrawn from the Rhineland. Nor did the Yugoslavs succeed in having the Council discuss the differences between Albania and Yugoslavia which came to a head over the arrest in Albania of a minor official connected with the Yugoslavian

Legation. The Council decided to recommend that both parties patch up their quarrel amicably, and it refused to consider the Treaty of Tirana between Italy and Albania which is at the bottom of the difficulty. Readers of "What the World Is Doing" are referred to JOHN CARTER's article in this issue, "Italy's 'Manifest Destiny' in the Balkans," for a discussion of the underlying issues. ARISTIDE BRIAND, the French Foreign Minister, was suddenly taken ill on June 15 and was forced to be absent from the final meetings of the Council. His illness, which he described as being unimportant but of which his physician took a somewhat more serious view, has caused some apprehension in Geneva. M. BRIAND is looked upon as a sincere friend of peace and a staunch advocate of Franco-German *rapprochement*. Some fear is felt that if he should be physically unable to carry on, the direction of France's foreign policy might fall into the hands of a man less international in his point of view than BRIAND. Those who hold this opinion find the danger increased by the fact that RAYMOND POINCARÉ is France's Premier. For POINCARÉ is a strong Nationalist and, although he has curbed to a great extent his enmity toward Germany, there is no denying the fact that he regards with considerable suspicion the aims of the Reich.

Roumania has weathered another Cabinet crisis, the second within a fortnight. As the smoke clears away, former Premier JON BRATIANO is again back at the helm, and Prince BARBU STIRBEY, who retained the Premiership for two weeks, is out. Thus, the BRATIANO brothers, reputed to be the strongest political force in Queen MARIE's land, are officially back in power once more. JON BRATIANO, besides becoming Premier, holds the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, while VINTILA BRATIANO is Minister of Finance. The reason for Prince STIRBEY's fall is not clear. It is said that he could not bring the Peasants party into line for the new elections, and that the group's representatives in his Cabinet refused to campaign for the Government in company with the Liberal party of which Prince STIRBEY is head.

America has another "man without a country" in the person of HARRY M. BLACKMER, former chairman of the Mid-West Refining Company. For the Department of State has revoked the passport upon which BLACKMER is now traveling abroad, and will reissue it only if he applies for reentrance into the United States. Should he come back, he faces a subpoena requiring him to appear in the trial of ALBERT B. FALL, former Secretary of the Interior, and HARRY F. SINCLAIR, charged with defrauding the Government in the Teapot Dome lease. BLACKMER, it is alleged, fled to France to avoid testifying.

The Editor Steps Down

OUR friend, Mr. Hermann Outgrowth, extracts from whose correspondence we published in these columns two weeks ago, had not been heard from for a little more than a fortnight until just the other day. We had begun to wonder what had happened to him. But a long and discursive letter enlightened us: he has been rock climbing on Skye. He had often confessed to a terror of great heights, but as he is nothing if not venturesome, it seemed only logical to begin his scaling activities in as craggy a district as exists anywhere in the British Isles. As a result he is now back at the Carlton in London nursing a twisted ankle and an exceedingly jumpy set of nerves. Perhaps that accounts in part for the slightly bilious tone of the opening paragraph in his latest letter, which runs as follows:

The average American fondly considers himself the Little Friend of All the World. Conscious of his own amiability, the benevolence of his world outlook, and the fundamental sweetness and light of his character, he discovers with a rude, revolting shock that the European regards him as a mixture of Dives, Shylock, Jessie James, and Pussfoot Johnson. They don't like us! he exclaims in his honest bewilderment. It is incredible, but it is true. The ungrateful French, the perfidious English, the venerated Prussian, the subtle Italian — no one of them reveres the American as man's hope and God's noblest work. Here is ingratitude and baseness! After all that we have done for them, too! Well, I for one, have no faith in the affection of foreigners for us or of ours for foreigners. I do not hurl my cap in the air and open wine when a native of Argentina swims into my ken. I do not particularly like Frenchmen, Englishmen, or Italians in the mass, and I distinctly dislike Germans — along with Irish, Jews, negroes, and the natives of South Carolina. Individually, here and there, one may be found who is agreeable and sympathetic. But, on the whole, the only people I like are the people I like and who presumably like me — that is, my friends, and they are — almost without exception — people whose background, experience, habits of mind and life are similar to my own.

¶This is a narrow, parochial attitude, but there it is. Frankly, I do not like foreigners, though they are often droll in their rather childish way, nor have I any reason to believe that they like me. I am not prepared to admit that we Americans are more universally loathsome than other people but, given an amount of innate loathsomeness in us equal to the average, it is not surprising that we are more actively disliked than the people of any other nation. We are rich and happy and prosperous — and the rest of the world is not. ¶It is truly the utterest and dreariest

nonsense for Americans to talk about the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples — for we are not an Anglo-Saxon people. We are — with the exception of a small minority — utterly alien to all English ideas and thought. We have not even a common language. It would be well if the English learned this and treated us as complete foreigners rather than as poor relations suddenly come into vulgar wealth. Good feeling between nations should be based on enlightened self-interest rather than on vague sentimentalism concerning a distant tie of blood or alleged common characteristics. We may accept Europe's dislike for our personalities as the tribute paid by the unfortunate to the lucky — and let it go at that. If we win at poker, we should be content with winning and not demand that our opponents should adore our moral nature and admire our wit into the bargain.

AS he progresses with his epistle, however, he recovers his customary benignity, and records a visit to the House of Parliament in his own inimitable way. We chortled in pure enjoyment as we read it and are convinced that our readers will be ready to react to it just as convincingly as we did:

THE HOUSE OF LORDS: One hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. Looking down the bench before me, out of seven peers, five have ear trumpets clapped to their heads. They are Conservatives all, and naturally they would like to know what Lord Desborough is saying on behalf of the Government in answer to Viscount Astor's speech for the Bishop of Oxford's local option bill. In vain, for Lord Desborough is frankly inaudible. The occasional sentences that reach our straining ears are almost pathetically puerile. The noble lord does not believe in making people virtuous by law. When he was a young man he visited Maine in the United States. He was told there, and by a teetotaler, mark you, that there was more drunkenness since the State went dry than there had been before. The voice sinks into inaudible whisperings. The noble lords strain mightily to hear.

¶On the woollack the full-wigged chancellor sits easily, twinkling his blue eyes around to the chamberful of peers. With his mustaches and his honest English head he might pose for the noblest recumbent figure of a knightly crusader. Lord Banbury, mottled, purple, a thin, elderly, and of course noble, Bacchus, rises to contest rather acridly some of Astor's statements. The bishops are conspicuously silent. Astor has attacked the holy of holies — the liquor trade, the great vested interest which makes Conservative wheels go round. Astor is nominally a Conservative himself, but he has asked some ugly questions and hinted at some ugly truths. Naturally it is a time for all good bishops

to rally — at least in silence — to the defence of their party. Upon motion the debate is adjourned for a month. The peers put their ear trumpets in their pockets. The country is safe for a few weeks at least.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: Members of the Government and the Opposition treating the center table with equal informality. Lying on the small of their backs or the napes of their necks, their feet resting with a charming frankness on a table groaning beneath its burden of volumes, dispatch cases, symbols of empire, and an odd lot of conservative and radical boots and shoes. So much *sans gêne* in an American legislative hall would fill sensitive spectators with shame and dismay. Here Solons take their ease during a vital debate. There is the Prime Minister looking ill and harrassed. An honest, conscientious man, he has taken sadly to heart yesterday's cries of "Liar!" from the rowdier Laborites; there is Winston, competent, confident, a trifle scornful; there is Sir Douglas Hogg, the cherubic Attorney-General against whom the Labor attack is today directed; there opposite, a trifle apart is Lloyd George, in the Laodicean sanctuary of a rather dubious Liberalism. The afternoon sun, striking with a sure theatrical instinct through the stained-glass windows, has singled him out for a conspicuous and individual aura. The brisk adult infantilism of his gray shock of hair is first gilded by an almost unearthly refulgence, and then as the sun shifts an accident of glass casts warm gules on the Lloyd Georgian breast.

¶There is J. H. Thomas speaking — a straightforward man who takes no shame for his misplaced haitches and his uneasy grammar. Earnest, convinced, fundamentally fair, he attacks the specious language of the Trades Unions bill with a devastating, point-blank honesty. What does this clause mean, or that? Does it mean that a sympathetic strike shall be illegal? What is meant by "the community" and "the government," by "general strike," and by "coercion"? The government forces serene in their assured majority, listen with a condescending appreciation. His Laborite colleagues, uneasy, clamant, greet each proletarian period with a growling chorus of "Hear! Hear!" A red-faced baronet replies with all the impotent excitement of an ineffectual turkey cock. Commander Kenworthy resumes the inexorable questioning. Government seems to be getting more and more in a hole; the plausible sounding bill, reinforced by a mass of platitudes, looks more and more like a minatory gesture which will keep law courts busy and labor angry for generations.

¶A gray-haired usher with a clanking chain and plaque about his neck, who might well double for the Garter King at Arms waves us into more advanced and advantageous seats. The heavenly spot light still plays (Continued on page 24)

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(Continued from page 23) fitfully around Lloyd George; the rest of the hall grows sombre and more dark. A Conservative member drones on. The usher—for all his livery—gratefully accepts half a crown. The destinies of an empire hover uneasily on a table laden with the feet of legislators.

IT is not given to many of us to be able to translate our thoughts and our reactions to places and men and things so felicitously into words as this. At the close of his letter, our correspondent seems to find his mood changing. Perhaps the dusk of London has come to quiet the hubbub of the streets, the tea things will have been cleared away and the pungency of pipe smoke mixes pleasantly with the fresh piquancy of dust damp after the rain. One becomes reminiscent—philosophizes and comfortably exaggerates the significance of the nice and the gentle things:

If I were King of England I should live at Hampton Court and turn half a dozen other palaces into foundling homes and art museums. To my mind it is at once one of the noblest and certainly the most charming of the great royal residences of the world. Not quite as awe-inspiring as Versailles, it has an equal dignity and an air of quiet good breeding lacking in the flamboyant grandeur of the French creation. Besides it has a feeling of intimacy which is delightful without being familiar. It is a gentleman's house raised to the nth power, a nobleman's country seat—and something more.

¶The park, the gardens, the whole setting as well as the palace itself are just what they should be to express the ideals of a constitutional monarchy as opposed to the magnificent absolutism of a Roi Soleil. Beside Hampton Court, Windsor is a museum, an historic monument, and Buckingham Palace, a profiteer's dream. Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey were strange creators of so lovely, so dignified, and so simple a beauty, but they were essentially English and their home expresses in the noblest form the old virtues of that England which was once called Merrie. It is as sweet and wholesome as a good apple, as proud as the works of simple, God-fearing men can be proud, and as beautiful in its way as any place under the sun.

Italy's "Manifest Destiny" in the Balkans

(Continued from page 8)

diplomatic relations with Albania, contending that Gjovickovitch was entitled to diplomatic immunity. War clouds banked black over the Adriatic. Then the trump card was played. Albania appealed the controversy to the Council of the League of Nations. This means that Italy will sit in judgment over her Albanian ally and her Yugoslav rival; while the whole Yugoslav policy, to compel Italy to defend the Treaty of Tirana

before a Council in which, under these circumstances, Italy would be debarred from voting, has fallen to the ground. In view of the fact that the Treaty of Tirana contains nothing which has not already been conceded by France, Great Britain and Japan, the only power to which Belgrade could turn would be Berlin, and Berlin will side with Rome in this case.

The only way in which Jugoslavia could nullify the Italian *fait accompli* would be by force of arms, either overt or secret. If the latter, she would stand convicted in the light of Italy's March note asserting a Belgrade design to organize a revolution against the Tirana Government. If the former, she would be deprived of an excuse at the outset, she would stand convicted of wanton aggression, and she would certainly feel the weight of a collective European hostility to her policy—a weight which has already—in the Macedonian frontier row of 1925—reduced Greece to the dust. The proud Serbs have met with the most serious diplomatic reverse since Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908, and the only world power which might be inclined to extend sympathy and aid is Soviet (Continued opp. page 24)

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LOUISE SPILMAN

Vinalhaven

Maine

Continued from page 24) Russia, at present reduced herself to a strict defensive so far as Europe is concerned.

Thus, in a single stroke, all of Italy's ambiguous policy of the last few years has been made clear. Those mystifying, simultaneous, conciliatory moves in Greece, Hungary, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Albania have resolved themselves into a sharply drawn picture. Italy has realized that to expand her commerce eastward through the Balkans an Albanian *point d'appui* is necessary, both for her own strategic safety and for her future economic aggrandizement. This foothold has been peaceably won and is in course of being consolidated in the face of the bitter hostility of the Jugoslavs, by a wise and firm diplomacy which has made Italian interests identical with Albanian necessities. Sforza began the game which Mussolini is already bringing to a checkmate at Geneva, but the game has been won only because it is in accord with the true interests of Italy and the common sense of Europe. As Signor Prezolini observes in his analysis of Fascist foreign policy: "The path of a wise Italian diplomat is so obvious and so straight that he cannot miss his way." Thanks to this allegiance to the obvious, Italy is now free to explore the possibilities of her "manifest destiny" as heir to the Roman Empire in southeastern Europe. And if her conduct occasions another war, it will be because the disgruntled Slavs insist on it, not because Italy desires it.

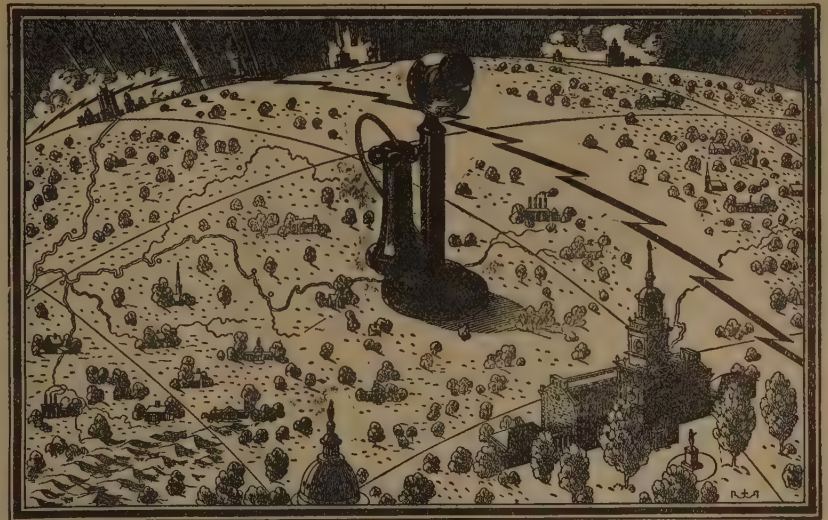
The La Follette Succession

(Continued from page 10)

Robert La Follette has already been deprived of a good deal of his father's power in the Senate. He stakes his chances upon following his father as closely as his imagination allows; his signature, for instance, is hardly distinguishable from his father's. H. L. Mencken wrote of him in the Baltimore *Sun*: "Regarding the platform of Robert M. La Follette, Jr., I am not, at this writing, informed. But that is a detail, and no longer of any moment in American politics. Whether he is for this or that, I herewith offer him my sword, and crave respectfully the high privilege and prerogative of letting off a whoop for him." That is about as far as anyone could go.

Phil La Follette, now occupying the attorneyship which his father held from 1880 to 1884, is not quite thirty years of age. His is said to wear blue workingman shirts and to make deliberate errors in grammar when he addresses rural audiences — which promising habits indicate all one can at present know of his political skill.

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either of the La Follette sons may reasonably be expected to step into their illustrious father's place. If the Wisconsin machine can be held intact, and remains La Follette Progressive for that length of time, the La Follette dynasty may materialize. One might be led to suspect, however, that the Wisconsin machine is rather badly shivered at present. . . . It will have another call for action when the second Senator La Follette presents himself for reelection two years hence.

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GENERAL WOOD'S return to these shores rivets attention once more on the unanswered riddle of the Philippines. We earnestly hope that his experience may form the basis for a more definite American program in our Pacific possessions. For in those 7,083 islands of our Oriental archipelago development of vast potential resources is still delayed, waiting until the present uncertain American policy is replaced by one that is constant and sustained. General Wood announced on the occasion of his visit to the President in the Black Hills that considerable Philippine legislation will be introduced at the next Congress. Just what measures will be proposed he did not intimate, but it is assumed that they will be designed to encourage capital in seeking the rich rewards latent in the 5,000,000 acres of untilled Philippine soil.

With the advent of Harding, the dark shadow of the War Department blotted out the idealistic policy which Wilson spread over the Islands. Still, no sound policy has been adopted, and its absence diverts money to fields where staple government provides more certain guarantees to investors. The Philippines, ten times as large as Cuba, produce only a fifth as much sugar — less even than little

Hawaii. In fact, thousands of Filipinos migrate each year to Hawaii merely to find work.

American business men in the Islands favor giving the Philippines the status of a territory; but the Filipinos balk at this, while the proposal to make the Islands a State is blocked by a large contingent in this country which does not relish the prospect of forty-five brown-skinned Congressmen in Washington. Independence, always doubtfully advisable, is now obviously impossible in the face of opposition by the War and State Departments. There remains the so-called "dominion home-rule" plan which students of insular affairs declare would satisfy most Filipino politicians. Adherents of this scheme contend that we will do well to borrow the floor plan which British experience with distant colonies has established as adaptable and sound. But proponents of the "home-rule" scheme seem to forget that the colonies to which Great Britain has extended home rule are peopled by whites versed in Western tradition, while in the Philippines our problem is with brown men of the Orient. Yet undoubtedly some form of the home-rule plan is the ultimate solution, though it is not feasible now.

The *status quo*, undesirable from all viewpoints, cannot be maintained forever. But we can and should adopt measures which will prepare the Islanders for eventual home rule under American sovereignty. We should increase educational facilities and permit the Philippine Legislature to function unhampered in domestic matters not derogatory to the interests of the United States. We should definitely guarantee the continued stability of Philippine Government and thereby encourage capital to undertake development of the vast resources in the Islands. Four Presidents have promised them their ultimate freedom. The Wood régime indicates that this policy has been at least temporarily abandoned. If so it should be formally retracted and a substitute program announced. After all, the Filipinos are entitled to some consideration. They should be given at least a broad hint of what the future has in store for them. Our present policy is *laissez faire*, postpone the evil day, muddle along even if we have to compromise with our consciences and deny our given word.

Coolidge, Obregon, and Tradition

THE United States is not the only North American republic in which ambitious politicians have the breath to talk down Presidential precedent. In Mexico, General Obregon, borrowing a page from the book of the Coolidge third-termists, is running for President again. Thus an established code bids fair to be honored in the breach not only in the United States, but in Mexico as well.

The contentions put forward by Obregon's adherents bear a striking resemblance to those with which the Coolidge camp followers seek to soothe doubters on this side of the border. A provision of the Mexican constitution prohibits a President from succeeding himself. This commandment implies that the spirit of the country is opposed to two terms for one man even though they be unsuccessful. Obregon, therefore, is faced by stiff opposition from the anti-reëlectionist groups which have nominated two candidates. Nothing daunted, however, his trusted lieutenants inform Mexicans that their troubled country needs General Obregon; would it not be tragic if they were deprived of his great powers of leadership merely to honor an implied policy and a worn-out precedent? Where have we heard those words before?

Of course no Constitutional hurdles lie between Coolidge and another term. At the same time, the existence of the constitutional restriction in Mexico indicates that North Americans generally are opposed to continuing one man in office for too long a period. The same considerations which fathered the American precedent and have kept it alive for a century and a quarter prompted the restrictive mandate in Mexico's constitution. The

authors of the Mexican inhibition knew, as successive American generations have known, that a chief executive, if continued in office too long, can utilize his patronage trowel to fashion a vast political structure inimical to the spirit and intent of democracy.

The two republics are confronted with similar problems. However the choice between Obregon and tradition is decided, Americans must answer their own consciences with regard to Mr. Coolidge. Are his services so indispensable that honored tradition must be shattered in order to secure them?

A Penalty Which Fits the Crime

FEW informal penalties imposed by our Government on recalcitrant or unworthy Americans have seemed to us more suitable than the one recently meted out to Henry M. Blackmer, formerly chairman of the board of the Mid West Refining Company. This citizen, whose testimony was badly wanted in the Government's case against the Teapote Dome ring, decided, along with other eminent oil magnates, to spend some time in Europe instead of attending the trial in an official capacity. After strenuous efforts he was finally located in France but when a subpoena was presented, he refused to accept service, and elected to remain in Europe enjoying the pleasures of its capitals and the beneficent waters of its spas. Up to the present the only riposte of the American Government has been to cancel his passport, thus depriving him of all the rights, privileges, and protections afforded American citizens by their Government. He is, like the character in the story, a man without a country.

This is a penalty which fits the crime. It is not excessive. It is only morally severe. No physical confinement, no financial losses are involved. The strength of the sanction lies in its stern and silent reprobation, in its implication that here is an American who has failed in his duty and is no longer worthy of his heritage.

The criminal who puts himself deliberately outside the law would not feel or appreciate such a penalty. His hand is raised against all men; government, organized society, policemen and magistrates are his enemies; if convicted of crime he forfeits the citizenship he has consistently despised. But the rich man, the successful business man whose sense of importance has put him above the law — his is a different case. His pride must be humbled and his arrogance brought low when he finds that the country he has so complacently exploited has denied him and cast him off without a word.

It is a penalty which can only be applied in justice to this form to expatriates, but surely some similar penalty can be imposed on stay-at-homes who think themselves above the law but are not technically guilty of breaking it. In France a man may

sentenced to "deprivation of civil rights." The phrase implies a punishment which does not exist here, but for which there is a growing necessity and demand. The men who are too big for this country are no longer citizens of this country; the men who are above the laws are no longer entitled to the laws' protection.

Let Uncle Sam Do It

HUMAN sympathy quickly fired is equally quick to die. Contributions to the Mississippi flood-relief fund dropped off abruptly when Lindbergh drove news of the disaster off the front page. Earnest appeals by Secretary Hoover failed to revive interest in the sufferers' dire need, and many cities failed to raise their quotas. The unwisdom of relying on transitory human emotion for relief in the event of great natural catastrophes was again revealed. During the next session Congress will be asked to provide an emergency fund to be drawn upon by the President when immediate relief is required to liquidate both human and property losses in major disasters. Such a vital measure should receive wide moral support. If the Government financed all relief work, the public would be paying the bill, anyway, and the country would be spared few drives.

The Third Degree

WHEN Maj. August Heise, assistant prohibition administrator for the New York district, wished to extort information from a colored chauffeur regarding certain bootleggers, he employed, and later callously admitted that he had employed, the disgusting brutality of the "third degree" as practiced by the worst of our roughneck policemen. Both Heise, who was suspended, and his chief, Maj. Chester P. Mills, who resigned, are no longer in the Prohibition Unit. The incident, however, according to the temperate judgment of the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "illustrates the frenzied tent to which prohibition enforcement may be carried. It is a natural development of the tactics employed by the New York office, the most important in the country, which have included also 'undercover' methods which Major Mills was impelled to abandon; Government 'speakeasies' which were conducted in plain violation of law, and other devices utilized in the enforcement of one law which the Federal Government never resorts in the enforcement of any other."

Yes, this incident illustrates the mental angle of these sterling dregs who would shoot, hang, draw, quarter, exile, or imprison for life, any conscientious objector to the Volstead Act. But it illustrates more than such dreary fanaticism. It illustrates, alas! a tendency on the part of our police authorities to

get "results" without considering the rights of the accused, without common humanity or decency, without a vestige of respect for the spirit of the laws they have sworn to enforce. The third degree lifts up its ugly head every little while in every police force in the United States. Given a sufficient degree of exasperation, enough pressure for efficiency, and the torture of prisoners replaces the due and fair processes of law. The ordinary prisoner, if he lacks money, friends, or influence, has no protection against police brutality. There is no darker blot on our record than the secret annals of the third degree. Those optimists who repeat that such brutality is extinct may pause for a moment and consider how so beneficent an institution as national prohibition is enforced in the greatest city in America.

Still More Achievement

LIEUTENANTS Maitland and Hegenberger have settled safely on a speck in the Pacific after a 2,400-mile flight out of sight of land. Commander Byrd and his gallant crew have achieved the third



great crossing from New York to Paris. Our hats off and our banners high to these daring men. The thrill that was Lindbergh still tingles in our veins, but these new exploits each add their quota of exhilaration and fresh admiration for the courage of man and the marvel of flight. And that our tingle of pride as Americans may remain un-

spoiled let us hope that these new heroes prove as faithful ambassadors as did the glorious Lindbergh.

Dispatches tell us that the Chamberlin-Levine tour was badly managed. Schedules, it seems, were disregarded to the disgust of expectant thousands, and the international good will generated by the transatlantic hop was largely written off because the two Americans were exploited by hotels, resorts, and manufacturers. For this Levine and Chamberlin are not to blame. One large brewery is said to have published unauthorized testimonials to the merits of its product by the flyers, whereupon other beer makers sought similar statements, were refused, and went away disgruntled. A Vienna official, apprised that Commander Byrd might make that city his destination, is reported to have remarked that Vienna has seen enough of transatlantic aviators. Probably it did not add to the prestige of the two Americans when their wives attended a murder trial in Hungary. But for this as for other factors which have made for their unpopularity in many quarters, the aviators are hardly responsible. Possibly even masters of the upper levels are impotent before the whims of wives.

Familiarity still breeds contempt, and hero worship turns to ridicule when heroes are touched by the taint of commerce. Chamberlin and Levine deserve a certain amount of sympathy. Let us still honor them as copartners in a great flight even while we deplore their ineptitude as international emissaries. After all, aviators are not necessarily diplomats any more than ambassadors are *ipso facto* first-rate mechanics. Only a few like Colonel Lindbergh and Commander Byrd combine both the skill and daring of the best aviators with the modesty, good manners, and discrimination of the best gentlemen.

Cupid and the Traffic Squad

YOUTH flames only dimly out in Wyandotte County, Kansas, if an Associated Press dispatch and Sheriff Harry Powers of that bailiwick are to be believed. The sheriff laments the fact that the increasing complexities of modern civilization have left to young folks no place for their spooning. "We can't allow it on the highways," he said. "Parking cars there endangers life. The town is building up in the districts that used to be suburban. There is no room for the spooners."

These are tragic words. Is Cupid to be elbowed out of Kansas by the heartless demands of a mechanical age? A thousand noes, says Sheriff Harry Powers of Wyandotte County. Let the town create a park where spooners may bill and coo, of course under adequate supervision, without being a menace to traffic. We aged folk may find the idea as silly as it is vulgar, but the sheriff could probably count on all the younger vote of urban Kansas if he ran for governor on a "Space for Spooners" ticket.

Daudet's Escape

WHEN Léon Daudet, the stormy petrel of French journalism, was finally due for imprisonment on the charge of criminal libel, he barricaded himself in the offices of his newspaper, *L'Action Française*, with a cohort of enthusiastic supporters and defied the Government. M. Poincaré's ministers sent horse, foot, and guns against the Royalist stronghold and for a moment it seemed that a first-class miniature battle would be fought over the body of the editor. Daudet, however, yielded to a personal appeal not to shed the blood of Frenchmen and surrendered himself into durance.

All Paris — and most of the civilized world besides — have since then laughed at the manner of his escape from prison. One of his followers impersonated the Minister of the Interior in a telephone call to the superintendent of the Santé prison and ordered his release and that of two other prisoners. The superintendent, disturbed by a verbal instead of a written order, telephoned the Ministry in his turn, only to be severely reprimanded

for his delay, and accordingly released the prisoners. Just how this was managed is not yet clear but the net result is obvious. The French Government has been made ridiculous. The humorous fancy of France has been touched at its nerve centers dignified officials have been made to look like fat gentlemen chasing elfin top hats down a wind-blown boulevard, like bishops who have just stepped on a banana peel. Ministries have fallen for less.

Heretofore Daudet has dealt about lustily with club, brick, fists, and feet. Now he has a weapon made to his hand, more delicate and more effective than any in his earlier arsenal. He is essentially a fighter, extremely able, active, bold — not too scrupulous as to ways and means, deterred by no false sportsmanship as to how to treat a wounded or a fallen foe. He and his paper have been the rallying points for the Royalist cause in France and until the Vatican, fearing the avowed connection between the Church and the Royalist party, placed *L'Action Française* on the Index, they were popularly regarded as the rallying points for French Catholicism. Together with his colleague, Charles Maurras, an able and sincere journalist, he has actually made Royalism popular with an important section of youthful Frenchmen. Chiefly his method has been to attack the corruption, inefficiency, and vulgarity of the French Republic's régime, and he has attacked with amazing vigor and success. Formerly, no one knows where, he can take up his fight again with the advantages of a new and immense publicity and the knowledge that he has made his opponents look foolish in the eyes of his countrymen.

Less Lustre for the Stars

PITY the poor movie stars whose salaries have been sent to the studio cutting rooms. With the bare cost of existence as a cinema idol soaring to unknown heights, we cannot see how the darling can possibly struggle along if their incomes are halved or lopped from ten to twenty-five per cent. Consider just a few of the necessities which have skyrocketed in price since the war. Divorce has gone up 19 per cent, if we remember the statistics aright. The mean [*sic*] alimony paid by luminaries of the screen has passed all bounds of reason. It is estimated that these two increases alone affect 93.8 per cent of all picture stars. Personal press agents now actually demand \$50 a week. Rambling slope-sided mansions in Beverly Hills, once obtainable at \$35,000, today bring \$100,000. Japanese servants utterly indispensable, insist on receiving \$100 a month, and when one has four of them. . . . Really the price of these necessities has become so high that some of the feminine stars are almost unable to maintain a titled husband around the house even temporarily. What in the world are heartless producers thinking of — cutting salaries!

World Naval Strength and the Geneva Problem

THE knotty problem confronting the Geneva conferees who are struggling to fuse the British, Japanese, and American limitations proposals into a compromise satisfactory to all three is better appreciated after one has taken something more than a cursory glance at the world naval line-up today, the strength of the powers in ships not now subject to limitations, and the interesting naval programs which have been carried out since the five-power pact was signed at Washington.

With the exception of Italy, each nation which signed the Washington agreement has a world preponderance in some one type of craft. Great Britain possesses the most light cruisers, so effective in guarding far-flung routes of trade. Japan leads in heavy submarines with wide cruising radius, strong weapons for any Pacific fuss in which Western powers would be forced to use capital ships and cruisers extensively. The United States has an apparent excess of destroyers, most of which, however, were hastily built during the World War to combat German submarines and are not now kept in commission. France, merely an observer at Geneva, and for very good reasons, has the world's greatest tonnage in light submarines, considered as most effective in the converging sea lanes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean.

Post-Washington building programs for ships not limited by the five-power pact furnish ample evidence that new limitation steps are necessary. Recent rapid construction of submarines and destroyers by France and Japan has given Great Britain no little cause for consternation, and no doubt in a large measure moved President Coolidge to propose the Geneva Conference. No sooner had limitations been placed on capital ships in 1922 than France hurried home to launch a great building program in the unlimited classes. When the pact was signed she had just six submarines. She now has built, is building, or has appropriated for an aggregate of forty-five, with the heaviest combined tonnage of light under-sea boats in the world. After Washington she sextupled her submarine strength and more than doubled that of her destroyers. Japan, too, was quick to start work on these types. The link was scarcely dry on the Washington agreement when she began building submarines and destroyers. Prior to the Washington Conference she had twenty-nine submarines and forty-nine destroyers. Since that time she has laid down or made appropriations for thirty-nine submarines of all classes and forty-three destroyers. She now leads the world in both number and tonnage of heavy under-sea boats. It is obvious why the proposals are at odds.

Following are tables which show approximations

of the actual or already financed naval strength of each of the nations which signed the Washington agreement. In themselves they speak eloquently:

MODERN CRUISERS

(5-inch to 8-inch guns; 3,000 to 10,000 tons; speed, 27 knots plus)

Power	Built, building, appropriated for		Present ratio		Capital ship ratio
	Ships	Tons	Ships	Tons	
Great Britain.....	54	332,290	5.00	5.00	5.00
Japan.....	25	156,205	2.31	2.35	3.00
United States.....	15	125,000	1.38	1.88	5.00
France.....	10	80,350	0.93	0.93	1.67
Italy.....	10	50,784	1.20	0.76	1.67

FLEET SUBMARINES, FIRST LINE

(Over 1,000 tons each; speed, 20 knots plus)

Power	Built, building, appropriated for		Present ratio		Capital ship ratio
	Ships	Tons	Ships	Tons	
Japan.....	23	32,080	7.19	6.81	3.00
Britain.....	16	23,565	5.00	5.00	5.00
United States.....	9	15,675	2.81	3.32	5.00
France.....	7	12,998	2.19	2.76	1.67
Italy.....	4	5,200	1.25	1.10	1.67

SUBMARINES, FIRST LINE

(700 tons plus; speed, 13 knots plus)

Power	Built, building, appropriated for		Present ratio		Capital ship ratio
	Ships	Tons	Ships	Tons	
United States.....	50	43,822	8.62	8.41	5.00
Japan.....	45	36,497	7.76	7.00	3.00
France.....	38	44,130	6.55	8.47	1.67
Britain.....	29	26,040	5.00	5.00	5.00
Italy.....	18	14,312	3.10	2.75	1.67

FIRST-LINE DESTROYERS

Power	Built, building, appropriated for		Present ratio		Capital ship ratio
	Ships	Tons	Ships	Tons	
United States.....	276	329,153	7.30	7.29	5.00
Britain.....	171	197,115	5.00	5.00	5.00
Japan.....	92	105,880	2.54	2.48	3.00
France.....	45	56,622	1.54	1.93	1.67
Italy.....	35	37,223	1.14	1.14	1.67

The following reveals the building programs of the five nations for classes not limited by the Washington agreement, and instituted since the five-power pact was signed. Figures include ships laid down and already financed.

TYPE SHIP	U. S.	BRITAIN	JAPAN	FRANCE	ITALY
Light Cruisers.....	5	14	12	7	2
Destroyer Leaders....	—	—	4	9	—
Destroyers.....	—	2	43	25	16
Submarines, All Classes.	3	10	39	39	13
Gunboats.....	6	4	4	1	—
Mine Sweepers.....	—	—	6	—	9
Submarine Tenders....	—	1	2	3	—

A moment's study of the above table clearly indicates why the United States called the conference at Geneva.

The Power Behind Prohibition

By Charles G. Ross

THE Anti-Saloon League lobby, as every Congressman knows, is the most proficient and effective extragovernmental agency that ever sought to influence legislation or dictate appointments. Also, it is the most impudent. Recent delvings into the records of the League in Washington and in Westerville, Ohio, its headquarters, have brought to light an almost incredible story of its meddling with the processes and personnel of the Government. To a really astonishing degree, the League is the Government.

After John F. Kramer, the first Prohibition Commissioner, went out of office and into the ranks of the League's lecturers, at \$7,500 a year, the League set out to name his successor. This was at the time of the great scramble for spoils that marked the coming of the "Ohio gang" to the capital. Two Ohio factions wanted the dry commissionership; one was for Newton Fairbanks and the other for Roy Asa Haynes, an obscure country editor. The League got behind Haynes in what Wayne B. Wheeler, the dry field marshal, declared in a confidential report to his executive committee was the most difficult contest it had faced in its campaign for the selection of "satisfactory" officials.

Wheeler got to work. He labored to such good effect that four months after the inauguration of President Harding he was able to report victory. In a *communiqué* from the patronage battle front he told the story of the great contest:

I had the assurance from the Administration that no one would be appointed for this position who was objectionable to us, and I proceeded at every step in the faith that this promise would be kept. . . .

The fight became so intense that the President for several days would not see even the Senator from Ohio [Willis] concerning this matter. There were literally hundreds of people in the city working for the various candidates. We had the assurance from the White House every few days that if Major Haynes was not appointed, I would have another opportunity to be heard as to second choice. . . . We had matters so arranged that the second choice would have been quite as satisfactory, but we never had to reach it.

He had every reason to believe, added Wheeler, that Haynes would make a success of the prohibition

department "unless hampered by undue influence from his superior officers." Wheeler foresaw the definite possibility of "some trouble with the Secretary of the Treasury." The League succeeded not only in putting Haynes at the top of the enforcement service, but in naming a large number of his subordinates. "We have never had as many friends in these responsible positions as we now have," boasted Wheeler. He added that if more money had been available, his labors would have been even more fruitful.

The administration of the enforcement service by Haynes was in strict conformity with the League's desires. For all

practical purposes, his office was an Anti-Saloon League annex. He was given to the issuance of sugary statements claiming the success of prohibition. From his bureau, for the enlightenment of the press, figures showing the number of arrests by dry agents flowed in an endless stream. He made "pep" speeches at dry meetings. One of his ideas, eventually squelched, was to spend \$50,000 on a poster campaign to "educate" the public into observance of the dry laws. He was, in short, the perfect male Pollyanna. Nothing quite like him had ever before been seen in Washington. Nothing like him will be seen again.

MINUTES of the League's executive committee show Haynes as both government official and League servant. Soon after his appointment, he and his chief assistant went before a meeting of the committee and were "received with enthusiasm." He said that with the support of the League he would succeed in his office and without it he would fail. Immediately after the death of President Harding, Haynes sent an emergency call to Arthur J. Davis, a League official, now its New York State superintendent, to come to Washington. Davis came and, as he subsequently reported, remained "on guard" during the absence of Wayne B. Wheeler in Europe. Davis and Haynes "coöperated in certain matters of vital importance." One other instance will suffice to show the close relationship between Haynes and the League. In November, 1925, dry leaders throughout the country were aroused by a bitter attack on prohibition-enforcement methods by Gifford Pinchot, then governor of

Pennsylvania. A copy of the Pinchot speech was sent to Secretary Mellon by the Rev. A. J. Barton of Kansas City, chairman of the League's executive committee. Mellon replied to Dr. Barton in general, guarded terms, but the useful Haynes, alert to keep the League fully informed, added his own "personal and confidential" report on the Pinchot charges. This, as he wrote to Dr. Barton, was "for the information of your committee only."

WHEELER'S foreboding of trouble between Haynes and his superiors was well grounded. His flamboyant methods appealed to neither Secretary Mellon nor Internal Revenue Commissioner Blair. They would have cleared him out long before they did if the Anti-Saloon League had not intervened. Observe the League in action. The minutes of the executive committee for May 17, 1923, show Wheeler reporting that a break between Haynes and Blair had become inevitable, and suggesting that a "strong" letter be written to President Harding. The letter was prepared and sent. One of the drafting committee was William H. Anderson, then the superintendent of the New York Anti-Saloon League, who was afterwards sent to jail for misuse of League funds. In a statement to the executive committee on November 25, 1924, Wheeler said that four separate efforts had been made to displace Haynes, but that on each occasion the League had been able to "offset the drive." The League finally, only a few weeks ago, had to submit to the ousting of Haynes, but it received as compensation the scalp of the able Brig. Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, who was allowed to resign.

Figures obtained by the Reed Campaign Funds Investigating Committee of the Senate show that the Anti-Saloon League and its thirty-seven State branches, from 1920 to 1925 inclusive, received and disbursed more than \$13,000,000. A large part of this was drummed up by paid speakers, including members of Congress who received "honorariums." Reporting to the executive committee in 1925 on the League's success in raising money through "the powerful propaganda of numerous well-attended meetings throughout the whole country," Dr. Howard H. Russell, founder of the League, cited the fact that a four months' tour by the late William Jennings Bryan in 1919 brought in more than \$700,000. An important adjunct of the League for the collection of money is the American Issue Publishing Company of Westerville. Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, general manager of the company, reported on

January 1, 1925, that during the preceding ten years the subscription department had held 21,889 mass meetings, at which more than \$17,000,000 was collected. Between 1914 and 1926, according to exhibits gathered by the Reed committee, the American Issue paid out \$645,934 in speakers' salaries. Of this amount, \$171,249 went to former Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, the "father of the Eighteenth Amendment."

Heading the League's lobby in Washington is Wayne B. Wheeler, a man of extraordinary ability. He testified before the Reed committee that he receives a salary of \$8,000 a year. If he were paid by the results he has achieved, he would get more than the President. Not only is he able; he is indefatigable in a wide field of activity. He helps to draft the dry legislation of Congress; he cracks the whip over waverers in the dry ranks; he directs a nation-wide political machine; he runs a press bureau; he argues cases in court; he works upon officials, from Presidents down, to procure the appointment of men satisfactory to the League; he propagandizes the Federal judiciary; he interferes with enforcement plans that he disapproves.

Take, for example, the last-named item. He opposed some of the features of the decentralization plan that General Andrews purposed to put into effect. Protests were at once sent to the President, Secretary Mellon, and General Andrews. The result was set out in a report by Wheeler to the executive committee in September, 1925: "We prevented the original plan from going through for complete decentralization."

As a propagandist Wheeler is *sui generis*. He attempts more and accomplishes more than any other press agent in Washington. He overlooks no opportunity. Some conception of his thoroughness may be gathered from a report which he made to the League's executive committee in November, 1924.

This tells, with pardonable pride, how he put out dry propaganda in the guise of magazine articles signed by prominent persons, and thus was able to quote his own stuff as coming from unbiased sources; how he assisted special writers in the preparation of

articles on prohibition; how he got his "releases" carried by wet papers of wide circulation; how he supplied data to Congressmen for their speeches; how he sent out "ready-for-use material" to college debating teams, professors, Sunday-school teachers, preachers, and women's clubs.

In a report about a year later Wheeler told of the success of a timely publicity stunt. A series of eleven

Portrait of the Dry Field Marshal

Heading the League's lobby in Washington is Wayne B. Wheeler, a man of extraordinary ability. He helps to draft the dry legislation of Congress; he directs a nation-wide political machine; he runs a press bureau; he argues cases in court; he works upon officials from Presidents down; he propagandizes the Federal judiciary; he interferes with enforcement plans that he disapproves

articles on prohibition, for which the Anti-Saloon League furnished the material, had been published in a general magazine. In order to place the articles where they would do the most good, the League bought 4,000 copies of the magazine and sent them to members of Congress, United States judges, district attorneys, college presidents, and others of a carefully chosen list. The articles were circulated just before the publication of the unfavorable report on prohibition by the research department of the Federal Council of Churches.

"The letters I have received from Congressmen concerning the eleven articles and the report of the Federal Council of Churches," said Wheeler, "indicated that they needed just the material that we got to them to prevent some of them getting weak knees about the success of prohibition."

Wheeler obtains free distribution for a great amount of his propaganda by having it inserted in the *Congressional Record* by dry Congressmen. In a report to the executive committee in January, 1925, he mentioned Congressmen Summers of Washington, Hudson of Michigan, and Cramton of Michigan as among those who had aided the dry cause by "putting valuable information" into the *Record*. In another report for the same year, the Anti-Saloon League is revealed as the financial "angel" of an official investigation by the Alcoholic Liquor Traffic Committee of the House of Representatives, headed by Congressman Grant M. Hudson of Michigan. The League minutes show that Wheeler paid part of the expenses of this committee and supplied much of the material for its report. By this master stroke the League got its propaganda into an official document of the United States — a document carrying, as Wheeler pointed out to his executive committee, "a Government sanction that will make it valuable not only at home, but abroad."

THE League in politics works for the single end of nominating and electing men who will vote "right" — that is to say, as it dictates — on all questions pertaining to prohibition. A man may be a lusty drinker and yet receive the ardent support of the League if he votes dry. He may be a teetotaler and yet find himself the object of a savage attack if he objects to the principle of prohibition. Nor does his attitude toward the tariff, the farm problem, campaign slush funds, or any other save the wet-and-dry issue affect the League's view of him. One test, and one alone, is applied.

The League's leaders, and notably Wayne B. Wheeler, are intense political realists. They never let sentiment interfere with business. A case in point was the last Illinois Senatorial election. Unable, after the disclosures by the Reed committee, to stomach Frank L. Smith, the Republican nominee, some of the dries of the State brought about the nomination of Hugh Magill on an independent ticket. But

Smith, however inferior to Magill in other respects, measured up to him in the one test that counted. He, too, was dry. That fact outweighed all objections. The League without hesitation threw its support to Smith and against Magill on the sole ground that Smith had the better chance to win against the wet Democratic nominee. "We have met the enemy and they are ours," Wheeler reported to his executive committee after the November elections. He recounted their successes in various States and declared they could have done even better if they had had more money.

A **W**ARY eye is kept on the judiciary as well as on Congress by the League. In the minutes of the executive committee meetings are frequent references to Wheeler's activity for or against aspirants to the Federal bench. He told the committee near the beginning of the Harding Administration that he had a "good working understanding" with both the prohibition unit and the Department of Justice. In June, 1925, he reported that President Coolidge and the Department of Justice had "manifested a very helpful spirit in recent appointments." In a specific recital of his achievements, he quoted to the committee a newspaper article which said that a New Jersey Federal judge had been appointed by President Coolidge over the protest of the Republican Senator from that State "by and with the advice and consent of Wayne B. Wheeler."

The minutes of the executive committee meetings are brightened by a number of interesting narratives. There is, for example, the story of how a "press release" virtually accusing President Coolidge of malfeasance in office, because of existing methods of prohibition enforcement, was withheld from publication by the margin of a single vote. There is the story of how \$10,000 of funds appropriated by Congress for the expenses of an International Congress Against Alcoholism was diverted to other uses, including the employment of a press agent, and of how the money was paid back to the State Department in order to avert a scandal. There is the documented story of Mr. McAdoo's solicitation of Anti-Saloon League support in 1924.

But the story that best deserves telling in this year of 1927, when thoughts are turned toward the 1928 Presidential campaign, is that of a "personal and confidential" letter from Dr. Barton to Haynes, which somehow got into the minutes: "If Al Smith should succeed in getting the Democratic nomination in the present confused situation," wrote the chairman of the executive committee in December, 1925, "he will defeat Coolidge or any other man that the Republicans may name."

There was a good deal more of the letter, but those are the words that stand out. Amazing words, when read against the boast of the League that no wet has the remotest chance of being elected President!

Radio Steals the Press' Thunder

By Silas Bent

BELATEDLY and a little bit later, newspaper publishers have awakened to the rivalry of radio. They might possibly have taken their cue back in the 'nineties, when Marconi began telegraphing by wireless, for it was but a step from telegraphy to telephony, and but a step further to broadcasting. When Horace Greeley witnessed a demonstration of the magnetic telegraph he said to Morse: "You are going to turn the newspaper office upside down with your invention." Wireless telegraphy boded an even more noteworthy revolution, but apparently there was no Horace Greeley to foresee it.

Even when the manufacture of radio receiving sets achieved the status of an industry in 1920, newspaper publishers slumbered in fancied security. Even when the industry, during the next five years, multiplied its sales three hundredfold, they refused to heed the alarm clock. Not until 5,000,000 families began to gather about the loud-speaker did the publishers as a body yawn, stretch themselves, and ask what it was all about. The answer was that it was all about entertainment, news, and advertising. It was all about their own particular field — about and above it.

The awakening was embittered because the publishers had taken this novelty to their bosoms and nourished it. They treated it as news because of its newness, and they nourished it because they wanted the advertising accounts of its manufacturers. And then radio bit the hand which had fed it. "Space in the air," at a price as high as \$4,000 an hour, began competing with the white space of newsprint. Department stores maintained their own stations; that dreaded upstart, the "daily shopping news," ascended from the printed dodger to the upper atmospheres. There came into being the advertising agency specializing in the aerial billboard. About radio advertisements there is this disadvantage, that they must be used chiefly for the promotion of good will, rather than for direct selling appeal. But they have the incalculable and appealing power of constant iteration.

And the ingrate sold its advertising, even as the publishers sold their papers, by wearing the cap and bells. It staged vaudeville and grand opera, crop reports and Chautauquas. As an entertainer it stood

Recently the first "radio newspaper" was printed. Is it possible that the future will see a radio-newspaper printing plant in every home? They used to say that the movies would cut into newspaper revenue, giving regular readers something else to do in their spare time. Now editors are looking somewhat askance at radio which they are just beginning to realize is stealing at least a share of their thunder

head and shoulders above the newspapers. What printed page could carry the magic of Martinelli's voice? Even better than the Sunday rotogravure section or the tabloid picture paper, radio reached the illiterate as well as the literate.

If it is easier to look at pictures than read, as the tabloids have amply shown, how much easier to listen!

Nor is there any longer a "natural monopoly" of the day's tidings. Summaries of local news, stock-exchange reports, weather forecasts, speeches of the President, the proceedings of national conventions, and bulletins of big news events resound to listening myriads before the newspapers can get them into type. One does not merely read what the President *has said*, one *bears him say it*. The broadcaster describes sport events as they happen, and his announcements cut in severely on newspaper sales. Just as London publishers found that when their posters told too much about news events, circulation fell off, so American publishers have found that readers lose interest in certain kinds of news when the bloom has been taken from it.

WHEN the publisher rubbed his eyes and looked closely at his paper he found that he was not only giving reams of free space to radio, but — sharper than a serpent's tooth! — free space to the radio advertisers. Who, for instance, were the Ipana Troubadours, billed daily in the programs which he printed free for nothing? Who were they, indeed, but the hirelings of a tooth-paste manufacturer! And what was the Eveready Hour? It was the advertisement of a safety razor. Radio batteries, insect poisons, typewriters, hotels, ginger ales, candy shops, cough drops, Persian rugs, chain grocery stores, automobile tires, shoe polishes, talking machines — what not? — enjoyed their little moment in the air and it was paid for; but for mention in the papers there was not a farthing. Worse, the publisher learned that solicitors of radio advertising accounts promised their clients newspaper publicity which the clients couldn't wheedle, as a rule, from solicitors of newspaper advertising.

New York publishers escaped temporarily from the dilemma by censoring radio programs. The Ipana Troubadours became mere "entertainers," and the Eveready Hour, "soloists." There was a

great howl from the readers, the advertisers, and the broadcasting stations. Why, asked the billiard-table manufacturer who had paid for the broadcasting of the second act of "Faust," — along with mention of his commodity, — give free space to a commercial enterprise like horse racing and refuse to mention me in connection with a truly uplifting performance? Why, asked the program manager, devote twenty or thirty or forty columns to a prize fight and refuse a single line to the "Happiness Boys"? There need be no fear, said the president of a broadcasting company soothingly, that radio will replace the newspaper or destroy it.

But the publishers were obdurate. They knew that a Newark department store counted its gain from a radio station at many times the cost; that a Cleveland trust company had used radio advertising two years, and regarded it as highly profitable; that every advertising appropriation was eagerly watched and sought by the newcomer. The publishers were obdurate, that is to say, until the Scripps-Howard group entered the New York field by the purchase of the *Telegram* and refused to play marbles with them. The *Telegram* printed uncensored radio programs; and so, at once, in self-defense did the other papers.

Efforts to check the broadcasting of news were equally ineffective. At the beginning of 1927 there were nearly one hundred newspapers, including most of the big ones, owning stations or leasing time on radio programs. They refused to listen when warned that the goblins 'ud git 'em ef they didn't watch out. At regular intervals — one on a twenty-four-hour basis — they broadcast the tidings of the world, often from their own towers.

Obviously, the scope of radio as a news carrier was limited. It could not be expected to report legal decisions and much other weighty matter. To set off against that was the fact that it did not report scandal nor exploit bathing beauties. The program manager of the national radio chain said: "We picture the typical radio audience as composed of the man, his wife, and their children, seated in the parlor of their home. We could not broadcast scandal and crime to them and survive. You can lock your door against the 'scandal' newspaper, not against radio."

SOMETIMES program managers act as censors in a way to arouse antagonism. One of them substituted a church vesper service for Victor Berger's views on Socialism, cutting in on his speech. Representative Emanuel Celler's remarks on George Washington were censored in advance by substituting the word "wager" for "gamble," "by heaven" for "by God," and by deleting the statement that the Father of his Country occasionally lied, as well as that he liked good wine and bought rum for his constituents. A play calculated to show that war

with Mexico might be precipitated by capitalist interests was forbidden an aerial outlet. There have been many such instances; and Congressman Celler says that their multiplication will mean an even stricter censorship than is provided by the present law governing broadcasting.

Newspaper publishers took a hand in influencing the formulation of this law, which set up a Radio Commission. The board of five, appointed by the President, can silence any station by revoking its license. It has power to insist that each station keep a record of all speeches delivered from it. There is no provision for censorship before the fact, but the Commission has the power of suppression after the fact, and may exercise as great an authority over the spoken word in the air as the Postmaster-General exercises over the printed word in the mails.

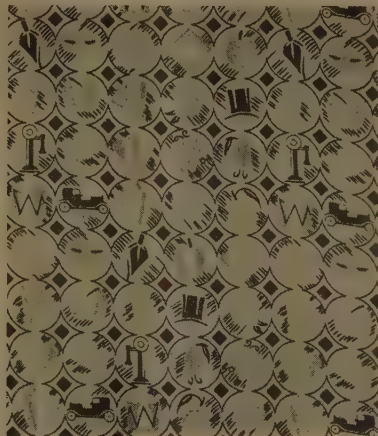
THERE is no provision against advertising, nor against the dissemination of news; there is no tax imposed on publicity even when it gives retail prices, as some radio advertising now does. This may have been a disappointment to the radio committee of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, which played, its chairman reported, "an important part in shaping the destinies of the art and science of radio during the past year" — while the radio bill was being drawn and passed. Walter A. Strong, the chairman, headed a coördinating committee which opened headquarters in Washington and got its views before Congress. "The fact that the compromise bill to a very large extent follows the recommendations of the coördinating committee," said Chairman Strong, "is in itself significant."

The regulation of radio was thus taken out of the Department of Commerce, where Secretary Herbert Hoover's management had proved ineffective and unsatisfactory. Congress, itself incompetent to cope with the weighty problems involved, passed them on characteristically to a commission. It had done this in the case of transportation, telegraph and telephone communications, the tariff, commerce, oil, water, and so on; and its action in regard to radio but added another to an enormous agglomeration of "independent executive" bureaucracies in Washington.

The new commission set about straightening out the chaos which had prevailed in broadcasting, and won praise at the outset by its disposition to keep hands off programs. The broadcasters promised to regulate themselves in that direction. The National Broadcasting Company, which dominated the field, put itself on record as recognizing its obligation to the public, and asserted that it would distribute impartially both sides of controversial questions. Whether this arrangement would prove more satisfactory than the open governmental censorship practiced in Soviet Russia and Great Britain was subject to question. The fact (*Continued on page 48*)



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THREE EXAMPLES OF THE MODERN SPIRIT IN DESIGN AS APPLIED TO SILKS

AT THE LEFT IS A DESIGN FROM STEICHEN'S PHOTOGRAPHIC SPOTLIGHT ON "CIGARETTES AND MATCHES." "ACCESSORIES," IN THE CENTER, IS HELEN DRYDEN'S REACTION TO THE AMERICAN SCENE; IT INCLUDES HIGH HATS, HIGH HEELS, TAXIS, AND COCKTAIL SHAKERS. AT THE RIGHT IS RENE CLARKE'S "STADIUM," WHICH RECOGNIZES THE AMERICAN GENIUS FOR VICARIOUS EXERCISE

ART WORKS FOR A LIVING

While the Paris Exposition of 1925 Brought International Attention to Modern Design for Articles in Everyday Use, the Metropolitan Museum in New York Has Done Much to Encourage American Industrial Art.

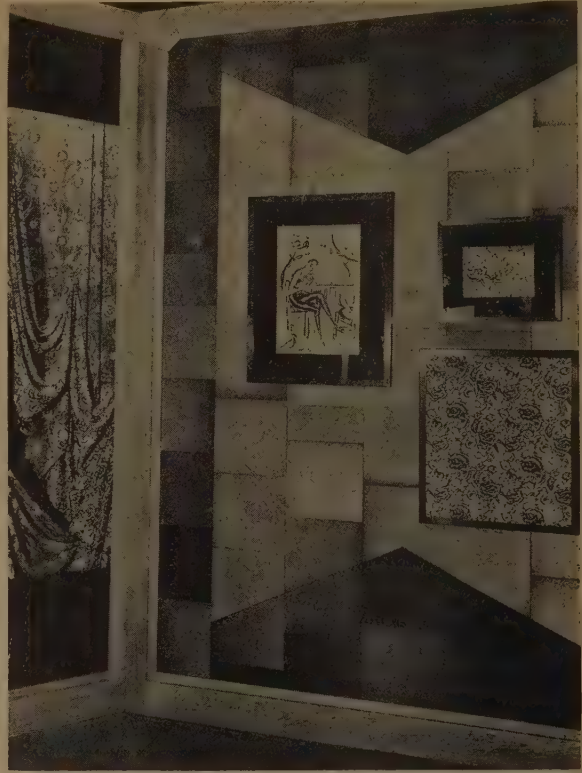
Now a Great Department Store Has Carried a Variant of the Same Message to the Shoppers Themselves



A VIEW OF THE GALLERIES DESIGNED BY LEE SIMONSON FOR THE NOVEL EXPOSITION IN THE STORE OF R. H. MACY AND COMPANY OF NEW YORK. NOTABLY EFFECTIVE IS THE INGENUOUS USE OF CORK FLOORING COMPOSITIONS AS BACKGROUND FOR THE EXHIBITS



A DETAIL OF ONE OF THE STEHLI SILK DISPLAYS AT THE MACY EXPOSITION SHOWING IN THE CENTER AN AIR-PLANE PATTERN AND AT THE RIGHT A SKYSCRAPER DESIGN



THIS PAINTING BY KEES VAN DONGEN INSPIRED THE PRINTED SILK ON THE LEFT OF THIS PICTURE OF ONE OF THE CHENEY DISPLAYS AT MACY'S. A WORKING DRAWING IS AT THE RIGHT



Frederick Bradley

"COLLEGIATE" IS ONE OF JOHN HELD, JR.'S, CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SECTION OF AMERICAN PRINTS. THIS WAS DISPLAYED BOTH AT MACY'S AND IN THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

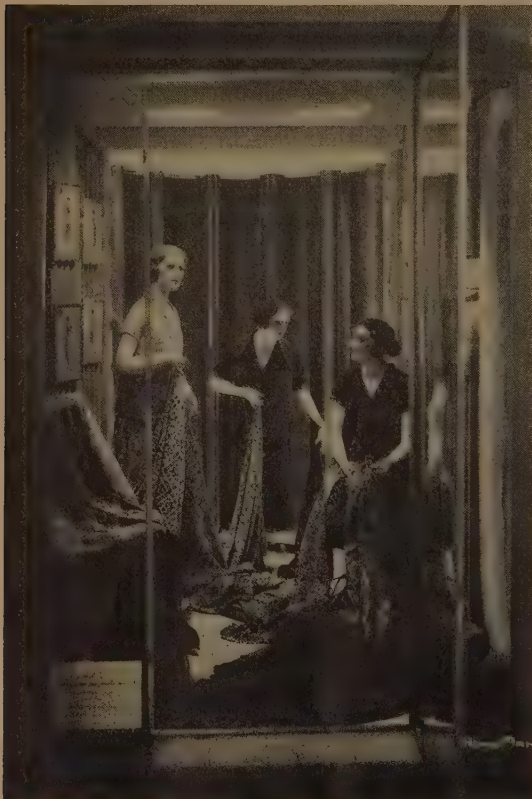
THE APPLICATION OF STYLIZED DESIGN THEORIES TO ARTICLES OF PRACTICAL UTILITY IS DEMONSTRATED IN THIS PANEL OF HARDWARE WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY SHOWN IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION AND HAS RECENTLY BEEN PART OF THE EXHIBIT TOURING THE LARGER AMERICAN CITIES

AT THE LEFT BELOW IS A FRENCH CONCEPTION OF A LIBRARY CORNER IN GOOD TASTE AS REVEALED AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION. AND AT THE LOWER RIGHT IS PAUL THEODORE FRANKL'S IDEA OF THE CORRECT INTERIOR FOR THE LAND OF SKYSCRAPERS. THIS ROOM IS A PART OF THE MACY EXPOSITION



Boston Museum of Fine Arts





Henri Manuel



THE PONT ALEXANDRE III, WHICH CROSSES THE SEINE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EXPOSITION AREA AT PARIS, WAS ARRANGED TO HOUSE THE EXHIBITS OF INDIVIDUAL CRAFTSMEN

ONE OF THE BOOTHS USED BY MAISON SAPIT AT PARIS FOR THE DISPLAY OF SOME OF THEIR DRESS GOODS

IN THIS ROOM ARE ASSEMBLED SOME OF THE VARIED EXHIBITS SELECTED FROM THE PARIS EXPOSITION FOR A TOUR OF EIGHT LARGE AMERICAN CITIES. EVERYTHING FROM WROUGHT-IRON FIRE SCREENS TO TAPESTRIES AND BRIC-A-BRAC IS REPRESENTED IN THE COLLECTION



Modern Art and the Machine Age

By William H. Baldwin

THINGS are coming to the pass where the New York housewife doffs the artist's smock in which she has been doing the housework only to don the critic's cloak as she surveys the newest wares in her favorite shops. For art has crept into the department stores and is beginning to flourish like the green bay tree. It is already so sure of itself that it is offended when capitalized as "Art," and it talks without self-consciousness of modern design applied to articles in everyday use.

Apparently this latest trend was first recognized one spring morning two or three months ago when an employee in Macy's department store removed the cover from her counter in preparation for the day's business and discovered a clandestine relation between Beauty and Utility. The matter was at once referred to the executive offices, and after due consideration it was decided to face the facts and forestall any scandal by recognizing this love match and giving it the dignity of a formal ceremony. Robert W. DeForest, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Dr. John H. Finley, acting president of the Arts Council of New York City, functioned as the high priests, and the Macy Art-in-Trade Exposition was launched.

Lee Simonson, stage designer for the Theatre Guild, and Miss Virginia Hamill, who is finding the career of stylist a most congenial and successful one, served as director and as executive director, respectively, of the exposition, and saw to it that both background and exhibits were in keeping with this spirit. Commenting on his work, Mr. Simonson said:

In designing the setting for the exhibition I have tried to tell its story just as I try to tell the theme of a play in its stage setting. In general, the theme of the Art-in-Trade Exposition is that art in this age has to be simplified if it is going to be produced on a large enough scale for most people to afford and enjoy it.

The backgrounds have been kept simple and severe in accord with the modern tendency which is so aptly illustrated in the construction of our newest skyscrapers. By the use of woods of such natural beauty as California redwood and of the newer fabricated materials which have interesting textures and colors, it has been possible to achieve striking results. A certain compressed cork product, for instance, used on the walls instead of the floor, becomes an effective background for pictures and textiles, and a rubber product finished to imitate onyx provides a happy medium for the display of the small *objets d'art*. One interesting construction feature of the galleries is the fact that only one curve — a window — has been used anywhere in the settings. All ornamentation has been eliminated, yet beautiful

effects have been created by breaking up flat surfaces with angles and by combining materials, each of distinctive texture or color.

This is indeed a machine age. Artists must recognize that fact, but that does not mean that they must bow down to it. Indeed, a golden opportunity has been created which is theirs if they will grasp it. The spirit of the machine age is quantity production at a low cost per unit with rapid consumption and frequent changes in style and design. It has resulted in a tremendous widening of the variety of articles in everyday use as generally accepted essentials of modern life. Take, for instance, the one field of glass and metal containers for toilet preparations. They can easily be of color combinations that are really beautiful and of shapes that are pleasant to handle; for the cost of a better design is infinitesimal per unit. I recall that one manufacturer once advertised a toilet preparation by saying that as he could not improve his product he had improved the container. As for the creative artist demeaning himself by entering this strictly utilitarian field, please remember that one of Cellini's masterpieces was a saltcellar.

Manufacturer and consumer are just beginning to appreciate the potentialities of a closer alliance between creative art and trade.

IN this setting creative artists of such rank as Paul Manship, Hunt Diederich, Edgar Brandt, Weinold Reiss, Rockwell Kent, Arthur Crisp, Henry Varnum Poor, Lydia Bush Brown, George Jensen, William E. Rudge, and Bianchini F  rier were glad to show specimens of their work. But of particular significance were the exhibits which showed direct relationship between creative art and large-scale production; in this the silk displays of Cheney Brothers and of the Stehli Silks Corporation were notable. Besides fantastic designs from the American scene the Stehli exhibit included a related display of Steichen photographs — in which striking designs are achieved by throwing high lights and shadows on common objects uncommonly arranged — and the silks designed from them.

Supplementing the visual display was a series of daily talks by authorities on various aspects of art and good taste. Neysa McMein; three members of the Metropolitan Museum's staff; Paul Theodore Frankl, the originator of the ultramodern skyscraper furniture; Charles R. Richards, director of industrial art, General Education Board; Stanley R. McCandless, instructor in stage lighting, department of drama at Yale University; and Alon Bement, director of the Art Center, were among those who gave their views to crowded audiences in a special auditorium built as a part of the exposition.

Russia Beyond the Border

By A. M. Nikolaieff

WHEN the Bolshevik *coup d'état* of 1917 overturned the Imperial Government, it started an exodus which has scattered at least a million and a half Russian emigrants throughout the world. With their exile there arose a situation for which hardly an historical precedent can be found. For these Russians — men and women having no territory and enjoying no rights of citizenship, yet conscious of cultural and spiritual unity — began to form a new nationality from the exiles of the old land which they called "*Zarubezhnaya Rus* — Russia Beyond the Border."

Persons who love categories and comparisons have suggested parallels between this new Russian emigration and that older one in which fugitive revolutionaries fled Russia when the Czar was in power. But a fundamental difference exists between the two bodies of exiles. The old emigration was insignificant in size; it included representatives only of certain definite classes, and was made up of individuals who lived outside their native land as a protest against the forms of state administration then existing. The new emigration, larger than the old, consists of groups representing all social classes and a great variety of professions, and constitutes a protest not simply against forms of administration, but against the idea of abolishing the national state.

Nor is a comparison possible between the new Russian emigration and the French exiles of the Eighteenth Century. For that was a comparatively small movement, limited to aristocrats and clergymen; and the groups represented in it, because of the undeveloped means of communication at that time and the difficulty of maintaining relations, were practically out of touch with each other. In contrast, between the many groups and communities of Russian emigrants there is a constant interchange of thought which keeps them together in feeling.

The process of the new Russian emigration extended over a period of six years, from 1917 to 1922, during three of which — from 1918 to 1920, the time of the Red terror and civil war — the exodus was in full flood. Since 1922, partly owing to changes in Communist policy, partly as a result

of measures taken by the Soviet Government, the flow of emigrants has dwindled, although until recently the indications have been that "the tide had not reached its term" even after six years.

According to the time when they left Russia, the elements in the emigration movement vary both as to the motives by which they were guided and — to a certain extent — as to their social standing. Those who left Russia after the warning peal of thunder in the first year of the revolution did so in order to escape from the storm which could be seen approaching. They belonged chiefly to the well-to-do middle or *bourgeois* class and were not in general

prompted by any definite political purpose. They were followed by a large number of refugees who emigrated when civil war was raging in the south, north, and west of European Russia and in Siberia. These saw the struggle, and many of them took part in it. All of them came to foreign lands as victims of the great experiment in pure Communism to which Russia was being subjected. In 1920 the civil war ended. The White armies of South Russia and whole groups of people connected with the White movement evacuated the country. This evacuation took place in two large waves. The first followed Denikin's catastrophe after his

advance upon Moscow, and broke forth in the spring; the second came in the fall after Wrangel's last stand in the Crimea. Constantinople, Cyprus, Egypt, Malta, the Balkan States, Tunis, every country in Europe, and later America, served as places of shelter for these Russian refugees. These two waves carried with them soldier and civilian, rich and poor, intellectual and illiterate, monarchist and socialist — in short, a microcosm of Russia. But for the greater part they were made up of people belonging to the cultured classes.

A widely scattered mass of fugitives with an unforgettable experience in the past, uncertain of their future, with no means for existence, many of them in a desperate state — such was the characteristic picture presented by the Russian emigrants when they first made their appearance in great number in foreign lands. They were badly in need of charity at that time, and generous assistance

Will Russia's exiles ever return to their native land under a new Government? A million and a half of them are scattered throughout the world, still conscious of their common homeland, still eager to maintain contacts with each other. The congress of emigrants which met in Paris last year, nine years after the revolution first developed, is one of the signs of the times, thinks Colonel Nikolaieff, who tells in this article of a nation without a country which has left the shattered ruins of autocracy firmly behind, and hopes to build anew

was given to them by the countries where they settled. With that assistance they were able to get over the first and most difficult stage of their life abroad, and gradually to find work. After that, a transition to the next stage of self-sustained existence became possible.

This transition marked the end of the status of the Russian emigrants as refugees, and began their existence as a political factor. The very fact that rather than return to Russia they chose to stay in foreign lands and — though unfamiliar with the language and ways of their new countries — to take work which they had been neither trained nor used to do was in itself an act of protest against the rule of Russia by the Communist International.

Having settled in foreign lands for an indefinite time, the dispersed mass of Russian emigrants began gradually to assemble in groups and to form associations. A number of organizations sprang up — academic, parochial, political, professional, social. These organizations, although scattered through various countries and holding different political views, were bound together by a common national purpose. They founded schools, newspapers, publishing houses, industrial enterprises, and theatrical companies, and so began to exert an influence in the countries where they were established. In some countries, as for instance in the Balkan nations, they contributed their services to bring the intellectual life up to a higher level. At the same time they continued abroad to combat Bolshevism. But whereas in Russia they had fought it with arms, here under new conditions they denounced the Communist rule in speech and press, trying to make clear its true nature and aims to the non-Russian public and to show how opposed it was to the spirit and interests not only of the Russian but of all other nations as well.

Thus they cooperated with the people inside Russia whose "passive resistance" to the Soviet administration they considered it their duty to continue to aid. Thanks to that resistance, as manifested by the "peasant pressure" against the extreme rule of the Bolsheviks, the Soviet Government in the last three or four years has been forced to make important concessions, and the whole Soviet system has undergone considerable transformation. Lately it has been reported that even more far-reaching changes and modifications may become necessary.

LAST year the organized groups of emigrants, despite the divergences of opinion between them as to the future form of a Russian national government, made an attempt to achieve a general unity based on principles common to all factions. They had felt increasingly the disadvantage of appearing as a divided body in the eyes of the people of Russia as well as of foreign countries, and they

desired to demonstrate their underlying unity. The attempt consisted in calling a Russian congress in Paris. That event was an important landmark in the life of the emigrants, now nine years long, and it attracted the attention of the European and American press. But the news reports conveyed the impression, especially in the United States, that the Russian congress in Paris was more in the nature of a meeting of monarchists and dispossessed landlords, advocating the reestablishment of autocracy and the restitution of seized estates. This was anything but a true picture.

THE initiative in calling a congress, it is true, came from a group of monarchists; but none of them belonged to the party of so-called "legitimists" advocating a return to autocracy. As a matter of fact, that party, formed by an insignificant and uninfluential group, refused to send delegates and did not take part in the meetings. The aim of the men responsible for the idea of assembling the congress was to unite on a national platform all the Russians living "beyond the border" whether they belonged to parties of the Right or of the Left, and whether organized or not. Its task, as set forth by its chairman, Prof. Peter B. Struve, who called it "the only possible task under existing circumstances," was to proclaim guiding ideas and make an appeal to Russians generally to rally around men embodying those ideas. The name which more than any other would be likely to serve as a rallying cry for the Russians abroad, it was contended, was that of the Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch. But the idea of putting at the head of a national movement a member of the imperial family proved unacceptable to the parties of the Left, and they declined to participate. They did not change their attitude even when the Grand Duke, after being consulted by the organizing group, expressed the opinion that the congress must not attempt to predetermine Russia's future. Economic and political reforms, he argued, could only be worked out in Russia. He categorically stated that under no circumstances would he agree to be proclaimed a national leader. Such an act, he foresaw, might create an impression in Russia that his leadership was to be forced on the people, and an impression in foreign countries that he was taking active part in a movement — perhaps in a struggle — for the overthrow of the Soviet Government.

Thus the congress, when it met a year ago, was not made up of delegates belonging to Russian organizations of all shades of opinion. Nevertheless, it represented a very large, probably the larger part of all the organized emigrants. Out of the 457 delegates who had been elected from various localities, 377 came to Paris and took part in the sessions, which lasted eight days. According to the schools of thought they represented, they fell into

three main divisions: Right, constitutionalists, and liberals. They included former landlords and peasants, clergymen, merchants, and workmen; Cossacks formed one tenth of the whole number.

THE political credo of the emigrants represented in Paris was reflected in the resolutions passed by the congress and in a proclamation addressed to the Russian people. Among the resolutions, the one referring to the land question was perhaps the most significant. It established the principle that all landed estates which had passed into the possession of the peasants and were being worked by them must become their property; furthermore, that no criminal prosecutions for seizure of property during the revolution must be admitted. In another resolution regarding the new independent states formed out of territory of the former Russian Empire, the congress expressed the opinion that their independence must be recognized and that agreements safeguarding their political and economic interests must be concluded. As to the future form of Russia's government, the following words in the proclamation addressed to the people of Russia showed clearly how the congress regarded the question:

Our enemies frighten you by telling you that an overthrow of the present Communist rule will bring back the outlived old régime. Do not believe them. We desire only what you desire . . .

The statement of these basic ideas may serve as evidence of the process of evolution through which thought among the emigrants has passed since the

first period of their life abroad, especially if one takes into consideration the predominance of conservative elements among the delegates. No such resolutions could have been passed if a congress of a similar composition had been called a few years ago; even in 1921-22, the conservative factions among the emigrants still cherished hopes for a return of seized land and reestablishment of Russia's control over the border countries, and still believed in the possibility of predetermining Russia's future from the outside.

One of the leaders of the Left, Prof. G. A. Alexinski, speaking at a Socialist meeting after the congress was over, said that he could indorse in full the resolutions it had passed. A republican-democratic leader, Prof. P. N. Niliukoff, formerly Minister of Foreign Affairs in the revolutionary Provisional Government, remarked with regard to the resolution on the independence of the new states formed from the territory of the Russian Empire that "this decision is a very Left one, and even we of the Left have not yet made such a declaration." These comments show that the divergence of opinion between the two camps of the Right and Left was not so wide as the opposite groups had in advance believed it to be. Hopes of bringing them eventually together have consequently been revived.

From an international point of view, the chief interest and significance of the congress lies in the fact that for the first time it showed the Russian emigrants acting as a body. Thus it afforded an opportunity of disclosing and developing among them "a growing sense of political realities."

Radio

Here in this room, soft-carpeted, and calm
In the assurance of its privacy,
With heavy curtains drawn against the night,
I once believed that I could be alone —
My little self . . . all shut apart . . . content,
From winnowing currents of a surging world!

But now . . . I know
That all the cries of all the earth are here:
A woman's body falls
Bronze-gleaming skin, swift eyes, an outflung arm,
Under the Juggernaut; her muffled shriek,
The crunch of bone, the rumbling of the god,
Not space nor doors nor curtains can shut out!
A starving child in Russia cries for bread;
A peon's blood sucks under the eager clout;
A Chinese spy, strung up beneath the sun
By his bursting thumbs, mumbles delirium . . .
A tom-tom throbs where golden rivers run
Mottled as reptiles, under the swooning trees;

There is the thrum
Of hasting bullets, seeking the hearts of men . . .

Oh, yes — I set the dial; and once again
The jazz-bands blare;
They beat against my walls; secure I dare
Forget that all those other sounds are there . . .

But — some still night, when I am quite alone —
What if my trailing fingers turn by chance,
Lazily, that small mystic disc . . . and then —
Instead of a gay burst of abandonment,
Steal in these outcast noises, that my ears —
Tuned to the soft tones of a pleasant world —
Must certainly resent . . .

What shall I do?
Hastily, turn the screw!
Hastily! Saxophone, traps, trumpet, snare,
Anything — I have been betrayed!
. . . Or . . . pause a fleeting moment — with a prayer.

THEDA KENYON.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

FROM the University of Washington I have been receiving an interesting series of chapbooks under the editorship of Glenn Hughes. Publishers in this country have in the past looked askance at pamphlets and brochures as being unworthy of their time and attention, as unadapted to commercial exploitation. This superstition, like the prejudice against books selling for less than a dollar, slowly dies, as witness the existence of the new series of pamphlet poets inaugurated by the firm of Simon and Schuster, and the fact that Everyman's Library (Dutton) has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday by reaching its eight hundredth volume. As for the Modern Library, its usefulness and its commercial soundness are now beyond dispute.

The latest of the University of Washington chapbooks is entitled "Œdipus or Pollyanna," by Barrett H. Clark, and it has a certain timeliness in view of recent excursions and alarms in Boston. Mr. Clark's name is widely known and respected in little-theatre and drama-league circles, where his translations and criticisms of foreign plays, and his recent monograph on Eugene O'Neill in the Modern American Writers Series (McBride) are authoritative. Mr. Clark is not, therefore, any wild-eyed radical or professional iconoclast. Yet, this pamphlet of his on censorship is one of the most frank and thorough expositions of the average intelligent adult's ideas on the subject which I have met.

I happened to read Mr. Clark just after I had been pondering in puzzled amazement over an open letter addressed to Hugh Walpole by William McFee in the literary supplement of the *New York Herald Tribune*. The essence of Mr. McFee's argument is contained in his second paragraph. "Granted," he writes, "that the intellectual people of America and England are right in their estimate of the 'important' novels of the day, can you tell me why it is that 'important' novels always treat of some fresh variation of adultery, 'moral revolt,' or other sex upheavals?" In this preoccupation Mr. McFee finds novel writing is "becoming effeminate in the sense of a masculine thing — an essentially masculine thing — becoming preoccupied with what I will call, for want of a better name, the mind's underclothing."

It will be seen that Mr. McFee is reviving here, in a slightly more limited form, the accusation against highbrows about which I quoted Leonard Woolf's pamphlet a couple of weeks ago. It appears that "the charming women" whom Messrs.

Walpole and McFee address on their lecture tours are "able to absorb anything," but "their husbands and brothers, and in one case at least, father," are terribly depressed by the Joyces, Hemingways, and Huxleys in whom the intellectuals delight. "I find nice women reading 'The

Sleep." I presume that Mrs. Wharton's is an "important" book, in Mr. McFee's sense, and that he will not accuse it of being fit only for feminine consumption or for the garbage can. Yet, it is certainly a claim for those who agree with Mr. Clark's criticism of American life.

With a demurrer to the effect that Mr. Clark is attributing exclusively to America what is common to certain types of people everywhere, certainly to as many people in Britain as in the United States, I am prepared to sustain his side in this argument. In the first place, since when is novel writing "an essentially masculine thing"? If Jane Austen, the Brontës, George Eliot escape the censure of Mr. McFee, although sex is by no means absent from their preoccupations, did Sterne and Smollett and Fielding prove their "essential masculinity" by writing novels purer and sweeter than those of Aldous Huxley? Does not the very esteem in which Conrad and William McFee himself are held indicate that intellectuals are quite willing to forget "the mind's underclothing"?

ALL that they ask is that a work shall be honest and well wrought. If it is, they do not care in the least whether it is preoccupied with the brightest and most iridescent of poetic fancies or with the horrors of the underworld. People who hailed James Joyce's "Ulysses" were also enthusiastic readers of A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young." Jane Austen and Dostoevsky enthralled me equally, and I imagine that there are hundreds of people who find no difficulty in reconciling a taste for the "sex garbage" of which Mr. McFee speaks with a taste for his own wholesome writings.

Mr. Clark very pointedly wonders what the life of those people must be like who go to books and the theatre in order to escape from it. The type is common enough which says that there is enough gloom, misery, and dirt in the world without looking for it in plays and novels. Of course, if one's reading is purely infantile, if one shrinks from anything that might arouse a thought or a protest, one will naturally prefer Pollyanna to Œdipus. But surely it is the function of literary criticism to maintain the fundamental importance of the work of art itself, apart from its failure or success as an anodyne? Mr. McFee indulges every now and then in criticism, he is a man of letters by profession, why, I ask myself, is he so concerned for those who shout "garbage" and clamor for suppression every time their comfortable conventions are upset?

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

Bread and Fire. By Charles R. Walker (Houghton Mifflin).

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking Press).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn (Simon and Schuster).

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Harcourt, Brace).

Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence (Doran).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Grotesques. By Mary Cass Canfield (Harper).

Sun Also Rises,' and I find their husbands eager to put the book in the garbage-can."

Barrett Clark, on the contrary, boldly opens his discourse by saying: "I know it sounds presumptuous, and I don't imagine what I have to say will alter anyone's opinions, but I confess to a fondness for the 'dirty' books (even some of the poorer of them) that periodically arouse the anger of so many of my countrymen." He thinks he knows the point of view of those who protest as Mr. McFee has done; up to a certain point he can be tolerant of it, but there come times when "I want to cut loose and tell them just what I think about their likes and dislikes, their sunshine philosophies, their fear of life, their hatred of the human side of humanity, of 'unpleasantness,' 'gloom' and 'dirt' in art."

MR. CLARK thinks that the upholders of the Pollyanna conception of the novelist's duty are simply the victims of the national craving for the fair external, of the average American's fear of the harsher realities of life, of the wish to assess happiness in terms of material comfort: the point of view which is the theme of Edith Wharton's "Twilight

A European-American Genius

A Review by Charles R. Walker

GIANTS IN THE EARTH. By O. E. Rølvaag. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

IT is the common complaint of Europeans that America gains no cultural enrichment from the varied races that are thrown into her leaky melting pot. The artistic and literary traditions which different races bring with them are shorn away, our European critics complain, and every immigrant turns speedily into a standardized American. An interesting refutation of this criticism can be found among the Norwegian settlements in South Dakota, Minnesota, and other States of the Middle West. There for the past forty years a Norwegian literature has been growing up, utilizing the Norwegian language and many of the cultural and religious elements of the Norse people, but wholly American in subject matter and outlook. Until recently the Norwegian-Americans supported a fiction magazine printed wholly in Norwegian. Now with the publication in English of O. E. Rølvaag's "Giants in the Earth," this cultural tradition breaks over the dikes and joins the main stream of English-American literature without losing its special Norse character.

The publication of "Giants in the Earth" is a unique event in American literature. The book deals with one of the most typically American movements in history, the westward journey of immigrants in the 'seventies and 'eighties and the settling of the great prairies of the Middle West. Yet it is written in Norwegian and betrays an art and an atmosphere that is European. The author, who has lived in America for thirty years, has written five other novels in the Norwegian language, all dealing with American themes. This is the first to be translated. Its unusual literary parentage alone is enough to excite the attention of Americans. But the book has a much deeper claim to their attention. It is probably the best novel that has yet been written about the American pioneer. That romanticized American is here viewed, not through the spectacles of prosperous descendants, but by a man who has been one and can still remember the experience through European eyes.

Rølvaag was born on the island of Dønnaesø, Norway, close to the Arctic Circle, in 1876. For generations his ancestors had faced the terrors of the Arctic seas in their little fishing fleet among the Lofoten Islands. Rølvaag was a fisherman, too, from the time he was fifteen until he was twenty-two; but at that time a ticket

to America arrived from his uncle in South Dakota. He did not leave at once, and the master of the fleet tried to bribe him to stay in Norway. Every year in Bjørn the best fishing ships in Norway are displayed on the beach for sale. The master of the fleet led Rølvaag up to the most perfect of them all and said: "If you will send back the ticket to your uncle, I will buy this boat for you." Rølvaag was swept off his feet. He admired the master above all men, and to own and command a fishing ship seemed like a bright dream too good to be true. But he knew there would be no future. He would be a fisherman all his life. The lure of an unknown West had taken hold of him. "I am sorry," he told the sea captain, "but I cannot accept your offer. I am going to America."

Rølvaag's father had told him there was no use in his going to school, he never could learn anything. When he came to America, he worked at farming for three years, and then at odd laboring jobs in the city, believing what his father had said, that he wasn't worth educating. But ultimately, finding himself out of work, he decided to go to school. That was in 1899. From then on he has been proving his father wrong. He is now Professor of Norwegian Literature in St. Olaf College, the author of six novels and a number of textbooks. "Giants in the Earth" is being translated into Swedish and Finnish and a German edition was expected at about the time of publication in the United States.

THE book records the partial conquest of the American prairie by the pioneer, and the partial conquest of the pioneer's heart and mind by the prairie. It would be untrue to say that either had completely won over the other—and Rølvaag above all else is distinguished as a truth teller. The book opens with the prairie: a man and his wife, three children, an ox team, and a cow, "steering" toward the sunset. It is easy to see that Rølvaag has been a sailor—the prairie is a sea, quiet and menacing by turn, promising prosperity, threatening defeat, and fulfilling both promises. The man, his prairie ship, and its cargo reach a small settlement of "Nordlanders" at last, four days journey from Sioux City, South Dakota. These settlers had preceded him on his prairie journey by a few days, and together they start to build a settlement, almost with their bare hands. Every step, the acquisition of the first cow, the building of the first sod house, above all, the plowing of the first furrow in the rich black soil of the prairie the reader follows

with the same mounting excitement which the protagonist Per Hansa experienced. At first the lure and promise of the prairie fills the whole mind of the people. It seems to their incredulous eyes that a sheer miracle of good fortune has befallen them. Here is the finest land in the world for the asking, and they are their own masters with no king asking tribute. "Men beheld in feverish dreams the endless plains," writes Rølvaag, "teeming with fruitfulness, glowing out there where day sank into night—a Beulah Land of corn and wine!" Only Bêret, wife of Per Hansa, has her forebodings which mix with an indescribable loneliness and yearning for the land she has left. To all of the pioneer qualities of lusty hardihood, of strength, cunning, and invention which have so often been celebrated by orators this book does perfect justice. But it describes with equal art and force the dismaying loneliness and terror of the unknown which unmanned and unnerved so many whose names are not in our histories. It shows the hidden yearning of an uprooted and a transplanted people. Nor were all the men and women who failed under the rigors of the promised land weaklings. Some, like Bêret, were merely of a finer mold, fitted for civilized growth but certain to wither and die in strange lands.

ALTHOUGH there is no woven plot, the story mounts steadily in interest, and every incident is perfectly chosen to reveal the psychological drama. One catches from the harvest incidents an almost ecstatic joy of earth love and mastery; from the winter scenes, gloom and monotony. The plague of grasshoppers that swept in massive clouds over the Western prairies in the 'seventies is described as a Norse seaman would describe a storm at sea. To simple people, derelict in the remote prairie, the phenomenon becomes a visitation from heaven. Even the clothes of the children laid out on the grass to dry are eaten away by the grasshoppers. Before the novel ends, every joy and sorrow, hope and terror that can come to the heart of the frontier is set down in the course of Per Hansa's story and that of his wife. There is much fierce courage, hope, and joyful accomplishment packed into the book, though in the end the prairie with something of the fierceness and fatality of the sea takes its toll of the pioneer settlement.

"Giants in the Earth" will give the reader a story done in heroic proportions of man's struggle with the earth. It will also give, I believe, a true picture of a great chapter in American history.

New Books in Brief Review

Diplomatic Episodes in Mexico, Belgium and Chile. By Henry Lane Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$4.00.

MR. HENRY LANE WILSON was United States Ambassador to Mexico from 1910 to the spring of 1913. These were difficult years, for they mark the end of the long dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz and the outbreak of the political and social revolution which has since produced so much internal disturbance and external irritation. Mr. Wilson is a Republican, a conservative, and wholly in sympathy with American foreign policy as conducted by Philander C. Knox. He admired President Diaz, distrusted revolutionary leaders like Madero and Carranza, believed Huerta should be recognized, and disapproved altogether the Mexican policies of Woodrow Wilson and their conduct by Secretary Bryan. The Ambassador's vivid account of the downfall of Madero is of historical value, and with the documents presented clears Mr. Wilson of the charge that has frequently been made that he was in some measure responsible for that event. The book does not, however, contribute to our understanding of present conditions which he appears to regard as due to "a godless and heathen régime having its origin in Bolshevik propaganda." Many of the Ambassador's criticisms of the Wilson Administration's Mexican policy are deserved, some are not. The final charge—that this policy was one of the factors that produced the World War—is just plain ridiculous. The portions of the book dealing with Mr. Wilson's experiences in Chile and Belgium are written in the conventional fashion of diplomatic memoirs and are entertaining.

Lost Ecstasy. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Rinehart undoubtedly knows the West and uses it most effectively as a background in "Lost Ecstasy," she might have chosen a side of it better suited to her style. She is adept at handling hair-raising mysteries and comic old ladies, but somehow she overreaches herself when she attempts the tragedies of an ardent and ill-mated love. The sum and total of "Lost Ecstasy" is that a "pampered" society girl, after many painful partings, finally marries a cowboy from her father's ranch. After a few more painful partings and much loss of weight, they come together and we are left to suppose that they live happily ever

after. That is all. If Mrs. Rinehart fails, the fault lies in her story and its incidents rather than in her characterization. The former is not at all convincing, but the people involved are intensely human and thoroughly delightful. Although "Lost Ecstasy" is sometimes an interesting book, we wish Mrs. Rinehart would avoid this sort of commonplace of which there is too much nowadays, and stick to "Tish" or "The Bat" of which there is never enough.

Oxford Reading Courses. The English Novel. By Alan C. Valentine. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. \$1.00.

IN a day of "outlines," this slender volume aiming to guide the reader toward an appreciation of the English novel is both interesting and important. It is designed for use in connection with novels published in the "World's Classics" series—that constantly growing list of popular-priced standard works which the Oxford University Press publishes. In forty pages Mr. Valentine aims to cover the whole sweep of novel history. Obviously, detailed discussion is impossible, but on the other hand, his admirable essay serves as an excellent connecting link between the novels recommended. To that frequent person who has always been going to read through a course in the novel and has never known just where to begin, this handy guide may be recommended.

Charles Lindbergh: His Life. By Dale Van Every and Morris DeHaven Tracy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

MESSRS. VAN EVERY AND TRACY deserve credit for being the first to rush a Lindbergh biography into print. And considering the speed of their achievement, the result is far better than might have been expected, though that statement may perhaps need qualification in consideration of the fact that the slightest word about Colonel Lindbergh is its own excuse for being. This story is nothing more than a consecutive narrative of the material collected about the young man during the brief period between his flight from San Diego to New York and the earliest days in Paris. It represents the combined energy of the United Press Associations, and Karl Bickel, president of those organizations, writes an introduction telling of the various sources from which the story was gathered. There is nothing new in the biography, but anyone

who wishes to preserve a record of the days when all eyes were focused upon the young flyer will find what he desires here.

Behind the Scenes with a Newspaper Man. By Edward J. Stackpole. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$5.00.

IN the light of the impending Senate contest over the seating of Senator-elect Vare, prophetic rumblings of which were heard before the last Congress adjourned, this story of Pennsylvania politics for the past fifty years is unusually interesting. Mr. Stackpole, Harrisburg newspaper publisher, brings to his subject intimate knowledge of Keystone State political maneuvering since the Civil War. He goes exhaustively into the famous three-cornered primary campaign of 1926 in which Gifford Pinchot, George Wharton Pepper, and Congressman Vare sought the Republican nomination for Senator, pointing out that the campaign was really a struggle for State leadership left open by the death of Boies Penrose, and that the Senatorial nomination was merely a means to an end. The engaging careers of Matthew Quay and his successor, Penrose, as bosses of Pennsylvania's Republican organization are outlined in interesting detail.

Unkind Star. By Nancy Hoyt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE story of two girls who were born the same night—one in the Austrian Legation at Lisbon, the other in the house of the American First Secretary. Their mothers were friends and the girls continued the friendship although the vicissitudes of diplomatic life threw them apart. We catch glimpses of them first as children playing together in Washington, then grown up, living their separate lives: the Austrian girl in Vienna, Budapest, and Paris; the American in Rome, Paris, and London. Their marriages are both unhappy, but each girl reacts quite differently to the disillusionment. When they finally meet, the demimondaine pities her American friend destined to tramp the moors in soggy tweeds for the rest of her life because of a tiresome husband and baby. And, of course, the American is full of pity for her friend's "ghastly life."

Miss Hoyt whirls her heroines about in movie fashion, oblivious of time and space, yet this breathless, slightly incoherent quality in her style is forgiven because of her spontaneity and sophistication—a seeming paradox. Not an important book, but undeniably clever.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THESE are interesting days at Geneva, "capital of internationalism," where delegates from the United States, Great Britain, and Japan are discussing the possibilities of further limiting naval armament.

At Geneva Since the conference convened on June 20, the Swiss city has attracted the attention of the world, not only because the conference there will have a profound effect upon the future armaments of the three nations represented, but because the result of its deliberations will be another signpost on the road to world peace.

The most significant angle of the deliberations so far has been the British insistence upon a further reduction in the maximum tonnage of capital ships. This limit was fixed at 35,000

Capital Ships tons by the Washington Conference of 1921-22, but the British are eager now to reduce this figure to 30,000 tons on all new ships. But Ambassador HUGH S. GIBSON, head of the American delegation, has refused flatly to consider capital ships at this time. The Washington Treaty, which embodied the results of the Washington Conference, runs for ten years, or until 1931. Until that date, the signatory powers have pledged themselves not to begin the construction of new battleships. Mr. GIBSON states that it is impossible to reopen matters decided by the Washington Treaty until 1931 when a new conference is called.

The American position is partly based upon the fact that the British are just completing two great battleships of 35,000 tons, the *Rodney* and the *Nelson*.

Parity with Britain The British proposal for reducing the maximum tonnage of capital ships would not affect these two vessels, but it would affect the construction of their equals by the United States or Japan. And Mr. GIBSON has been emphatic in stating the American conviction that our Navy should be equal to the British in every class of ships. In fact, Mr. GIBSON has intimated that if results from the present conference are not satisfactory, the United States will make its plans to gain immediate parity with Great Britain.

Mr. GIBSON discussed with correspondents the declaration of the British delegation that their country had scrapped three times as much tonnage after the

Leading Scrappers Washington Conference as had the United States. According to figures made public by the American delegation, the United States scrapped thirty-two ships totaling 842,380 tons, whereas Britain

scrapped twenty-two ships totaling 447,750 tons, and Japan twelve ships aggregating 301,420 tons. The United States has further scrapped 531,000 tons in vessels already under construction or laid down at the time of the Washington Conference, whereas Great Britain scrapped none already laid down and but 98,000 tons projected.

In the proposals which he presented upon the first day of the conference,

The Week

Interesting days at Geneva. The British want to talk capital ships. But the Americans refuse, even when Japan sides with Britain. Mr. Gibson stands on his rights, and the Japanese prove tractable. Considering the cruiser situation. General Wood talks about the Philippines. President Coolidge says a word, too. And recommends civil jurisdiction for all of our island possessions. The Anti-Saloon League announces its 1928 policy. But Senator Edwards scoffs. And the "Liberty Boys of '27" come into being at Washington. The largest dirigible. An heroic flight succeeds. The Golden Gate to Hawaii by plane. Radio-beacon guidance. Commander Byrd takes off.

W. C. BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty and head of the British delegation, also suggested that Japan Joins the life of capital ships be extended from twenty years to twenty-six. Japan, interestingly enough, seemed attracted by this view, and on June 27 gave out the following statement to the press:

The Japanese delegation is willing to study and discuss any suggestion or proposal looking to national economy and alleviation of the taxpayers' burdens, in so far as such suggestion or proposal comes within the purview of the instructions in their possession. The British proposal in regard to capital ships and the extension of their age appears undoubtedly to have the merit of promising to contribute in no small measure to a diminution of naval expenditures. We have, therefore, no hesitation in telegraphing home for new instructions, as the instructions in our hands do not cover this novel proposition emanating from the British delegation.

The Japanese naval office apparently sent on the necessary permission to its delegates to discuss capital ships, but Mr. GIBSON was obdurate. Standing firmly

upon his legal right as But is representative of one of the Diplomatic Washington Treaty signa-

tories, he refused to inject capital ships into the discussion. Japan, it is now understood, is willing to shelve this part of the proposal, at least until after the discussions upon auxiliary vessels have been concluded. The American delegation is said to be unimpressed by talk of economy emanating from the British side and taken up by the Japanese. Americans point out that Britain continues an expensive subsidy to the merchant fleet which is easily convertible into vessels of war in case of hostilities, and that her huge naval base at Singapore is a great load on British taxpayers. American experts are now studying the British proposal for two cruiser classes, one of 10,000 tons mounting eight-inch guns, and the other of 7,500 tons mounting six-inch guns.

Maj. Gen. LEONARD O. WOOD, Governor-General of the Philippines, spent June 23 and 24 with President COOLIDGE in the Black Hills, discussing with the

President conditions in the Gen. Wood Returns archipelago of which he is the administrator. General

Wood has occupied his post for the past six years and expects to return on September 1, though there have been some fears, because of his illness, that he might be unable to go back at that time. This spring he suffered three fractured ribs in an automobile accident, and coming across the Pacific, these were refractured when he slipped in his stateroom and fell against a chair. He emphatically denies, however, that he is a sick man.

Following his conference with the President General Wood talked over matters in the Philippines with reporters at Rapid City, seat of the summer

His Estimate executive offices. There is much talk of independence there, he says, and, while the majority of the people are keenly in favor of independence, he doesn't believe that they have the remotest idea of what it means—in increased taxation, for example. Independence now, he believes, would spell economic ruin for the Islands. For one thing, it would set up a duty upon the import of their sugar and tobacco into the United States, commodities which now enter free. He states that Filipinos are avid for education and that more than a million children are now in school

there, under the supervision of some 27,000 teachers. The Islands are prosperous, in his estimation, but their vast riches have not begun to be exploited. He looks for a great future there in developing rubber cultivation. But capital is necessary to real prosperity, and he believes that capital has been frightened away by the fear that independence would be granted the Islands.

After General Wood had left for New York, President COOLIDGE placed himself on record as favoring the establishment of a civil bureau for the administration of our island possessions.

New Island Bureau At present, these islands are under the direction of the War and Navy Departments, and while the President has nothing but praise for the manner in which these two departments have done their work, still he believes that the War and Navy organizations were established principally for national defense and not for civil administration. He is in favor of placing our insular possessions under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior, which governs Alaska. In company with General Wood, Mr. COOLIDGE does not believe that the Filipinos are ready as yet for independence. He believes them to be particularly happily situated at the present time, in fact, since, while ninety-nine per cent of official offices in the Islands are held by Filipinos, giving them virtual self-government, they have none of the disadvantages of providing defense.

The fighting spirit of the Anti-Saloon League is demonstrated in a statement given to the press on June 26 by WAYNE B. WHEELER, general counsel of the organization. According to

Fighting Drys Mr. WHEELER, the League "will use its well-established and successful methods in the coming political campaign. That means the drys will be organized in both political parties to nominate successful candidates for President and Congress and on State and local tickets. If we fail in one party we shall ask the voters of that party, except in States where the law prevents, to scratch the ticket and vote for a good man on an opposite party ticket rather than a bad one on their own." Mr. WHEELER also intimates that in the event Governor SMITH of New York is nominated by the Democrats and the dry voters of the South should desire to vote for a Democratic dry instead, the League would assist them in placing such a candidate in the field.

Senator EDWARD L. EDWARDS of New Jersey answered Mr. WHEELER's dictum from Washington. In his opinion, SMITH sentiment is strong in the South, and insufficient strength could be found there for a third party founded only upon the dry issue. Senator EDWARDS believed that Mr. WHEELER's warning was

addressed entirely to the Democratic party, because the Anti-Saloon League had always been the "alter ego of the Grand Old Party."

Washington has within the past few days seen the organization of the "Liberty Boys of '27," a group which aims to counteract the efforts of the local "Citizens' Service Association.

"Liberty Boys" for Law and Order," also recently organized, which, in the opinion of the "Liberty Boys," has as its sole aim the giving of information to the authorities about persons who drink in their homes. Former Congressman JOHN PHILIP HILL of Maryland, who was defeated last fall for a Senatorship, and is now practicing law in Washington, is one of the "Liberty Boys."

From Washington on June 28 comes an announcement that Secretary of the Navy WILBUR has approved the report of the Airship Competition Board awarding

New Air Dreadnought to the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, first prize in the competition for a new dirigible design. The Navy Department is now authorized to enter into negotiations with the Akron concern for construction of the new dirigible which will be the largest airship in the world and will possess a cruising radius of 12,500 miles at a speed of fifty knots an hour. Though full details of the design have not been made public, it is understood that the new rigid craft will carry a battery of guns and will also have facilities for carrying five airplanes which can be launched and taken back to the ship while in flight. The maximum speed will be seventy knots. It is said that if hydrogen or some other gas were used in place of noninflammable helium, the cruising radius of the ship would be increased to 17,000 miles. The dirigible will have a gas capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet. Britain is at present building two rigid ships of 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity and Germany is building one with 3,750,000 capacity.

Another heroic achievement was added to the flying history already made by American aviators this year when Lieut. LESTER J. MAITLAND and Lieut. ALBERT

Oakland To Hawaii F. HEGENBERGER landed in the Hawaiian Islands, just twenty-five hours and fifty minutes after taking off from the Oakland, California, Municipal Airport. The two flyers left Oakland at 7:09 A.M., June 28, in a three-motored Fokker to complete the flight which the Navy failed to accomplish two years ago. The competitive element which had been injected into the flight by the determination of ERNEST L. SMITH and CHARLES H. CARTER, civilian pilots, to beat the Army flyers to Hawaii, was suddenly lost when, after taking off two hours later than the Fokker, the civilian plane was forced to return because the windshield in CARTER'S

cockpit was blown in by the force of the wind. SMITH was for continuing the flight, but CARTER felt that he could not use his instruments in the wind.

The 2,390-mile hop of the Army flyers is the longest successful all-water hop ever made, and adds new laurels to the Army Air Service, since Lieutenants MAITLAND

Longest Over Water and HEGENBERGER flew in their official capacity as Army aviators with the blessing of Maj. Gen. MASON M. PATRICK, Chief of the Army Air Service, who was on hand at the take-off to wish them luck. At Hawaii, the flyers arrived in time to encourage RICHARD GRACE who is waiting for repairs to be made to his plane before making the return flight to this country.

MAITLAND and HEGENBERGER were guided in their long hop by the radio beacon which marked a straight course for them from the Golden Gate to Hawaii.

Guiding Beacon The flyers carried a radio-receiving apparatus, tuned in on an Army air station sending the letter "T." If the plane deviated from its course, it ran into a second beacon on one side sending the letter "N"; if it deviated to the other side the letter "A" cut out the "T" so that it was impossible for them to go far off their course. Halfway across the intervening sea between San Francisco and Hawaii, an air station on the islands took up the laying of the beacon, though for some reason it failed to function perfectly.

While the Hawaiian plane was still flying over the Pacific, the three-motored Fokker, *America*, in charge of Commander RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, took off from

Byrd Takes Off Roosevelt Field on her way to France. It was exactly 5:24 A.M. on June 29 when the great ship roared down the runway and leaped into the air under her heavy load, heading out for France. With Commander BYRD went Lieut. GEORGE O. NOVILLE as navigator, Lieut. BERT ACOSTA, who with CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN holds the endurance record, as pilot, and Lieut. BERNT BALCHEN, reserve officer of the Norwegian navy, who will serve as relief for the others. Commander BYRD does not expect to hang up any new records during his flight. He is going in the interests of science. He carries a radio receiving and sending set, and throughout the flight, his call signal will inform land and ocean-vessel stations of his whereabouts. Messages will also be sent from the *America* while the ship is in flight. There have been consistent rumors that Commander BYRD plans to attempt the East-West passage of the Atlantic after stopping for a short while in Europe, but these rumors have not as yet been verified. This passage is considered far more difficult than the West-East passage because of adverse winds which are certain to be met.

The Editor Steps Down

IN our issue of June 25 there appeared a letter from Dr. George H. Bigelow, Commissioner of Public Health for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which presented a serious and arresting, if extremely delicate, problem. "Next to the common cold and its complications," wrote Dr. Bigelow, "there is perhaps more economic loss annually from the venereal diseases than from any of the other communicable diseases." His letter went on to ask why this problem should not be looked upon unemotionally. "It has been said that calomel ointment freely applied before promiscuous intercourse controlled ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent of the infections when seriously tried in the late war. . . . Why, then, should not the State distribute it free of charge, as it distributes vaccine virus for smallpox, and be equally blatant in education regarding it?"

The Editors called Dr. Bigelow's letter to the attention of a number of prominent persons both in the medical profession and outside it with the request that they state their reactions to its suggestions. A number of replies have been received, among which the following from Dr. Zinsser, professor of bacteriology and immunology in the Harvard University Medical School and one of the foremost authorities on his subject in the country, strikes us as of particular importance:

DEAR SIR:

I have read Dr. Bigelow's letter in the June 25 issue with much interest, but the question which he raises cannot be disposed of in a letter. As a member of the Executive Committee of the American Social Hygiene Association, and sharing with Dr. Bigelow the view that more emphasis should be placed upon the purely sanitary aspects of these problems, I have had much correspondence and many discussions with my colleagues in the Association since the matter was first broached by Dr. George Walker of Baltimore. I share Dr. Bigelow's desire for public distribution of knowledge about prophylaxis, although I think that in bringing this matter forward for discussion there should be greater care as to accuracy in the statement of facts, because in the late war — where the method of prophylaxis was carefully organized — it was always after and not before possible accident, and I do not believe that ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent effectiveness could be substantiated by reliable statistics.

¶Many thoughtful papers have been written on this subject, which is by no means new. The venereal problem is a complex one which has been rendered more difficult than other sanitary problems because of the moral aspects involved. The purely sanitary part of the question calls for proper solution of the difficult questions of:

1. Hospitalization of open cases.
2. A proper reporting system which will not be defeated by fear of the stigma involved and possibilities of blackmail.

3. The question of prophylaxis.

¶In all these matters it is important on the one hand to find the effective balance between the rights of the public and those of the individual and legal opinions of personal responsibility — about which Lecky and John Stewart Mill wrote so much fifty years ago. Their solution, also, will necessitate a careful consideration on the part of the wise public-health officer of community psychology in order that the purely rational point of view which Dr. Bigelow advocates may not defeat its own purposes by keeping too far ahead of public acquiescence.

¶The matters of hospitalization and reporting, about both of which much has been written and for which I believe solutions are available, need not be referred to in this letter.

¶As far as prophylaxis is concerned, I think it is fair to say that the proper and well-advised use of calomel ointment and other mercurial ointments will considerably reduce infection. It is the opinion of most individuals who have had experience with the method in the Army, and I am sure it is the feeling of the director of the American Social Hygiene Association, Dr. Snow, that making the materials freely available has not had the desired effects because of some curious disinclination on the part of the uninstructed to avail themselves of the method, and because of ineffective use in many cases where advantage has been taken of the opportunities. Moreover, influential groups of the community hold strongly to the opinion that public propaganda for prophylaxis would have a harmful effect upon public morals and might create a grossness of point of view which would be educationally deplorable. Such propaganda would be very strongly opposed, I believe, by the Catholic Church, by a large part of the Protestant clergy, by women's associations all over the country, and by many educators. ¶Believing the extension of the proper use of prophylaxis to be desirable, I believe that, for the present, the matter should be approached through the medical profession, and that medical societies and doctors in general should attempt gradually to convey this knowledge in a technically accurate and objective professional manner, allowing it to infiltrate public information gradually and more effectively than through the public press. Medical educators who are alive to their responsibilities in the field of preventive medicine take the view that the practitioner of medicine represents the first line of public-health protection and are making efforts to disseminate the proper point of view and knowledge not only to their students, but to their profession in general.

¶Of course I believe that the materials should be legally salable and available in drug stores, and that public-health departments should have some supervision of the effectiveness of the materials offered. It should also be understood, I think, that the encouragement of prophylaxis is a

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public policy of health departments. I do not believe, however, that the matter should be made one of public advertisement or of open discussion in the press at this time, my opinion being based entirely upon the belief that such measures would delay rather than hasten acceptance of a rational point of view by the public.

HANS ZINSSER, M.D.

Among other replies, the following from the director of the Division of Social Hygiene, New York State Department of Health, differs little from Dr. Zinsser's conclusions. But his objections to Dr. Bigelow's suggestions give food for considerable thought upon some of the imponderables in the situation:

DEAR SIR:

The statement made in your issue of June 25 by Dr. Bigelow that gonorrhea and syphilis are on the increase, I believe does not represent the consensus of opinion today. Syphilis undoubtedly is on the decline. Frequent interviews with specialists and with the rank and file of practicing physicians during the last eight years show that the prevailing view is that the number of new cases of syphilis has markedly decreased while the incidence of gonorrhea remains about the same. Teachers in medical schools often find it difficult to secure new lesions of syphilis for demonstrating purposes which was not the case formerly. Reports from European countries, notably Belgium and England, give about a fifty per cent reduction in syphilis during the last few years due to the active application of the recognized control measures.

The value of compulsory prophylaxis under supervision as applied in the services is acknowledged. Several years ago the State Health Department of Pennsylvania indorsed certain prophylactic packages and the State of Kentucky about two years ago followed suit. No great enthusiasm has been displayed as to any appreciable improvement in health or moral conditions in these two States due to this measure. State Health Departments and the United States Public Health Service believe that its application is limited and that it should not be advocated universally. Objections given are:

1. Its value depends greatly upon how

soon treatment is administered and upon its thoroughness.

2. It offers a false sense of security.

3. It gives assistance only to the male members of society.

4. Some might construe it as giving official sanction to promiscuity and, furthermore, it might lend support to the old idea that intercourse is necessary to health, which is in contradistinction to the teaching today and directly opposes the constructive character-building educational program.

ALBERT PFEIFFER, M.D.

Radio Steals the Press' Thunder

(Continued from page 34)

remained that this new channel of information about public affairs was more strictly supervised than the newspapers.

The first radio newspaper, so called, was published at a dinner of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a New York hotel. On sheets tacked to the walls of the banquet hall radio bulletins were written and pictures were reproduced from London, Honolulu, and elsewhere. There were interviews and formal statements from distinguished personages. There were no advertisements, except in so far as the occasion served to advertise the institute and the news possibilities of radio. But the occasion warrants a forecast of what may come.

Milton Garges, an executive of the Associated Press, visions the time when one may subscribe for what he calls the "home-printed newspaper." The automatic printing machine, operated by radio and turning out news broadcast from a central station, is held to be but a step away. The next move anticipated is a method of facsimile transmission, so that a picture or a page of printed or type-written material may be sent to a receiving machine and there recorded. "For some time," says Mr. Garges, "only minor difficulties have stood in the way of sending whole pages of newspapers from one continent to another." Instead of buying one's paper at a news stand, why not have it printed, folded, and ready in the household of a morning or an evening? That would mean scrapping the huge printing plants and abandoning the clumsy distributing systems now maintained by the daily press. And in view of all that has happened in radio, it does not seem a fantastic forecast. The radio may mean a far greater revolution in the press than Horace Greeley, musing over a private exhibition of the magnetic telegraph, foresaw — and accurately — in the press of his day. In time it may mean not revolution but extinction. To contemplate such a contingency must bring some forebodings. Its successor, if the radio brings one, will be even more highly centralized, even more easily controlled.

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IN these days of third-term talk it is enlightening to discover that the patronage machinery of a President — to thwart misuse of which an American tradition has been reared — is more powerful than ever. National conventions still nominate candidates in the same old way, and he to whom the most delegates owe first allegiance by virtue of past favors still sits in the driver's seat.

Presidents wield an enormous power over political conventions. Since the Civil War only one Chief Executive, desirous of succeeding himself, has been denied his party's nomination. After the Republican debacle of 1912, however, a great reform movement was launched. Direct primary laws swept through State Legislatures, and Civil Service reform, designed to shear the President of political strength, became an issue. But nothing was really reformed.

Delegates to national conventions are directly elected now by only thirteen States, and in most of these the statutes have been stripped of significance by the popular pastime of running native sons. There are more Federal appointees who hold their jobs by Presidential largesse on the government pay roll today than there were in 1912. When Taft was nominated the second time, there were 50,000.

Today there are 60,000 — collectors of internal revenue and customs, first, second, and third-class postmasters. All owe debts to the President, and unlike employees under Civil Service, they are not debarred from active participation in politics. They may and do go to party conventions as delegates. They supply the motive power of a great machine responsive only to the touch of the President's hand.

The merit system in the Civil Service has been frustrated to satisfy the passion for patronage. Before Taft, the candidate who passed a Civil Service examination with the highest grade got the job. Now the appointee is selected from the three who top the list. Political consideration plays no minor part in the designation.

Southern delegates to Republican conventions have ever put a whip in the hands of Republican Presidents. They represent only a handful of voters, for outside of Kentucky and Tennessee no G. O. P. candidate ever got an electoral vote from Dixie. They owe allegiance and pay it only to him who parcels out the nice fat jobs down South. They rode over Roosevelt and nominated Taft. Under Coolidge their number has actually been increased.

Not counting the two border States, there were 288 Southern delegates to the Chicago rumpus in 1912. The number was cut to 153 for 1916, and to 147 for 1920, and the national committee voted in 1921 to shave the figure still more to 118 for 1924. It was a foregone conclusion that Harding would be re-nominated, anyway, and the reduction would have a good moral effect. But Mr. Harding died and Calvin Coolidge stepped into the picture. He appointed a Virginian as his secretary — a Virginian, by the way, well versed in the business of Southern delegations and patronage. Although Mr. Coolidge was not by any means the choice of the party potentates, his managers forced the committee in 1923 to forget their reduction and actually to boost the number of Dixie delegates to 156 — more than they had aggregated since 1912.

Patronage still sits in the saddle — more securely, it seems, than ever. The dangers which dictated the tradition against third terms for Presidents have not been obliterated by the ostensible cleansing processes of high-sounding reform. If anything, they have been multiplied. We wonder whether it would not be wise to take another look at that old third-term precedent before casting it into the junk pile.

Glory in the Skies

LAST week, just as we went to press, the false report was received that the *America* had landed outside Paris. Now, with the full story of their magnificent achievement revealed, THE IN-



DEPENDENT sends to Commander Byrd and his comrades its heartiest congratulations. Lindbergh's lonely and brilliant flight had its own unique romance and glory. The long, long trail blazed through the skies by Chamberlin and Levine showed a sustained power, a felicity and ease of execution which made it forever memo-

orable. But the flight of the *America* — altogether different from the others in conception and purpose — proved to be an equally heroic conquest, a new triumph for the spirit of man over the hazards and handicaps of nature. It was a triumph in skillful and courageous navigation under conditions of unparalleled difficulty. It was a triumph in the resourcefulness, in the fortitude, in the almost desperate valor of four men facing a hopeless situation and a cruel and certain disappointment as well, who yet contrived to win out by a miracle. Like Kipling's men of the S. S. *Bolivar*, they

Euchred God Almighty's storm,
Bluffed the eternal sea.

The world, and particularly the world of flying men, recognizes their achievement. It is more than a feat of skill and daring. It is a lesson and a help to all of us.

New Wine for Old Bottles

UNLESS this European epidemic of giving new names to old cities stops soon, all the geographies in the world will have to be reprinted. There was some sense in what Norway did — rechristening the capital with its ancient name of Oslo. But poor old St. Petersburg was switched to Petrograd and then to Leningrad — and if there are a few more revolutions in Russia it will be able to furnish enough old grads for a reunion. And now the Turks are moved to wipe out Constantinople and write in Mustapha Kemal. It is all very disconcerting. Sensitive to modern trends of thought, Il Duce may yet be tempted to change the name of Rome to Mussolini; and the Spanish dictator prompted to substitute Rivera for Madrid. Then we shouldn't know when a traveler asked for his ticket whether he was headed for the capital of Castile or the naughty place where wicked persons pitch dollars on the wheels of chance.

We pray that the contagion be confined to the other side of the Atlantic. We should hate to see Philadelphia become Vare or Washington, Coolidge. It is depressing to linger over the possibilities. The movement should be nipped in the bud. The chamber of commerce of ex-Constantinople should advise the inhabitants of that city that although it might seem good politics from religious motives to substitute an Ottoman name for a Christian, it would be poor business to baptize the center of the Turkish tobacco trade with a name which sounds like a slogan for an American cigarette.

The Charge that Rhodes Men Fail

HERBERT A. L. FISHER, warden of New College, Oxford, and trustee of the Rhodes fund, declares that Rhodes scholars as a whole are failures. He grounds his conclusion on the conviction that almost no Rhodes scholars have won eminence after leaving Oxford, and points out that only one — President Aydelotte of Swarthmore — has gained international fame. In a measure the warden may be right. It is difficult to designate many ex-Rhodes scholars who have made high marks in American life, but it must be remembered that the oldest Rhodes man cannot now be more than forty-five, and few mortals are at that age renowned. Still, if Mr. Fisher's indictment is actually justified, the fault seems to lie in the system by which Rhodes men are designated. He who would win the award must be at once a scholar, a leader, and an athlete. He must be versatile to a degree — and, in the light

of the reported failures, possibly even to a fault. The system is premised on the assumption that youthful versatility connotes manly greatness. Lads of unique excellence in a particular pursuit, but inept in others, do not ride free through Oxford. This groundwork of the Rhodes theory may be faulty. How many great poets ever displayed the youthful quality of leadership, as the world counts it? How many renowned scientists or philosophers ever ran the hundred in ten flat?

If the charge of failure by Rhodes men stands, it is possible that many-sidedness in youth presages future mediocrity rather than future eminence. This is an intricately organized planet on which the laurels more and more bedeck the brows of those who pay strict attention to a particular specialty. Possibly the world would be better served and Cecil Rhodes' dream come more nearly true if Oxford scholarships were awarded to lads with definite skill in limited fields. The versatility now demanded in each individual might then be more easily attained for society through the combined talents of many well-trained specialists.

Problems of Radio Control

THE vast possibilities offered by radio as a medium for the spread of propaganda — good and bad — present a problem of broadcasting control which the commission at Washington is wisely approaching with caution. On the one hand, private control of the air by a few groups, toward which there is a slight tendency, militates against radio presentation of both sides of a question. On the other hand, unregulated traffic in the ether presents untold possibilities for rogues. Tendencies in both directions are evident. He who would speed a message far and wide over the land must knock at the door of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company for a wire hook-up. So far this monopoly has not been abused by the company, but sooner or later a hue and cry is certain to be raised against it. Already a few stations have charged that in the allotment of wave lengths discrimination has been made in favor of the larger stations.

But while the battle against reputed monopoly has been opened, lack of regulation has also made for radio abuse. Aimee Semple McPherson, back in Los Angeles after her escape from the hot clutches of the Mohave Desert, ran afoul of the grand jury and fled to her microphone. Nightly she traduced the district attorney and catechized agencies of the State as "persecutors" allied with the powers of darkness to drag her down. Thousands were made to see the authorities as blackguards. C. C. Julian, flashy Los Angeles promotor into whose oil and mining schemes literally millions of dollars in savings have been poured, owns a broadcasting station. Recently the directors of an oil company bearing

his name were indicted for fraud. Although Julian, not "officially" connected with the company at the time, escaped arrest, he took the case to the radio and hurled ungrammatical philippics into the ether, to the discredit of many reputable citizens and his own advantage as a promotor. Neither of these broadcasters ran athwart the law, but they were running close to contempt of court and their action indicated the dangerous possibilities of unregulated radio-casting.

Sooner or later the Radio Commission must not only concern itself with the technical phases of radio, but will be forced to consider subject matter in the granting of wave lengths. Only recently a station broadcasting religious messages complained that its lectures were drowned out by another station specializing in jazz. The Commission was requested to cancel the wave length of the jazz station for the benefit of religion. All such issues have so far been side-stepped. The Commission holds that the Government is not concerned with subject matter, but only with technical problems. Still, the matter cannot be dodged forever.

At present the Commission seems wisely willing to let radio outlive its growing pains and develop definite tendencies before positive control measures are applied. This seems the right policy. Radio should not be monopolized. Neither should it be open to pirates. But it is still too much of an infant to be disciplined without danger of harmful stunting.

When Congress Meets Again

NEVER in the memory of the oldest voter has a summer preceding a session of Congress given such promise of rip-roaring ruction in the House and Senate as that which conditions political now guarantee for next December. There have been warm scraps in Washington in years just before Presidential elections. There have been some colossal clashes in the Senate. And we have watched with misgivings while the House dipped into juicy barrels of pork. But never before has the nation faced a session of Congress under such a combination of agitating circumstances as now prevail. A President threatens to run for a third term. That would start a good Congressional scrap any time. The two parties will be almost tied in the Senate, in itself a situation conducive to warm moments. The coffers of the Treasury are fat with the most enticing surplus in the history of the country. And that alone will always start hot fires in the House. But put them all in the pot together, let them simmer from July to December, and then serve them up to the boys in the Senate and the House. If that isn't a recipe to make all the historic fighters of Congress turn over in their tombs, then Nicholas Longworth is a Democrat.

No sooner will Mr. Dawes rap for order in the Senate than the disorder will begin. With both eyes on 1928 Jim Reed and his Democratic cohorts will open fire on Vare and Smith and the Republican "frauds" by which these men rode to the Senate. The contest over their seating is destined to shake the ceiling of the chamber as it has seldom been shaken before. And no matter how the battle ends, when the smoke has cleared away the Senate forces will be off to the next hot scrap, for plenty more will be waged.

Meanwhile, the House will be swept by politically inspired emotions as partisan mouthpieces charge opponents with favoritism in tax-reduction proposals. Representatives from the port and river towns where dredging programs demand appropriations, and from districts where a few new post offices would nail down a goodly number of votes, will turn greedy eyes toward the \$600,000,000 surplus, while others from desert areas will fix themselves for all time with the folks back home by standing stalwartly against the threatening depredations of the pork-barrel contingent. Secretary Mellon's program for tax reduction is sure to precipitate a knockdown, drag-out fight as Democrats swing their oratorical cudgels at the heads of corporations and strike blows on behalf of the dear people. There will be almost as many amendments to tax bills as there are Democrats in the House. Appropriation measures of all kinds with the Treasury so well heeled will be battled over as they never were before.

In both branches there will be merry set-tos over farm relief, the matter of levees and spillways for the Mississippi, taxes, appropriations, Army and Navy, and so on *ad infinitum*. But over and above everything else Congress will be thinking more keenly than ever in terms of politics.

The Year's Coal Strike

AS long as the wheels of industry turn, houses are not cold, and the price of coal is lower than it was a year ago, the public cares little that almost 200,000 coal miners are on strike. Since April 1, miners in the Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and western Pennsylvania bituminous fields have been idle. They refused to accept a cut in pay and walked out. But for very good economic reasons their action and continued idleness have not caused a ripple on the placid surface of public concern.

Fortunately, the country entered the strike period with 90,000,000 tons of soft coal in reserve, the largest supply that has ever been on hand in the history of the country. Fortunately,

too, the railroads have been unusually efficient in moving coal from mine to consumer. And fortunately again, summer demands for soft coal have been far below normal this year. As a result the price of coal is less than it was in 1926, and there is plenty on hand to supply every want. So the public goes care-free about its business without a thought of strikes.

Indications at this writing, however, point to the fact that the situation is getting worse rather than better, and that unless the strike ends soon the public may awaken with a start. The reserve of soft coal is gradually although slowly diminishing. At the same time production at the non-union mines in Kentucky, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, normal during the first stages of the strike, dropped below normal in June. Prior to the strike weekly production in all mines for 1927 varied between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000 tons more than for corresponding weeks in 1926. Since April 9 of this year, however, aggregate production per week has been consistently more than 1,000,000 tons less than during the same weeks last year. The burden so ably borne by the non-union mines during the first weeks of the walkout is not now being carried. Between April 2 and June 4, weekly production in the non-union districts dropped from 4,509,000 to 3,948,000 tons. In the union territory prestrike production was about 2,500,000 tons each seven days. Now it is down to 250,000 tons. It is obvious from these facts that if the strike continues a day of reckoning must eventually come.

It is of course possible that the operators and union will reach an agreement before depletion of reserves brings home to the public that there is a big strike going on. The strike may end before its consequences become serious. At present, the only ones being hurt are the operators whose profits are curtailed, and the strikers whose wages are stopped. So far the unscathed public, which never sees a crisis until it is menacingly at hand, knows nothing about the walkout and seems to care less.

Hoover Tackles Traffic

NOW that Secretary Herbert Hoover has directed his valuable energies toward a solution of the problem, we may rest assured that something definite will be accomplished in the way of standardizing traffic regulations. Not long ago THE INDEPENDENT pointed out the enigma which varying signals and markings present to puzzled travelers in strange parts. Mr. Hoover has called to his counsel a group of forty experts to discuss possible traffic solutions. They will consider vehicular movement and parking, signs, signals, and pedestrian regulation. The Secretary of Commerce has a way of seeing through to the end everything he starts. We know of no one better qualified than he to bring highway order out of traffic chaos.



Unfounded Suspicions Out of Geneva

THE Geneva conference is as yet far from finished, but even at its present stage one conclusion seems almost obvious. If the United States is to maintain a parity with Great Britain in cruiser strength an immediate extensive building program, which will make a substantial dent in Treasury surplus, will have to be undertaken. Perhaps this conclusion was obvious from the outset; perhaps the public in this country was somewhat misled into believing that limitation was synonymous with reduction; perhaps the frank conversations in Geneva revealed certain national aspirations to which we were not fully alive. But in any case, the conclusion on the face of it seems an unhappy one, and one calculated to give jingoes and skeptics a pleasant smile at the expense of the pacifist and hopeful internationalist. Yet there is so far no real reason for regret that the conference was called or disappointment at the progress made.

The principal issue at present lies between the United States and Great Britain. Japan is still playing a passive, intensely interested rôle. The issue is simply where and how some limitation shall be put on cruisers of 10,000 tons or less. When the conference first opened the issue was not so simple. Great Britain wished to reopen the Washington agreements regarding capital ships. She bungled her tactics in such a way as to give the impression in this country that she was definitely manoeuvring for a fleet larger than that of the United States and that she would refuse to recognize our claim to parity and our hope of carrying that parity down through all classes of ships besides the capital ships. Ambassador Esme Howard was quick to recognize the genuine suspicion which this attitude aroused in the United States, and his wise advice to his Foreign Office was instrumental, we are sure, in causing the British delegation at Geneva to change its tune and disclaim any desire to top the United States in any form of building. Then began the cruiser discussion. It soon became evident that the British set great store by a large fleet of small cruisers. Numbers interested them more than tonnage. With numerous naval and fueling bases, cruising radius and gun strength were to them of secondary importance to a great number of able patrol ships. But the United States did not want great numbers, and it did want a type which had a large cruising radius. Furthermore, in tonnage the British had actually in commission or under construction a cruiser fleet more than twice as great as that of the United States, and the American delegation, with economy and reduction as its watchwords, naturally aimed at reducing the British total

rather than threatening to increase the American. Hence, the *impasse* which is still unbridged.

We are convinced that some formula of limitation will be reached, but we are equally convinced that the formula will carry with it an agreement allowing Great Britain an even greater cruiser strength than she now possesses. With parity the cry of every naval patriot in this country this inevitably will mean the great American construction program which we prophesy. However, suspicion of hostile motives on the part of the British is entirely unjustified. We must not forget that before the conference there was no limit whatever to small cruiser building, and that the last eight years had seen tremendous British and Japanese activity. Any limitation, therefore, is a blessing. And it is not for us to say what Great Britain's requirements in small cruisers may be. That she is not building against us or, for that matter, against any first-rate power, is obvious from the fact that small ships, smaller even than the agreed limit of 10,000 tons, are her objective. Then again, her efforts to reopen the Washington agreements do not seem to us to hide any sinister motives, but to be prompted by a desire to economize in the one field where the Empire feels it is safe to economize — namely, the field in which the United States is the only formidable rival. Finally, we should not forget that parity in tonnage, particularly in the smaller classes, is a distinct advantage to the United States because even with two great coasts to defend we have not the problems of far-flung possessions. The Philippines, which are always matched against British overseas possessions, could never be held against, say, a Japanese invasion in any event, and at Washington we renounced all rights to their further fortification. Hence, our problem and that of the British have little in common, and parity in gross tonnage should fully satisfy us rather than insistence that we have as many cruisers as Britain.

There is one final point of suspicion between the British and ourselves which might just as well be handsomely embalmed now as later. This is the oft-repeated assertion that merchant ships can be converted into effective fighting machines and that for this reason the British have a great advantage over the rest of the world. The American press even quoted Admiral Jones as making some such ridiculous statement, although a careful check-up revealed no such foolish commitment. We hazard the guess that from our admirals to our midshipmen nary a sailor could be found who would not gladly do battle with an armed 50,000-ton *Leviathan*, himself commanding a 5,000-ton cruiser. Unless, of course, the *Leviathan* had been armored, refitted, and entirely rebuilt — a process which would take years. Merchantmen are useful as troop ships if properly convoyed, but as fighting machines they are negligible.

Those Wicked South Sea Isles!

By Harry L. Foster

I HAD always thought of Polynesia as one of the few remaining places in this progressive world where a traveler could conveniently forget now and then, if so disposed, a few of the more exacting commandments of the Decalogue. In fact, thanks perhaps to the movies and the popular fiction magazines, I pictured the white population as consisting largely of remittance men with native consorts, or roistering traders who bartered in exchange for pearl shell or copra such commodities as rum, gin, Scotch, and absinthe.

There might, of course, be a missionary here or there, but he didn't really count. I visualized him as a rather desolate and lonely figure, a trifle pathetic in his wrinkled black garments and old-fashioned plug hat. He was probably well meaning and persevering and all that, but his light was only a feeble beacon in the great dark ocean of sin and darkness. I decided, as I set out for the South Seas about a year ago—to write of their delightful iniquity—that I might, just out of sympathy, say a kind word for *bim*.

On the big steamer that took me to the islands there were two evangelists, a man and his wife, traveling up forward in the steerage. Both were from the farm—plain, wholesome, small-town folk, neither cultured nor yet illiterate. They represented none of the organized societies, but were going out to Pagopago on their own initiative.

"We're not getting paid to do it," the man explained earnestly. "Fact is, we've worked a long time, my old woman and me, to get the money for the trip. And saved, too. We lived on \$8 a week, the both of us, for over a year to do it. You see, the Lord sort of called us. We'd read about the people out this way in one of them missionary reports—how they needed help, and didn't wear trousers, or anything—and we decided we could do something. We've got about \$200 saved, above our passage money, and we figure we'll find some way of earning a living."

What privations lay before them? "None whatever," grunted a fellow passenger, when I called his attention to the pair. "I wish I'd come out to sell the Gospel instead of sewing machines. I'd probably have done better. That's the best business in the

islands today. The South Seas are the parson's happy hunting ground. The Kanakas are simply nutty over religion. Why, the only time the devils'll work is when they want money to build a church. You wait and see. Of course, these missionaries don't clean up any big pile themselves. If they belong to a society, they've got to send it all home, so a lot more of 'em can come out. And fellows like

that one down there, who really have a chance to get away with something, never seem to have any business sense. But just the same, you needn't waste any time pitying them. They're the real little tin gods out here, and the natives eat out of their fingers. If that

pair doesn't make out all right, it'll be on account of too much competition and nothing else."

I had heard the opinion of a layman, and the layman in Oceania is always bitterly hostile to the clergyman. And, as in the Far East, the clergyman often reciprocates this hostility. There was another gentleman of the cloth on board, the representative of one of the larger societies, traveling first class, who often took me aside to voice his woes.

"THE natives of the islands are simply lovely," he would say. "It's the white man out there who needs conversion. How can I tell my people they should come to church upon the Sabbath, when my fellow countrymen never cross its threshold? And then, the example of their personal habits! We try to shame them by our temperate, abstemious life. That's what irritates them."

Perhaps there's something in that. Although, from the layman's point of view, the missionary may sometimes prove a bit of a nuisance. It is inevitable that a cause which takes men thousands of miles across the sea, to lands where they *do* in many instances suffer hardship and discouragement to bring their own beliefs to others, must occasionally enlist the fanatical and the overzealous. In justice to the cause, it must be admitted that such are in the minority, surprisingly so. But they attract the most attention, and the layman loves to point them out as the "typical" specimens.

The one on shipboard probably belonged to this category. He went conscientiously about the vessel, leaving tracts where they might help his fellow

When Mr. Foster set out for those wicked South Sea Isles a year ago, the Editors asked him to save his impressions for INDEPENDENT readers. The result has been a series of four articles, of which this is the first. In them, the missionary plays an important rôle for, in Mr. Foster's words, "Polynesia's present story is the story of the missionary himself, and he needs no patronizing sympathy from the travel writer, or even from the writer of romance"

passengers, sometimes on the reading-room tables, sometimes under the stateroom doors of those he deemed especially needy, and *always* in the smoking room where the principal sinners were most apt to congregate. Also, he was much concerned about the safety of the younger women on board,—mostly school-teachers bound for Honolulu,—and he used to warn them, in fatherly fashion, against the use of rouge or powder. "You probably don't realize," he said, "the effect it has on *men*."

THUS we slipped over the equator to land at Pagopago, in American Samoa. It was the United States' only possession in the Southern Hemisphere—a quaint and picturesque port in a sunken volcano from which one side had benevolently fallen to admit visiting steamers. Beyond its barrier reef, the forested hills rose steeply and majestically, in the most glorious of settings, and the graceful coco palms fringed its coral beach as in the best of tropical fiction.

There is a naval station here, neat and immaculate, and run by regulation, but I did not linger in the town. After all, I had come to the South Seas to find romance—to give the reading public what it is supposed to want. So I strolled out along the curving path that bordered the blue lagoon. The Samoan dwellings along the way were charmingly untouched by foreign influence, but the natives themselves—although they still retained the *lava-lavas*, or brief skirts of olden times—greeted me in perfect English, learned in local mission schools; and there was not a village, however picturesquely thatched, which did not contain a small, whitewashed wooden chapel.

Finally, however, I discovered a real character—in the person of a grizzled old native who beckoned me to his home among the breadfruit trees. He was toothless and the top of his brown head was nearly bald, but a luxuriant stubble of frizzly white hair grew over his shoulders and halfway down his naked back. He waved me to a seat upon a pandanus mat, and squatted cross-legged before me, trying vainly to converse in a violent sign language.

Here at last was someone to grace the pages of a lurid yarn. I described him in my notebook as a former cannibal. And in expression of my gratitude, I offered him a cigarette. But he declined. His face broke into a grin. The mirth became uncontrollable. His whole body rocked at the absurdity of the idea.

"Him no smoke," explained a young lad who came to my relief. "Him Seventh Day Adventist."

From Samoa, I transhipped on a trading vessel bound for Fiji and the Tongas. It was manned by stalwart, bristling-haired Melanesians, and it plied the outlying seas without itinerary or schedule. There was a charm in its lazy, erratic progress. Day after day it crept onward through the islands— islands that seemed to be sprinkled all over the ocean, rising in varied shapes and sizes, from diminutive doughnut-formed atolls to bulky masses of volcanic mountain, some verdant and grown with luxuriant jungle, others wind swept and barren, still others mere fantastic crags jutting from the sea and hollowed into caves and grottoes by the pounding of the surf. Each night a tropic moon, directly overhead, touched the rising clouds with streaks of blazing silver and tipped the horizon with a faint, luminous glow, but left the waters darkly mysterious save for the globes of phosphorescence that tossed and twinkled in the depths. From the forecastle, where the native sailors foregathered, the trade winds brought back occasional snatches of a weird Fijian chant, and it sounded gloriously heathen.

"Eathen?" echoed the cockney steward, when I spoke of it. "Why, blimy, they're singin' 'ymns. Oh, they myke 'em over a bit to suit 'emselves, and give 'em a bit of ragtime, but they're 'ymns right enough. They're 'olding service."

AND so they were. The white missionaries have trained many natives for the ministry in these island groups. They seldom receive a salary. As a rule they work at such jobs as do the rest of their countrymen. But upon occasion—in the farthest villages of the interior and upon every steamer with a Polynesian or Melanesian crew—a brown clergyman is sure to pop up, in a clean white *sulu* or breechclout, to organize a prayer meeting.

In the present case, it was a Seventh Day Adventist ceremony—they are strong out here—and held upon a Saturday. But the next day, Sunday, a native Methodist made his appearance, and the whole crew attended again, rocking the hold as before with

their lusty voices, and rolling out the deep-toned "Allelu-a, ah-menny, allelu-a, ah-mennnnnnnn!" with the greatest of enthusiasm.

And when we finally landed in the Tongas—the only group in the Pacific nominally independent of European rule, with its own queen and court and government—the Christian church was even more in evidence than in Samoa. In fact, at Nukualofa, the pretty and well-ordered native capital, every

"The South Seas are the parson's happy hunting ground. The Kanakas are simply nutty over religion. Why, the only time the devils'll work is when they want money to build a church. Of course, these missionaries don't clean up any big pile themselves. If they belong to a society, they've got to send it all home, so a lot more of 'em can come out. But just the same, they're the real little tin gods out here"

single building appeared to be a church, except one large barnlike structure with a quaintly shaped roof which rather resembled an inverted rowboat.

"But that one *is* a church," explained a British resident. "You see, in the old days of native architecture, that sort of roof was the regular style. And when the Wesleyans first built it — that's the oldest here — they copied the local houses. But later they built their own kind of mission — square, with peaked roof. And now the Tongans, when they build a house, copy the mission, so that every house here *looks* like a church."

And everywhere the bells were ringing.

"But this is Monday!" I protested.

"Oh, no, it isn't. Your steamer crossed the international date line last night — the meridian where the calendar changes. This is Sunday again — in Tonga."

IT was the same throughout all the many groups I visited — even in the one-time cannibal Fijis. The Fijians of today, although many of the older men undoubtedly had eaten human flesh in their time, proved so gentle that one could go anywhere in the interior without arms. I lived myself for many weeks among the mountain tribes, the last to adopt a civilized diet, and have never known kindlier or friendlier hosts. Those who could speak a few words of English asked me what church *I* belonged to, while at a banquet in Bau, formerly the stronghold of the last cannibal king, I was invited to say grace!

The missionary's influence was everywhere apparent, and I should not be surprised if a large part of the local layman's hostility to him was prompted to a great extent by envy. Perhaps it was best expressed in the frank and irreverent words of one trader I met in the islands. "I have to give these natives a strip of calico or something for their money," he said, "and my shop's going to wreck and ruin. But that sky pilot over there just says a few prayers for them, and he's building another church on the proceeds — when they've got one house of worship *now* to every ten inhabitants!"

There is positively no escape for the wicked in the South Sea Islands today. In Suva, the capital of the Fijis, I strolled one evening into the native section of town. Suva is really a cosmopolitan little city. More than a thousand white colonists have settled there, mostly Australians, not of the old, rollicking, blackbirdier type, but of the modern business-intent generation, and they have brought with them electric lights, asphalt streets, taxicabs, well-stocked department stores, cricket matches, and all the other

adjuncts of thoroughly civilized communities. Even the so-called "native" district is scarcely Fijian, for it is occupied largely by East Indians imported originally as coolie labor by the big sugar planters, but now prospering and setting up in business for themselves.

It was a dim and smelly region of narrow alleys, thronged with many types of humanity — skinny-legged Hindus, bearded Sikhs, Polynesians from many scattered islands, and huge, black Fijians, statuesque in their *sulu* skirts, their hair rising in gorgeous, bushy manes. And even here one found the preacher. It was a woman, quite a young woman — another of those who had heard the "call" and come out independently with her husband, at their own expense, to carry the banner of some obscure and penniless sect at home. They had not built their own chapel as yet, so they conducted their meetings each night upon this corner of a ramshackle lane picturesquely entitled "The Street of All Nations." The young husband, flanked by a couple of native converts, held aloft a flaming torch, and by its weird, wind-flickered light, she expounded the Gospel.

It did not faze her in the least that her auditors, in nineteen cases out of twenty, understood no English. Or that twenty out of those twenty already had been baptized by her predecessors. She was there to preach, and she preached with all her might in a high, shrill voice that knew no modulation, but emphasized every single word of it: "You're sinners, every one of you! If you've lent yourself to the devil, you belong to the devil! And where are you going to spend the rest of your life? Rejoicing up there with the angels and the arch-angels? No! You'll be burning down there, every one of you, burning down there in *hell*!"

WHAT happened to that pair of earnest workers whom I left at Pagopago, I've never heard; but I'm sure they were well received, for this region *is* the missionary's paradise. Whatever he may have suffered in the past — and he suffered much, as I shall show in forthcoming articles — he has unquestionably reaped a greater success in the South Seas than in any other part of the world. In fact, he is so influential there today that Polynesia's present "story" — to use the word in the newspaper man's

sense of what constitutes news value because of its outstanding importance — is the story of the missionary himself, and he needs no patronizing sympathy from the travel writer, or even from the writer of romance. He is, as my friend on the steamer put it, a little tin god.

The amazing beauty and carelessly restrained penchant for romance in the South Sea maiden has inspired the pen of more than one writer. Mr. Foster is no exception. In his next article, which will appear in the July 30 INDEPENDENT, he records the results of a thorough investigation. "About Those Tropic Sirens" gives a lively description of black-haired maids who are charter members of the Lucy Stone League

How Much Are the Railroads Worth?

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

FOR years the Federal valuation of the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission has dragged its weary, monotonous, expensive way and but scant attention has been paid to it except by those directly affected. The questions involved have been too technical to be readily comprehended, and the layman has set it down as one of those political undertakings created for the purpose of manufacturing jobs, the practical utility of which is past all understanding. But the attitude of the public has undergone a sudden change. Last March a majority of the Commerce Commission announced as final a decision in the case of the little St. Louis and O'Fallon Railroad which has been widely broadcast. If upheld by the courts the railroads are likely to suffer with impaired credit and crippled transportation facilities. If reversed, it will mean dollars and cents to every man, woman, and child in the land in added freight and passenger bills. With this announcement the public has perked up. It wants to know what it is all about — why it has been necessary to spend upward of \$120,000,000 and fourteen years' time to arrive at this conclusion, and where their dollars and cents come in.

From the viewpoint of a civil engineer experienced in railroad and other public-utilities valuations, it is the purpose of this article to explain what this decision means; to tell why the Government embarked on this enormous undertaking; to point out some of the difficulties that have constantly beset the path of the Commerce Commission in its endless controversies with the representatives of the railroads while trying to reach a conclusion in this politico-engineering-economic problem.

In placing a value on the railroads, the Commission has been working under mandatory instructions from Congress. The Valuation Amendment to the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 provides that the Commission must, among other things, ascertain and report on each of the individual railroad properties, "the original cost to date," "the cost of reproduction, new," "the cost of reproduction, less depreciation," and in like manner to "ascertain and report separately other values or elements of value, if any." These are the high spots of the Amendment.

Diligent inquiry soon proved the impossibility of

Fourteen years ago, under a mandate from Congress, the Interstate Commerce Commission set out to estimate how much the railroads were worth. Now, with their survey practically completed, the question has arisen: Shall their valuation be based upon prewar prices, or upon the cost of replacement at present prices? The decision affects every person in the United States. Mr. Tingley, a civil engineer experienced in railroad valuations, explains the situation in this important article

determining the original cost. The bulk of the railroad mileage had been built years ago, and all of the big trunk lines were the result of lease, merger, consolidation, and piecemeal construction. In the early days it was not considered as important as now to preserve accurate cost records, and such meagre information

as had been kept had been lost or destroyed. Expensive experiments with some of the smaller properties, notably with the 124-mile line of the Texas Midland Railroad, which belonged to the late Mrs. Hetty Green, proved this beyond question and further efforts were abandoned.

IN arriving at "the cost of reproduction, new" and "the cost of reproduction, less depreciation," it has been necessary to make a complete inventory of every useful thing that goes to make up an operating property — from spikes to locomotives, from floor mops to Grand Central Terminals. This has been a Gargantuan undertaking, now practically complete, but what price or value should be applied to these millions of units? Here is where the shoe pinches — has pinched all through the operation — and the pressure hasn't yet been removed. Proponents of the railroads have argued for high valuations and have claimed that prices of today, less depreciation, should be applied to inventory units. In this contention they are technically right, for they can point to at least six decisions of the United States Supreme Court to uphold their view; to the famous and oft-quoted case of *Smith v. Ames*, in 1897; to the case of *Wilcox v. The Consolidated Gas Company*, in 1909; to the *Minnesota Rate* cases of 1912; to the *Southwestern Telephone* case of 1922; to the *Bluefields Water* case, also of 1922, and, lastly, to the up-to-the-minute case of *McArdle v. The Indianapolis Water Company* of 1926. These are all public-utility cases involving identically the same principles of valuation now urged by the railroads; namely, that it is the present value of property that governs. The Commerce Commission has persistently refused to accept this version. Admitting the fact of these court decisions which could not well be dodged, it has declined to recognize their application to the railroad situation as it stands today. It was not till last March, however, after

listening to arguments — the record of which would fill a good-sized library — that it came out flat-footed, as it did in the St. Louis and O'Fallon case, to announce as the final decision of a majority of its members that, for the purposes of railroad valuation, prewar prices must obtain.

This decision is revolutionary to a degree, and is upheld by the Supreme Court — reversing its own decisions — will mark a new era in public-utilities valuations which, in turn, will reflect on the prices of commodities or service which they furnish and on the prices of the commodities they transport.

VARIOUS motives were behind the initiation of the railroad valuation. The Commission had been adjusting freight and passenger rates in order that, on the one hand, the public should not be overcharged and, on the other, that the railroad properties might be enabled to earn a "fair return" on a "reasonable investment." The determination of what constituted a fair return was a matter of principle, precedent, and economic expediency and needed no long-drawn-out valuation to ascertain; but the matter of what constituted a reasonable investment was quite a different thing. Neither Congress nor the public placed any degree of confidence in the "investment" figures furnished by the railroads, and the valuation was expected to clear up this question from the viewpoint of an impartial observer. This "impartial observer," however, had another duty to perform — implied, though none the less obligatory in that it was expected as its first consideration to safeguard the public from the aggressions of the powerful railroads. For years the conviction had been held in Congress and by the public in general that the railroad properties were overcapitalized, that their book accounts which formed the basis of the reasonable investment used by the Commission were doctored, and that the public had been paying exorbitant rates in order that big dividends might be declared on oceans of "water." It was the implied duty of the Commission to prove this contention.

The Valuation Amendment, sponsored by the late Senator Robert M. La Follette, was passed by Congress in March, 1913, and so far as inventories are concerned is now practically complete, or as near complete as it ever can be with additions, subtractions, and alterations to the properties constantly going on. During all these years the Commission has been trying to ride these two horses which have persisted in keeping so far apart as to make the straddle difficult. The mandatory instructions and the implied obligations kept pulling in opposite directions and refused to be reconciled. It has long been apparent that the efforts of the Commission to show that the railroads are overcapitalized have failed. It tried hard enough to prove this contention, but it couldn't be done. Once there had been plenty of

water in the railroad stocks, but it had been squeezed out long ago — "de-watered" from earnings that had been plowed back into the properties. As near as may be estimated from the incomplete returns now available, a total valuation of the entire railway system of the country will be reached amounting to not far from \$22,000,000,000 or \$23,000,000,000 — this by the "cost of reproduction, less depreciation" route and by applying prewar prices to inventory items, modified by the application of prices of 1919 for construction work done since 1914. This is the best the Commission has been able to do in order to satisfy the implied obligation. Against this figure stands an issue of approximately \$17,000,000,000 of railroad securities outstanding and in the hands of the public to which may be added about \$4,500,000,000 of securities held in the treasuries of the railroad companies, a small portion of which has been authorized but none issued and outstanding. This would appear to slay successfully the watered-stock bogey.

The situation has been further complicated by the Transportation Act of 1920. Under its terms the more prosperous railroads are obliged to turn back to the Government one half of any earnings they may make over and above six per cent to be used to help out their poorer sisters, this six per cent to be calculated on the valuation as ascertained by the Commerce Commission. No settlement has ever yet been made by any prosperous property on this basis, and it is here that the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railroad comes in — a test case in which the Government is suing that railroad in order to recapture its share of excess earnings. This little nine-mile tail has been selected to wag the dog 244,000 miles long. Under the terms of the Commission's decision the O'Fallon property has a value of \$850,000, and, since its net earnings in the years 1921, 1922, and 1923 were in excess of six per cent on that amount, it must repay to the Government the sum of \$226,000 as one half of such excess. The O'Fallon owners claim a value based on today's prices of double this amount, and because it has earned less than six per cent on this sum, it claims that it owes the Government nothing. An injunction has already been filed restraining the Government from enforcing the collection of this recapture money, and the case will undoubtedly go to the Supreme Court of the United States — where it was intended from the start that it should land.

THE economic importance of this decision cannot be exaggerated, and it is evident that the Commerce Commission overstepped its province when it assumed the rôle of economic arbiter rather than that of an impartial interpreter of the statute. It is clear, also, that the Commission knew perfectly well that it was overreaching its bounds as the minority members have pointed out, but that it dared not do otherwise. Knowing that the (*Continued on page 72*)

THOSE SOUTH SEA ISLES



Wadsworth, Honolulu
JUST ONE MORE LAGOON "DOWN UNDER"



HARRY
L. FOSTER

THE
AUTHOR



Wadsworth, Honolulu

THE JUNGLES OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS HAVE NO ANIMALS, NO SNAKES, AND FEW BIRDS. BUT THE VEGETATION IS LUXURIOUS AND THE MOSQUITOES PROLIFIC



THIS PHOTOGRAPH MAY WELL REPRESENT THOSE "SOUTH SEA SIRENS" AS THEY WERE BEFORE THE LONG ARM OF CIVILIZATION REACHED OUT AND CLOTHED THEM IN CONVENTIONAL HABILIMENTS



AND THIS SHOWS WHAT ONE ZEALOUS MISSIONARY CAN DO WHEN HE PUTS HIS MIND TO IT



Wadsworth, Honolulu

HERE WE FIND A GROUP OF THE FAIRER ISLANDERS GIVING THE AUTHOR SOMETHING QUITE DEFINITE TO WRITE HOME ABOUT, AND INCIDENTALLY TAKING NO SMALL ENJOYMENT IN DRESSING UP IN THEIR STORY-BOOK BEST

HERE ALONG THE MARGIN OF
THE BAY AT PAGOPAGO WE
FIND MORE OF THE TYPICAL
SOUTH SEA ISLAND SCENERY AS
THE BOOKS AND THE MOVIES
WOULD HAVE US SEE IT



SUGAR IS THE PRINCIPAL PROD-
UCT OF THIS GROUP OF ISLANDS.
HERE IS ONE OF THE PLANTA-
TIONS ALONG A VALLEY BOTTOM
ON FIJI



A MORMON MISSIONARY BEING
ESCORTED ASHORE AT APIA IN
ONE OF THE SAMOAN WAR
CANOES. EARLY EXPLORERS
CALLED THE SAMOAS NAVIGA-
TOR'S ISLANDS BECAUSE OF THE
PROFICIENCY OF THE NATIVES
IN HANDLING THESE CLUMSY
TULULAS





THE FIJIAN BOATMAN PAINTS HIS BODY BROWN AND DYES HIS HAIR HENNA, SURELY A STRIKING COLOR COMBINATION

AT THE LEFT ABOVE, FIJIAN GIRLS PRACTICING THE MEKE, THEIR HISTORIC FOLK DANCE, AND LEFT BELOW, WARRIORS OF SUVA, FIJI, SERVING KAVA IN HONOR OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK



Caine, Suva

THE ELDERS IN THIS GROUP OF FIJIANS UNDOUBTEDLY PRACTICED CANNIBALISM IN THEIR TIME. AT PRESENT, THEIR NAMES ARE — FROM LEFT TO RIGHT — GENESIS, EXODUS, LEVITICUS, NUMBERS, DEUTERONOMY, AND JOSHUA

Whiskey As You Drink It

By Frederic Damrau, M.D.

OF all the bottomless wells, none seems to be so deep as the inexhaustible supply from which our pre-Volstead whiskey is reputed to come. We have heard vague rumors of synthetic liquor and denatured alcohol doctored up to suit the none too discriminating public taste of today. But the average American is an incurable optimist and takes it for granted that hard luck and bad liquor are destined for the other fellow, never himself. Hence, it follows that he succumbs to the myth that the quantities of Scotch preserved from the days before the war are still as boundless as the waters of the Pacific Ocean. And he who believes that *is* an optimist.

It is true that the farsighted followers of Bacchus, like Joseph in Egypt, made provision for the great drought and filled their bins beforehand with the necessities of night life. This foresight on the part of the wise men of 1919 is often presumed to be the source of most of the liquor that now passes between friends; but, with the supply diminishing and the demand increasing, it is strange that such a precious drink should be within the means of the average wage earner.

When the pre-prohibition myth fails to convince, the story of the wily smuggler is brought in: that huge ships ballasted with the finest Scotch hover around the coast like hungry mosquitoes on an August night; that highly subsidized prohibition agents play pinochle while motor boats unload their wares on the shores of Long Island; and that "fixed" traffic officers safely convoy truckloads of whiskey to the bootlegger's headquarters.

These fables serve to lull the fears that arise in the mind of the drinker when the fierce and fiery liquid irritates his sensitive throat. And they also answer the purpose of propaganda for the bootlegger who boasts of the purity of his wares. Truth is stranger than fiction, probably because we hear so much fiction and so little truth. The true source of much of our bootleg whiskey is not the secret warehouse in Kentucky nor the piratical craft that hovers around the ten-mile limit, but the can of denatured alcohol and the bottle of alcohol rub.

Alcohol idealists have a habit of talking as if all whiskey before the days of prohibition were good whiskey. They seem to regard the adulteration of whiskey as one of the evils of the Eighteenth Amendment. As a matter of fact, it is probable that more

bad whiskey was passed over the bar two decades ago than is carried on the hip today. All that was labeled whiskey in those days was not aged in the wood. The only wood with which much of the cheap liquor of long ago ever came in contact was the bar on which it was accidentally spilled. Aging in the wood was an expensive process, and something had to be prepared for the sot who demanded all his glass could hold for a dime.

Many a bartender acquired the art of manufacturing spurious whiskey in his own cellar. Essentially, authentic whiskey is nothing more than an alcoholic fluid possessing a distinctive aroma and color by

virtue of aging in wooden containers. This process also gives the beverage a certain mellowness and relieves it of much of its irritating effects on the throat. But the hardened drinker of twenty years ago did not worry about the mellowness. He demanded only the brown liquid with the kick. In fact, many of these inveterate toppers would refer to real old Scotch as belly wash, fit only for weaklings and effeminate. Grain alcohol furnished the basis of artificial whiskey. With the addition of a little

caramel and some cheap flavoring agent, the sagacious bartender was able to convert a few pennies' worth of drug-store alcohol into a flask of whiskey fit for his poor but thirsty customers.

HOW to convert alcohol into whiskey is a trick known to every hospital orderly. Even before prohibition, reasons based on personal economy impelled these attendants to make a periodic raid on the alcohol supply. I well recall the blue Monday mornings on which I would walk into the chemical laboratory and find all the alcohol bottles empty, a bottle of brown staining fluid spilled over the floor, and the orderly snoring under the table. It was alcohol; it was brown; and so it served the purpose of whiskey. The prudent man of bygone years recognized the perils of cheap whiskey. He paid for his drink like a gentleman and acquired the connoisseur's taste, by which he could instantly distinguish whiskey that was properly aged in the wood from the raw, factitious stuff.

Russia passed through the moonshine stage several years before the United States. Early in the war, the Czar placed the ukase on vodka. For a time the

Has your whiskey been carefully treasured since 1919; or did it come, via Rum Row, straight from a humid shore? Dr. Damrau, Brooklyn physician, thinks not, and gives his own opinion as to its more probable source. Although he disregards the moral factor, his discussion of the harm which bootleg whiskey works makes out a strong case against drinking in these Volstead-ridden days

prohibition on alcohol was effective; but the Russian, nurtured on hard liquors, was not to be deprived of his vodka by so fragile a thing as a man-made law. From Petrograd to Vladivostok, the whole country became a bootlegger's paradise. Denatured alcohol was consumed without any pretense at purification, and cologne and furniture polish became the national cocktails. Poisonings were of common occurrence; many persons became blind almost overnight; and death was taken as a matter of course.

With the revolution came the still in every peasant's home. Even the great famine failed to reduce the vogue of the still, and much good grain was wasted in the manufacture of poor whiskey. The Soviet Government tried in vain to enforce the prohibition of alcoholic beverages; but as fast as one still was confiscated it was replaced by a better one. Finally the Government started to sell wines and beer, but the Russians would not drink them. The peasants continued to keep their grain for their own stills instead of sending it to the famine-stricken cities. As a last resort, hard liquors of prewar quality were sold, but at a much higher price. This measure now promises to eliminate bootlegging and at the same time materially reduce the abuse of alcohol.

IT is interesting to note that in Denmark, also, a country once rife with hard drinkers, the general abuse of alcohol was overcome by merely raising the price of strong liquors. On February 27, 1917, the sale and importation of alcohol were absolutely prohibited; but in less than a month the decree was revoked and, instead, the retail price of hard drinks was increased fifteenfold. As a result of the latter measure, cases of delirium tremens, which were very common when whiskey was cheap, fell off ninety-five per cent. Thus Denmark solved the problem of alcoholism by making it too expensive for the average person to become drunk. In America, where money is plentiful and thrift not a national habit, the same plan would probably fail.

The modern drinker is distinctly amateurish in all matters relating to intoxicating liquors. He lacks education — using the word in a Kentuckian sense to mean the ability to identify the exact age of whiskey by tasting it. In fact, he is so woefully ignorant in this respect that he cannot tell the difference between whiskey and brown-colored alcohol. This public ignorance — using the word in a Kentuckian sense — is the bootlegger's stock in trade.

Fully fifty per cent of the illicit liquor now sold as whiskey is probably prepared from denatured alcohol; that is, grain alcohol to which some poisonous substance has been added to render it unfit for use as a beverage. This statement is not a guess. It is based on the reports of chemists who have examined bootleg liquor and found therein traces of the ingredients of denatured alcohol. Alcohol may be denatured or "ruined for drinking purposes" by the

addition of various chemicals. Wood alcohol was once employed extensively in the denaturing process; but the results of wood alcohol poisoning are so extremely serious that less violent chemicals have been used of late years. Benzene, acetone, isopropyl alcohol, diethylphthalate, and many other irritating and probably harmful substances are now used to denature alcohol.

THE problem before the bootlegger is how to convert denatured alcohol into pure grain alcohol; that is, how to separate the alcohol itself from the poisons that have been added to it. This task cannot really be accomplished with any degree of satisfaction, and so the bootlegger must do the best he can. The denatured alcohol is usually "purified" by repeatedly distilling off the alcohol. By this means most of the chemicals that have been added to it may be removed. But not all! In fully half of the specimens of bootleg whiskey examined, traces of one or more of the denaturing chemicals will be found. At best, therefore, bootleg whiskey is essentially the same as the rotgut in the slums that used to be passed over the bar in quantities of "all you want for a nickel." In fact, it is in many respects inferior; for rotgut was at least prepared from good grain alcohol, while bootleg must necessarily contain some of the impurities of denatured alcohol.

In the days when there was a wooden Indian in front of every cigar store, it was a familiar spectacle to see a street laborer disgustedly fling a glass of rotgut into the cuspidor under the railing with some such remark as this: "Don't try to pass that rotgut off on *me*. I paid a *dime*, and I want good whiskey!" Nowadays we see gentlemen in Tuxedos gratefully paying seventy-five cents for a glass of that same rotgut!

Nobody can safely predict how much harm to health will ultimately result from the present-day practice of drinking bootleg, alias contaminated rotgut. Following an unhappy "morning after the night before," the drinker generally comes around all right; then he concludes that the bout has done him no harm. But, to my mind, this state of affairs does not prove that bootleg is harmless, but that the human body, like a Dodge car, will stand for a great deal of abuse without showing the evil effects.

If we must have bootleggers, it seems rather unfortunate that the qualifications for entering this profession should be so lax. The proficient bootlegger is like the experienced food adulterator: he will employ any means of rendering his product as wholesome and tasty as possible, provided, of course, it does not lessen his profits. But the quack bootlegger has so bungled his calling as to bring all bootlegging into disrepute. Everyone knows that many deaths have resulted from the drinking of spurious liquor. A large number of these fatalities have arisen from the substitution of the extremely poisonous wood

alcohol for grain alcohol. Grain alcohol is known chemically as ethyl alcohol; wood alcohol, as methyl alcohol. The similarity of names may account for the confusion. Methyl alcohol is cheap and easily purchased. Still greater reason for the confusion!

DRINKING wood alcohol in large amount may cause sudden death. When smaller quantities are taken over any considerable periods of time, complete and permanent blindness may result. Methyl alcohol poisons the optic nerve, the sensitive structure that mediates sight. Most persons now fully recognize the dangers of wood alcohol, but they seem to believe that they possess some sort of voodoo charm to keep this substance out of their own liquor. Then, too, many have a misplaced confidence in the integrity of their own bootlegger.

Still, I have observed persons debating as to the potability of antifreezing solution. Recently I overheard two motor-truck drivers in earnest conversation over a can of alcohol radiator mixture.

"I bet we could drink that stuff," said one of them. "It's only alcohol."

"Yes," answered his comrade; "but it's got fusel oil in it. It would burn worse than red pepper."

As a matter of fact, the much vaunted danger of fusel oil is a myth. This substance, which has been presumed to be present only in liquors that have not been aged in the wood, has never been proved to be distinctly poisonous. But it serves as an excuse to explain cases of poisoning resulting from wood alcohol or improperly "purified" denatured alcohol.

Although we may find it difficult to offer the explanation, there is no question but that hooch is far more serious in its effects than the good old-fashioned whiskey. Hooch seems to have a predilection for the brain and causes the most astounding types of mental disturbances.

The fellow with delirium tremens, as we saw him before the war, would shock the hospital nurses with his choice of language and perhaps cause them trouble by incessantly trying to crawl out of bed. But nowadays the man who has indulged too liberally may burst out, like a maniac, into a fury of excitement, spreading terror, broken furniture, and black eyes in his course.

Not long ago, a lady called me to come at once, and said that her son had suddenly gone insane. As I approached the house, I was prevented from parking by a large sofa lying against the curb. Walking up the front porch, I had to step between three or four dismantled chairs that had evidently been flung out through the front door, the glass pane of which had been smashed. And when I entered — with many misgivings — I found my patient waiting for me at the head of the stairs with an axe! Subsequent investigation proved that his wild disorder had eventuated from the drinking of a bottle of bootleg.

As Dr. F. J. Gerty of Chicago has pointed out, moonshine poisoning produces a different disturbance from that due to aged-in-the-wood whiskey. The poison acts much more rapidly and the symptoms are more severe. A smaller amount of the prevalent beverages is required to produce violent disturbances than was the case with prewar whiskey. Furthermore, the victims suffer more profound depression, and the number of deaths is greater. Even after only a few spree, the mind may be seriously impaired. Psychiatrists in general have been impressed with the fact that modern bootleg is much more harmful to the drinker's mental condition than authentic whiskey.

I have often heard members of the younger generation contemptuously refer to all arguments against present-day hard drinks as nothing more than goody-goody propaganda. (*Continued opp. page 72*)

The Fog

Tonight it was foggy
And every light
Along the dripping street
Was spiculate as a star,
And spun with heat,
And white
With a needling fire;
And grave and far
As the pale periods of Leo
On a night
Sown of sweet summer
And the clear, crystal pyre
That stains the north.

Tonight it was foggy,
And a silence shifted

Under the rainy wall:
A starven ghost,
A lichen sprawl,
That drifted
Up the unimaginable dark.
Again, again,
The thieving host
Of syncopate small sound
In the city lifted,
Or I heard it plain:
A dog's bark,
A bird's call,
And the quick, furious fall
Of water down the drain.

DAVID McCORD.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

WHAT Sherwood Anderson would call "those writing fellows" have their troubles unsuspected by the workaday world. I do not refer to such embarrassments as they, being human, share with a large proportion of their fellow men: overdrafts, process-servers, mortgages, cut Scotch, Christian Endeavor, traffic jams, and the thousand and one other benefits of modern civilization.

Recently, in the *Auteurs' League Bulletin*, for example, a pretty point has been raised for the meditation of the initiated. Mr. Leonard Nason, author of "Chevrons" and "Three Lights from a Match," has been lifting up his voice in protest against the unjust rewards accruing to those who are misguided enough to write books rather than write for the magazines. It is his contention that money and fame are the lot of such writers as address themselves to the great public through the medium of the popular magazines. Those who address them in book form usually discover that it does not pay to advertise oneself in this way, and even the fame and prestige attaching to such authorship are largely illusory.

In rebuttal have been heard two short-story writers who claim that they are unknown to the millions who are the customers of the magazines for which they write. One of them, whose pseudonym is "Jack Woodford," declares that he has had "over twelve hundred short stories published in over sixty publications in this country and in England," but he is certain that nobody in any ten thousand people chosen at random would recognize his name. On the other hand, he thinks there are several authors who have written one book and have immediately become known and successful.

What could be more heart-rending than the plight of authors confronted with this dilemma: shall I become poor but famous by publishing my work in book form, or shall I become wealthy but obscure by writing for the magazines? The adjectives in the last sentence may be modified by any adverb that seems appropriate. That is, in its essence, the problem which is being gravely discussed in the official organ of what Bernard Shaw pretends to regard as an authors' "trade union." The only difficulty in taking the matter very seriously is that the problem has been stated in its most fallacious form. There are authors of books who fail completely to achieve fame or wealth, and there are magazine contributors in a similar plight. Why assume that all the advantages are on one side or the other?

It will be at once apparent that, as a rule, few writers who can really command the following which makes them widely known and enables them to winter at Palm Beach fall into either of the supposed categories. They combine serial and book publication and, in the degree to which they do so, their fame and their

competed for by opulent magazines, thereby enabling her to provide the entertainment aforesaid; or he may be recuperating on the ranch of some two-fisted fellow who, by three months' work in the year, can turn out something between covers which it is not even necessary to mention in its author's presence. Yet, if he venture, without the slightest trace of irony, to express a wish that he possessed so precious a talent as his host, he is suspected of being sarcastic.

Admittedly there are here and there men and women of genius who starve and struggle in poverty because they must create what their inner being compels them to create; they can do no other; they have no regrets. Such individuals cannot and do not debate the problem which engages the attention of Mr. Nason and "Jack Woodford." Whether their fate be that of a Chatterton or a Tennyson, of a Kipling or a George Gissing — they must accept it, not deliberately, but unconsciously and instinctively. But the vast majority of writers today are not in that case. Most of them might just as well have become bond salesmen, interior decorators, or baseball reporters. In fact, this last is probably the surest way to realize the ambition to become an arbiter of the arts.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

Bread and Fire. By Charles R. Walker (Houghton Mifflin).

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking Press).

GENERAL

Balzac. By René Benjamin (Knopf).
Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn (Simon and Schuster).

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Harcourt, Brace).

Revolt in the Desert. By T. E. Lawrence (Doran).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Grotesques. By Mary Cass Canfield (Harper).

checks expand. Certainly there are many honest hack writers who toil and are regularly paid for certain trade goods which are much in popular demand, yet their names will never become popular. The same is true of the manufacturers of circulating-library fiction. What is worse, it is, and always has been, true of certain authors of the highest distinction whose books have been pulped and remaindered until death or some lucky turn of fate has created a demand for their writings.

THE truth is that, underlying this discussion, one of the ironies of literary life is concealed. How often does the author of half a dozen books, all greeted enthusiastically as "scholarly," "brilliant," "erudite," and so forth, gaze with admiration at his colleagues who merit and receive no such encomiums, but rejoice in the applause of millions and enjoy all the usufructs thereof. While he still owes the press-cutting bureau for the clippings assuring him of his intellectual eminence, he may be entertained on the house boat of some young lady whose aphorisms on love and sex are eagerly

EVEN leaving aside the vast army of those who aim only to provide entertainment on terms fairly lucrative to themselves, there remains an appalling proportion of writers who have little or no justification for their existence. Their works, however useful, scholarly, or otherwise meritorious, do not, as the French say, nourish their man. Good books are perhaps the one luxury which the modern world does not regard as a necessity.

Is it not, therefore, legitimate, nay, natural, for writers of that type to express with becoming respect their admiration for those who, in books or magazines, or both, achieve the supreme happiness of giving the public what it wants at a minimum cost and a maximum profit to themselves? It takes much less time to explain, for fifty cents a word, the reasons why one does or does not believe in twin beds than to contract a debt with a clipping agency because one has insisted on issuing another work of brilliant scholarship. In the time that one can earn, provided the publisher is willing, \$500 for, say, a sparkling contribution to the debate on Classicism versus Romanticism, one's flapper sister has been twice divorced and is making a handsome income out of her syndicated articles on companionate marriage.

France and America

A Review by H. H. Fisher

FRANCE AND AMERICA: SOME EXPERIENCES IN COÖPERATION. By *André Tardieu*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

AMERICAN OPINION OF FRANCE: FROM LAFAYETTE TO POINCARÉ. By *Elizabeth Brett White*. Pb.D. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00.

CHARLES LINDBERGH'S splendid embassy has been like a fresh, cool breeze in the sultry atmosphere of our relations with France. There has been respite from haggling over the debts and bickering over who won the war and who lost the peace. But the supply of Lindberghs is limited, and good feeling between the two peoples depends on more commonplace matters. M. Briand's proposal to outlaw war between the two nations, important as it is, will be no insurance against a return of ill feeling. Twice within a century and a half France and America have joined in the closest political coöperation and have then promptly drifted into a period of political estrangement. Is it merely a question of incompatibility? And is there no possible way to prevent these irritating interludes?

André Tardieu is excellently qualified to answer these questions, for he is something of a scholar as well as publicist and politician and he knows a good deal about the United States from residence here and from the study of our history. Lack of enlightenment, the convenient cause of so many of the world's ills, is, it appears, responsible for the unsatisfactory state of Franco-American relations. From French textbooks one would gather, says M. Tardieu, "... that d'Alembert and Rousseau sent Franklin over as their ambassador carrying in his baggage a constitution all ready to be planted in American soil, as was planted in our Jardin des Plantes the cedar of Lebanon brought back in the cocked hat of Bernard de Jussieu." As for American texts, "... nowhere in the dry-as-dust pages does one find the faintest trace of anything that could throw light upon the mystery of our [i.e. French] national life, upon our great moral crises, upon the tragedies of our slow formation, upon the astounding contradiction of our unswerving attachment to the soil and our insatiable need of foreign influence."

All this is unfortunately true, but M. Tardieu's book is not merely an attempt to prove that a chasm of ignorance separates the two nations; it purports to be an effort to bridge the chasm, not

by minimizing differences, but by explaining their origin. For example, the word "frontier" is the same in both languages, but "The Frenchman's frontier is a fortified line on which he fights and dies, a line changed by wars and treaties. The Frenchman's frontier is the soldier. The American's frontier was not a line, but a zone; a zone displaced not by war but by labor. . . . The American's frontier was not the soldier, but the pioneer." And the explanation is that "In a century and a half the United States has not had ten years of foreign war. France has been at war for three-fourths of her history of twenty centuries." Tardieu notes many other differences of point of view, of temperament, and of custom, and then he turns to our recent difficulties and discusses them in the light of the past. More than half this book is devoted to an explanation of why we did what we did in the period since 1914. Why we remained neutral for three years and at the same time gave indisputable evidences of our sympathy for France; why we insisted on the status of an associate rather than an Ally after 1917; and why after the victory we repudiated the treaty, deserted our friends, made a separate peace with the enemy, insisted on collecting the debts, and still showed our friendship for France by materially assisting in the restoration of devastated regions. He does not at once dismiss us as selfish materialists, but he obviously finds it difficult to make out a good case for us. One gets the impression that in view of our origin and history, our recent conduct was about all that could be expected.

ONE must agree with M. Tardieu that our policy in the recent past has not been admirable in many particulars; but one may also believe that understanding between the two nations would be promoted if similar admission were made with regard to French policy. Dr. Elizabeth Brett White's scholarly account of American opinion of France very clearly demonstrates that there are a great many aspects of French policy in the last hundred years that have been and still are with good reason regarded unfavorably in America. In fact, France has contributed a generous quota to the suspicion of European diplomacy and the fear of entanglements which has so influenced our transatlantic relations. By assuming that France and her allies were completely innocent and Germany and her allies absolutely guilty of precipitating the war, M. Tardieu naturally finds it difficult to explain our indifference to this clear

moral issue. From this assumption he misinterprets Wilson's mediation efforts and, by ignoring the secret treaties and the Allied territorial ambitions they represented, he attributes Wilson's failure to secure a "peace without victory" to his inept methods of diplomacy. We entered the war to protect our heavy investments in the Allies and because our security was threatened. "Crusade? Many have believed it in good faith. But facts are against them. Had it been a crusade it would have begun in August 1914, not in April 1917. . . . No, Wilson declared a narrowly national war which, although rivalling the selfishness of Salandra [who justified Italy's war on the grounds of 'sacred egoism'], deserves for the same reasons, the respect and gratitude of France."

THE interpretation of our postwar policy follows the same lines. Partisan politics appealing to self-interest determined our policy. There is truth in this, but it is just as true that partisan politics appealing to a narrow nationalism has shaped those French policies that have alienated American sympathy. This, however, M. Tardieu does not discuss.

Doubtless M. Tardieu has been too intimately concerned with recent French politics to view them objectively, and this is unfortunate, for after an admirable beginning his book simmers down to the now familiar indictment of American materialism. It will contribute perhaps to our understanding of French opinion of us, but for a clear vision of the whole matter of Franco-American relations it should be followed by Dr. White's cool survey of our opinion of France. She attacks, as does M. Tardieu, the myth so assiduously fostered during the war that our gratitude to France for Lafayette and Rochambeau has never cooled. She shows that we have not only resented injury to our interests, as during the First Empire, but that we have distrusted the policies and political ideals of the Bourbon restoration and of the Second Empire as we have of the Nationalists of our own day. "When French thought marched with ours we have been inclined to be friendly. When France seemed, in character and action, to challenge our ideas, we have become suspicious of her. . . . We loved Lafayette not only because he gave generous aid to us in our time of need, but because he stood for the liberty which we loved." With us, as with other nations, self-interest is perhaps the most important factor in shaping our foreign relations, but it is not the only one.

New Books in Brief Review

The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

WHEN the malevolent Professor Moriarty pushed Holmes over the edge of a precipice some two decades ago, it was reasonable to believe that the saga of the great detective was done. But there are sometimes trees and protuberances on chasm walls for worthy people to cling to, and Holmes was nothing if not worthy. And of course with the war Holmes must needs emerge from his retirement in Surrey to aid his country. Now it is safe to assume that Baker Street knows him no more; but Dr. Watson has ransacked his notebook and drawn forth a batch of cases which had been hitherto suppressed for reasons of professional delicacy. There is little to say about this present volume which has not been said about the others. That it is absorbing as ever goes without saying. Holmes still whips out his lens and Watson still waxes stupid to offset the brilliance of his friend. Scotland Yard still keeps its collectively flat feet upon the ground, and the great man still roams the upper ethers of deduction. For a rainy day, by all means turn down Baker Street once more.

The Rhineland Occupation. By Maj. Gen. Henry T. Allen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$5.00.

THE commanding general of the American Army of Occupation in Germany supplements his "Rhineland Journal" with a treatise on the technique of military administration in enemy territory. The general's former book treated chiefly of his personal experiences and reactions in the Coblenz area. "The Rhineland Occupation" deals with armies, politics, and diplomacy. General Allen compares and contrasts the American occupation with that of Great Britain and France. The volume is virtually a textbook for the student of military government by an invading army in conquered territory.

Berbers and Blacks. By David P. Barrows. New York: The Century Co. \$3.00.

AFFAIRS and peoples of French Africa — the Gold Coast, the Sudan, and Nigeria — are here carefully described in the light of personal contact by the widely traveled president emeritus of the University of California. The author's wanderings took him by train, river boat, horse, and foot far and wide through the vast

area to which France, as he says, is capably bringing the boons of European civilization. His experiences reveal the natives of the Niger valley in a new light as kindly and generous. His observations upon the results of French penetration seem to indicate that the European overlord is dealing fairly with his colonies and is about to bring on a new and tremendous development in the fertile spaces that flank the great African river. The book is well written and, to all who love to accompany travelers into out-of-the-way places, well worth reading.

The House of Lost Identity. By Donald Corley. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.

THIS is a rather diverting collection of imaginative tales unhappily marred by a pseudotasteful piece of bookmaking — involving a title-page of inexcusable infelicity — and an uninspiring introduction by James Branch Cabell. Having been obviously urged by the publishers to read Mr. Cabell's note, one finds little enthusiasm for going on. Which is distinctly unfortunate, inasmuch as Mr. Corley has written engagingly of mortal and immortal nothings and illustrated his work with charming pen-and-ink drawings. "The House of Lost Identity" is one of those summerish books which make no brief for anything important, contenting itself merely with whiling away a few pleasant siestas for the vacationing reader. As such it achieves its end.

The Next Age of Man. By Albert Edward Wiggam. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$3.00.

MR. WIGGAM is one type of rash connected with this neoscientific fever in literature. Now he has broken out again with a discussion of civilization in all its phases: past, present, and future. Civilization, Mr. Wiggam apparently believes, is its own reward — and not such a very good reward at that. Because of it man has become, not a group of mortals of whom only the hardiest and most worthy survive, but a series of social groups wherein the finest expend much of their strength in trying to keep the unfit alive. After many embellishments of this theme — most of them entertaining if of not unquestionable scientific profundity — he comes around finally to a discussion of eugenics and birth control. These he believes to be the hope of civilization, the heralds of the next, and last age of man. By their intelligent and organized

application, he maintains that the socially unfit will bring about their extermination by refusing to assume the responsibilities of social living and failing to reproduce themselves. This is a very happy idea, but Mr. Wiggam fails to convince us. Were he less prone to make his work primarily popular in the publisher's estimate of that term he might succeed better.

Runaway Days. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

MR. SCOVILLE, to whom nature study is a hobby, follows Stevenson's advice to "live dangerously," and if one may deduce anything from his latest book, he also lives interestingly. The volume treats with mild humor of lovely days on which the author consorted with collectors of birds' eggs and conducted some investigations into nature's byways on his own. He clearly demonstrates that one who would break out of the cell of city life and return exhilarated has only to wander through woods and over hills with his eyes open and his ears intent. The author's description of a day spent in a tree and his outline of the natural life that passed before his eyes as he perched on a limb is worth the whole book. His excellent pen picture of a swarm of bees taking over a tree is also noteworthy. On the whole, the volume is splendid reading.

The Family Flivvers to Frisco. By Frederic F. Van de Water. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

THIS engaging record of experiences might have been entitled the "Americanization of a New Yorker." For, prior to his long jaunt over the plains and mountains, Mr. Van de Water had never explored any of the territory that lies west of the Alleghenies. Neither had his wife, "commodore" of the expedition, nor their son, "the supercargo." In addition to being a rollicking narrative of transcontinental campers valuable to all who are tempted to flivver into the golden West, the volume is testimony that Americans who do not know the vast open spaces where men are men and women sometimes are governors had best get behind the wheel of a Ford and see for themselves. Concludes the author after 4,200 miles of bumps: "To us 'America' no longer is an abstract noun, or a familiar map of patchwork, or a flag, or a great domed building in Washington. It is something clearer and dearer and, we think, higher. It is the road we traveled."

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THE third American 'plane has crossed the Atlantic and the French nation has again cheered American aviators, much as it cheered Colonel LINDBERGH, the first to make the perilous passage. In Paris, Commander RICHARD E. BYRD and his three companions, BERT ACOSTA, Lieut. GEORGE O. NOVILLE, and Lieut. BERT BALCHEN, are receiving the plaudits of France and of the world for their gallant and thrilling adventure which ended in the sea at Ver-sur-Mer, tiny fishing village not far from Caen on the coast of Normandy.

The story of their flight is easily the most thrilling of the three. For the *America*, unlike the *Spirit of St. Louis* and the *Columbia* which preceded her, failed to get an even break with the weather. From the time the flyers left Nova Scotia until they found themselves at Land's End, westernmost tip of England, they sighted no water, the fog continuously hemming them in; so much, in fact, that they rarely saw the sky. Still, despite these handicaps, they would probably have arrived at Le Bourget safely had not the earth-inductor compass upon which they relied for their bearings suddenly failed them. With the compass refusing to point the course, and the night so filled with fog and rain that they could but dimly distinguish lights from time to time below them, they were unable to find the landing field upon which LINDBERGH had dropped from the skies. Watchers at Le Bourget stated that they heard the 'plane over them, and Commander BYRD is sure that if they were not over the field they were at least very near it, but no one is sure in the blackness of that night where they were. Apprehension that they might injure persons on the ground if they attempted a landing, as well as the certainty that the 'plane would be wrecked if they mistook the character of the terrain below, forced the decision to make a landing on the water.

Lieutenant BALCHEN, a former officer in the Norwegian navy whom Commander BYRD met in Spitsbergen last year while preparing for his flight over the North Pole, was piloting the 'plane when the landing was made. Apparently he made as perfect a landing as could be expected in attempting the difficult feat of bringing down a land 'plane upon the water. The landing gear was stripped off immediately, but its impact apparently stopped the 'plane's progress sufficiently so that the fall was broken. All of the men were thrown into the water, somewhat dazed,

but managed to get out their rubber lifeboat, to inflate it, and to propel themselves ashore. They had been in the air forty-three hours and twenty-one minutes from the time they took off at five o'clock from Roosevelt Field on June 30. Their landing was made at 2.20 A.M., French time. All of the flyers sustained minor bruises, ACOSTA being the most seriously injured with a broken collar bone. None of

of the Legion of Honor upon the *America's* commander and is expected to honor her crew before the flyers leave Paris.

Among the interesting announcements in connection with aviation is one that the American Express Company will open a transcontinental express route on August

15. Between seventy-five and a hundred 'planes are being purchased for this service, which will extend from New York to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Contracts for the service have already been let.

Fourteen 'planes are making the third annual reliability tour for the EDSSEL FORD trophy. The tour, which covers 4,110 miles and includes stops at twenty-five cities, has been a conspicuous success this year. But one of the fourteen pilots has been forced temporarily out of the flight, and he is expected to rejoin the others at New York. The entrants are all commercial or privately owned 'planes.

RICHARD GRACE, the Hollywood stunt flyer, who has been at Mana, Island of Kauai, Hawaii, since June 24, preparing to take off for a flight to the California mainland, crashed shortly after he had taken the air on July 4, and the flight has now been indefinitely postponed, though materials have been ordered to repair the damage. Neither GRACE nor the dog which was to have been his companion was injured. The motor and propeller also escaped unhurt. Trouble developed in the 'plane's rudder, but the reason for it has been undetermined.

The light cruiser, that arm of the naval service which has come to be considered of paramount importance both as an offensive and defensive weapon, has become the crux of the Geneva conference upon further limitation of naval armament. These light ships — of 10,000 tons and less — are considered by Great Britain a first necessity in guaranteeing the food supply of the United Kingdom, since, because of their speed and mobility, they are effective in keeping sea lanes open.

Great Britain's earliest suggestion as to the maximum tonnage of cruisers for herself and the United States was 600,000 tons. This figure, she said, was the least she could adopt which would contain any guarantee of the Empire's safety from blockades in time of war. Much of the tonnage she would be perfectly willing to place in 7,500-ton cruisers and others of even smaller capacity — ships which

The Week

¶The end of a magnificent flight. Commander Byrd and his companions find Paris enthusiastic. Honors from the French Government for all. No flight back, however. ¶The Hawaii-San Francisco flight postponed by an accident. ¶The American Express will span the continent by air. ¶"Cowboy Coolidge." The President takes to chaps and spurs to the delight of the West. And seems to be winning hearts and votes in South Dakota. "Cal's our pal." ¶The cruiser fight comes to a head at Geneva. A new armament race? Or merely adequate defense for Great Britain? Accord on submarines and destroyers near. ¶China: The Christian General and the Nationalists. Cleaning up south of the Yellow River. ¶Tennis crowns for Americans at Wimbledon. ¶Nicaragua again. ¶An overt act?

the hurts, however, compares with the nervous strain of the voyage which, now that it is over, has left all of them in a somewhat weakened condition.

CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN and CHARLES S. LEVINE, who made the transatlantic passage in the *Columbia*, are also in Paris, and the city has honored the crews of both 'planes. Official

receptions and the generous acclaim of an enthusiastic municipality have taken up much of the time of the flyers. Commander BYRD and his companions plan to return within a week, but it is hardly expected that there will be any question of their flying back. The *America* was practically wrecked by her drop in the sea and the buffetings of the surf. An entire new fuselage would have to be built and extensive repairs made before it is believed she will be able to take the air again. President GASTON DOUMERGUE of France has conferred the rank of officer

Cross-Continent Express

Reliability Tour

Second Pacific Flight

Cruisers

Britain's Position

Third Crossing

The Flight

The Landing

would be but lightly armed and whose function would be defensive and not aggressive. The American delegation, headed by Ambassador HUGH S. GIBSON, had already suggested 300,000 tons as the maximum which the United States desired to fix. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty, who heads the British delegation, denied that his Government wished to begin a new armament race, or that the 600,000-ton limit would lead to such a race. He said to correspondents that he could not do better than to repeat Mr. GIBSON's words at the beginning of the conference: "Our policy is guided solely by a desire for adequate defense. We have no intention of maintaining a force which could be regarded as a threat to any power." He was apparently somewhat disgruntled, however, by the American proposal, seeming to feel that the United States was attempting to define "adequate defense" so far as Great Britain was concerned. "It is also within our rights," he said, "to assume we know better than other nations what our needs are."

The American delegation has now agreed to lift the maximum cruiser tonnage to 400,000 tons, while Great Britain has consented to lower her figure to

Compromise 470,000. There, for the present, the argument rests with further compromise necessary before agreement can be reached. Japan has inclined definitely toward the American proposal, apparently actuated by motives of economy.

So far as submarines go, an agreement seems about to be reached which will probably fix individual tonnage maximum at 1,800 tons. This will not cause the scrapping of submarines now being built by the United States, however, which possess a capacity of more than 2,000 tons. Headway is also being made toward an accord upon destroyers. So far, no definite agreement has been signed in any field by the conferees, but it is believed that the conference will not break up without accords at least in some fields which will extend the work of the Washington Conference.

An entertaining chapter in the drama which might be called "Mr. COOLIDGE's Winning of the West," was written on July 4 when the President donned the traditional regalia of the old "Cowboy" West and became its most honored citizen. It was his fifty-fifth birthday, as it was the nation's one hundred and fifty-first, and in celebration, an informal reception was held on the lawn of State Lodge in Custer State Park, South Dakota, where the President has elected to spend his summer. The Boy Scouts of Custer, South Dakota, came over in the afternoon, bringing as their present a complete cowboy outfit and a horse. Mr. COOLIDGE greeted his visitors shortly after luncheon attired in blue suit and straw hat, but before the afternoon

was over, he had retired within the Lodge to emerge a few moments later wearing chaps and spurs, a vivid red shirt, blue neckerchief, and the now-famous tengallon hat. The effect upon the crowd was immediate and electric. Cheers for the President rang out, and when the crowd left, it was to sing a refrain whose burden was "CAL's our pal!"

Next day the President and Mrs. COOLIDGE journeyed to Belle Fourche, South Dakota, to witness the Tri-State Rodeo. The exhibition of Western "stunts"

Winning the West

seemed to interest both distinguished visitors, while their presence encouraged the 16,000 persons present to cheers for the Chief Executive and first lady of the land. Political observers upon the Western front report that Mr. COOLIDGE is making considerable progress in winning the heart of the West. His frank injection of himself into the spirit of the occasion upon Independence Day is pointed to as a particular evidence that the President is responding to the supposedly more frank spirit which exists in the West.

No important new developments have come out of China recently excepting the fact that FENG YU-HSIANG, the Christian General, had definitely broken with the Communist elements of the

In China

Red Hankow Government to join CHIANG KAI-SHEK, generalissimo of the Nationalist or South China forces, in his war upon the Northerners. FENG was appointed to command the armies of Hankow which were expected to combat both the Nanking Government of CHIANG KAI-SHEK and the Northerners. But FENG apparently saw the writing on the wall and decided that a divided control of the South could never be successful. He therefore threw in his fortunes with CHIANG and is said now to be expelling some of the Russian advisers from Hankow. It has been reported that MICHAEL BORODIN, chief adviser of the Moscow Government at Hankow, was among those expelled, but a denial of this fact comes from no less interesting a person than Senator HIRAM BINGHAM of Connecticut who is spending his summer vacation in a tour of China. A long dispatch from Senator BINGHAM appeared in the press of the country recently, expressing the conclusion that the old days of unequal treaties with China were done.

The opinion in growing that the Nationalists' drive upon the North will eventually be successful. The Nationalists are still concentrating upon driving out all of the Northerners from territory south of the Yellow River, and when that is accomplished and that much of the country unified under their command, it is probable that the real drive upon Peking and Tientsin will commence. Should the Nationalists take Peking, CHANG TSO-LIN, war lord of the North,

will doubtless retire to his stronghold of Mukden where it is not believed the Nationalists will trouble him. CHANG has never shown any particular interest in controlling Peking, being contented with his control of northern Manchuria.

The greatest interest has been expressed this year in the Wimbledon championships. These English events have always been ranked as of major importance in the

Tennis Laurels

tennis world, but this year the success of American contestants has given them an added glamour on this side of the water. Miss HELEN WILLS won the women's singles championship in a sharp battle with Miss LILI D'ALVAREZ; Miss WILLS and Miss ELIZABETH RYAN took the doubles crown, while WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2ND, and FRANCIS T. HUNTER took the men's doubles title. Miss RYAN and HUNTER won the mixed doubles event. Only in the men's singles did the United States suffer defeat. After defeating his opponent, HENRI COCHET of France, in the first two sets, TILDEN lost three straight to his rival. Miss RYAN's triumph with Miss WILLS in the women's doubles marked the ninth occasion upon which she has been a member of the winning doubles team at Wimbledon. Miss WILLS' success in the singles marked the first time in twenty years that an American has held this particular championship. In 1907 it was won by Mrs. MAY SUTTON BUNDY.

The Nicaraguan situation flashes back into the news this week with the announcement from the executive offices in Rapid City, South Dakota, that President

Nicaragua

COOLIDGE has appointed Brig. Gen. FRANK R. MC COY to supervise the 1928 Presidential elections in the troublesome Central American republic. Hostilities have ceased there for the present; the SACASA revolutionists have laid down their arms, and, so far as is known, both Conservatives and Liberals are pinning their hopes upon the next elections which the United States has promised will be fairly conducted.

Another issue which has been in the background has come to light again. It has to do with troublesome Article XIV of the Mexican constitution by which all alien companies operating oil properties in Mexico were required to file papers confirming their concessions by December 31, 1926, upon pain of losing their lands and rights. Our Government has contended that this law is retroactive and confiscatory. Now the Mexican Government has refused a drilling permit to the Transcontinental Oil Company which has forwarded a copy of the refusal to our State Department for study. It has generally been considered the adopted position of the State Department that no action would be taken against Mexico until some overt act of confiscation took place. This refusal may come to be considered the expected overt act.

South China's Prospects

The Editor Steps Down

THE courageous plea of Dr. George H. Bigelow, Commissioner of Public Health for Massachusetts, that a more practical point of view be adopted with regard to curbing the spread of venereal disease has brought a number of extremely interesting comments. Most of them speak for themselves, as does the following from an eminent Boston physician:

DEAR SIR:

The letter by Dr. George H. Bigelow appearing in your issue of June 25, impels me to write a few words of comment.

¶ This letter and its publication are the most encouraging signs for a better handling of the problem of venereal diseases that have come to my notice for a long time. It is quite evident that in order to make any progress in combating venereal diseases an enlightened public opinion must be aroused. During the war period a great deal of interest was evidenced by various portions of the community, but unfortunately this has seemed to die down in the last few years. Now comes the challenge of Dr. Bigelow. It should be noted that this is not the canting of a professional reformer or agitator, but the well-considered point of view of a conservative health officer who recognizes the importance of the problem of venereal disease, its widespread prevalence, and the necessity of treating it as other preventible diseases.

¶ Dr. Bigelow has met the issue quite squarely. Syphilis is a preventible disease. There is ample evidence that precautionary methods, even when contact with the organism of the disease occurs, will prevent a development of an infection. As Dr. Bigelow says: "Why should the State not provide the means for the prevention of this very serious disease and educate the community to avail themselves of such preventive measures with exactly the same attitude as is done in the case of diphtheria or typhoid fever"? The reason that this has not been done is, of course, because of certain conventional moralistic and ethical habits of thought. Anyone who has had experience with the infection, acquired innocently or in marriage, or seen the effects of congenital syphilis can have no patience with these time-honored, inhibiting conventions.

¶ I believe that no one who has thought clearly about this subject can have any doubt that Dr. Bigelow's point of view is the only logical and decent point of view that can be held. It must not be overlooked, however, that his letter is the first open attack on the subject in recent years, that he deserves the utmost support for his courageous stand. I believe that *THE INDEPENDENT* is also to be congratulated on its willingness to open this issue in its columns, and it is my sincere hope that it will continue to give space to discussion of this subject and will take a definite

stand in its editorial policy in furthering the efforts of our most worthy Commissioner of Public Health.

H. C. SOLOMON, M.D.

The Superintendent of Health of Providence, Rhode Island, however, is inclined to disagree with Dr. Bigelow's suggestion. His brief comment gives his reasons:

DEAR SIR:

I thank you for sending me a copy of *THE INDEPENDENT* containing a letter from Dr. George H. Bigelow on the distribution of calomel for the prevention of venereal disease. The reason I do not distribute this is, first, because the State Health Department has assumed the control of these diseases, and, second, because I am afraid that if it should prove really effective and its use could be made popular, both of which I think are problematical, I have grave fear that it would encourage immorality.

CHARLES V. CHAPIN, M.D.

The following lay opinion from a woman prominent in Boston strikes the Editors as a particularly valuable contribution to the discussion:

DEAR SIR:

In compliance with your request to me I read Dr. Bigelow's letter and in answer hasten to say that it seems to me that as Health Commissioner there is only one thing for him to do, and that is — whatever best safeguards the health of the community which he is appointed to protect. If it be true that "calomel ointment freely applied before promiscuous intercourse controlled ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent of the infections when seriously tried in the late war," can there be any doubt that — although the publication of this information broadcast would be unwise in that it would doubtless increase immorality — he ought to see that this ointment is given away to those willing to apply for it? Otherwise, is he not putting himself on a par with the people who advocate adulterating commercial alcohol with wood alcohol in order that it may be poisonous to those who indulge their appetite?

¶ The moment a murderer's life is threatened, the public rises to protect him. Might not a health officer be encouraged to protect the health of those who are at least as worthy of protection, for they are neither so immoral as murderers, nor so dangerous to the community, especially if by using a prophylactic much of this danger is done away with? It is hardly necessary to say that overindulgence in liquor and "promiscuous intercourse" between the sexes are both extremely repugnant to me, as they are to most people whom they do not fascinate, but there are things more important for us all than to insist on virtue in others, and one is — to

keep our own hearts pure and kind and our minds sane and able to think straight.

¶ A health officer's business is community health, and community morals only as it is with everyone. He can help to protect community morals, however, much better than most people if he does his own job thoroughly and gives the public the health knowledge it ought to have, as did Dr. McLaughlin of the United States Public Health Service — who was Health Commissioner of Massachusetts at the beginning of the World War — when he made a great pronouncement for both health and morals in declaring publicly that "continence is compatible with health." Many young men had been told that it was not, and I am certain that a considerable amount of "promiscuous intercourse" has always been because of the old tradition that men must gratify their sexual appetites to keep themselves in health.

¶ Dr. Bigelow is right in saying that whatever the health officers do in this case we shall "be damned if we do and damned if we don't." But that is true of everything in life. If we are honest and fearless we are damned and hated, and if we are cowardly in statement and action we are damned but liked; yet on the whole, I believe the first damning to be preferable, for then we at least keep our own self-respect, whereas in the latter case we have the respect of nobody.

MRS. WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM.

ALTHOUGH editorially *THE INDEPENDENT* has expressed more than once its conviction that national prohibition has been ineffective and unwise, the Editors have never attempted to suppress the opinions of the drys. Dr. Wheeler's article in the June 18 issue was prepared expressly at our request. Our correspondent is professor of economics at Harvard.

DEAR SIR:

You have shown a genuinely liberal spirit in publishing the article by Wayne B. Wheeler on "A New Deal for Prohibition." Mr. Wheeler's article is illuminating, not only for the information which it contains, but for the moderate and matter-of-fact tone in which it is written. Contrary to what some of the enemies of prohibition have been saying, he has always carried on his campaigns in a modest and debonaire spirit which some of the enemies of prohibition might well imitate.

¶ This leads me to wonder whether you were not straining a point in bringing in so many uncomplimentary allusions to prohibition in your otherwise excellent article on "The Dogging of the D'Autremonts." To one reader, at least, it sounded as though you were going considerably out of your way for no purpose except to say some cutting and not altogether convincing things.

T. N. CARVER.

IN THE INDEPENDENT for June 11 we commented upon the forthcoming exchange of ambassadors with Turkey, mentioning at the same time the charges which a group of Armenians, disappointed at this resumption of relations with Turkey after the defeat of the Lausanne Treaty in the Senate, had leveled against our State Department. The following letter from a young Armenian, an undergraduate at Syracuse University, is welcome evidence that all Armenians in the United States do not share the views of those who have made themselves so stridently articulate in condemnation of a necessary diplomatic step.

DEAR SIR:

You are quite right in stating that "Armenians in this country, expatriate representatives of a race . . . are making themselves ridiculous by gross charges." But here you assume that all the Armenians are aligned on one side, and consequently your arrow of criticism is aimed to all of them. It seems to me such an assumption does not conform to the existing situation.

¶ You are living in a city where the howlings of a few disappointed Armenian "patriots" are audible to you. I frankly admit that there are a group of such people who, under the guise of patriotism, "make themselves ridiculous by gross charges," as you have put it. But may I remind you that these few persons do not and will never represent the Armenians in this country, any more than the members of K. K. K. will represent one hundred per cent Americans. It may also be true "that they care nothing for the rights and persons of Americans now resident in Turkey." But their indifference for the rights and persons of the Americans is not due to their selfishness; these are ideas leaked through the minds of Messrs. Gerard, Morgenthau, and a few other outcast politicians who still foster the childish belief that the Wilson award of Armenia will be reinstated and his ideals revived.

¶ It is too bad that we, too, as a nation, possess a number of scoundrels, demagogues, and charlatans, who by some hook or crook have been able to keep their heads above the average and talk in terms of public welfare, public improvement, public benefits, without possessing a grain of public interest. And I hope you, the editors of well-known periodicals and dailies, will not take the statements of such persons seriously and spread them over the entire nation.

ARSHAG O. SARKISSIAN,

OUR plea to the gods of the movie world that they supply us poor males with more news reels has met with a number of favorable comments in the press. Evidently we were not alone in deploring the banality of the average movie record of love and what passes in the celluloid world for life as it is lived by our more vital Americans. An Alabama editor asks "what could have been of

more interest to Alabamians as a whole last fall than a connected, play-by-play picturization of the Alabama-Stanford football game?" and suggests at least one good travel picture a week.

A clipping from the *Union of Springfield, Massachusetts*, states: "It is probable that a complete canvass of the men of this country would show this overwhelming preference for the news reel, together with aversion to the ghastly comics and the slushy romance of half-baked Don Juans and Donna Julias." Again we repeat our plea: "Please, sirs, more news reels!"

WITH Mr. Coolidge off vacationing in the Black Hills, and the attention of the nation generally shunted away from the capital, THE INDEPENDENT's Washington correspondent has temporarily departed from behind the political scenes. A two months' vacation, we feel, will bring him back to Washington in the fall with a renewed zest for smelling out the unusual bits of political thunder which lurk behind closed doors and within the minds of officialdom. Undoubtedly this assurance will explain the matter to the following correspondent, an occasional contributor to THE INDEPENDENT, who writes us from Washington:

DEAR SIR:

This week's INDEPENDENT has just come in and I was disappointed not to find in it the customary weekly letter of your Washington correspondent. This is the thing I always read first, after glancing through the "Remarkable Remarks." The letter is always spicy and often gives an insight into behind-the-scenes episodes in national politics that is paralleled only by *Collier's* and the two radical weeklies. I hope that the absence of the letter from this week's INDEPENDENT does not mean that you will not continue to publish it in the future.

WILLIAM E. SHEA.

How Much Are the Railroads Worth?

(Continued from page 58)

Supreme Court would be the final arbiter, it apparently took the ground that it would clear its skirts before the public and "pass the buck" on to a higher authority. Unless the Supreme Court reverses itself it must reverse the Commerce Commission's decision. Will it dare? This is what it will mean.

If the decision of the Commission is upheld, enormous sums of money must be returned to the Government under the recapture clause of the Transportation Act to the injury of railroad credit and the consequent lessening of their efficiency in the service of the public — a service

which, since the return from government ownership, has been put on a plane of higher efficiency than ever before. It is further clear that there can be no substantial rate increases to obtain funds with which to pay these recapture moneys.

If the Commission's decision is reversed and prices of today are written into the valuation record, there will be little if any excess earnings recapturable from any of the properties because a total value of something like \$40,000,000,000 cannot fail to be reached, and no single railroad property, however prosperous, has ever been able to earn in excess of six per cent in any year on its proportionate part of such a valuation. It will then be the duty of the Commerce Commission to adjust freight and passenger rates so that a "fair return" may be realized on this new figure. On the basis of prewar prices, as we have seen, the total valuation will be something like \$22,000,000,000 or \$23,000,000,000, and it is not necessary to call in a professor of mathematics to figure out that, to adjust rates to meet a valuation of practically double this amount, our annual freight and passenger bills will have to be increased in a like proportion. It is here that the dollars and cents come in that have caused the public to take an interest in what is going on in valuations. Is it a wonder that the Commerce Commission thought it best to throw precedent to the winds and pass the buck to the highest tribunal in the land? In order to be consistent, to conform with the statute and its own previous decisions in parallel cases, it must overrule the findings of the Commission and hand down a decision which may mean economic disaster. Is the Supreme Court supreme enough to ignore statute and decision and find a value based on prudence rather than on law?

This is the second case that has come to the Supreme Court as a result of the valuations. The Commerce Commission had placed a value for rate-making purposes on the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad — a subsidiary of the Union Pacific — of \$45,000,000 by applying prices of June, 1914, against inventories. The railroad company entered a protest, claiming a value of \$70,000,000 on the basis of current prices. After traveling the usual course through the lower courts the case reached the Supreme Court, which took the ground in an opinion handed down in January, 1927, that the Commission's valuation was not a matter for judicial review till it had been put in evidence that specific injury had been done to the railroad in question, and that this had not been definitely shown. It is clear that, in this instance, the court temporized. Realizing the extreme importance of a decision which would in effect settle the entire controversy so far as the application of the price principle was concerned, and with its previous decisions no doubt in mind, it apparently preferred to play for time,

knowing well that other cases would soon follow. The same plea cannot be put forward in the O'Fallon case, because a distinct and specific injury will probably be claimed if the Commission's finding is allowed to stand. Some other reason, however, may be found for postponing action for the Supreme Court hesitates to make a final decision on a principle of such far-reaching import.

Although government regulation of public-utilities property has been in force for a generation or more, it is becoming apparent that the principles upon which it should rest are not yet fully determined or understood — a view which the railroad valuation seems to strengthen. Indeed, no less an authority than Dr. Arthur Twining Hadley, in the *Yale Review*, makes the claim that our present form of regulation has already failed; that the practice of basing property valuations on the cost of the plant is wrong and often dangerous. Many other authorities agree with Dr. Twining, but none have clearly pointed to the way out. Perhaps the Supreme Court will point out what direction the departure should take.

Whiskey As You Drink It

(Continued from page 65)

But the more carefully we study and analyze the effects of moonshine poisoning, the greater becomes our appreciation of this menace. Two years ago Dr. William D. McNally of Chicago published an instructive article, in which the rising tide of deaths from alcoholism since the enforcement of prohibition was clearly shown. These statistics came from the coroner's office of Cook County, Illinois. In 1915 only 2.2 per cent of the deaths reported at the Chicago morgue were the direct result of alcoholism; in 1923 this figure had risen to 35.7 per cent. Dr. McNally also conducted experiments on rats which indicated that bootleg is essentially more poisonous than authentic whiskey. Animals fed on daily doses of fifteen drops of moonshine died in a few months, whereas the rats receiving the same strength of pure grain alcohol lived for many months.

A discussion of the ill effects of the national drink, namely hooch, would be incomplete without mention of copper poisoning. This latest addition to our knowledge of the many ways in which bad whiskey may poison the human body was brought to our attention by Dr. F. B. Mallory of Boston in March, 1926. Chronic copper poisoning now threatens to be a definite menace to all disciples of the still and cocktail shaker. Very small quantities of copper are not poisonous. The body can and does handle a limited amount; that is, not more than one sixth of a grain per day. But when this quantity

is exceeded, one is poisoned by the excess of copper. The liver, in particular, must bear the brunt of the attack and pay the health bill of the man who is too sociable to refuse a drink. Another danger arises from the use of copper shakers in preparing lemonade; the citric acid contained in the fruit may dissolve poisonous amounts of the metal.

According to Dr. Mallory, 798 samples of hooch were examined by the Department of Public Health of Massachusetts and copper was found in various amounts in 10.8 per cent. A single pint of bootleg may contain nine times the quantity of copper that the body can handle in a day without damage. The copper probably gains entrance to the hooch or home-brew as follows: during the process of distillation, various organic acids are formed in the mash, some of which are necessarily distilled over with the alcohol. These acids are capable of dissolving copper. As a rule, the condenser of the distilling apparatus is equipped with a copper worm. Little by little, that copper worm is being dissolved into the "safe home-brew" that the host so hospitably pours out for his guests while the cards are being dealt. Cocktail shakers, too, are possible sources of poisoning. These utensils of social distinction are often made of copper, lined with silver or tin. When the lining is worn off, the copper is exposed; then it is readily dissolved by the liquor.

With regard to their mental attitude toward prohibition, there seem to be two classes of men; namely, those who curse the name of Volstead with a glass of hooch and those who bless it with a drink of ginger ale. The question of sympathy with or opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment appears to play a large part in determining whether or not a person is to be dry or wet in his habits; whereas, as a matter of common sense, the quality of the beverage one drinks should be the first consideration.

To my mind, the recognized dangers of bootleg whiskey offer an argument neither for nor against prohibition. The dry adherents may point to them as a strong argument in favor of strict enforcement of the Volstead Act. The wet sympathizers, on the other hand, may retaliate that the situation has arisen from the Volstead Act itself.

To drink or not to drink: that is the question. But one cannot find the answer in any moral pronouncement as to the justice or iniquity of the prohibition amendment, for it is purely a question of common sense. The drinker demands something he cannot obtain; namely, pure whiskey. The substitute offered by the bootlegger is always more or less poisonous and sometimes may even cause death. Therefore, is not the man who still insists on having his whiskey at all costs very much like the African savage who stands with upheld spear defying the lightning?

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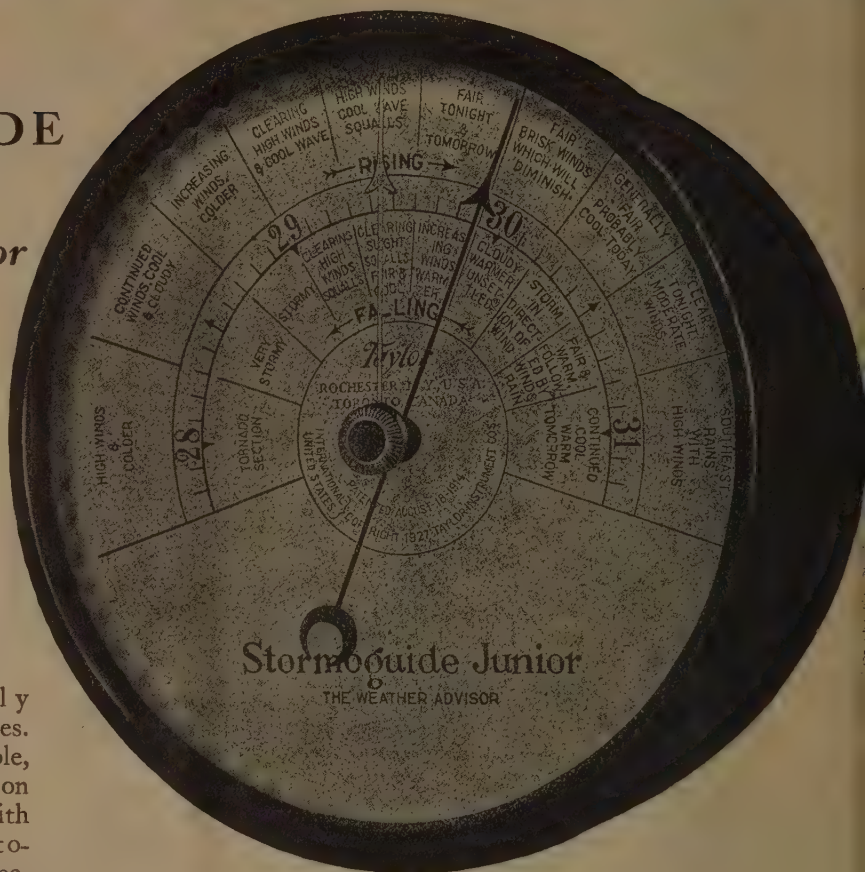
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THE Geneva conference is still in session and each day brings additional hope for a definite agreement. This in spite of an apparently unanimous determination on the part of the American press correspondents to keep the conference on the verge of a break-up. Fortunately the death of O'Higgins, the Irish statesman, permitted Hugh Gibson the opportunity of a graceful gesture in suggesting to Mr. Bridgeman a postponement of the plenary session at which the British delegation had promised to lay its case before the world. Much was to be feared from



this session and little to be gained; it must have been a welcome relief to all concerned that a temporary postponement was made possible without "loss of face" on either side. The plenary session now scheduled opens under happier auspices and with real hope of success.

If Woodrow Wilson were alive today he might well see in this conference a genuine effort to achieve an open covenant openly arrived at. Obviously at

the beginning neither British nor Japanese nor American group had any idea what the other would propose. Day by day the varying reactions of the delegations as well as the new compromises proposed and discussed have been reported fully by the press correspondents, but unfortunately these reports have taken on much more the aspect of editorial discussions than of news dispatches. This has probably been due to the fact that few official *communiqués* have been issued and the correspondents have been obliged to get their information from members of the delegations direct, or else construct stories based on meagre hints as to the proceedings dropped here and there. We cannot feel that the result of this procedure has been entirely happy. It has tended to give each nation a series of press reports colored for the benefit of its own nationals without a compensating expression of the other side's views. It has further tended to overemphasize from day to day differences of views which might just as well have been kept quiet until properly ironed out. In other words, each issue has been brought into the open and one-sidedly reported so as to create the maximum of distrust and anxiety.

A more fundamental difficulty of the conference

has been the technical aspect of the subject and the personnel of the delegations. Only naval officers are really competent to discuss technical naval matters, and yet it is too much to expect ambitious sailors to go at naval reduction or even limitation with any degree of enthusiasm. Just as Mr. Hughes achieved a miracle at the Washington Conference in keeping his naval advisers within bounds, so Hugh Gibson appears to have equal control. But in a protracted session where naval views must be consulted almost momentarily, it would not be surprising to find economy and the furtherance of peace pushed into a place of secondary importance. In this light the progress so far achieved is a genuine tribute to the will toward agreement shown by each nation.

Cowboy Calvin Coolidge

IT is evident that in such a broad land as this the ambitious politician who would win favor far and wide had best personify a denial of the poetic axiom that East and West shall never meet. Otherwise it would be impossible to understand what determined Mr. Coolidge to brave the camera eye dressed as a hell-for-leather cowboy. For he must have anticipated that the New England countenance beneath the famous ten-gallon hat would somehow queer the pose.



The President has apparently become picture wise. On that memorable occasion when he pitched hay before the Graflex, careless overalls left revealing gaps through which city clothes were all too plainly visible. But the cowboy costume gives no opportunity for tell-tale peeps beneath. Nor is that all. At the time of the hay-pitching photo, it was whispered that the President didn't even own the overalls; all doubt as to title in the cattle ranger's outfit was dispelled. Big letters on the *chaparajos* told the world definitely that these habiliments belonged to Cal. That was reassuring. We hate to have our Presidents parading under false colors in borrowed clothes.

Careful Calvin avoided another mistake. Exclusively Western in the cowboy suit, he no doubt feared that Easterners might be piqued at an apparent alienation of his affections. So he stepped up to the cameras again — this time as half East, half West — an all-American Chief Executive, if you please. Clutching the leather pants so that they hung down in front of his legs, the President stood forth above the belt in the more commonplace blue serge of Washington days. Thus were all possible New England misgivings eloquently laid low. The first picture was one hundred per cent Western. The second picture was a sagacious fifty-fifty — an

assurance to the East that he was still the same.

It is a pity that the South is so solidly Democratic. We should like to behold a photograph of Mr. Coolidge as a Virginia colonel, mustaches, goatee, black fedora, and all. Yet we doubt the wisdom of these burlesque pictures. We are not at all sure that they do not strike at the very heart of our most democratic nation. Official America has always scorned to appear in uniform outside the conventional black of formal civilian attire. Mr. Coolidge is veering dangerously toward the foreign custom of dressing up its rulers in uniforms appropriate to the delegation to be received. With the hayfield and cowboy tradition established, it is but a short step to receiving miners' delegations with lamp in cap and pick in hand, firemen with helmet and axe, a prize fighter in trunks, athletic shirt, and dressing gowh. The horror of this suggestion should be sufficient warning. We urge that the President take to heart that simple exhortation: "Be yourself."

Ford, the *Oscar II*, and Israel

SINCERITY leaps from every letter of Henry Ford's apology to Israel. What his renunciation of the *Dearborn Independent's* long warfare against the Jews may have lacked in timeliness it supplied in earnest humility and honest courage. Many another man in the same situation might have whispered a quiet order to his editors and sentenced the anti-Semitic ogre to silent death by strangulation. Not so Ford. He killed it with a public blow — the only way in which the wrong, also public, could be righted. He had not only to make his peace with Jewry; he had also to make it with himself.

Ford's major fault seems to lie in a weakness for permitting altruistic fervor to prompt almost childish faith in irresponsible idealists. In two notable instances his sublime faith in visionaries has led him into pitfalls. During the war he became fascinated by zealots and sailed away on an absurd argosy to bring "the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." But the pictured calm of world peace turned into a storm of international derision, of which Ford was the butt. Later he lent susceptible ear to the Utopian dream of a richly endowed, free, fearless, and unleashed magazine, to be devoted to the dissemination of truth no matter whom it hit. He put up the money, gave the editors the key, swore to keep hands off, and went about his many other affairs. As might have been expected, the magazine, subjected to none of the normal restraints of sane journalism, became minister to intolerance rather than handmaiden to truth, and Ford, another hope crushed, washed his hands of the whole business.

By now, the altruistic manufacturer must have learned that rosy visions are often too evanescent to endure. The peace trip turned a dream to dust.

the magazine, honorably conceived, dealt in dis-
 honor, sped bigotry stalking through the world,
 and dragged another Ford ambition to the earth.
 The *Dearborn Independent* is about to become a
 house organ.

Mr. Ford eats humble pie, but he merits admira-
 tion. He still owns a burning desire to do right by
 the world, else he never would have mustered the
 courage to make so complete an apology. His state-
 ment came clearly from the heart and not solely
 from the head. The same decent impulses, however
 misguided, which dictated the institution of the
 magazine, leading him inadvertently into a colossal
 mistake, served to correct the error. We trust that
 his apology to the Jews and the world has fallen on
 fertile soil — that something more than lip forgive-
 ness will blossom from his plea for pardon.

Wanted: a New Tradition

THE Federal Reserve Board needs a new Ameri-
 can tradition. Its creditable accomplishment and
 vast powers merit more public esteem than it has
 ever been accorded. A seat on the great financial
 body should be as enticing to a financier as a place
 on the Supreme bench is to a jurist. The Board as a
 whole should occupy a position in public regard
 similar to that enjoyed by our highest tribunal.
 Senator Thomas of Oklahoma proposes to supply the
 need by legislation. We heartily concur in his plan.
 Fortunately, so far, the members of the Board
 have been of an unusually high type, as is established
 by their exceptionally wise use of the powers with
 which they are as a group invested. In their hands
 is an authority that affects the pocketbook of every
 person in the United States. They have wielded it
 wisely and well. There has grown up, however, a
 tendency to regard membership on the Board as a
 stepping-stone to more lucrative positions with large
 private banks — a condition which should, if pos-
 sible, be eliminated.

Senator Thomas declares that the Federal Re-
 serve Board is the "most important government
 institution in the world." He points out that the
 Supreme Court has never been viewed as a milestone
 or an attorney on the way to larger financial re-
 wards in later private practice. A seat on the tribu-
 nal is the greatest honor that any jurist can hope to
 attain and is so adjudged by the public. If the same
 tradition could be built up around the Federal
 Reserve Board, the results would be eminently
 worth while. Certainly legislative effort in that
 direction deserves support.

The Federal Reserve Board is almost as supreme
 in matters of money as our highest court is in mat-
 ters of law. Yet members of the Board receive only
 \$12,000 a year, far less than many of the bankers to
 whom they give orders. Senator Thomas proposes to
 draft an amendatory bill containing provisions for

raising salaries of the Board members to \$25,000 a
 year, lengthening the tenure of office, and safe-
 guarding the selection of membership so that its
 personnel may always be above criticism. He does
 not intimate how he hopes to accomplish the last
 object, but certainly he is on the right track in all
 three proposals.

The Murder of O'Higgins

POLITICAL fanatics who brutally murdered
 Kevin O'Higgins snuffed out the life of a friend
 to all Ireland and defeated their own unworthy ends.
 They shot, no doubt, to win ground and favor by
 laying low the strongest and most uncompromising
 opponent of the De Valera program. Instead, they
 have lost ground dearly won at the last elections
 and provided the Free State conservatives with a
 martyr. When O'Higgins died emotional Ireland
 wept. Even opponents of the Cosgrave régime were
 horrified. If the Government needed adherents to
 weigh the balance in the Dail on the side of sanity
 their own enemies have supplied the want.

Since the great Parnell the O'Higgins family has
 ranked high among Irish patriots. During the strug-
 gle which ended in home rule, Kevin O'Higgins
 fought with the most fervent. Always he was an
 unflagging patriot. His love of country, his burn-
 ing zeal, though lately tempered by restraint, were
 always unimpeachable. As Foreign Minister, at
 Geneva and in London, he won world-wide respect
 for Irish brains and Irish hopes. After the treaty,
 his fiery energies were directed against the menaces
 to security inherent in De Valera radicalism. He
 fought Republicanism tooth and nail and with its
 own weapons.

But he was unable to put the Republicans com-
 pletely down, and at the last election they won a
 signal victory. Now, it seems that the object which
 he failed to win in life may be attained by his death.
 His corpse is mute but eloquent testimony to the
 type of enemy he fought while living. Irishmen are
 quick to sympathy, swift to anger. The assassina-
 tion of the Government's strongest leader will ce-
 ment opponents of the Republicans. In murdering
 O'Higgins, the Republican terrorists may have
 killed De Valera.

The Crisis in Petroleum

THE crisis which now prevails in the oil industry
 is the most acute in history. It was precipitated
 by the enormous flush production of 350,000 barrels
 a day in the Seminole fields of Oklahoma, which
 yield only light oil of high gasoline content. Previous
 overstocks have been brought on by excessive out-
 puts in districts pumping only heavy crude. During
 the overproduction of 1922 and 1923 the supply of
 crude oil on hand varied between 300,000,000 and

350,000,000 barrels, while the stock of gasoline was only 24,000,000 barrels. Now, however, the supply of crude on the surface is 320,000,000 barrels, whereas gasoline in storage aggregates 52,000,000 barrels, or twice as much as in 1923. The cost of storing gasoline is far greater than that of storing crude, and the loss by evaporation is proportionately excessive. The fact that stocks on hand this year are in light oil and gasoline rather than in heavy crude makes the situation especially acute.

On first consideration it might seem that the low price of gasoline prevalent during petroleum overproduction is a boon to the public. But this is hardly the case. After a period of excessive output, when production again descends to normal, storage gasoline moves into the market at a price which includes not only the base cost of crude and refining, but also storage costs and the price of evaporation. The public will balance this account later on.

The best place to store oil is in the ground. Yet Federal and State laws encourage hasty drilling of wells even when petroleum is a glut on the market. In the Seminole fields at the peak of this year's output almost five hundred wells were being sped to completion. Two years ago when the Federal Oil Conservation Board was formed the large companies protested against government interference with production. Confronted by this year's crisis, however, a powerful group, headed by W. C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, asked the Government to step in and curtail output. But the Government is bound by laws which insist upon free competition and could not act, even as umpire, because two or three independent operators refused to coöperate. The situation has convinced leaders of the industry that free competition is not to be desired, and they are prodding Congress to shoot loopholes in the antitrust laws.

The great American opposition to combinations in restraint of trade seems to have defeated the national desire for conservation of natural resources. We have no resource quite so migratory as petroleum. It seems wise that the Government should guide its production more stringently in the future, not for the purpose of crushing competition, but to insure thrifty and efficient use of one of our most valuable basic assets.

Horrors of the Water Marathon

AGONIES suffered by contestants in Marathon swimming races are the most eloquent arguments we know for discontinuing this barbarous sort of competition. It is unfortunate that so small a portion of the public which cheers these agonizing swims from the side lines is not afforded a glimpse behind the scenes. The hospital ship which accompanied the Wrigley publicity-making Catalina Island race provided a spectacle which would have

aroused pity in a Cossack. Men and women writ in agony on the deck, chilled to the marrow, their bodies racked by cramps. It was necessary in some cases to bind the jaws of swimmers lifted from the water so that their incessant chattering would not break their teeth. The picture on that deck was terrible that Wrigley swore he would never again sponsor a long aquatic race. Despite all this the Lake George event attracted 125 entrants. And in witnessing the Catalina horror we knew something of what the words conveyed when news of this Lake water Marathon recited that several swimmers were lifted from the lake unconscious.

Of course nobody is compelled to enter such events. At the same time there is no adequate medical scrutiny of contestants before the race to establish whether entrants are physically able to withstand the long ordeal; all too many untrained starters stroke out to unknown tortures. It is just as cruel to lure such innocents to agony by dangling gold before their noses so that the purposes of publicity may be served as it would be to allow untrained pugilists to enter the ring and pound each other to a pulp.

Aviation and Ethics

THE deportment of our air heroes under the spotlight of world fame opens up a new field of investigation by psychoanalysts. Unanimously transoceanic flyers have exhibited disdain for worldly



fortune and adherence to a laudable code of ethics. Lindbergh bluntly refused amazing offers from stage and screen. Chamberlin broke with Levitt when the latter flouted the flyers' code by challenging Commander Byrd to an air race from Paris to New York. Macmillan and Hegenberger were immune to offers for pecuniary gain. Commander Byrd refused pay from Rodman Wanamaker who financed the flight of the *America* and deported himself abroad with rare good taste. In every instance these men have held honor above money, and the game above its prizes.

The question arises whether aviation germinates these splendid standards or whether men in whose such standards are inherent take to aviation. Persons who have flown far and often testify that things and events of vast importance on earth shrink to insignificance when regarded from the air. If this be true—if flying depreciates the values generally set on worldly wealth—the celestial viewpoint may effect some interesting changes in mundane standards when aviation becomes popular. At any rate, the subject merits attention from students of human reactions to new environment.

Invoking the Police Power Against Ugliness

SHAMEFULLY, America must plead guilty to the indictment returned by Charles H. Cheney, Los Angeles city planner, that nine tenths of the buildings in our cities are ugly; yet all may take hope from his promise that something actually is being done about it. Architectural monstrosities which blight American urban centers are already drawing hot fire, and sharpshooters of the onslaught inform us that the strong arm of police power which now prohibits unsafe structures may yet prevent erection of buildings which offend the eye.

Speaking before the National Conference on City Planning, Mr. Cheney declared that "in fifty years more than half of the buildings in most of our cities will be torn down . . . because their exterior appearance ruins the value of the street." If this be true, ugliness is not only a shock to the finer sensibilities, but a drain on the purse, which, when generally recognized, may cause its prohibition by custom and court. It is heartening to read so bold a prophecy from a man whose experience in the realm of planning brings weight to his convictions; although his prognostications may be somewhat influenced by the fervor of the advocate, signs seem to indicate that the vision he fashions may sometime be fulfilled.

Already zoning laws, recognizing æsthetic values and guaranteeing protection against neighborhood depreciation by buildings out of keeping with established environment, have been widely upheld by courts. Zoning insures that a well-designed home shall not be blighted by a hot-dog stand next door. It does not, however, concern itself with design, but merely defines uses to which buildings in certain districts may be put. As yet there is no legal deterrent to shoddy and off-color buildings.

In widely scattered districts, however, the movement to insure architectural beauty is taking form. Numerous first-class subdivisions are being developed under a plan by which attractive environment is guaranteed by contract. Under such a scheme the buyer covenants to recognize veto powers of an art jury, and agrees not to construct a building or plant a shrub until his plans have been approved. The agreement is written into sales contracts and deeds, binding the buyer's heirs and assigns.

Public control of private building design, however, is quite another matter, although it has been attempted in one instance with notable results. After the earthquake of 1925 Santa Barbara officials

enacted an ordinance providing that no building permit would be issued until plans had been approved by a duly constituted board of architects. Under this measure Santa Barbara reared a new city of beauty upon the ruins of the old. Estrada, the principal business street, is now one of the loveliest commercial thoroughfares in the entire United States.

Altogether more than 2,000 permits were issued before the knights-errant of beauty ran headlong into politics and were unhorsed. The ordinance was repealed, but, as Mr. Cheney points out, even politicians could not destroy the architectural loveliness which it made possible. The experience of the California city proves that beauty wins an economic reward. Before the earthquake Santa Barbara was a playground. Now, in addition to attracting tourists to the benisons of California sunshine, it is a shrine for worshippers of architectural excellence. Business men, prohibited under the ordinance from erecting unsightly signs, now refrain from setting them up, even though the restraint has been removed. They have discovered that the sheer beauty of their buildings is their best enticement to customers — that the spiritual value of loveliness is also a commercial asset.

No court has yet been called upon to decide the legality of strict architectural control under police power, but the trend of decisions in zoning litigation is plainly toward recognition of æsthetic values. An opinion by the Minnesota Supreme court is typical. Ruling in a zoning case, the court held that "giving people a means to secure . . . fit and harmonious surroundings promotes contentment, induces further efforts to enhance the appearance and value of the home, fosters civic pride and thus tends to produce a better type of citizens. It is time that the courts recognize the æsthetic as a factor in life."

The way of the idealists after beauty in architecture is hard. Before courts will concede the right of cities to control building design, public demand for such revolutionary restrictions must be reared by patient education. The enemies which leer upon the movement are ignorance, greed, and warped conceptions of what constitutional liberty connotes. However, it seems as unjust to jar a man's sensibilities with an eyesore, to depreciate his property by surrounding it with ugliness, as it is to strike him with a club or steal his goods. Some day, indeed, the courts may recognize that crimes against the senses should be prohibited by the same agencies which now protect body and purse. At all events, it is gratifying to learn from the record of the National Conference on City Planning that beauty has its active as well as its idle champions — that city planners generally are cautiously but certainly directing their fire against ugliness. They have our enthusiastic support.



The Russian Side at Tannenberg

By T. H. Thomas

ONE of the earliest legends of the war, and one of the most persistent, has been that of the Russian sacrifice at Tannenberg. When the news of the disaster reached Russian general headquarters, the Grand Duke Nicholas turned to the French military attaché with the words, "We are happy to make such sacrifices for our allies." This courtly bearing in misfortune was ever afterwards given a generous interpretation; and Russians believed that this opening act in their long military tragedy was a quixotic effort, undertaken on the spur of the moment, not for their own good, but in answer to a call for help from their ally on the Western Front. Partly from sympathy, and partly from the inevitable impulse toward clear-cut and dramatic explanations of cause and effect, this version of the matter has been widely accepted in Allied countries; and historians have very often presented the invasion of East Prussia as a deliberate contribution to the defeat of the Germans at the Marne.

The actual facts are less romantic, and the legend will possibly hold its own for years to come. But for all that there is nothing in it. By degrees the publication of memoirs and documents by Russian and German military leaders has set forth the record of what really happened; and from this matter-of-fact angle the accepted story is seen to be not only fanciful, but a direct reversal of the actual motives and intentions on both sides in 1914.

Long before the war the French and Russian military authorities had recognized that their alliance could be made really effective only by bringing the weight of their armies to bear simultaneously: that they would have to attack together in order not to be defeated separately. The practical obstacle was the relative slowness of the Russian mobilization; and the French also had to contend against the psychological and political fact that in the eyes of all Russians Austria was the traditional enemy. The fruits of victory lay in that direction; to the mass of the nation the war would be a crusade against the oppressor of the Slav; and to the army Austria offered the temptation of being the easier antagonist in battle. The Russian command, however, acquiesced in the point that in Germany lay the real danger,

and that it must be met at the outset. The principle of joint action and of the necessity of prompt Russian move against Germany was accepted as far back as 1901, and in conferences from year to year the military authorities of the two allies checked up their arrangements. In 1911 the recorded the definite agreement that in case of war

"the destruction of the German army is the first and main object of the allied forces." The Russians also agreed in the opinion that Germany would probably dispatch her main forces to the west—in which case they would act promptly against Prussia. In this same year the Russians undertook to have 800,000 men ready to move on the

eighteenth day of mobilization—as against 300,000 in France. In 1913 the French force was increased to 1,500,000; the Russian remained the same, but mobilization was advanced three days. A mere comparison of these figures brings out at once how great was our illusion in the Russian steamer-roller. The 800,000 Russians, moreover, represented more than half their whole army,—and by far the better half,—as well as a still larger proportion of their resources in arms and equipment.

APART from the mission of holding German forces back from the concentration against France, the Russian command recognized that an advance against Prussia was necessary in their own interest. The province formed a long salient, reaching forward dangerously toward the main line of railway from Petrograd to Moscow. With this threat hanging over their right flank, any great offensive to the south or west would be insecure, so that the prompt occupation of East Prussia was a necessary first step for the whole Russian plan of campaign. As early as 1910, with this in view, a plan of concentration was laid down which, upon mobilization, would gather two armies within striking distance of the frontier. The mission was "to defeat the German forces left in East Prussia and to occupy that province."

When the war came, as soon as it was clear that the German army was gathering to the west, the French urged that the main effort be made against Germany, according to agreement. The Russian

however, turned rather in the opposite direction. Now that the time had come they yielded to the old temptation and directed four armies against Austria, leaving the Prussian operation to the two armies specified in their 1910 plan. Had the proportion been reversed, or had three armies been sent against Prussia, there would have been no Tannenberg, and the course of the war in the east would have been a very different story. The Russian plan thus failed to take full advantage of the opportunity and fell still further short in its execution. Mobilization arrangements were faulty; first-line troops instead of reservists, for instance, were detached to guard bridges, and between one thing and another the total force mobilized was far short of the 800,000 agreed upon. In the two armies destined against Prussia units were so far short of their full complement that their total had far less superiority over the enemy than the calculation on paper provided. Instead of nearly three to one, the proportion dwindled to well under two to one; united they would still have a comfortable margin, but by dealing with them separately the inferior German force might bring superior numbers to bear on each in turn — and exactly this thing happened.

THE Germans, also, with the best-trained and equipped of armies, and operating in regions covered with roads and railways, considered it necessary to work out beforehand every last detail of a rapid movement forward. The Russians, with a half-trained staff, feeble administrative services, and very inferior equipment, were content to leave everything to a last-minute improvisation. For example, at the outbreak of the war there were only 679 government-owned automobiles in Russia; 418 of these were trucks. Only 475 additional trucks could be requisitioned from private owners. Not until August 10 did Russian headquarters issue its general order for the operation, and in this the two armies were instructed to be across the frontier a week later. The army attacking from Poland had to march out some hundred miles beyond its main line of railway, across a thinly settled country, half marsh and half sandy desert, which a previous strategical plan had treated as a defensive barrier, and left almost roadless. It was still so in 1914. Having to march out over heavy sandy roads, in an operation which would last for weeks, no arrangements for transport and supply had been worked out

beforehand. Samsonoff, who had been for some years civil governor of Turkestan, arrived on the scene only on August 14. His army had not yet completed its concentration, but as it was already behind the schedule, Samsonoff marched forth, hoping vaguely that his supply columns would sort themselves out and catch up.

ALL this was a fit prelude to disaster, but General Daniloff, director of operations under the Grand Duke Nicholas, brands as a legend the common story that at the urgent request of the French, the Russian armies began operations prematurely. They set out on the date fixed, on a strategical project of their own devising, and one which they had had four years to prepare.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, once his order was issued, betook himself to the Austrian front, leaving the direction of the operation to General Jilinski, commanding the northwestern army group. Jilinski had been chief of staff for some years before; he had made the agreements with the French in 1911, and was thus familiar with the problem. He was a desk soldier, unpopular in the army, but the Grand Duke had explicit confidence in him.

The strategical plan itself was a sound one, and if it had been followed should have achieved its object — even with the incomplete force assembled. It consisted of a converging advance by two separate armies, each turning by the flank the great natural barrier along the frontier formed by the Masurian Lakes, and marching forward so as to join forces beyond it. Rennenkampf, striking in from the east, was to pass to the north of the lakes and engage the forces defending the province, while Samsonoff, coming up from the south, fell upon their flank and rear. With luck in the field, the German army would be cut to pieces, but even if Rennenkampf's battle were not successful, the threat against their rear lines should force the Germans to retire westward and evacuate the province. The essential thing was that the two Russian forces should act together, timing

their advance and keeping their direction so as to support one another in the field chosen. In both respects they fell down.

Rennenkampf, having better roads and a shorter distance to cover, considered that he was being sent forward prematurely; he marched slowly, presently halting for a rest, and Von Prittwitz, the German commander, stumbled upon him while marching eastward. The battle of



The setting for Tannenberg. Rennenkampf was to pass north of the Masurian Lakes, meeting Samsonoff's army which had passed around the southern fringe

Gumbinnen which followed was a surprise engagement in which neither general had any influence over the course of things or knew very clearly what happened. At the end of the day, while the returns were coming in, Von Prittwitz learned that Samsonoff was crossing the frontier far behind him. He at once decided that he was beaten, and retired from the field. Rennenkampf, on learning the news, turned to his staff with the remark, "You can go to bed now, the Germans are retiring." Arguing that to pursue the enemy would only hasten their retreat and insure their escape from Samsonoff, he stood still in his tracks for nearly three days, ignoring his orders to turn the enemy's northern flank: all this time knowing nothing of the enemy's whereabouts and making no effort to find out. Within easy reach of his cavalry the Germans, undisturbed, entrained almost their whole force and whisked it around beyond Samsonoff's western flank. Jilinski capped this proceeding by apparently forgetting Rennenkampf's existence. For a week after Gumbinnen he took no steps to hurry him forward, and the order that arrived then directed Rennenkampf to split his army in two, sending one part down toward Samsonoff, but facing the other north to blockade the Fortress of Königsberg. Rennenkampf moved gingerly forward, but the Germans were even then springing the trap at Tannenberg.

ON the other front, meanwhile, Samsonoff had embarked on a still more disastrous venture of private strategy, and Jilinski had made himself an even more active accessory. Samsonoff's orders had directed him straight north, but no sooner had he set out than he began deflecting his columns to the westward, swinging away from Rennenkampf rather than toward him. All three Russian commanders assumed without question that the Germans were bent only on escaping beyond the Vistula, and Samsonoff's anxiety was to cut off their retreat more effectively. Jilinski argued over the telegraph, but acquiesced in the decision taken, and thenceforward his instructions alternated between scolding Samsonoff for his disobedience and hurrying him forward in the new direction. Before long Samsonoff was directing his left wing upon a point sixty miles west of the original objective. Whatever else happened there was now no chance of a converging action. While Hindenburg was preparing a strategic ambush, Samsonoff moved ever further away from where the dawdling Rennenkampf could aid him. In the process his columns scattered widely; ignorant of where they were or what was happening, Samsonoff sent out random orders to units which often never received them. His corps staffs were unable to decipher, and his last order, in wireless, giving the movements to be made by his whole force, went forth in clear undisguised Russian, straight to the receiving station at Hindenburg's headquarters. To

the very last, Samsonoff pressed forward in the fond belief that he was cutting off the retreat of a disorganized enemy. He was awakened from the delusion only by the German column striking in behind him. Throughout the day he drifted helplessly amid the disorder, and when night fell, turned back to reopen a new headquarters. Finding the roads blocked, he ordered his Cossack escort to shift for themselves, and with his staff set out afoot across country. They had a compass and matches, this headquarters staff of an army, but no map. When the matches were used up, they stumbled blindly forward through the forest, holding hands in order not to lose one another in the darkness. Near the frontier they came upon a forester's hut, and Samsonoff sank down exhausted. "The emperor trusted me," he was heard to mutter, and a moment later went out into the darkness. Presently a shot was fired.

Rennenkampf might better have followed Samsonoff's example; and even Jilinski was able to add a crowning series of blunders to his record. For a week after the disaster, a flood of orders poured forth from army headquarters directing imaginary operations based on fresh illusions. Russian units which had been destroyed were moved against visionary objectives, and Rennenkampf was ordered by turns to stand his ground, to withdraw, and finally to turn and fight. All he did was to sit passively awaiting his fate, with his line strung out thinly over a dangerous position. When the enemy struck, he stayed long enough to order a retirement and to see his army go to pieces in the process. With this he washed his hands of the disaster, abandoned his headquarters, and made off in person to Kovno.

THUS collapsed the campaign which was to have opened the way for the advance of the Czar's armies. In four weeks the Russians lost 300,000 men, mostly unwounded prisoners — a figure rather larger than the total of the German forces opposing them. Rennenkampf lost half his transport, and Samsonoff, a far larger proportion. Four army corps were practically wiped out, and the units which made good their escape were so utterly disorganized that both armies for the time being ceased to exist as combat forces. The Russian army, for all its vast reserves in men, could not make up the loss in guns, *matériel*, and, above all, in trained officers and men. Strategically, the failure had precisely the result anticipated: remaining in German hands, the Prussian salient hobbled the Russian advances to the south and west and added to all their reckonings the additional liability of several hundred miles of dangerous front. Under the weight of this extra burden, and permanently crippled by the losses incurred in their bad start, the Russian armies were unable to exploit their sweeping victories over the Austrians, and their military organization broke down long before its great defeat in the field in 1915.

Rewriting American Law

By Richard Lee Strout

NEW YORK tabloids made merry over the recent Snyder-Gray murder case. "Odds Now Are 9 To 5 Ruth Will Fry!" screamed one jocular headline. What a lark it all was! Some people might have preferred a less familiar way of addressing a condemned murderer now in the death house at Sing Sing, but why be squeamish? "Why should we be decorous," demand the tabloids of their critics, "when the procedure of the law is what it is these days? Didn't William Howard Taft, when President, say, 'The administration of justice in the United States is a disgrace to civilization'? Haven't Sacco and Vanzetti been on trial seven years in Massachusetts? Isn't that a joke? Didn't it take a whole week to scrape up the Snyder-Gray jury, and wasn't that funny? Doesn't the Chicago thug believe he can stall off justice if he has a good lawyer? You can't expect *us* to take the law seriously!"

And so disheartened people shrug their shoulders and let the tabloids jest, even though the merriment sounds uncommonly like the laughter of gravediggers plying their trade in a city swept by pestilence!

But for those who still do not take murder flippantly, attention is directed to the convention of the American Law Institute in Washington, D. C., a week after the decision in the New York case. The Snyder-Gray trial was not mentioned at that gathering. But it must have been in the minds of many present. Leading judges, lawyers, and teachers of the law were there. Chief Justice Taft was there, still believing, no doubt, that American criminal procedure is a disgrace. The gathering was called to continue the sober work that has been under way for years, and that, curiously enough, directly affects the Snyder-Gray cases of the future. In a word, the American Law Institute is designed to reform the law. It hopes to strike at the very roots of the delays that have made American criminal justice the joke of the English lawyer and of the world. It looks, first, to a restatement and simplification of the common law and, in addition, to the formulation of a new and model code to replace the antiquated present system of American criminal procedure. This gigantic task is not easily comprehended by the

layman, but in terms of years it has been going on since 1923, and it is not likely to be completed, even in the sections to be touched at all, till 1931. The proposal to recodify criminal procedure is a later idea, and it will probably be concluded at a somewhat earlier date.

Very few people outside the legal profession have heard of the American Law Institute. To outsiders the meetings are dull, and it makes the uninitiated yawn even to look at the three or four hundred lawyers and judges in the ballroom of the Hotel Mayflower debating with George W. Wickersham, their president, or an argumentative professor a

proposed restatement of some complicated technicality in "torts." Casual reading at the time disclosed no reference to the convention in the major New York papers. Even the speech of Chief Justice Taft, in which he made a memorable forecast of the success of the undertaking, went practically unnoticed. So far as this writer can gather, the following is the first time this section of Mr. Taft's address has been printed. He said:

No lover of his country can have gone through the last three or four years without having been stirred deep in his heart over the failure of the administration of our criminal law. I am no pessimist about that, how-

ever some people may think I am. But I think one of the grounds for being optimistic in regard to it is the deep feeling that has evidenced itself all through the country. . . . We love our profession — but we know it — and if there is not some body or some organization to look after the Forgotten Man (that is, Society at large) we are not going to have an improvement in the administration of the criminal law as we ought to have.

Now I think that the Forgotten Man has raised himself, so to speak, and here if you offer, as you are going to, an admirable code to the Legislatures of the States, you will find there are majorities in every Legislature who will be delighted to be instructed and to be helped in putting in a code that shall be effective, and that shall come from a source of impartiality and of knowledge which may not be doubted.

The American Law Institute was organized at a meeting of judges, lawyers, and law-school teachers

The law's delays and limitless technicalities by which condemned criminals prolong their lives and sometimes escape the full penalty for their crimes have caused more than one voice to be raised in favor of rewriting the Criminal Code. And now the American Law Institute is quietly carrying out that task. Since 1923 it has been working upon a restatement of common law; and now it has added the writing of a model Criminal Code to that task. Mr. Strout's article describes activities which have received little notice elsewhere

in Washington in 1923. Elihu Root is honorary president, William Draper Lewis is director. The council comprises hard-headed legal celebrities from Benjamin Cardozo to Charles Evans Hughes. The initial meeting in 1923 brought together representatives from the majority of the highest courts of America, the Chief Justice, fourteen State chief justices, and thirteen other members of the highest courts of several States, the president and ex-president of the American Bar Association, and presidents of State bar associations. These titles are given merely to indicate that the leaders of the Institute are not the kind of men who follow illusory dreams. The Institute is a practical proposition and a going concern, made none the less likely of success by the assistance of \$1,075,000 from the Carnegie Corporation for its work, and another \$60,000 from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller memorial.

THE extraordinary thing is the way the Institute keeps out of the papers. Here is a great reform movement under way and few people other than lawyers know about it. Every thinking American is concerned with the extent of crime in the United States, and yet this organization, which appears to be doing the most constructive and hopeful work at the present time to end lawless conditions, passes almost unnoticed. The fact is that the lawyers do not care one way or another about publicity. They are confident of the success of their work, that is the chief concern.

"This is the biggest task of law revision ever undertaken in the United States," said Prof. Edwin H. Keedy of the Pennsylvania Law School in the course of a recent chat. Professor Keedy, with Dean William Mikell of the same institution, is preparing the rough draft of the Criminal Code. "We are trying," Professor Keedy explained, "to bring about a reform in the next three or more years which it took Great Britain three generations to accomplish!"

The two tasks at which the Institute is working should be kept clear. In the first place, the work of restating parts of the common law, clarifying it and simplifying it, will not involve any recommendation for legislative action. On the other hand, the formulation of the new Criminal Code, will. Work on the "restatement" and on the new code are going on separately. Considering the restatement first, the Institute is engaged in the task of ironing out conflicting statutes and harmonizing various decisions. The Institute is not writing new law in its restatement. It realizes that the common law system, which revolves on the cumulation of court decrees, must be preserved; but it also knows that the tendency in American law toward uncertainty and unnecessary complexity must be checked. It proposes to create an agency commanding the respect of the courts and working toward uniformity amid the growing multiplication of present-day jurisdictions,

courts, and decisions. When the restatement has finally been approved it will be put on record, and then left to the courts to apply.

The formulation of the Criminal Code is a different matter. This is a more drastic reform and deals with the specific question of bringing up to date the antiquated system of American criminal procedure. The code will be ready, probably, in about three years. After it is prepared it will be submitted to the Legislatures of the States to be used as a yardstick for State action. To carry it into effect the States must pass laws incorporating the proposed changes into their individual systems of criminal procedure.

The best way of finding an illustration of the changes desired is to turn back to the Snyder-Gray case, which has been mentioned frequently as a fine example of "expedition" in handling justice. But the difficulties in picking the jury in this trial are still recalled. Justice Townsend Scudder started the task on April 18. It was a laborious process getting those twelve jurors! The talesman who satisfied one side was promptly challenged by the other. Justice Scudder protested. He lengthened the hours of sitting. But, even so, the business dragged on. Jury picking illustrates how outworn technicalities abound. In the Snyder case it took two days to get the first juror, a week to get all twelve, and when the last was finally picked, 390 talesmen had been examined and 378 rejected!

HOW did such conditions arise? For the answer one must go back to Tudor times. In that distant era the law was cruel—as cruel as today it seems excessively lenient. Although Parliament in those days was harsh, it was found that the judges and juries called to put the laws into effect were frequently loath to apply them in concrete cases. Juries refused to convict, and judges achieved the same end by raising merciful technicalities. Some of these technicalities and precedents stuck in the statutes, were brought over to American practice, and remain today, although extirpated from English procedure. Along with them are the outworn safeguards for defendants written into the early constitutions of the States dictating the manner in which criminal procedure shall be undertaken.

The work on the code is well under way. The draft covering all matters of procedure from "arrest" down to "trial" will be made public shortly after the first of 1928, it is expected. In the impressive list of States where commissions are now engaged in revising criminal procedure, namely, Missouri, Michigan, California, Indiana, Minnesota, and Louisiana, confidential drafts of this work, so far as it has been completed, have been placed at the disposal of the authorities. The code, it is explained, should not be thought of as a single statute, but rather as a series of model statutes dealing with the different topics of criminal procedure.



All photographs courtesy Official Information Bureau of Switzerland

BUTTRESS AND BATTLEMENT

*The Mediaeval Castles of Sturdy
Switzerland Recall a Day When
Turrets and Beetling Walls
Frowned a Challenge
Above the Fertile Val-
leys and the Hud-
dling, Quiet
Villages*

THE CASTLE OF HALLWIL, IN THE CANTON OF ARGOVIE,
NOW CAREFULLY RESTORED, IS FAMOUS FOR ITS ROMANTIC
PAST AND ITS PROXIMITY TO THE DIMINUTIVE LAKE OF
HALLWIL



ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING OF SWITZERLAND'S ANCIENT FEUDAL STRONGHOLDS IS THE CASTLE OF LENZBURG, NOW OWNED BY THE FAMILY
OF THE LATE JAMES W. ELLSWORTH OF NEW YORK CITY



THE OLD CASTLE OF RAPPERSWILL, EXCELLENTLY PRESERVED, TOWERS ABOVE THE CITY AND THE LAKE OF ZURICH. ITS CLOCK TOWER STILL MARKS THE HOURS



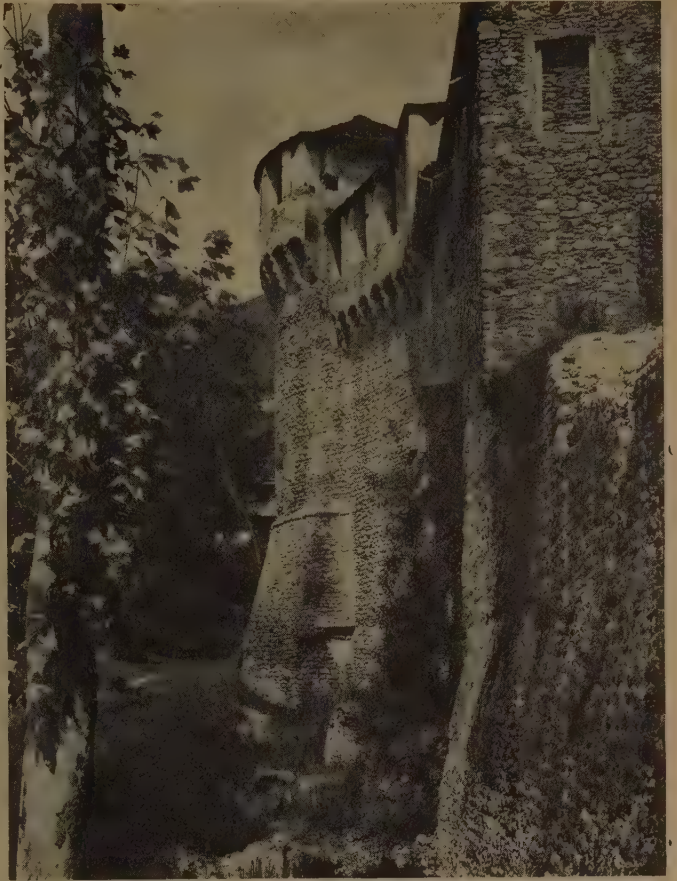
THE CASTLE OF VUFFLENS ABOVE MORGES ON LAKE GENEVA IS SAID TO DATE BACK TO THE TIME OF QUEEN BERTHA AND RUDOLPH II IN THE EARLY TENTH CENTURY



STANDING ALONE ON ITS EMINENCE THE OLD STRONGHOLD OF HABSBURG IS WELL KNOWN TO EVERY TRAVELER THROUGH SWITZERLAND



CLINGING TO THE PRECIPITOUS SLOPES, THIS SOLID MASONRY WALL AND GATEWAY STILL GUARD THE ANCIENT TOWN OF GRUYERES



THE CASTLE OF VISCONTI NEAR LOCARNO IN SOUTHERN SWITZERLAND IS SCARCELY TO BE SURPASSED FOR ITS MELLOWED GRANDEUR AND FOR THE WEALTH OF ITS HISTORIC TRADITION]



ON THE SITE OF A ROMAN FORTRESS STANDS THE CASTLE OF VALERIA ABOVE SION, IN THE VALAIS. IT IS PARTICULARLY NOTABLE FOR ITS CHURCH, NOTRE DAME DE VALERE, WHICH DATES FROM SOME TIME BETWEEN THE NINTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES



THE ENTRANCE TO THE MOSS-COVERED RUINS OF THE ONCE PROUD FORTRESS OF DORNACH, NEAR THE CITY OF BASLE



ARCHITECTURALLY AT CURIOUS VARIANCE WITH MOST MEDIEVAL SWISS CASTLES, THE STOCKALPER AT BRIG IS STILL A NOTEWORTHY RELIC OF THE VANISHED AGE OF FEUDALISM

Protecting Your Dollar in Nebraska

By H. T. Dobbins

THE business of supplying Democratic candidates for the Presidency which Nebraska once pursued for the better part of twelve years, and supplemented in 1924 by furnishing a Vice-Presidential nominee for the same party, has induced a cer-

tain self-consciousness in the State's inhabitants. Indeed, the feeling has been developed to such an extent that your good Nebraskan is apt to believe that anything which interests him is sure to be of vital concern to the nation. And if you ask him to lay for proof that his belief is well founded, he will point to the wide interest taken in his State's somewhat amazing banking law which for the past fifteen years has guaranteed that every dollar placed in a State bank will be returned to its depositor upon demand. Bank failures occur in Nebraska as well as in other States, but in Nebraska the depositor has no fear of such tragedies. For he knows that a dollar deposited in any of the 890 State banks being operated at the present time will be paid back to him whether the bank fails or not.

Since 1912, when the law became operative, 160 State banks have been closed by the State department of banking. Of that number between 115 and 120 have been put through receivership proceedings, while the remainder are being operated as going concerns by the State acting through a commission of bankers created by a legislative act passed in 1923. Not a dollar of the \$31,000,000 deposited in the banks which failed has been lost to its depositors. Toward the complete liquidation of their claims nearly \$12,500,000 has been contributed by the solvent State banks in the form of assessments. The remainder was made up from the sale and collection of the assets of the defunct institutions, and when the cash on hand ran low, receivers' certificates, based on the security of the uncollected assets, were floated.

In the early years of its operation — between 1912 and 1920 — no strain was put upon the fund, as but eight banks, involving but a comparatively small assessment, were closed by the department of banking. With the deflation of 1920, however, came the real test of its economic soundness and ability to make good its pledges. Hundreds of the State banks were caught with slow paper that quickly developed into "frozen assets." These

Out in Nebraska depositors don't worry about depressions or bank failures. For fifteen years the State has protected citizens from losing their savings through badly officered banks or failures due to uncontrollable economic conditions. The law has attracted such wide interest that the Editors requested Mr. Dobbins to explain its workings for INDEPENDENT readers

consisted of loans to tenant farmers, second and third mortgages on farms whose owners had large equities when the prosperity peak was present, and notes of farmers whose credit always had been good. Back of all these troubles lay the fact that a vast shrink-

age had taken place in the securities behind the loans. The time indeed was a critical one.

Banks began tumbling right and left, and within a short time the \$2,500,000 in the fund was exhausted. Special assessments to the limit had to be levied, and when this resource was exhausted the fund was forced to start borrowing money on receivers' certificates. By 1923 it was evident that the fund, then almost exhausted, would collapse unless something was done about it.

When the Legislature assembled that winter a committee of bankers, equipped with a full knowledge of the situation, laid all the facts and figures before committees and told them that unless the administration of the fund was placed immediately in the hands of the bankers themselves, depositors in banks that failed thereafter would be compelled to accept the dubious security of receivers' certificates backed only by the assets of the down-and-out institutions. The politicians set up a hue and cry that the bankers were seeking to wreck the law, but they were brushed aside, the bill passed, and a guaranty fund commission of seven bankers, one selected from each banking group in the State, took control of the assets.

THEIR first step was to dissolve all of the court receiverships, many of them political plums given to favorites, each with a retinue of lawyers skilled in computing fees. In place of the receivers, members of the commission were named, to draw pay only when actually engaged in the work of cleaning up banks, and a small group of lawyers succeeded the many previously engaged. This drastic economy saved the fund from ruin.

The new legislation which made economy possible was later supplemented with provisions that enabled the commission, when the examination of a bank showed that it would be unable to weather the storm, to take charge and continue it in operation, with full power to sell it to a competing bank, to wind it up, or to handle it so that it could safely

be turned back eventually to its owners. To finance the work, a special bankers' conservation fund of \$600,000 was created, from which loans are made to take care of immediate demands on the bank. A regular commercial business is transacted by them. Deposits are received and checks paid. In some instances permission to transfer funds to other banks for redeposit has been refused, but wherever a real need for the money exists it is paid faithfully to the depositor.

THE basic reason for adopting this policy was to protect the guaranty fund from immediate liability for the deposits, since none is taken over unless it is on the verge of bankruptcy. Bank debtors will pay more readily when the institution is open than when it is closed, and, as the policy combines an insistence upon liquidation wherever it is possible, the surprising record has been made that in the three years in which this plan has been followed over \$5,000,000 of the assets of seventy-three banks have been collected and the deposits reduced by over \$3,000,000. Where the bank is eventually closed or sold, the loss is paid out of the guaranty fund, always very much less than had a receiver taken charge instead of an agent of the commission, and the doubtful or bad assets turned over to the commission itself.

The last computation made by the commission covers the handling of 151 defunct banks. These carried on their books assets valued at \$47,428,000. From the fifty-eight that were handled under the old system of receiverships there was collected \$8,571,000, and by the commission from the remainder, \$18,770,000. These banks had liabilities at the date of suspension of \$43,511,000. Of these the old receivers paid off \$14,610,000 and the commission \$16,325,000, nearly enough to pay the \$31,000,000 owed depositors. In the going concerns there are liabilities of nearly \$11,000,000.

To illustrate the fact that under the old method the system of bank guaranty would have broken down, it may be cited that the old receiverships were able to collect only 43.54 per cent of the assets and had to draw upon the guaranty fund to pay 48.35 per cent of the liabilities, whereas under the commission plan the collections of assets have been 58.24 per cent, while the fund had to be drawn upon to pay but 28.03 per cent of the depositors' claims. Fifty-eight old receiverships drew a total of \$7,706,211 from the guaranty fund, and fifty-seven new receiverships but \$4,531,000.

The commission plan has made it possible to compromise on collections without going through court delays and determinations. Where a debtor has no property subject to levy and execution, the commission takes what he will pay. Where necessary, land has been taken in by paying the prior liens, and deeds have been accepted where the

equity justifies the fund in keeping up the interest on the first mortgage. Over \$1,000,000 of the fund's assets are in judgments against men who will some day pay, while over \$3,500,000 worth of land is owned. A conservative valuation of the assets on hand shows a total of \$10,536,000, with total liabilities, including receivers' certificates, of \$13,252,000. Against the difference is to be applied the contingent stockholders' liability, unenforceable until a bank has been cleaned up, of over \$3,600,000.

The issuance of receivers' certificates is a system of financing by which notes of the fund are sold to investors in order to obtain cash with which to pay depositors and avoid calling for contributions from the banks. These have a maturity of six months, and at no time has there been a default in payment of interest or principal; in fact, most of them are retired before they become due.

The State of Nebraska does not guarantee the solvency of the fund nor does it pledge its own credit or resources to the payment in full of depositors in banks chartered by the State. It merely acts as administrator of a fund created much as are the funds of assessment insurance companies. Nor is this fund assembled in the State treasury or elsewhere for use. The law merely requires each State bank to set on its books an account with the fund, and when the commission needs any of this money it makes a draft on each bank for its share. Each bank contributes to the fund on the basis of average deposits. The maximum assessment possible against a bank in any one year is six tenths of one per cent of its average daily deposits. A full assessment raised nearly \$1,750,000, and it is from this source and the collected assets that the receivers' certificates are retired and depositors' claims met.

OTHER factors have made for continued solvency of the fund. As the original bill was drawn, it was made easy for anyone to enter the banking business with small worry since, if he failed, the other banks would pay all depositors. The bankers have since changed the law to give closer scrutiny to new banking projects and to make possible the ousting of bank officials whose conduct justifies such summary measures. Where once five per cent interest on deposits was permitted, a sum in excess of safety rules, the limit now is four per cent; and where any secret promise or collateral agreement exists by which more is paid the deposit is automatically taken from under the protection of the fund and felony charges may be preferred against both the banker and the depositor. This last law was made necessary because the courts had held that if the banker promised to pay the excess interest out of his own pocket, the money was under the protection of the fund even if he lied about it and charged the bank with the payment.

The law was forced upon (*Continued on page 96*)

The Bee Tree

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

THIS is a sad story. It began at "Faraway," as I have named my little cabin in the barrens. As Midsummer Eve approached, I had a longing which nettled me like a thorn. Perhaps it

was an inheritance from some ancestor two thousand years dead, who lived in the days when our British forbears spent Midsummer Eve and Midsummer Day feasting and frolicking in the woods and watched the elder of the druids cut the sacred mistletoe from an oak with a golden knife. Whatever the reason, Midsummer Eve found me at Faraway on the banks of a stream which stretched away all sepia and silver in the moonlight, beneath the dim green web of the overhanging trees. The next morning I dived deep into that soft water, which showed a midnight violet through the rising mist, and felt its tingle run like cold fire through every vein.

Noon found me in a dry ditch many miles away trying to identify the song of an unknown bird, which turned out after all to be only that little sandpit, the Maryland yellowthroat, with his black mask, singing an original composition of his own instead of the regulation, "witchery, witchery, witchery," of his clan.

Suddenly I heard a deep, resonant hum from overhead so loud that I took it to be an airplane. It turned out to be a swarm of wild bees coming toward me in a whirling vortex fully six feet high. Then, before my delighted eyes, they proceeded to alight on a dead pine stub not ten feet from where I crouched and, entering through a flicker hole, took possession of that hollow tree for their home.

From that day on I lived as a man would do who has discovered a hidden treasure which some day he will carry off. So far as I knew I was the only observer who had ever seen a swarm of wild bees select and enter their tree in the woods. It was a happy chance that would never come again, and I floated over that tree all that summer and fall. Whenever I visited Faraway I would take the long walk that led to my treasure and watch the black smoke of bees pouring in and out of that wood-becker's hole, storing up honey for me — as I could only imagine.

At last the first frosts fell and I decided that the time had come to tap that tree. It was in November

Although Mr. Scoville's legal business in Philadelphia occupies most of his time, spare moments spent in earnest nature study have made him one of America's foremost amateur naturalists. A number of his unusual adventures have already been recorded for INDEPENDENT readers. "The Bee Tree" is quite in his most entertaining manner

and there had been a heavy freeze a few nights before, so that I felt sure that the bees had retired for the winter. The day I selected was a perfect one in that week of Indian summer which

comes every year to

the barrens. The air was all liquid gold and, although warm, had yet the taste and tingle of frost in its luminous depths.

I had with me my brother, who is an authority on bee trees. At least, he once found back of the paneling in the house of our great-grandfather a hollow which a runaway swarm had filled with half a hundredweight of honey. We also brought along our wives to see fair play in the division of the spoils, and also because they positively refused to stay behind. With much difficulty and many loud squeals we got them across Treetop Bridge — a fallen pine which has lodged ten feet above the stream. Then I guided them by winding paths through the silent beauty of the barrens. Now and then we found, still growing, sprays of the tiny white blossoms of the polygonella, clumps of golden aster, or spires of the lilac blazing star, but for the most part the flowers had gone with the birds.

THE woods looked like some wonderful Eastern carpet, frost-woven across the barrens in greens, golds, crimsons, and royal purples. The post oaks were copper lustre, the swamp maples flamed in crimson, and the blueberry bushes ran in waves of wine across the ground. Here and there swamp magnolia leaves showed emerald on one side and a silver-green on the other, while the star leaves of the sweet gums were a royal purple, and the sour gums dregs of wine. Here and there sounded the crystal-clear, high notes of tree crickets, hardy survivors of legions lost.

At last we reached the deep dry ditch dug a hundred years ago when labor was cheap and running three miles through the woods from the Upper Dam to New Lisbon Pond. Following this we came to the bee tree. As I studied it carefully I saw a few black objects drift away from it through the shimmering air. I had intended to cut down that tree myself, but those floating black specks convinced me that here was a situation that required the attention of a better bee man than I was. Handing the axe to my brother, I renounced in his

favor. When the bees poured out above him at his first stroke, he likewise renounced the honor and in two jumps joined the family group which had been watching him from a safe distance. Thereafter he made rude and abusive remarks about my unselfish behavior.

I DID not visit that tree again until Washington's Birthday, 1927. Again and again I planned to go, but something always happened to prevent. As I reached my cabin that February afternoon the barrens were agleam with pale gold winter sunshine. The half moon hung in the sky like a section of alabaster, white as frost above a sea of green pines. Westering down the sky the level beams of the setting sun lighted up the frozen pools showing here and there like huge pewter platters. A flock of early redwings sang creakingly from a tree top, and the alders showed a hazy purple against the yellow marsh grass, waving like a woman's hair in the wind.

That night the banker stayed with me. I have no doubt that he is a good banker and properly guides the destiny of the great company of which he is the head. I must say, however, that a wonderful cook was wasted when he was elected to his present high office. He broiled a great steak over white-oak coals, roasted onions from the receipt which made John Burroughs famous, and for dessert served a huge covey of flapjacks covered with fresh butter and maple syrup. I assured him that the next day we would have honey for them in place of the syrup.

The following morning, in order to prove that we were still young and hardy, we ran down through the snow and took a quick dip in the stream — quick is the word — and after breakfast started for the bee tree. The cranberry bog showed a dark crimson against patches of blue-shadowed snow,

while the sweet-fern bushes were cinnamon-brown, and slim, silver birches with wine-red twigs gleamed here and there against the dull green of the pitch pines and the carmine canes of the cassandra bushes.

When at last we reached the tree it seemed to have changed since I last saw it and to have grown bigger and burlier. Nevertheless, I assured the banker that it was probably full of honey, and after half an hour of hard work we succeeded in felling it. Then we examined it from end to end and split every decayed part of it — but the nearest we came to finding a swarm of bees was a colony of hibernating mud wasps. I could not understand it. Neither could the banker, and I realized from his cold looks that my reputation for truth and veracity would be quoted by him thereafter at a figure far below par.

SADLY and shamedly I started back along that ditch. As I turned a little bend I saw just before me another dead pine almost an exact duplicate of the one we had just felled and realized that we had cut down with much labor the wrong tree. A few quick strokes and the right one tottered and fell. As the banker split the part of the tree just above the woodpecker's hole we caught the gleam of honeycomb within. The hollow was packed with them set on edge lengthwise with the tree and ranging from a foot to five inches in length. Some of the older ones were amber-brown, others were honey-yellow, and one small one was white as wax. On one comb a teacupful of dead bees were clustered and it was partly filled with small bees thrust head-first into the hexagonal cells.

In all there were over a dozen combs of various shapes, sizes, and colors, every last one of them — empty.

Andrews

He chose by preference a cockleshell
That needed tiller work at every wave
And constant bailing, if he were to save
That little that had served him over well.
When March blew yellow weather up from hell
He played a game of forfeits with a grave
And laughed the loudest when he turned to shave
The ragged reef that held the harbor bell.

While others ran for home with shortened sail,
He loved to meet a wind with teeth, and tack;
And when we sought the secret in his breast,
We caught the distant glimmer of a grail
In eyes that mocked us as he answered back,
"A few men travel east by sailing west."

A. K. LAING.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

MME. LAURE SURVILLE, Balzac's sister, described in her little book about her brother, published some seventy years ago, how he first conceived and announced to her the plan of the "Comédie Humaine." I was reminded of the passage by two books on Balzac of more recent date, to wit, Miss Ethel Preston's "Recherches sur la Technique de Balzac" (Paris: Les Presses Françaises) and René Benjamin's "Balzac" (Knopf), which is J. F. Scanlan's translation of "La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré Balzac" (Paris: Plon). Mme. Surville's reference is brief, but indicates the essentials which Miss Preston and René Benjamin have utilized for their respective and very different purposes.

According to his sister, Balzac began to write with the intention of doing for various periods in French history what Walter Scott did for the history of Scotland. Then he changed his mind and decided to be the historian of his own epoch—hence, the first classification of his novels as "Études de Mœurs." In 1833, however, after the publication of "Le Médecin de Campagne," to quote Mme. Surville, "he conceived the idea of connecting his characters so that all of them should form a complete social hierarchy. The day when he was inspired by this idea was a great day for him!" And he immediately set off to his sister's to tell her that he was "simply about to become a genius, and nothing less," and to outline the whole system of the "Comédie Humaine."

IN René Benjamin's "novelized" life of Balzac this incident supplies the author with many amusing pages in which is described Balzac's precipitous flight to his sister's, urged by the compelling desire to announce to someone who loved him the discovery which was, as he seems to have foreseen, to be the secret and basis of his enduring fame and of his prodigious achievement. His excited talk is constantly interrupted by the intrusion of domestic matters to which Laure Surville, despite her love and admiration for her brother, feels bound to attend. Balzac fumes impatiently while meals and wash-women interrupt the flow of his enthusiasm. The scene is a favorable specimen of Benjamin's method, behind which lies exact documentation, despite the novelist's license characteristic of this type of book. In this instance the continuous flow of conversation, obviously invented, tends to weary the reader who likes his biography "straight."

Miss Preston's book, "Recherches sur la Technique de Balzac," is a study of

"the systematically recurring characters in the *Comédie Humaine*." In other words, what Balzac so joyfully announced to his sister is contained in the subtitle of Miss Preston's thesis. The day that Balzac realized the possibilities of reintroducing his different characters into different books, of keeping his readers in touch with them at different stages of their careers, of showing their interrelation, the plan of his

friendly review of Miss Preston, "the toad Astaroth" used by a fortune teller, she methodically classifies the various social groups depicted by Balzac and explains the system which he employed.

The author himself left behind him no evidence of a drafted plan, no references in his correspondence, so voluminously self-explanatory, of the way in which he conceived and carried out his gigantic enterprise. His sister's account, quoted also by Miss Preston, is all that we know on the subject. It was not until nine years later, in 1842, when he wrote the preface to the first edition of his works under the general title of the "Comédie Humaine," that he explained how he had come to adopt a method, the system of recurring characters, which would give to his writings a unity more profound than was possible in following his first model, Walter Scott.

MISS PRESTON'S painstaking text is supplemented by a graph showing at a glance the fruits of her research. This graph shows that the first volume to contain characters already known to readers of the earlier works was "Le Père Goriot," which appeared in 1835. From that date until 1854, when the unfinished "Les Petits Bourgeois" was posthumously published, the same procedure was followed. In the first-mentioned story thirty-five characters reappeared; in the "Cabinet des Antiques," forty-six; in "César Birotteau," 104; in "Les Illusions Perdues," 116; and in "Splendeurs et Misères des Courtisanes" no less than 155.

Then, as the earlier works were reissued they were connected with their successors by the introduction of characters which were not in them in the original versions, but whose presence was rendered necessary by their presence in the volumes posterior to "Le Père Goriot." Marcel Bouteron, most eminent of *Balzaciens*, in his introduction to Miss Preston's book, points out that the process was not confined to the elimination of imaginary characters, but that real people, such as Oudinot and Lamartine, were discarded in favor of Balzac's own creations subsequent to 1842. The world of his "Comédie Humaine" was more real to him than the reality. Only thus, Miss Preston believes, could he have executed his colossal plan, in which he is never at fault in a date or a reference. He lived intensely from 1833 until his death with the creatures of his teeming imagination, taking up their story at any point, never losing sight of even the least important of them. The astounding genius of the man stands out more clearly as a result of Miss Preston's scholarship.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

Bread and Fire. By Charles R. Walker (Houghton Mifflin).

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner (Viking Press).

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn (Simon and Schuster).

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Harcourt, Brace).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Grotesques. By Mary Cass Canfield (Harper).

"Human Comedy" was fixed for the rest of his life. Without notes he carried with him this vast panorama of French society, these characters who took on a greater reality in his imagination than the real people from whom some of them were drawn, and created the imperishable monument which is unique in French or any other fiction.

Repertories of the characters in Balzac exist; they are even included in some of the English sets which once engaged the ingenuity of the subscription booksellers in this country. But they are merely biographical dictionaries of little more than reference use. Miss Preston's work is of a very different order, for it does all that those repertories did, and at the same time makes a vital contribution to the understanding of Balzac's method and his greatness. Where Cerfbeer and Christophe, in their standard "Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine," merely gave an alphabetic dictionary of names, including, as Emile Henriot reminds readers of the *Temps* in a

Science, the New Superstition

A Review by Charles R. Walker

SCIENCE THE FALSE MESSIAH.

By C. E. Ayres. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$3.00.

WITH a pen dipped in sulphuric acid, some of it, at least, manufactured at 421 West Twenty-first Street, — office of the *New Republic*, — Mr. Ayres very ably proves science, or something called by that name, to be the new superstition or folklore of America. The book is calculated to infuriate, among others, the following groups: the scientists, the business men, the philosophers, the academicians, and the ordinary standardized Americans. There are, no doubt, others whom Mr. Ayres' peculiarly pervasive acid touch will anger or at least annoy. Almost no one escapes, least of all, I believe, Mr. Ayres himself. The book is full of cracks at much subtle buncombe in high places; many of them are wise indeed, but some are foolish. These latter occur when Mr. Ayres' bitter talent for epigram leads him to say what he doesn't mean, or when he generalizes too rambunctiously from too scanty evidence. Such faults in a parry-and-thrust book like this one will cause thin-skinned and disgruntled old gentlemen to put the book down before the author hammers home his points. And that will be too bad, for it will do every American capable of getting mad enough to think a great deal of good.

HALFWAY through the book, Mr. Ayres puts down an admittedly blasphemous transformation of the Apostles' Creed. It illustrates something of his method, and some of the faults of which he is accusing American society.

I believe in atoms, molecules, and electrons, matter of heaven and earth, and electrical energy its only form. I believe in modern science, conceived by Copernicus and borne out by Newton, which suffered under the Inquisition, was persecuted and anathematized, but rose to be the right hand of civilization as a consequence of the fact that it rules the quick and the dead. I believe in the National Research Council, the communion of scientists, the publications of discoveries, the control of nature, and progress everlasting. Amen.

As Mr. Ayres proceeds to demonstrate by chapter and verse, this is rather more than an ingenious, amusing, and possibly sacrilegious parody of the Apostles' Creed. The modern American accepts the discoveries of scientists: the law of gravitation, the new physics, relativity, and the rest — why? On scientific grounds,

because he has worked the theories out himself in the laboratory? Not at all. Because everybody believes what the scientists tell us, as once upon a time everybody believed the pronouncements of bishops and priests. It is part of the new folklore, and we accept it as the Israelites accepted the law from Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai. The only difference is that the modern high priest descends from the laboratory. One kind of authority has been merely substituted for another.

BUT how did the new authority get into the folklore? Here Mr. Ayres makes one of his telling points, though he labors it a bit. Do we accept the dictates of science because of our enlightened respect for reason, he asks, whereas our fathers accepted folklore because of their benighted addiction to superstition? No. We accept it because the advent of science occurred simultaneously with the advent of the *machine technology*. Machines — in the widest possible sense — have changed the whole physical and mental landscape of modern civilization. If scientists can take us up in airplanes and down in elevators, and give us radios and fireless cookers, we are — quite naturally — prepared to make them heroes, and believe anything they may say or promise. For the modern folklore that clusters about science is composed not only of what scientists as laboratory workers cautiously put down mathematically in their notebooks, but also everything which they, as prejudiced human beings with pews in church — for many have them — and a stake in the country or in an electric instrument factory, think science may do.

Mr. Ayres examines with a sharp intellectual scalpel the claims of scientists and of their worshiping satellites to control society and make it a good place, satisfying to the inward needs of man. These claims by and for scientists — which are of course not science but folklore — turn out to be rather less satisfactory than the older "superstitions" in harmonizing man's spirit with his physical environment. He then proceeds to examine the attempts of scientists to "reconcile Science and Religion," dwelling on the obvious and neglected fact that scientists, before they became such, were men. A surprising number, he discovers, take the greatest care to state publicly that their researches, far from discrediting religion, actually prove it. This is a natural position for a man to take, but it is by way of science slipping into folklore,

rather than of religion attaining the dignity and precision of science. The religionists, on the other hand, who come at the dilemma from the other end, seek by reform and modernism to harmonize the old religion with the new knowledge and end by destroying the old religion. His account of the gradual vaporization of Protestantism under successive waves of liberalism is a highly funeral chapter.

Scientific old gentlemen with respect for tradition and unconscious memories of an evangelical childhood are not the only reverters to folklore in the name of science who come in for Mr. Ayres' scorn. There are the respectable leaders of modern industry who often find it convenient to invoke the sanctified economics of the Eighteenth Century — supply and demand, for example — to gloss over the corrupt practices of a later day. How many employers throughout the Nineteenth Century reduced wages to a starvation point because it was the only "scientific" thing to do?

ANOTHER large group in the history of modern thought which has tackled the "reconciliation of Science and Religion" is the philosophers. Being somewhat prejudiced in favor of reason, this reviewer believes he finds weaknesses and important omissions in these pages of Mr. Ayres, especially in his neglect of recent thinkers such as Professor Whitehead. The latter does not, indeed, reconcile science and religion in the older sense, but attempts to create a working chart upon which the folklore phenomena of religion and the discoveries of the new science can be intelligibly and usefully viewed. But in the run of Mr. Ayres' argument I am quite willing to appreciate the force of his summary of the philosophic reconcilers: "What human potency has this Pure Being [modern metaphysics]?" he asks. "None whatever. For the remission of sins, for guidance upon earth and salvation hereafter, it is as powerless as a Christmas-tree locomotive."

Mr. Ayres has written a book of both keenness and courage. At bottom it questions why modern life, despite inventions, despite our inherited culture, despite machines, despite science, is in many profound ways without gusto or satisfaction. The answer is left to the reader, who is somewhat better equipped for the job, no doubt, after his perusal of this book. Mr. Ayres is not always convincing, but he has the faculty of provoking thought. And with this spur, perhaps someone will rise up to answer his question.

New Books in Brief Review

The Gentleman from the 22nd. The Autobiography of Benjamin Antin. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

BENJAMIN ANTIN was born to Jewish parents in Berlinetz, Russia, where he lived in a single room with nine brothers and sisters. Before adolescence he went to work—long hours, from dawn until after dark. One night he visited a cinema and was thrilled by pictures of New York; a sister sent money from America, and with scores of other Jews he escaped into Holland. In New York he worked in a sweatshop sixteen hours a day, studying when he could. Finally he secured work with shorter hours and attended night school, later high school, still later law college—working hard all the time. He became a teacher in night school for other Russian Jews, winning many friends, and was eventually elected to the State Legislature. He is now a State Senator, the author of many humane bills. He writes excitedly, tracing his strange rise with an agitated pen. Though he sometimes sacrifices clarity for effect, his autobiography is the gripping record of a life moved hither and yon by strange forces.

The Constant Simp. By Nell Martin. New York: Rae D. Henkle Co. \$2.00.

THIS reviewer tried Miss Martin's book on his vacation and found it not wanting in entertainment. This ought to be praise enough for a volume of its sort, particularly as most books get very short treatment indeed when the serious business of pursuing a holiday is afoot. In fact, the author has given us little more than a series of amusing short stories, bound together only by a community of names and the good faith of her publisher. But they are amusing for all that, and should be put in the vacation suitcase, whence they may be extracted and read when the traveler has returned to work.

Barnum's Own Story. By P. T. Barnum. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.00.

THE rugged honesty of the author of humbug, pioneer of publicity, and originator of the theory that there is a fool born every minute is indelibly written into his autobiography. The volume is replete with engaging anecdotes, vivid experiences, and the peregrinations of an interesting man among crowds and in the courts of Europe. He tells of the ready wit of the famous Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt, the sublime graces of Jenny Lind, whom he engaged on her

first American tour enriching himself to the extent of half a million dollars. The book is a fascinating human document by a fascinating man. His record of his own bankruptcy at the age of forty-five, and his subsequent winning of a huge fortune, reveals characteristics which made the showman beloved of two continents. Barnum's autobiography is refreshingly frank. He admits every hoax by which he filched dollars from a gullible public—but he condoned his own fakes and fabrications by the conviction, carefully arrived at, that the public loves to be fooled. One who reads this reprint must discover new significance in the declaration that "Barnum was right."

Jungle Paths and Inca Ruins. By William M. McGovern. New York: The Century Co. \$5.00.

WITH an irresistible appeal to the reader's love of the adventurous, the romantic, and the thrilling, Dr. McGovern has written the account of his travels in an hitherto unexplored and uncharted portion of the upper Amazonian jungle, and into the dwellings of the ancient Incas. One is impressed with the magnificence and the daring of his undertaking from the first, although he rather deprecates his accomplishment in establishing the first contact with the savage Indian tribes of the upper Amazon. He is a master of tact in dealing with the natives, and the important discoveries he made, together with the interesting mementos he brought back, are a tribute to this tact. Dr. McGovern's book is written with a refreshing sense of humor that rescues the more scientific passages from tedium for the uninitiated, and the lay reader, who likes to take his adventure in an armchair, will find plenty to occupy his attention far into the early hours. Dr. McGovern, it will be remembered, was the author of "To Lhasa in Disguise," an account of his trials along the hard road to the forbidden city of Tibet.

Detours. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

FOR some strange reason the popularity of this author seems to be based upon his negro stories. We do not doubt, of course, that "such popularity must be deserved"; but far better able to represent the abilities of the man are his tales—Southern in background, to be sure—told without the aid of dialect and with rather less local color. Of such stuff is "Detours" composed. And here one finds

fresh reason for believing that Mr. Cohen should rank with Ring Lardner of "The Love Nest" or Scott Fitzgerald of "All the Sad Young Men" at the front of modern American short-story writers in what might possibly be called the vernacular school. "Detours" is well worth the while of any one who enjoys pungent writing and is not afraid to take his reading as a stimulant as well as a palliative.

Spread Eagle. By George S. Brooks and Walter B. Lister. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

IF there had been any point in the authors' propagandizing in the third act of their play, or if they had been at all sincere in doing so, "Spread Eagle" might have been something more than merely amusing melodrama in the modern manner. As a matter of fact, it is to be doubted if either of them feels any more deeply about war than the average top sergeant—certainly they give no evidence of great feeling. Apparently they have seen that the "What Price Glory" wagon is a good one upon which to take a ride, although they cherish no great desire to arrive anywhere in particular. For two acts the pace is fast and furious; after that comes a cloud of hokum to obscure their way.

Nevertheless, "Spread Eagle" is a gorgeous bit of playwrighting of its kind. It is expertly constructed; as now seen in New York, it is consummately presented, and altogether amusing. If some there be to draw a moral from it, no harm is done. And those who do not take it so seriously can find it none the less absorbing.

The Bretren of the Axe. By John Somers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

THE adventures of a young Englishman connected with the British secret service who is sent to Venice to solve an international mystery. A few hours after his arrival an unknown man attempts to kill him by poisoning his wine, but by a fluke of luck he discovers his danger just in the nick of time. The mysterious assassin is determined to get the young detective who has one miraculous escape after another—in fact, that sums up the whole yarn. One wishes the escapes were fewer and more convincing. Many things depend on the Englishman's success—his reputation, his life, his chance to win the girl he loves, and the peace of Europe—yet he has such luck in the perilous game he is playing that it all seems unreal and fails to elicit anything but bewilderment from the reader.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THE Geneva conference upon limitation of naval armament continues its sessions without any definite progress in the field which is now the whole crux of the discussion—cruisers. The argument has largely limited itself in recent sessions to the United States and Great Britain, with Japan playing a more passive, but none the less firm rôle in insisting that she will support no agreement which means in effect that she must undertake a huge building program in the cruiser class in order to bring her strength to the "3" ratio, which she has been granted in capital ships, as against "5" for the United States and Great Britain. This insistent position of Japan, though it has not been greatly stressed in dispatches, is apparently playing no small part in orienting the discussions.

The differences between the United States and Great Britain have revolved about two main arguments: first, American insistence upon a maximum tonnage of 250,000, later raised to 300,000, and finally tentatively placed at 400,000 as the absolute outside which this nation would reluctantly build to. Great Britain's minimum figure was first placed at 600,000 tons—a point at which she stated definitely she must keep her cruisers in order to protect her widespread routes of trade and insure the British Isles against starvation in time of war. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty, who heads the British delegation, has pointed out that Great Britain can never keep more than a seven weeks' supply of food on hand. During the discussions, the British minimum figure was tentatively reduced to 470,000 tons, and it appears now that it may be shaved down to the 400,000-ton limit, a figure to which Japan will raise violent objection as forcing her into an expensive building program.

The second point of divergence between British and American delegations is upon the basis of figuring tonnage strength. The Americans have insisted upon global, or gross, tonnage—that is, setting a maximum figure and allowing each nation to build its cruisers of whatever size it desired up to 10,000 tons, providing the total agreed upon is not exceeded by the aggregate tonnage of the ships. The British, on the other hand, have insisted upon a program which would demand ship-for-ship parity between the two nations—that is, each nation should have so many 10,000-ton cruisers, so many 7,500-ton cruisers, and so on. To this proposal,

HUGH S. GIBSON, American Ambassador to Belgium, who heads our delegation, has objected. For Great Britain's needs, as explained by Mr. BRIDGEMAN, are for lighter cruisers than those which we require. The First Lord of the Admiralty has characterized Britain's desires as being only for lighter cruisers which he contends can in no sense of the word be considered as aggressive weapons, as he feels 10,000-ton cruisers to be. Britain

sure, but hopefully presented in the spirit of compromise. This would fix the

Compromise 10,000-ton cruisers' number at from ten to thirteen, whereas both nations would use the remainder of the total agreed tonnage to build light cruisers of any size they saw fit. This marks a partial swing to the United States' position.

Another problem which is causing difficulties between the two delegations is the British desire to reduce the guns on 7,500-ton cruisers from eight-inch to six-inch. Our naval experts **Smaller Guns** have objected to this proposition on the ground that in the event of war it would enable the British to impress their great merchant fleet.

Ireland was shocked on Sunday, July 10, by the assassination of KEVIN O'HIGGINS, Vice President of the Irish Free State, Minister of Justice, and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Patriot's Death Mr. O'HIGGINS was walking from his home just outside

Dublin to noon mass when an automobile drew up beside him and three men leaped out, firing a dozen bullets into his head and body. He lived for a few hours afterwards and died, saying, "I go to join MICHAEL COLLINS." COLLINS, chief of the provisional Free State Government, was shot from ambush in August, 1922.

O'HIGGINS had been an uncompromising foe of EAMON DE VALERA, head of the Republican faction which has opposed the Free State since it was set up, and it has been supposed that his assassination was committed by adherents of this group.

No Civil War The adjutant general of the Republican army, however, immediately issued a statement denying any part in the crime. DE VALERA himself also expressed horror at the murder and denied that it had been committed with the knowledge of any Republican element. A thorough search is being conducted for the murderers. Although they have not been definitely apprehended so far, several suspects have been taken. Fears that this crime would lead to a new outbreak of civil war in Ireland seem to have been unfounded.

HENRY FORD, billionaire automobile manufacturer of Detroit, has now retracted attacks made upon the Jewish race by his weekly magazine, the *Dearborn Independent*. His statement, which contains abject apology for the "mental anguish" caused by publication of the articles, appeared in a copyrighted article in the *New York American*. The apology, it is said, will result in a withdrawal

The Week

¶Cruisers at Geneva. The crux of the argument. Two stumbling-blocks. The British may surmount one of them. Signs of compromise. Japan stands for economy. And supports the United States' position. ¶Assassination in Ireland. Vice President Kevin O'Higgins follows Michael Collins. The Republicans deny complicity. ¶Mr. Ford apologizes, and is sorry that he attacked the Jews. His paper will not do so again. ¶Ambassador Sheffield resigns. A successor to be named in two months. ¶Commander Byrd and his companions sail for home. Chamberlin accompanies them. But Levine will fly back. ¶Cheers for the Hawaiian flight aviators. ¶The Federal Trade Commission rebukes a motion-picture company for monopolistic practices. ¶Prohibition pow-wow. ¶To the victor . . .

needs seventy cruisers, he says, in order to guarantee her security.

Our delegation sees the necessity of having a sufficient number of 10,000-ton cruisers to protect our troops in case of a war in the Far East. Lighter cruisers have not a sufficiently wide cruising radius to enable them to negotiate the Pacific, and therefore would not satisfy our own security needs. Mr. GIBSON has tentatively advanced twenty-five as our need in cruiser strength in the 10,000-ton class, a proposal which Great Britain has regarded with little pleasure, since Mr. BRIDGEMAN has intimated that his nation would feel itself forced to build ship for ship with us and Britain does not need twenty-five 10,000-ton cruisers.

More recently, a different proposal has come from the British, tentative, to be

Global Tonnage

10,000-ton Cruisers

of the \$1,000,000 libel suit brought against him by AARON SAPIRO, Chicago lawyer and organizer of coöperatives, which was tried in Detroit last spring, but ended abruptly in a mistrial. SAPIRO had been planning to reopen the case. It will also call a halt to HERMAN BERNSTEIN's suit for \$200,000 damages.

Mr. Ford's statement says in part: "In the multitude of my activities it has been impossible for me to devote personal attention to their management or keep

His Statement informed as to their contents. It has therefore inevitably followed that the conduct and policies of these publications had to be delegated to men whom I placed in charge of them and upon whom I relied implicitly." Mr. Ford goes on to say that he has only recently made a survey of the articles published in his journal, as a result of which he is "deeply mortified that this journal . . . has been made the medium for resurrecting exploded fictions, for giving currency to the so-called Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, which have been demonstrated, as I learn, to be gross forgeries, and for contending that the Jews have been engaged in a conspiracy to control the capital and the industries of the world, besides laying at their door many offenses against decency, public order, and good morals. Had I appreciated even the general nature, to say nothing of the details of these utterances, I would have forbidden their circulation without a moment's hesitation, because I am fully aware of the virtues of the Jewish people as a whole . . . of their sobriety and diligence, their benevolence and their unselfish interest in the public welfare.

"I deem it to be my duty as an honorable man to make amends for the wrong done to the Jews as fellow men and brothers, by asking their forgiveness for the harm I have unintentionally committed, by retracting so far as lies within my power the offensive charges laid at their door by these publications, and by giving them the unqualified assurance that henceforth they may look to me for friendship and good will."

Rumors of well over a year's standing that JAMES R. SHEFFIELD, United States Ambassador to Mexico, was upon the point of resigning his post, have finally been confirmed from Rapid City, South Dakota, seat of the summer executive offices of the Government. Mr. SHEFFIELD recently returned from Mexico City and went directly to Rapid City to confer with the President. At the close of their conference, Mr. SHEFFIELD's resignation together with Mr. COOLIDGE's formal acceptance were made public. The resignation will become effective when Mr. SHEFFIELD's successor is designated, and this appointment will be made in September.

Mr. Sheffield Resigns

ber. Meanwhile, Mr. SHEFFIELD plans to spend two months in Europe.

Commander RICHARD E. BYRD and his companions, Lieut. GEORGE O. NOVILE, BERT ACOSTA, and Lieut. BERT BALCHEN, boarded the *Leviathan* at Cherbourg on July 12 with the cheers and good wishes of France ringing in their ears. A mighty crowd had come down to see the gallant aviators who flew the *America* from Roosevelt Field to the coast of France, and before the tender took them away to the side of the great United States Lines steamer, Commander BYRD said farewell, supplementing the longer leave-taking which he had given to the press to be broadcast to the people of France. "We expected no reception," he said, "but we have received a marvelous one, far beyond that which we deserved. That reception showed us the generous sporting heart of France." New York plans a vast reception for the flyers upon their return, entirely comparable to that tendered Colonel LINDBERGH.

CHARLES S. LEVINE, companion of CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN upon the second transatlantic flight, is still planning to fly the *Columbia* back to the United States, though it is no longer any secret that a split has occurred between him and CHAMBERLIN who returned with Commander BYRD and his party on the *Leviathan*. CHAMBERLIN piloted the *Columbia* from Paris to Croydon Airdrome near London, showing MAURICE DROUHIN, French pilot whom LEVINE has selected for the east-west flight, the technique of operating the 'plane. In London, CHAMBERLIN and LEVINE parted, DROUHIN piloting the 'plane back across the Channel to Le Bourget. A new engine has been ordered from the United States, and LEVINE has summoned the mechanic who put the 'plane in condition before her first transatlantic hop. He expects to take off in August. DROUHIN, it appears, speaks no English, and LEVINE, no French, so that their voyage promises to be a somewhat uncommunicative affair. They expect to take the southern rather than the northern route which has been followed upon all transatlantic flights so far. Two English 'planes are said to be preparing for a transatlantic hop; there is a French flight in progress, as well as a German one. All are eager to be first in negotiating the east-west passage, admittedly more difficult than the other because of adverse winds.

Off for Home

Flying Back

Hawaiian Flyers

The Golden Gate resounded with a gigantic acclaim on July 12 when the steamer *Maui* poked her nose through the curtain of fog. On board were Lieut. LESTER J. MAITLAND and Lieut. ALBERT HEGENBERGER, Army aviators who completed the first flight from California to Hawaii, and, incidentally, hung up a

record for the longest all-water hop in the history of aviation. San Francisco and Oakland turned out their thousands to greet the returning aviators, and to cheer their brave achievement.

The Federal Trade Commission took a step into the moving-picture world on July 9 when its members cited ADOLPH ZUKOR, JESSE L. LASKY, and the Famous

Movie Monopoly

Players-Lasky Corporation for conspiracy aimed at an unfair monopoly of the motion-picture industry. The specific charges against the individuals and corporation are that they have employed coercive methods in forcing theatres to book their pictures by a so-called "block" system. By this method, exhibitors are required to accept a number of pictures in a block, whether they want them or not, if they are to get a single picture which they do want. The company has also acquired, or threatened to acquire, according to the Commission, certain theatres with a view to intimidating exhibitors and forcing them to lease Famous Players-Lasky films. Within sixty days, the corporation must file a report with the Commission giving satisfactory evidence that its orders have been complied with.

The new prohibition chief called his aids to him on July 11 for a preliminary conference in Washington. SEYMOUR W. LOWMAN, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement, will not actually assume his new duties until August 1, the date when Brig. Gen. LINCOLN C. ANDREWS, present chief, formally resigns his post. But Mr. LOWMAN, former lieutenant governor of New York State, is already surveying the situation, and it is understood that the summoning of district dry chiefs to Washington was for the purpose of making an examination of their qualifications to continue in service, as well as to furnish an opportunity for discussing the enforcement situation. Dr. JAMES M. DORAN, new Prohibition Commissioner, is apparently to have more of the actual work of supervising enforcement of the law than had his predecessor under General ANDREWS.

Roumania's election to the lower house of her National Assembly on July 9 was somewhat eloquent evidence to the often-reiterated statement that the party

To the Victor . . .

which holds the elections is the one which gains the seats. The new Premier, JON BRATIANO, won eighty per cent of the seats while General AVERSCU, his predecessor was credited with not a single victory. Last year, when General AVERSCU governed the elections as Prime Minister, the BRATIANO Liberals succeeded in getting but fifteen seats, while General AVERSCU polled a good three-fourths majority.

The Editor Steps Down

AMONG the more recent comments upon the letter of Dr. George H. Bigelow, Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Health, which appeared in *THE INDEPENDENT* for June 25, is the following from Alice Stone Blackwell of Boston. Miss Blackwell is a noted journalist and writer on sociological subjects, is honorary president of the Massachusetts League of Women Voters, and discusses frankly Dr. Bigelow's proposals for the control of venereal diseases:

DEAR SIR:

Calomel ointment should certainly not be advertised as an almost certain preventive if, as Dr. Bigelow says, its efficacy is in dispute. Otherwise we should give the illusion of security without giving security. Many doctors think this is true of all devices for making vice physically safe.

¶In France, the health authorities "look on syphilis and gonorrhea as unemotionally and unmorally as on measles and smallpox." There, for many years, every preventive and protective device has been used and advertised and exploited to the utmost. Yet venereal diseases have not been "wiped off the slate." They are even more prevalent in France, while the ethical tone regarding such matters is lower.

¶During the Great War, Secretary of the Navy Daniels put a stop to the practice of giving our sailors "preventive packets" before they went ashore, and Secretary of War Baker refused to set up training camps in any city that would not first clean up its red-light district. Every effort was made to render the surroundings of the camps wholesome, morally as well as physically. Abroad, brothels were placed out of bounds for our soldiers. If they yielded to temptation, they were required to report it and to take treatment; but every effort was made to encourage straight living. And it was currently reported that there was less venereal disease among our men than among the foreign troops, who were supplied with brothels and given all sorts of preventives.

¶Dr. Bigelow assumes, "for the sake of argument," what is not by any means proved: that venereal diseases could be practically wiped out by distributing calomel ointment free, and "blatantly" advertising it. What but cowardice can prevent this? he asks. Other reasons beside cowardice might well cause health officers to hesitate about doing what would certainly increase vice, even if they were sure that it would lessen disease. It depends upon which you regard as more important, character or health.

¶In our health work, the emphasis should be put upon clean living as the only sure protection; but there is no reason to withhold the knowledge that certain drugs lessen the danger. Unless in an epidemic, calomel ointment should hardly be distributed free. Anyone who can afford to pay for vice can afford to pay for calomel.

Alice Stone Blackwell.

THE editor of *The Watch On the Rhine*, official organ of the Society of the Third Division, leads his June page with the following discussion of the subject treated editorially in *THE INDEPENDENT* for June 11 as "Memorial Day, New Style." Without offering any direct criticism of our editorial, the Philadelphia publication presents its case from the point of view of the man who fights the nation's wars, and as such it seems to us of notable interest:

"MEMORIAL DAY, NEW STYLE"

Such is the way our neighbor, *THE INDEPENDENT*, heads a sprightly article in the issue of June 11. And in a milder manner, "Literary Digest" combines the thought or theme of Memorial Day programs in the question, "How to ward off our next war," quoting numerous criticisms of President Coolidge's speech at Arlington.

¶We are not ready to admit that *THE INDEPENDENT* has really hit upon the general notion of Memorial Day. Militant America, if there is such an animal, isn't saying "it was a darn good war," nor is it saying "we're ready for another." Instead, it is saying, not the mild, "it shall never happen again," but a good Anglo-Saxon, "By God, we're not going to let it happen."

¶The ex-service man is blamed for much, but it is a self-evident fact that while he did not start the war, he ended it. The diplomat mused up, as diplomats do, the peace negotiations, so score one for the militant, and minus one for the "diplomat." Ten years after the soldier has a right to think of "ten years ago," and his words follow his thoughts of 1917. He mourns his buddies and takes an oath yearly, that if he can prevent it, if he can avoid these mistakes of the future, and Memorial Day is just an acknowledgment of a big mistake, he'll do his durnedest. And if, by talking against war, by reminding every man or woman within sound of his voice, by taking to task every minister or pacifist who spouts a "Peace at any price" doctrine, he will, in time, bring back, as our contemporary suggests is our duty, Memorial Day to its pacific origin.

¶We all, in paying homage to those who fell, have a right to wonder if this all might have been avoided. We are, or at least most of us are, peace-loving, but the entire world is not. Does Chicago, Cicero, Herrin, Boston (at the time of the police strike), and our yearly total of lynchings prove that we are 100 per cent law-abiding, peace-loving?

¶If certain sections of our own country revolt, when the opportunity presents itself, have we any assurance that certain sections of this world are going to be any better, if uncontrolled, be any the less militant if armaments are abolished, be any the less greedy, if a nation as rich as ours lays itself open to plundering?

¶So that when we do our simple duties each May the 30th, we would do well to

stop and consider, not only the effects of these Memorial Days and these memorials all over the country, but the underlying causes as well.

"THE Russian Side at Tannenberg," Maj. T. H. Thomas' article which appears in this issue, is the first of a series dealing with the early days of the Great War to which the Editors wish to call particular attention. Major Thomas has contributed a number of piercing articles to *THE INDEPENDENT* on past issues, all of them dealing with French and German politics. In the present series, he is particularly interested to get at actual facts.

¶In his first article, for example, he explodes the legend that Russia's armies met their defeat at Tannenberg through a hastily planned manœuvre, aimed altruistically at drawing German troops from the harried French on the Western Front. In his next article he gives the story behind the German victory in the same campaign. Hindenburg, later chief of staff and now President of the German Republic, it will be remembered, was brought out of obscurity to stop the Russian advance. The old soldier, peacefully watching the war through the newspapers at Hanover, after six years' retirement was suddenly summoned to his command, ordered aboard a special at three in the morning, and whisked with Ludendorff to the head of the Eighth Army and fame.

¶The third article deals with that bellicose and somewhat neglected figure, Conrad von Hötzendorff, chief of staff of the Austrian armies, in whose policies, Major Thomas believes, are to be found at least a goodly number of reasons for the World War. Leaving Austria and the east, the scene then shifts to the Western Front, where in three fascinating articles the author deals with "Joffre and Plan XVII," "Gallieni and the Taxis of the Marne," and "Behind the German Lines at the Marne." The second article of the series will appear in *THE INDEPENDENT* of August 6.

FROM Mr. Laird Shields Goldsborough, who will be remembered by our readers as a recent contributor to the pages of *THE INDEPENDENT*, has come the following ardent note from the offices of *Time* in Cleveland, where he occupies the desk of foreign news editor. The special picture section to which he refers bore the title, "Art Works for a Living" and appeared in the issue for July 9. We bow.

Congratulations on your art pages this week! That particular sort of furniture and

decoration has just a bare chance of saving this country from itself. I came down with it at the Paris Exposition and haven't yet recovered. It's simply great that you are giving the thing a push.

L. S. G.

EVIDENTLY the heat of Paris is beginning to wear a bit on the nerves of Mr. Hermann Outgrowth — or if not the heat, at least the humidity. He has been "doing" Europe with considerable vigor of late, and natural weariness combined with the summer influx of tourists seem to have done their unhappy worst, as witness this excerpt from a recent note which made its rather pessimistic way into the office a day or two ago:

All good Americans go to see the "Folies Bergères," or other similar revues, where nudity flaunts itself in a manner never tolerated in the old-home towns. Let us hope that they enjoy the spectacle, for the lives of most of us are drab lives. Yet the spectacle is essentially stupid and — from the good seats — ugly. One nude or two or three may be beautiful, but thirty nudes for some strange reason are — except to the callow youth or the *vieux monsieur* — tedious and forlorn. The eye is accustomed to idealized groups of nudes in art, it demands too much. Poor modern flesh falls lamentably short of the standards set by even the old-time barroom painting. It is pathetic, a little sour in the mouth, a dreary thing seen face to face, though valuable, of course, to tell the lodge brethren about at home. One imagines that Sardanapalus and Heliogabalus must have found life a very dull affair.

Protecting Your Dollar in Nebraska

(Continued from page 88)

the bankers against their will, and many of them remain unconvinced of its soundness or fairness. It is extremely popular with the people, and in every campaign candidates for the Legislature are admonished to let the law alone. The national bankers still sniff at the law and furtively discuss the solvency of the fund, as they have from the beginning. Spokesmen for the law justify it on the ground that a banker who demands security for whatever money he loans in order that he may be certain of its return cannot reasonably complain if the people whose money he loans to his own profit demand some substantial guaranty that they will get it back when they want it.

So it is that whether a bank official

makes an error in judgment, operates at a loss, grows reckless and extravagant in his methods and use of trust funds, or even runs away with them, the liability of the fund to the depositor is absolute. If the bank cannot pay him, the fund steps forward and does it.

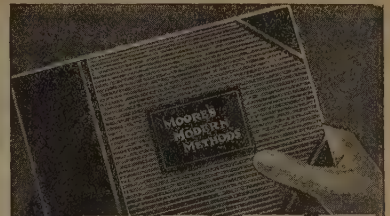
More than half the State banks now in existence secured their charters since the law was enacted. From 1911 to 1926 the number of State banks increased from 664 to 892, while the national banks decreased in number from 238 to 165. During that time the deposits of the State banks increased three hundred per cent, while those of the national increased but eighty per cent. During the same time the capital stock and surplus accounts of the State banks increased from \$16,000,000 to more than \$38,000,000, and stand now at over \$32,000,000.

The cost to the State banks, in the fifteen years of its experience, has been a trifle over forty-three per cent of their capital, or about three per cent a year. This covers a period of the worst deflation known in the Middle West. If there had been no guaranty law many more banks would have gone down. The knowledge that the money of depositors was safe prevented runs, and in many towns the people did not seem to distinguish between the State and the national banks so far as protection was concerned. The national banks in Nebraska that failed during the same period paid twenty-five per cent to depositors, and it is significant that the guaranty fund commission realizes more than twice that percentage from assets before the fund is called upon to pay anything.

Van E. Peterson, a country banker of experience and judgment, has been secretary of the commission since its creation. He is firm in the conviction that the law is a fixture, and that it has been worth many times its cost to the banks. It has retained public confidence in the banks; it has soothed the alarms of the timid who withdraw their money and put it into hiding at the first sign of a financial tempest; it has drawn money from other States.

"The situation is much more nearly cleaned up in Nebraska," says Mr. Peterson, "than in other Western States where similar shrinkages in values have occurred. Because of the public confidence and lack of alarm over the situation, when it was at its worst, bottomed on their belief that they would not lose their money, we have had fewer bank failures, and the level of business and agricultural depression did not drop as much as in surrounding States. Very few additional banks are likely to break under the effects of the old strain, and within two years the fund will be out of debt with only \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 of doubtful assets remaining out of the \$43,000,000 originally taken over."

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H. F. BAETZ, Treasurer.

New York, June 20, 1927.

Seven League Boots

1927 EDITION



Balloon Jumping, by Frederick S. Hoppin, is a thrilling account of a new sport, in *The FORUM Magazine*, of course. It's as fascinating as it is dangerous—the laws of Gravity are defied and **anyone** can be a champion. After all, it's merely a question of keeping your weight **up** not **down**!

Dangers and disasters depicted a droit—

Also in August—**Shall We Break the Third Term Tradition?** Walter Lippmann and William Bennett Munro in stirring debate on this current political problem; **The Survival of the Unfit**, by Darwin's son; **Hog's Eye and Human**, a short story by Margaret Prescott Montague; **Woodrow Wilson's Ford Boom** by A. R. Pinci; **Whales Aground!** and verse by Mary Dixon Thayer

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THREE weeks have passed since the date originally set for the execution of Messrs. Sacco and Vanzetti. Their reprieve has but a few days to run, and even before these lines are in print their fate may have been determined once and for all by the governor of Massachusetts. For many weeks he, as an individual, assisted by the lieutenant governor and his personal attorney, and his semiofficial trio of advisers as a body, have studied the official records, interviewed scores of people, and informally scoured the country for evidence, hearsay, impressions, or sound counsel which might help to crystallize the momentous decision of clemency or no clemency. During this period the organized forces sympathetic to the two convicted men have continued their mass demonstrations, threats of violence, and other foolish efforts to force a decision, while from the more inarticulate individuals of a conservative type have come murmurs of which the following quotation is typical. It comes not from a Boston banker or lawyer, but from a Middle Western American holding an official position in Europe:

The question is not, to my mind, whether the men are worth saving *nor whether they received a completely*

equitable trial. The question is whether a judicial decision reached in reasonably due form can be reversed by anarchistic crimes and threats. . . . If Sacco and Vanzetti had been hanged long ago humanity would have been the better, and if they are not hanged now the authority of the law will have suffered a body blow which, in the United States, it ought to be spared.

To us there seems to be a more dangerous import to the reasoning exemplified above than to the demonstrations and terroristic operations of the Sacco and Vanzetti sympathizers. We have no fear that the essential soundness or fairness of our courts can be undermined by any threats of violence or radical propaganda. Those methods in an essentially stable country like this are much more likely to react against the users than to act effectively against the institutions attacked. But we seriously fear the attitude of mind which blindly holds "the courts can do no wrong. Judicial procedure need never be changed. To question a decision of the courts is to undermine respect for the law." That way lies smugness, inflexibility, pig-headedness. We do not believe in the code which forbids admitting a mistake merely because to do so would break down a legend of infallibility.

Bigness will always confess error; smallness remains stubborn.

In so far as both Sacco and Vanzetti are concerned we confidently hope that Governor Fuller and his aids may, as far as is humanly possible, be able to reach their decision untouched by the heat of conflict surging about them. At the same time we hope that their verdict will be pardon. In expressing that hope we do so realizing that we have not now, nor shall ever have, all the opportunities for reaching a conclusion open to the governor. Yet we cannot conceal a reasonable doubt in our minds as to the guilt of the convicted, nor the feeling that six years in prison under the shadow of death is a terribly severe punishment under any circumstances. Most important of all, however, we have a conviction that the violent Communists of the world would gladly see Sacco and Vanzetti executed in order that their memory as martyrs may continue to serve as a rallying point for violent agitations against the Government set up by a capitalist system. This we would deny them, not because of fear for their threats, but for fear that there might be a grain of truth in their contention.

Lean Crops and Low Prices

THE latest harvest report issued by the Department of Agriculture carries little hope for the already harassed farmer. A lean year in nearly every cereal grain is forecast. "Crop prospects as a whole are far from promising. . . . The present outlook is for the shortest corn crop in twenty-six years," states the report. It likewise places winter wheat at seventy-five per cent of normal, spring wheat at eighty-nine per cent, oats at eighty per cent, rye at ninety per cent. Tobacco is cut down to seventy-four per cent, while the fruit crop is being estimated as the smallest in twenty years. In spite of these anticipated shortages price levels are lower for each one of these commodities except corn than they were at the same time last year. And even corn, when translated into its principal finished product, the hog, is way below the costs of production.

For the farmer this is a dismal outlook. From the economic point of view the question at once arises as to why these anticipated shortages are not accompanied by compensating price rises. The answer must be found in the fact that these products enter into a world market and that prices are determined not in this country alone, but at the principal trading centers. Liverpool quotes the price on wheat, and nothing but an even higher tariff than the present forty-two cents a bushel can protect the farmers' domestic market from the prices thus quoted. The implications are most interesting because they involve the possibility that before long the American farmer may be rooting hard for an increased rather than a decreased tariff, at the same

time abandoning the McNary-Haugen principle which can be operative only if a domestic surplus and not a shortage exists.

Aside from the purely economic aspects of the situation, the political factors involved must be giving Republican leaders some bitter moments. The farmer does not yet reason in terms of pure economics. He knows that he is not getting a fair return for his labors. He knows that the Administration has refused him, rightly or wrongly, the McNary-Haugen bill which his leaders had touted as a panacea. Consequently his ire is turned on the powers that be, and he becomes an easy victim for anyone who can hold out promises for a rosy future. Hopes may well rise in the hearts of both the Lowden and the Democratic factions, for a situation has been created which to be met will require more than a lodge in the Black Hills of South Dakota or a dashing cowboy outfit.

Rifts in Geneva's Fog

AS this issue goes to press the principal British delegates at Geneva have returned to England for a full discussion of what appears to be a compromise plan. As sketchily reported, the plan includes a tonnage limitation for all auxiliary craft lumped together at about 500,000 tons for the British and American navies and 350,000 for the Japanese; as well as supplementary limitation on the number of 10,000-ton cruisers allowed each power. This latter agreement seems somewhat tentative as yet and may well go even further in specifying the numbers and armaments of all cruisers above perhaps 5,000 tons. If the details still to be worked out are, as we anticipate, agreed upon shortly, and in the light of Ambassador Gibson's statement made in plenary session to the effect that the technical experts have already reached a substantial agreement on auxiliary craft other than cruisers, we discern no reason why the next ten days should not see a complete treaty buttoned up. Failure now would be not only a bitter disappointment, but cause for grave suspicion of the peaceful intentions of the British Empire. And we cannot believe that the statesmen of Great Britain will allow the admiralty officers to put them into any such embarrassing position regardless of possible technical difficulties.

The Ocotol Incident

THREE hundred more Nicaraguans have been killed by American Marines as inevitable sacrifices to present United States policy in the Caribbean. They were bandits and desperadoes, as Secretary Kellogg points out in a letter to the Pan-American Labor conference. Guilty of many depredations and attacking the city of Ocotol under General Sandino, a notorious outlaw, they no doubt merited the punishment they received. At the same

me all Americans must shudder at the wholesale bloodletting by our Marines in the interests of Nicaraguan peace.

The onslaught of Sandino's tatterdemalion forces against Ocotal had no political significance. They were not patriots fighting for a cause they thought just. They were merely bandits. Their rush was topped by withering fire from Marine sharpshooters assisted in a measure by native constabulary. American 'planes dealt death from above and drove them into a reeling rout. But even though the outbreaks brought disaster upon themselves, the shock of the slaughter has shaken all Central and South America, to the detriment of American prestige.

Distant patriots will remember that the victims were Central Americans and forget that they were bandits. The initial blunders of our Nicaraguan intervention were largely offset by our sensible policy in guaranteeing an impartial election for the troubled republic. Now the unfortunate incident at Ocotal has intensified our original errors and wiped out much of the good will won by our attempt to rectify them.

Vienna on the Loose

VIENNA'S riots were short-lived because they were never intended to touch off the fires of revolution. The demonstrations began as an orderly protest against the acquittal of three Fascisti charged with murdering a workman and his child. The first outbreak took place in front of the Italian Embassy where a protesting multitude shook the atmosphere with cries of "Down with Mussolini." As the crowd shouted, mob spirit took fire. Workmen forgot their original mild intentions and plunged into arson and riot. Leaders of the extreme Left declare that there would have been no disorder at all had not government police used strong-arm methods to scatter the crowd. But no matter what match set off the flare-up, the rioters were soon quieted by the exhortations of their own leaders, who warned that economic chaos would accompany continued disorder. After the first day's rioting no serious outbreak occurred. In a few days all the strikers were back on the job.

The riots actually had minor political significance. Chancellor Seipel's Government was strong before the outbreak and emerged from the excitement with security apparently little impaired. Each of the two principal Austrian parties has a Left and a Right wing. The two middle groups are almost one; but the flanks are far apart. Seipel represents the extreme Right, Communists the extreme Left. During the disorders it was agreement between the central groups that averted further trouble. They induced the Government to replace official troops by civilian guards during the outbreak, thus removing one of the chief objects of the workmen's wrath. The riots

drew the moderates even more closely together, and it is now reported that the Cabinet will be reformed in recognition of their union. To give the Vienna turmoil wide political significance would not conform with facts so far at hand. Despite alarming dispatches from American foreign correspondents, the short life of the flare-up and the ease with which it was smothered indicate that Austria is some distance from the brink of revolution. The most alarming aspect of the riot occurred in the demands of both Italy and Yugoslavia to send in troops for the maintenance of railway schedules. Fortunately the demands were curtly refused, thus avoiding a situation which might well have developed into much more than a local disturbance.

A Tactless Governor

WHEN young Senator Bob La Follette burst forth on the subject of Mr. Calvin Coolidge and farm relief, we were not tremendously impressed. He said: "Surrounded by newspaper reporters and photographers, with a corps of publicity men, the President is attempting to make the farmers forget his veto of farm-relief legislation by wearing a ten-gallon hat and catching trout with milk-fed worms. The farmers, however, are not going to forget. . . . Even at this early date, it appears that the President will have to do more than wear a ten-gallon hat, kiss babies, and catch trout, in order to carry him to a third term in the White House."

We find this unimpressive because we consider the source. We never liked Old Bob La Follette, who looked and talked like Dr. Munyon and who had a panacea for economic and political ills in each and every pocket. He was, we know, highly praised for his courage, and courage is an admirable thing. But so is horse sense, and that Old Bob never possessed in any very appreciable degree. We do not object to a son inheriting his father's prestige in politics any more than we do to a son inheriting his father's factory in business, but Young Bob strikes us as a brash young man who has inherited, together with his pa's prestige, a complete set of ready-made ideas, the political manner, a voice, and not much else besides. Until he has proved something, his criticisms of Mr. Coolidge or of anyone else may be taken without too much mental anguish on the part of any citizen.

A different emotion, however, is stirred by the news that Mr. Coolidge attended a country fair at Ardmore, South Dakota, recently, and that he was obliged to listen to the Democratic Governor Bulow of that State while he blasphemously attacked the Republican tariff as the chief obstacle to the farmers' prosperity. Governor Bulow lacks tact. That kind of thing isn't done by governors who know the world. It simply isn't done. No one gets up in a Methodist convention to tell the chief archon or the lord high

potentate of the Methodist Church that his Board of Prohibition, Temperance and Public Morals is the chief obstacle to prohibition, temperance, and public morals in this country. No, we all rise and sing a hymn to Mr. Deets Pickett, and the blameless John Wesley rolls over in his grave and gnaws his headstone. Governors ought to know better than that, particularly when they are *ex officio* hosts to the Presidential family. Mr. Coolidge had bought a ten-gallon hat and chaps and spurs and milk-fed worms — just to be polite to South Dakota in particular and the great West in general. And he is entitled to a return of courtesies from the governor. The least that Governor Bulow could do would be to buy a Vermont straw hat, a pair of Eastern overalls, and a nasal accent, and make a speech, by heck, in favor of the Grand Old Party. South Dakota is a great State, but its executive is somehow lacking in the grand manner. The suspicion arises that he believes in what he says, but we dismiss the unworthy thought as inconsistent with the best tradition of American politics.

The Baumes Laws and Crime

SIXTEEN habitual criminals have been sentenced to life imprisonment under New York's Baumes laws, which provide among other drastic stipulations that offenders four times convicted of felonies must spend the balance of their days in prison. One of the lifers was a "fence," found guilty for the fourth time of receiving stolen goods. His sentence pleased District Attorney Joab H. Banton, who said in a report on the effect of the Baumes laws: "It was the first case on record . . . of a criminal receiver being sent to jail for life. I have always maintained that there would be a big falling off in robberies if we could . . . convict more receivers of stolen property."

The district attorney did not say that robberies actually have fallen off. His report is incomplete. It cites only results of the laws from the standpoint of convictions and sentences, but presents no facts to show whether crime has decreased since the acts went into effect. It may be too early to treat this phase of the matter with fair analysis. Nevertheless, the only measure of these laws' value should be their effectiveness in reducing crime. We do not believe that society wishes to send criminally inclined morons to prison for life unless the results justify the means. So far information regarding the Baumes laws as deterrents to crime is insufficient to warrant similar legislation in other States.

Boy Built Houses

A BROCHURE issued by Better Homes in America reveals that boy students in public trade schools throughout the country have built 106 houses in the United States. This is a good beginning.

Such work stimulates creative instincts latent in all lads. It makes for appreciation of sound building by the coming generation. In no cases are the boys paid for their labor. Profits go into the trade-school treasuries. The work is regarded as part of the school curriculum to be viewed by the boys as an opportunity to learn rather than a chance to make money. In no case has a boy-built house failed to attract a buyer. Pictures of the boy-built dwellings, published in the Better Homes in America brochure, reveal well-proportioned houses, attractive inside and out — homes which exhibit good taste in design. In many instances original ideas of boys have been incorporated extensively in the plans of the houses.

Rotary, paternalistic sponsor of Boys' Week, might well take note of the accomplishments of the trade schools. Boys' Week has been a dismal failure, catering to youthful conceit and breeding in lads undue familiarity with their elders. The energy which Rotary now devotes to boys' work would be turned to better account if the organization's activity were directed to promoting a program such as the trade schools already have auspiciously begun.

Lost Opportunities

AS John Greenleaf Whittier, that hundred per cent American poet and linguist once said:

. . . of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: "It might have ben."

This is true doctrine as we, with a heart full of regret, can testify. It is now July 20, 1927, and we have just discovered on our desk under the caption, "Will You Be One Who Cares When the World Forgets?" a notice informing us that July 5-12 was "Become a Friend to Girls Week." We never knew it at all. That week was passed in various activities of one kind or another, but we never realized that it was the week in which we should have become a friend to girls. That week ranks among the "might have bens." Of course we were busy; we were in Chicago and New York and Boston and traveling the rest of the time, but somehow, somewhere, whether in Elkhart, Indiana, or Ashtabula, Ohio, or even in New Haven, Connecticut, we might have stopped for a moment and become a friend to some girl.

We religiously observe Mother's Day and Father's Day and Clean Up Week and we never labor on Labor Day if we can help it. But here is a whole week gone out of our calendar year devoted to an especially amiable function with which we are entirely sympathetic, and we have drawn, as you might say, a complete blank. We shall have to wait until next year and that — at our age — is a long way off. Our only hope is that some group of women's clubs will organize a "Become an Egeria to Editors Week" — and that hope is, we fear, too forlorn for words.

The Question Mark in Prohibition

ONE of the sanest, wisest, and gentlest letters on a controversial subject we have ever received has just come in from a clergyman and an inveterate subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT. He said in part:

I am not a prohibitionist crank. . . . I have always believed in temperance and in the right and propriety of a prohibition law. . . . I have only one question to ask any responsible citizen who, like yourself, persists in fighting the Eighteenth Amendment and all things pertaining thereto. . . . I should surely appreciate reading in your columns quite soon your answer in specific terms to my question, "What do you propose to do about it?" It is just faintly possible that I might approve — but I doubt it.

This is a hard question: What do we propose to do about it? Perhaps the best way to answer so fair-minded and generous a questioner would be to say frankly, we do not propose now to do anything specific about it — and then to tell him why. Like himself we have always believed in temperance. Unlike him we have never believed in the propriety — if not the right — of a prohibition law. Prohibition has always seemed to us ignoble in design and method, an attempt to arrive at material prosperity at the expense of character. Although we do not believe in the ethical rightness of the prohibition method, we admit that it might bring material benefits — if it worked.

If it worked, even against our feeling that social short cuts and panaceas are fundamentally unsound and unhealthy, even then, if it worked, we would confess our error and vigorously support it. But, after a great deal of honest investigation and after seven and more years of enforcement, we find that it does not work at all — at least in the part of America which we know at first hand. The Pacific Coast, the Middle West, the West, and the South may protest that there it works perfectly. We can only speak for the Eastern Seaboard States — and there it functions clumsily or not at all. Which at once brings up the question: Must this nation be all wet or all dry? If different sections of the country show such marked different preferences, why is one blanket Federal statute essential?

Now, if a law so eminently legal does not work, there is something wrong either with the people or the law. There may be something wrong with the people, but after all the people were made before the law and no law is wise or good which is not adjusted to the common consent of the people. The prohibitionists, however, who adore both the people *and* the law, claim that the people are good people and that the law is good law. The trouble, they aver, — if

there be trouble, — is found in the enforcement of the law. It has been handed over to unsympathetic politicians who have done what they liked with it. Give us sympathetic enforcement, they cry, and the benefits of prohibition will be made manifest.

Well, it is idle, perhaps, to point out that for lo, these many years enforcement has been dominated by the official agency of prohibition, the Anti-Saloon League, that millions upon millions have been spent to make it effective, that the House and the Senate have been overwhelmingly dry, that State and Federal police powers have been exercised in a manner hitherto unknown to our constitutions, that the Army, the Navy, the Coast guard, the Federal courts have all been called on to help the enforcement of this one special law — and still the law has not worked.

At last and just now a new régime of enforcement is taking office. Mr. Seymour Lowman, replacing General Andrews, and Dr. Doran, replacing Mr. Haynes, are entirely in sympathy with the law, both in its premises and its conclusion. They have the same backing, political, financial, legal, and the same police powers as their predecessors. Perhaps they may be able to enforce the law and make it work. If they do, we shall stifle our ethical objections to it in view of its pragmatic accomplishment. But up to date the fact remains that the law has not worked. Up to date it is — in our opinion — both cowardly and base in conception and ineffective in operation.

We advocate study and survey. It would be easy for us to say that we advocated the Quebec plan or the Swedish system or some one of the other existing and successful systems, but we are not positive that any one of these is the best for America's special requirements. We have consistently recommended that this passionate and controversial question be lifted, if possible, out of politics, into the field of fair and scientific discussion. Although we believe the law to be fundamentally wrong and we observe that it does not work, we do not recommend disobeying it and we have no panacea to offer as an alternative. We urge — with all our hearts — that the possibilities for a reasonable and workable compromise between the extreme prohibitionists on the one side and the law-defying wets on the other be explored by a nonpartisan body of reasonable men such as are still to be found in this republic.

We still believe that, although the cause of temperance has been deeply injured by the régime of prohibition, the American people are still competent to govern themselves and their own appetites. We still believe that the saloon can be eliminated without prohibition, and the liquor trade rendered impotent in politics. We believe that these results can be obtained if wets and drys unite in trying to find out what is best for the country rather than what suits their prejudices.

About Those Tropic Sirens

By Harry L. Foster

I WAS on a little cargo boat, cruising through the Tongas. Islands were slipping past — tiny coral rims that barely rose above the calm blue waters — and their coco palms, drooping in the breezeless air, looked dreamlike and unreal. Just the place to read Melville! And in the last glow of a voluptuous crimson sunset I perused that passage in "Typee" where, as he sailed into Nukuheva, the native girls came swimming out from shore to meet the old whaler:

Romance? It's not what it used to be in the South Seas, sighs Mr. Foster, and to be quite frank, he doubts that there ever was so much of it as certain ecstatic members of the writing fraternity would have us believe. In Samoa, in Fiji, and in Tonga, the young maidens enjoy flirting as much as their American sisters, but they also regard virtue as highly. A year's wanderings among the islands give the author a well-filled notebook from which to record his impressions. This is the second of his articles

They boarded us at every quarter, many seizing hold of the chain plates and springing into the chains, others catching at the bobstays and wreathing their slender forms about the ropes. Their luxuriant locks were freed from the briny element; their adornments completed by passing a few loose folds of white tapa in a modest cincture around the waist. Thus arrayed, they no longer hesitated, but flung themselves lightly over the bulwarks, and were quickly frolicking about the decks. The ship taken, we could not do otherwise than yield ourselves prisoners, and for the whole period that she remained in the bay, were completely in the hands of the mermaids.

To be sure, Melville wrote in 1842 — and about the Marquesas. This was 1927 — and in the Tongas. Yet the people here were of the same Polynesian race; even the modern writers commented upon the superior physique of the men and the marvelous pulchritude of the women; the inhabitants were reputedly so hospitable that from earliest times they had been known as the "Friendly Islanders," and one heard many yarns about the seamen who still deserted their vessels here because of irresistible feminine charm ashore.

I consulted the mate, an Australian of long experience in these waters. "Yes," he admitted, as we strolled the deck together; "they desert their vessels right enough. But that's all the good it does 'em. You see, the girls here are quite different from those in the Marquesas. They don't run after you at all. But you can't tell a newcomer anything like that. He's read so much about these wild vamps, he won't believe it, until he learns by experience.

"Now, when I first came out here in 1908 on a three-masted schooner from Frisco, the fellows used to sneak down to the hawse pipes and stick iron

pawls into the chain to keep the anchor from runnin' out, hoping we'd smash on the rocks and have to stay ashore. That's a fact.

"The only man aboard who knew what he was up against was the cook. He'd been out a long time before, and was wise about the native girls: straight as they were, he had a little secret. You see, in the early days, they hadn't any cooking utensils in these islands, and that was their weakness. They'd do anything for a tin can. So that old rascal fed us preserved

stuff all through the voyage — about four months — until the galley was just piled to the ceiling with the empty containers. He sure was set for a big night in Tonga, and when we pulled into the harbor of Vavau —"

The mate paused for a moment to grin at his reflections, and forgot to continue. I was about to remind him of his story when two shadowy feminine figures appeared at the rail of the poop.

"Hello, you!" called a soft voice in broken English.

"Hello, yourself," I said.

"You come up?"

I turned inquiringly to the mate, for this seemed to disprove his contentions. But he shook his head.

"They're kiddin' us. That don't mean a thing. They just like to flirt and make a fool out of a white man."

"But couldn't we go root the steward out of bed and borrow a few tin cans ourselves?"

He shook his head more emphatically.

"Nope. No use. I was going to tell you: when we pulled into the harbor of Vavau, back in 1908, and that old cook came on deck to see the place he'd been dreaming about for the past ten years, he found it so modern that the natives were eating preserved stuff themselves, and the whole damned beach was covered with the cans they'd thrown away!"

NOT that I want to take issue with the writers whose work had such vogue in the South Sea romance epidemic of a few years ago. They wrote mostly of the Marquesas — as Melville did — and from all accounts, the women there *are* and always *have* been most charitably disposed toward the bachelor tourist. Perhaps the explanation of this is

hat in early times, the men outnumbering the women, a form of polyandry was in fashion in these islands. Each lady had several husbands, who shared her without jealousy. When the white whalers arrived, she saw no harm in adding a few more to her list. Her well-trained husbands took it good-naturedly. And she's been doing it ever since, although from the latest reports she has learned to commercialize her roguishness, which must be viewed through rose-hued glasses to be described nowadays as true romance.

AS a result of the literature this Marquesan siren has inspired, the reading public is apt to assume that all South Sea maidens are equally unrestrained in their affection. But this is far from truth. Despite the fact that the inhabitants of the Pacific archipelago are of much the same race or races — light-brown, straight-haired Polynesians or dark-brown, frizzly haired Melanesians — their customs vary from group to group. And while exceptions must be made here or there, in most of the islands — and particularly in Tonga, Samoa, and Fiji — feminine virtue *is* and always *has* been as highly prized as anywhere else in the world. In a few of the more cosmopolitan ports — such as Apia or Suva or Pagopago — there may be some women who take theirs lightly, but they are a very limited minority and quite a recent institution stimulated almost invariably by an acquired fondness for the ribbons and trinkets of civilization.

In these islands — although the woman has never enjoyed the unrestricted liberty of her Marquesan sister — her position is a fairly happy one. Of course, as in many parts of the world, she is regarded as belonging to a somewhat inferior sex; throughout Polynesia she waits until the men are served before she thinks of dining herself; but this seems to cause her little concern. She appears to accept it philosophically, as though to say, "Let them strut and cherish their petty vanities; I'll assert myself whenever I *want* anything very badly." And in all practical matters, she undoubtedly commands respect.

In Samoa, for example, it is often customary to speak of a wife as a *fale tua* — which means something akin to the "back of the house." Yet every Samoan village has its *tupau*, or tribal virgin, usually the prettiest girl of the community, whose duty, once that of leading the warriors into battle, is now that of presiding at ceremonial feasts or dances.

In Tonga — the only independent nation in the South Seas — a woman actually occupies the throne. Her Majesty, Queen Salote, is absolute boss, too, not only over her subjects but over her Prime Minister, who happens just incidentally to be her husband. Even in Fiji, where the people are of the kinky-haired Melanesian race, converted within the last fifty years from cannibalism, the ladies enjoy considerable independence. At times, as in Samoa,

perhaps, the menfolk are inclined to speak of them a bit disparagingly. They have a proverb, I'm told, which rather paraphrases our own comparison to a good cigar, and which says in substance: "A woman is only a woman, but a nice fat pig is pork." Yet that little gem of philosophy is probably only a heritage from ancestral times, for the Fijians are distantly related to the blacks of New Guinea and the New Hebrides, where a sow always *has* been worth at least two wives. And in truth, whatever they may say in jest, the present-day Fijians reckon values quite differently, and their wives see to it that they do.

For the girls here even retain their own names after marriage. Some missionaries of the more zealous type have striven valiantly to make them adopt our own "Mr. and Mrs." style of nomenclature, believing perhaps that this would strengthen the matrimonial bonds, but their efforts have proved ineffective, and the frizzly headed belles are still charter members of the Lucy Stone League.

From all this, it would appear that the fair damsels of these groups are held in little artificial restraint, and are free to fall in love with the passing white man, if so inclined. Yet — even considering that I'm probably smaller and homelier than most writers, and that my consequent experience may have warped my judgment — it's still my opinion that they don't.

The young native girls, children of fifteen or so, who are just budding into womanhood, often try very determinedly to catch the visitor's eye and grin, — a procedure apt to be misinterpreted by the casual tourist, — but these are merely flappers developing or testing their charms, as young birds try their wings, and are seldom to be taken seriously.

THE girls on that vessel, cruising the Tongas, were of this type. They were a pair of hefty, broad-faced creatures, in complexion a creamy chocolate, rather than a bronze. Their eyes were large and luminous. A wealth of black hair fell in unrestrained glory over their straight and smoothly rounded shoulders. And their figures, if you like them that way, were undeniably superb, even majestic, for the South Sea Islanders are probably the tallest and bulkiest humans in the world. But the twist of tapa cloth of Melville's day had given place to a shapeless, graceless mission gown which quite enveloped them. One caught a glimpse of calloused ankles only when they raised their feet to pry off a coating of deck tar. And they had a most unromantic habit of spitting absent-mindedly over the rail, constantly endangering those below.

"Why you no come up?" they called to us. "You got wife?"

"Don't mind 'em," cautioned the mate. "If you go up, they'll just give you the 'ha-ha.' I've tried it. They've got no real use for a white man."

He pointed to the figures of several natives sleeping in the scuppers, each a veritable mountain in his rolls of woven grass mat. "What can they see in us puny little civilized devils, anyhow, compared to husky brutes like that? Romance? In the South Sea Islands? Blah!"

BUT there's another side to the story. Some who profess to know their Polynesia say that the white man's influence has to some extent undermined native morals, particularly in their relations among themselves. And for this—as for nearly everything else in the islands—the missionary is occasionally blamed. This is to be expected, if one hears it from the white layman, but as I heard it from an educated Fijian, himself the product of a mission school, I quote it for whatever it may be worth. It is no isolated opinion.

"I know this would quite shock many a clergyman here," he apologized, "and I'm sure that all of them will deny it. Yet the fact remains that your preachers, in their well-intended zeal, have quite unwittingly done a great deal of harm to my race. In Fiji, you see, in the old days, it was our custom that all unmarried males should live in one large house, the *mbure-ni-sa*, or bachelor club, to which the women were denied entrance. Thus the unattached were always under a watchful eye. And the girls, although they remained in the homes of their respective parents, were themselves closely guarded, so that the long-plaited locks of hair which they wore to signify virtue could usually be counted upon to tell the truth about the wearers.

"We had many other such safeguards. Upon the morning after a marriage, it was the duty of the older women to go to the girl and clip her tresses, and then there would be a feast. But if the old women found in the meantime—and they investigated thoroughly—that the tresses lied, it was a sorry feast. They carved the roast pig in a certain fashion, a delicate way of advertising the scandal. And both the bridegroom's family and the girl's own relatives beat her most severely.

"The missionaries frowned upon such customs. Many of them were small-minded persons, who came here fully convinced that whatever we did differently from them must be wrong. And they denounced it, without understanding its purpose, substituting their own social system, which *we* did not understand. They abolished the bachelor club, that the whole family might live under one roof as in America. But in our houses there was only one huge room, and often it was occupied by several different families. And nowadays, although our young girls still wear the locks to signify their virtue, it is a very, very unreliable token."

It is obviously impossible to quote statistics to prove such a contention. One has to rely upon local opinion. And as to marriage, my Fijian informant

said: "Yes, the Christian service is very popular among my people now. They love a ceremony of *any* kind, and this is to us particularly up-to-date. But if one leaves his wife afterwards, he invites ostracism in the church, and that is always embarrassing. Really, it is much easier just to pair off quietly. So only about a fourth of my friends are actually married to the women they live with.

"In justice to such unions, there is little promiscuity. So long as they live together, they are every bit as faithful as the good Christians. But if they find they cannot agree, they do not hesitate to change. The children seldom prove an incumbrance. If a woman hesitates to bring them to the new home, she can leave them with her parents, or with her friends, who raise them as their own.

"Yes, naturally, some missionaries object to this. They would have us ostracize such women. But is that desirable? To put the stamp of Satan upon them will only make them outcasts from society, and force them to the promiscuity which now is practically unknown. And thus far, in these islands, we have always been free from the European vice of prostitution."

I might add, in behalf of the clergyman—although his zeal undoubtedly has been misguided in many respects—that he probably did have much justification for overthrowing the original Fijian matrimonial customs. For one thing, polygamy was practiced by the more wealthy and powerful chieftains. As the sexes numerically were more or less evenly divided, this left a considerable surplus of bachelors, and it was quite the regular thing in some villages for the *buli*, or headman, to lend out a few of his extra wives in return for labor. Altogether, there was probably much about the ancient system that was far from ideal or satisfactory to the Fijians themselves.

EVEN though morals may have suffered, as they are bound to suffer in any period of transition and readaptation, I saw no evidence of any general depravity in the islands. Publicly, at least, the natives strike the casual visitor as being almost absurdly circumspect. Both men and women appear to prefer the company of their own sex. In church, they segregate themselves upon opposite sides of the central aisle. Upon the street, the girls usually stroll in groups by themselves, holding hands, and so do the men. I've even seen burly native policemen idling upon the curb with their little fingers innocently entwined! And although there is always much good-natured banter between passing groups, there is no more indecorum than there might be at a Fundamental revival meeting in Kansas. As a matter of fact, South Sea Islanders are frankly shocked when they go to the movies and see life as our Hollywood colony would have the world believe it is lived in the United States of America!

Merging the Northerns

By Franklin Snow

OUT in the great Northwest; where a man is supposed to be a man, and where national parks were created to develop railroad traffic, a tempest has suddenly arisen due to the desire of the "Northern" railroads to pool their resources. The Northern Pacific and the Great

On July 8, 1927, the Interstate Commerce Commission received a long statement setting forth the advantages awaiting the public from a merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads. A quarter century ago, such a proposal would have evoked horrified protests from a nation intensely suspicious of big business. Today, it stirs hardly a ripple. Mr. Snow, explaining the significance of this gigantic unification of control, records as well an interesting about face in public opinion

Northern, joint owners of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, seek to amalgamate through the formation of a holding company which will control the stock of the two parent companies, and through these, will also hold the S. P. & S. The Burlington is to remain independent, as at present, but since ownership of ninety-seven per cent of its stock would be vested in one management, it would become an integral part of the system of 27,000 miles of line.

The present project is not new. It was conceived and carried almost to a successful conclusion in 1901. The storm of opposition aroused by the spectacular battle for control between James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman resulted in antitrust laws designed to prevent the assemblage of competing companies under one control. How complete has been the change in public sentiment may be seen in the quiescent attitude displayed in all parts of the country other than those immediately served by the carriers affected, toward this, the greatest rail system ever to be set up under one management. In this presumably more enlightened day, power, size, and greatness have captured the public fancy, and consolidations which aroused the bitterest editorial invective a quarter of a century ago are now placidly accepted as indicative of our progress toward larger and, not improbably, more unwieldy aggregations of capital and plant.

The people of the Northwest have recently been treated to what, in its outward aspects, had the appearance of a vigorous political campaign, with H. E. Byram of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; Ralph Budd of the Great Northern, and Charles Donnelly of the Northern Pacific stumping the country from Chicago to Seattle discussing the proposed merger. They drew crowded houses. It is a rather unique spectacle to see railroad presidents carry their battle to the public, and it is not at all unlikely that among their audiences were a few

shippers of freight here and there, who thought that one of the speakers might be a little more specific in discussing the subject than to refer only to the "promotion of the public interest." Some, doubtless, anticipated a prediction that freight rates might be reduced. Even though their hopes were

unwarranted in this respect, they at least had an opportunity of seeing a railroad president face to face, which may, or may not, be something.

A thoughtful survey of the situation and an analysis of the divergent viewpoints denote that there is merit in the contemplated merger. It cannot be denied that the points which the president of the Great Northern has made warrant careful consideration of this, the first definite move toward a pooling of resources by two great railroad systems operating in contiguous territory and having identical interests from a traffic, an operating, and a financial standpoint. From the latter angle alone, it is noteworthy that more than sixty per cent of the total stock outstanding is held by those who own stock in both Northern companies.

THE joint use of freight cars through a common ownership, bringing under one management the thousands of cars maintained — to some extent at least, for competitive purposes; the pooling of terminal facilities in cities; the combining of traffic solicitation and the elimination of separate offices; the reduction in executive officers — if this step were really taken; the decreasing of competitive train-miles, and the greater purchasing power of the combined system are among its outstanding advantages. Particularly may economies be forecast in the matter of joint ownership of freight cars, although such a step may, in a general way, be taken by a pooling of equipment either with the approval of, or by actual order of, the Interstate Commerce Commission under the *present* status, without any merging of the railroads involved. Joint inspection of cars delivered by one road to the other would be avoided, and routing of cars direct to an industry on whose line the plant was located would also result in economies to the railroad.

In another sense, the two Northerns complement each other to an unusual extent. For instance, the

Northern Pacific's mileage predominates on the western part of its system, sixty per cent of its route being west of the North Dakota-Montana line and forty per cent east thereof. The Great Northern's preponderance of mileage, conversely, is on the eastern end, fifty-eight per cent being east of the State boundaries mentioned. The combined mileage of the two systems would result in a particularly even-balanced mileage, with forty-nine per cent west of the arbitrary line established and fifty-one per cent east. In a country which is still undeveloped, and in which numerous branch lines — feeders for the railroad primarily, but outlets for the purpose of encouraging settlers also — must be built, the fact that the two railroads supplement each other in this manner lends added strength to the proposed combination of their facilities. These feeders are often unremunerative for a long period of time, and the joint strength of the two systems might lend added confidence in the building of such branches for the purpose of developing business in years to come.

SO much for the "plaintiffs." The arguments which the merger's advocates have presented probably are not materially different from those which impelled railroad manipulators of an earlier generation to seek the same end. History, it is said, repeats itself, and no more conclusive proof of the truth of the old adage need be cited than the present proposal to merge the two Northerns in the same manner and form that was attempted in 1901. The only distinction lies in the fact that the former episode carried Northern Pacific stock from \$150 to over \$1,000 a share in one hectic day's trading, which was the biggest day the New York Stock Exchange had ever seen, while in the present instance, not even the mildest kind of a flurry served to indicate Wall Street's concern over the gigantic rail merger when it was officially announced.

From the president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul — principal competitor of the Northern roads — comes a set of objections which would completely bewilder the casual reader who had perused the seemingly irrefutable arguments of the Northern executives. Messrs. Budd and Donnelly of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific had not proceeded far in the speaking campaign to swing public opinion to their way of thinking, when Mr. Byram of the Milwaukee commenced a tour of the Northwest, after the approved political method, following the trail of his opponents and refuting their arguments in the various cities between Chicago and Seattle. Briefly, the Milwaukee's position is that the proposed merger would create unbalanced competition, would prevent or prejudice further necessary unifications, and that the economies promised by the advocates of the Hill lines' merger could be realized in equal or greater measure by

other possible unifications. The fact that the combination proposed is in opposition to the general plan of grouping railroads prepared by Prof. William Z. Ripley of Harvard University for the Interstate Commerce Commission is also cited. Professor Ripley allocated the Great Northern to the Milwaukee, and combined the Northern Pacific with the Burlington, as a competing system in the Northwest.

Asserting that his road sought no favors or preferences, Mr. Byram alleged that the proposed combination would result in placing the Milwaukee at a disadvantage in having the forces of the three great roads in the merger working as a unit in the solicitation of traffic against his line — the most recent, and also the least intensively developed road in the Northwest. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the short line from Chicago to the North Pacific Coast, with a mileage slightly under 2,200 miles. The Great Northern's mileage, in conjunction with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to St. Paul is a little over 2,200, while the Northern Pacific's, also in association with the Burlington to St. Paul, is more than 2,300. Freight and passenger train schedules are practically the same by all three routes.

While at present in a receivership, the Milwaukee is in good shape physically and with its electrification of 660 miles over the several mountain ranges between Montana and the Coast is not the "weak sister" which it is sometimes intimated to be. Although it lacks the extensive feeders which the other two roads possess throughout their territory, and in places parallels the Northern Pacific so closely that the two roads derive their traffic from the same town, rather than from noncompetitive spots which the Milwaukee might have cultivated to advantage had its line diverged farther from that of its long-established neighbor, the road will emerge from its receivership in a greatly strengthened position from many angles. Unlike many companies during a period under jurisdiction of the courts, the Milwaukee has not maintained a moribund attitude, but has displayed a degree of ingenuity which has earned for it the title of "The Road of Progress" in the past two years.

IT is pertinent to any merger discussion to note the growing strength of the Milwaukee, which will give it a position of greater importance in the affairs of the Northwest than that already attained by reason of its 11,000 miles of line, which makes it one of the largest railroad systems in the country. Among these achievements in recent months, it can be cited as the pioneer in the development of roller bearings for passenger cars, the possibilities of which may result in the hauling of much longer passenger trains at reduced locomotive costs. From the standpoint (*Continued opp. page 120*)



"JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT —"



"— THE TREE'S INCLINED "

ALL THE WORLD'S A BATHTUB!



All photographs from Ewing Galloway

CONEY ISLAND IN JULY

"— BOUNDLESS AND BARE,
THE LONE AND LEVEL SANDS STRETCH FAR AWAY"



"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS TO INDIA'S CORAL STRAND"

THE PICTURE ABOVE CANNOT TRUTHFULLY BE SAID TO COME FROM GREENLAND, HOWEVER; IT HAS BEEN ALLEGED TO SHOW RED GRANGE AT WORK IN HIS WHEATON, ILLINOIS, ICE PLANT. THE SCENE BELOW, ALTHOUGH NOT A CORAL STRAND, IS NEVERTHELESS IN INDIA, ON THE SACRED HOOGHLY RIVER AT CALCUTTA



SELF-SERVICE IN SIAM

THESE SIAMESE WOMEN ARE INDULGING IN A CAFETERIA BATH—THEY CARRY THEIR OWN TUBS AND OPERATE THEIR OWN SHOWERS. THIS SYSTEM OF INDIVIDUAL APPLICATION MAY ALSO HAVE ITS GOOD POINTS



Burton Holmes

A TURKISH BATH IN TURKEY!

THOSE WHO HAD THOUGHT THAT THE TURKISH BATH, LIKE CHOP SUEY, WAS A PROPHET NOT WITHOUT HONOR SAVE IN ITS OWN COUNTRY, SHOULD GLANCE HASTILY AT THE PICTURE TO THE RIGHT AND MAKE A MENTAL NOTE OF THEIR ERROR

SUN-SHADED AND SHARK-PROOF

SWIMMERS IN SINGAPORE HAVE THEIR TROUBLES, IT WOULD SEEM; HENCE THE PARASOL EFFECT TO SHIELD THEM FROM THE MALAYAN SUN AND THE BARRICADE AGAINST THE SINISTER MACHINATIONS OF MARINE CARNIVORA



Burton Holmes

"— BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER "

PERHAPS THE OCEAN OFF ASBURY PARK, NEW JERSEY, IS ALREADY FULL OF PER SPIRING HUMANITY. AT ANY RATE, THE BEACH IS ALL BUT CROWDED TO CAPACITY WITH THE WET AND NEAR WET WHO WOULD RATHER SUN THAN SWIM



De Cou



PYRENE ADOPTS MODERN PLUMBING

THE GODDESS OF THE FOUNTAIN WORKS HER COOLING MAGIC IN LOWER MANHATTAN WITH THE COÖPERATION OF THE WATER WORKS AND THE FIRE DEPARTMENT. THE OBVIOUS GOOD NATURE OF THE BENEFICIARIES MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR THE EXTEMPORANEOUSNESS OF THE WHOLE PROCEEDING

© Aerofilms

ENGLAND TAKES TO THE SEASHORE

THE SUMMER RAINS OF BRITAIN ARE NOT SUFFICIENT TO COOL HER INHABITANTS, AS WITNESS THIS AIRPLANE PHOTOGRAPH OF BLACKPOOL, WHICH RESEMBLES BOTH CONEY ISLAND AND THE ITALIAN RIVIERA, COMBINING SEVERAL OF THE BEST FEATURES OF EACH



Legality, Life, and Loot

By Margaret Lathrop Law

VARIED as the hues of the rainbow are the knotty problems of the insurance lawyer. The amazing *dénouement* in the last act is often staged in the court room where, before a gaping audience, tragedy, comedy, and farce are daily enacted. Upon some microscopic hairsplitting of legal terminology hangs not only justice *per se*, but the payment of those thousands which spell the lifelong financial status of the families involved. With jurymen and jurywomen rests the final verdict, and according to their moods and whims they decree right and wrong, life and death.

The appealing little widow who droops like a wilted flower, rolls her baby-blue eyes, and leads in five weebegone children, has the jury at her mercy. The children may be borrowed for the occasion. The lawyer for the defendant may know this yet be unable to prove it in court. The late lamented husband of the plaintiff may have been a rascal who lied like a trooper in making application for his policy, but she wins. For every jury, especially in the South and West, is prejudiced in favor of the widow, be she young and tender or old and pathetic. Any fair-minded judge or lawyer will tell you that the sight of the "late bereaved" in battle against a large, wealthy, and supposedly heartless corporation rouses the jurors' latent socialistic or Bolshevik tendencies. They become obsessed with the idea that laws are created solely for merciless, money-making corporations. They render their verdicts on the theory that a company having issued its policy and accepted the premiums should pay any claim on the policy which may be presented. The little widow and her lawyers know that all she has to do is to sit tight and follow the scriptural injunction, "Ask and ye shall receive." Though the gum-chewing chauffeur or the butcher who murders the king's English may not look to you like a knight-errant, he is ever ready on behalf of any lady fair to slay the dragon incarnate in the big corporation.

This is more than the insurance companies' lawyers can bear! "Trial by jury," they insist bitterly, "is an anachronism, an absurd hang-over from Magna Charta days when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had to have this means of defense against

After death — the court room, is a sequence which insurance companies have found to be a frequent one. Millions of dollars are paid each year to deserving life-insurance beneficiaries. But what of those whose claims are fraudulent — who have legally forfeited the principal of policies and yet who win out, none the less, through the decisions of sympathetic juries? Miss Law traces in this article an amazing trail of loot leading, by way of the court room, out of the offices of the insurance companies

a merciless nobility and a tyrant on the throne. Then they needed it desperately for protection of their lives, liberty, and property. Now it is only a means of mulcting great companies of damages. Power of decision is in the hands of illiterate foreigners and ignorant laborers. Trial by jury

should be relegated to the limbo of the world's dark past, along with divine right of kings, ordeal by fire, and the burning of witches." But meanwhile, pretty little widows continue to roll their eyes and get just the stick of candy that the nice big men will give them.

NO less interesting than juries' reactions to widows is their attitude in accident cases. There is a tendency on the part of the beneficiaries to go to all ends to prove death accidental if it is in any way sudden or peculiar, for the reason that under some policies the insurance companies will, in case of accidental death, double the amount payable under the ordinary policy. Hence, the burning issue in many a case becomes: "How, when, and why was death accidental?" An impregnable definition of "accident" is demanded of the law. In the last analysis, isn't the contracting of any disease more or less accidental? Surely no sane man deliberately courts disease. The United States Supreme Court defines an accident as "an event which takes place without the foresight or expectation of the person acted upon or affected," and death is acknowledged to come by accidental means if "in the act which precedes the injury something unforeseen, unexpected or unusual occurs which produces the injury that leads to death." All of which sounds simple, but here's the rub legally: when death is brought about by a combination of accident and disease, then which is really the proximate cause? For example, an angler in his zeal to land that proverbial big fish falls headlong in the very cold waters of the lake. Telling the tale to a group of admiring cronies at his club, he delays changing his wet clothing, catches cold, and dies of pneumonia. Was the accident or the disease the cause of his death? If someone had noticed that he had a cold before he went fishing would that alter the decision? Was it an accident to be so foolish as

not to change immediately to dry clothing? Self-negligence, it seems, is one thing which accident insurance insures against.

Suppose a *première danseuse* on her opening night has shoes which rub her feet quite raw, but in the excitement of the moment of applause she ignores this condition, picks up a germ, and through her own neglect starts the chain which leads to blood poisoning and death. Is this accidental? Lockjaw resulting from a self-inflicted wound is legally accidental, so is hanging by a mob, killing of an officer by a person resisting arrest, or murder by a robber. And you may legally be scared to death! In fact one wise judge goes so far as to say: "An injury may be said objectively to be accidental though subjectively it is not; and if it occur without the agency of the insured it may be termed to be logically accidental though it was designedly brought about by another person." Which definition starts a gamut of mental queries, and recalls that recent dinner where a group of jolly good fellows were making the most of wine and song. The flowing bowl had flowed too far and too freely. Said one man to another: "I'll bet that I can shoot through the lobe of your ear without touching you anywhere else." The friend took up the bet, was shot and killed — accidental, would you say? The courts decreed otherwise. A man, according to the law, is legally responsible for all he does, says, and writes, when drunk, however lenient his friends may be in forgiving his drunken offenses. So if an intoxicated man goes to a balcony for air and walks off into eternity, that is suicide; but if in a fit of insanity or in delirium of fever he does exactly the same thing, his death is accidental.

Suppose a man in a restaurant eats an oyster, gulps, and says to his son: "This oyster has a vile taste. . . . I wonder if it's fresh?" meanwhile swallowing a second and then dying of ptomaine poison. Does the fact that he deliberately took the second prevent his death from being accidental?

A woman washing clothes develops an infected eye from which she later dies. Her lawyer claims that while she was in the every-Monday-morning act of splashing laundry-tub water, for her a most natural part of life's routine, a few drops of germ-infected water through an unexpected and unforeseen occurrence got into her eye. If the defendant can prove that the death-dealing germ chose the normal method of germ transference, through the air, the event was then not legally an accident.

NOT only "What is an accident?" but "What is a lie?" must often be determined in settling insurance cases. Pink, rose-colored, white, or black, a lie is a lie legally, even if it is a woman's time-old lie about her age. And the willful withholding of the truth is as much a lie as deliberate misrepresentation. An applicant for insurance can invalidate his

contract if he withholds from doctor and examiner information which he knows would prevent the company from insuring him, whether this be refusal to let the family skeleton of insanity or tuberculosis walk, or not mentioning that he plans to fight a duel. Such was the case of a man who recently passed a perfect medical examination and five days later was killed in the concealed duel which according to the courts nullified the policy. Recently a man applying for a policy classed former insanity as a slight nervous breakdown, and soon after died in a fit of violent insanity. His wife claimed that though he had lied, the company's representatives had known this and the question became: Was the insured's own bad faith in lying great enough to break down his defense that the company's agents knew about it too?

THERE is another all-important question: "When can a man be considered dead?" The ports of missing men are many and their methods of disappearance with or without intent to defraud are numerous. Disappearances, murders, and suicides form the most colorful chapters in the story of insurance, and both medical and legal skill of the highest quality are called upon in order to differentiate between the three. In this day of international detectives, informants, motors, telephones, radios, and wireless, considerably more skill is required than formerly to concoct a "get away" which looks sufficiently like death to blind the eagle eye of law, yet, *mirabile dictu*, it can be accomplished. For complete obliteration the elements of fire and water are constantly invoked. Drowning and burning to death have, somehow, a note of complete finality. Numerous are the charred bones which are found eventually to belong to anything from the neighboring farmer's old horse to the neighboring doctor's office skeleton. Even corpses are exhumed and dressed in the clothes of the rascally disappearer. Many are the coats and trousers that line the banks of rivers, many the hats found pitifully floating below the dam while the owner floats elsewhere on a bed of ease.

But the arm of justice is mercilessly long; the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small. And few crimes remain forever undiscovered, even though it may not be till after the deaths of all concerned are forgotten. Even if a disappearer comes back after twenty years, as recently happened when a company had paid the insurance on the proceeds of which his family had been brought up, the fraudulently won shekels were recovered by legal decision. It was, in the case of Mr. B., the fact that certain metal figures on the engine of a big roadster couldn't be obliterated by time or washed away by time as were his bones and those of the "other woman" with whom he had driven over the embankment of the river at an

olated place one foggy night. Another time a microscopic bit of wire found in the débris led to a sequence which proved the skeleton not to be that of the criminal who was concocting a fictitious death—the wire fitted into the little-finger bone of a borrowed skeleton.

The difficulty which confronts the insurance lawyer in connection with suicide is that the law provides that every reasonable presumption must be eliminated before suicide can be inferred, which naturally means that it is almost impossible to prove suicide before a jury. Even if a man has swallowed bichloride tablets and has a strong motive for so doing, the jury is apt to think that he might have done this by accident.

Disappearance cases, while emotionally more complicating to those left behind, are to the legal mind more easily handled than suicide. For the law provides that a man shall after seven years be presumed dead if when he left there were no unfavorable circumstances which would give him an impelling motive not to return. Such circumstances if proved destroy the presumption of death at the end of seven years. But a fisherman who left the port in an open skiff was presumed to have died immediately because a storm blew up and he did not return, even though his body was never found.

IN these days of increasingly numerous divorces and remarriages the complications of the insurance lawyer regarding divorce are as numerous as those of the society editor. Suppose that Jim Jones in making his policy to his wife Mary says "payable to my wife," but does not mention her name. That will, in case of divorce and remarriage on his part, be considered to mean the woman who at the time of his death is filling the rôle of wife. If, on the other hand, he says "payable to Mary, my wife," he legally uses the term wife simply in a descriptive way, and the policy is irrevocably and eternally payable to Mary. Indeed, unless Jim remembers to make a change in beneficiary after the divorce, and sometimes he must do it quickly before he dies, nearly every State in the Union will probably

say that divorce "does not invalidate a preëxisting contract of insurance." Does it matter who brings suit and why? Not in the least! Does it matter whether Jim is a worthless wretch and Mary a poor wronged creature with Jim's children to support? Not at all in the eyes of the law, which deals neither with ethics nor sentiment but with justice.

PARTICULARLY shocking to public sentiment was a recently headlined case which aroused national discussion. A beautiful and unscrupulous woman, finding her husband in the arms of another, saw red, drew a pistol in her fury and fatally shot them both. What of the insurance money? There is a maxim of the law which says one cannot profit by a wrongful act, so being the beneficiary, this beautiful and fascinating young woman could never have collected the insurance money without being acquitted: that is, without acknowledgment that, in the eyes of the law, she had not killed her husband. Hence, her testimony on the stand was that when she opened the door and saw her husband and the other woman she lost consciousness in the sense that her mind went blank and she remembered nothing further. She was promptly acquitted by a sympathetic jury. Here the case goes from bad to worse. The victim's insurance policy carried the double indemnity feature providing for payment of twice its face in case of death by accident. Inasmuch as she had been legally acquitted and therefore had not murdered her husband, she made her preposterous claim that he died by accident and the courts forced the company to pay double indemnity. So by an ironic quip of fortune she enjoyed the insurance money of the husband whom she had shot, along with offers to grace both stage and screen!

So from day to day, from year to year, the strange and grisly game continues to be played with zeal by the opposing forces; here are tragedy and comedy which are the very warp and woof of life; here if anywhere is the personal equation paramount, here in the triangle of life, legality, and loot is battledore and shuttlecock of lawyers' skill and judges' justice.

For a Country Church

If I were God,
How tenderly I'd cherish
Every country church,
Every little parish.

They seem so modest,
So humbly dressed in white,
Raising a tiny cross
As if to catch His sight.

The trees peer through
Clear panes of window glass,
The altar can be seen
Should an angel pass.

With meekly folded doors,
I'd bless, if I were God,
Every country church
Kneeling on the sod.

RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG.

The Shadow Stage

Mostly Jannings

By Perceval Reniers

JUST a year ago this page sounded its best trumpet for the German picture, "Variety," and for the acting therein of Emil Jannings. There was, as I recall, a note of relief that Herr Jannings was constitutionally ill adjusted to sea trips and that he was disposed to keep the Atlantic between him and our dollars. Our atmosphere has an untoward effect on foreign actors and actresses. In the light of the dissolution of Pola Negri's talents from the moment she set foot in Hollywood it seemed extraordinarily good news that her former coactor was to remain at home.

Not long after the *première* of "Variety," the leading lady of that piece, Lya de Putti — if that is the way she spells it — embarked for the ever so golden West. She, too, had given electric performances with Jannings and she, too, became somewhat less than competent when transplanted. After this second blasting, those interested in fine performances on the screen were more than ever hopeful that Germany would refuse passports to her film actors, if not the bad ones then at least the good ones.

The blow fell when word came that Jannings himself was packing, about to brave the Atlantic, Hollywood directors, American movie methods, and a fabulous salary, upon one or all of which his predecessors had crashed. His arrival furnished material aplenty for the skeptics and some distress for his well-wishers. There was a we-salute-you-dying air about his send-off to California.

AFTER all, no one need have worried. His first American picture, "The Way of All Flesh," while not a cinema milestone, is the triumph of Jannings over a system. Victory required that he keep his artistic stature from shrinking. It has expanded if anything, provided one can admit there was room for expansion after his performances as Henry VIII and Nero. His impersonation of a German-American bank cashier of Milwaukee who is shorn of beard, family, and the *bourgeois* virtues by a Chicago Delilah, is as completely three dimensional as his old doorkeeper of "The Last Laugh," rich in detailed characterization, sure in dramatic contrast.

How Jannings has managed to escape the American destiny of foreign motion-picture players, only those who worked with him in the studio will be able to relate. The meagre privilege of the outsider is to guess. It may have been

that the story — essentially the same as that of "Variety" — fitted him neatly or because the director was an exceptional choice or because the supporting company was above the ordinary or because the weather was pleasant. I dare say they all had something to do with it. To this department, the fundamentals of the business seem quite simple. Jannings is one of that thirty-third degree brotherhood of the screen, — Chaplin is the other member, — not alone a fine actor but a powerful personality as well, able to dominate all the working parts of a picture, possessed of sufficient artistic acumen and experience to shape the course of everything from scenario to eyebrow pencil.

He, even more than Jannings, controls the ultimate destiny of his pictures, for he not only designs, acts, and directs, but serves as editor, titler, and cutter as well. But if Chaplin's pictures are more thoroughly individual products, Jannings' are so plainly stamped with his personal trade-mark as to make them peculiarly his own.

Something of his own vitality seems to have permeated every picture of his that I have seen. When playing with him, Pola Negri was superb and Lya de Putti gave promise of brilliance. Away from him, these two withered as though suddenly cut off at the roots. His companies all seem to feel his prodigious flow of expression, his enormous gusto. This is not the first time he has survived the dangers of transplanting and given new life to actors foreign to him. The last Italian production of "Quo Vadis?" was impressive mainly because Jannings had crossed the Alps to play their Nero. And, incidentally, to make possible one of the exceedingly rare Italian importations to this country since the war.

This new Jannings film, by the way, is without benefit of Samuel Butler. The title has been pillaged from the helpless author with the feeble excuse that the original work inspired the moral of this one. The pillaging is not so remarkable as the fact that titling hands have not laid hold of it before. To have resisted "The Way of All Flesh" so long while playing around it with every other conceivable text of carnality should be set down in favor of the movies rather than otherwise, there being no copyright in titles. Of course, now it has been done, we may expect, among others, a "Mlle. de Maupin," a "Dram Shop," a "Man in the Iron Mask," and a "Morals of

Marcus Ordeyne" written by anyone who does not happen to be the author customarily associated with the work.

While we are entertaining a German guest who controls his own destiny even among strangers, we have a few native sons who are also making stabs at destiny control. They are comedians for the most part, and it can hardly be denied that the results are funny. There is, for instance, Ed Wynn's first and last picture, "Rubber Heels" and the pathetic story that goes with it almost everywhere. Mr. Wynn, convulsing mime of the stage, has wept on to not a few pages of the public prints over the shortcomings of movie technique, and how he isn't nearly so funny as he might have been if left to his own devices, and how they ruined everything by not using the perfectly subtle-splitting ideas he offered for the piece. "Rubber Heels" was to have been both "with and by" Ed Wynn, and such are the cruel chances of a motion-picture career that he offered the producer \$125,000 to destroy the negative.

THEN there is Reginald Denny, a popular and not very original *farceur*, who has undertaken to write an auto-racing skit for himself, probably out of the scraps of numerous similar affairs in which he has participated. We need not tarry over "Fast and Furious" longer than to remark that it brings to mind Buster Keaton's outbreak of authorship with "The General," a farce of Civil War days that proved soggy entertainment. Our funny men of the screen know what they want too well and not very wisely. Once they become stars, their veto power over the stories handed to them is absolute and since they add the *kudos* of scenarist to their actors' salaries by fashioning their own plays, it is more than normally tempting for them to be jiggered if they can't do better than their scribbling hirelings. And that is no more than human. Even the chap who has done nothing more for the movies than pay a fifty-cent admission has been likewise jiggered.

It is true that the finest type of cinema actor developed by the new art is a hierarchy, whether in the Chaplin way of writing and directing his own or in the Jannings way, the recipe for which is no more nor less simple than the recipe for genius. What our young men are learning, rather expensively, is that hierarchy does not automatically make a Chaplin or a Jannings.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

STUDIES in the Contemporary Theatre" (Little, Brown) is John Palmer's first book about the theatre since the war. Prior to 1914 Mr. Palmer, who used to be the dramatic critic of the London *Saturday Review*, had five volumes to his credit: "The Censor of the Theatres," "The Future of the Theatre," and "The Comedy of Manners," a sound and entertaining study of Restoration dramatists. Since then many things have happened to the world general and to Mr. Palmer in particular. He has turned novelist; he has held an appointment under the League of Nations; above all, he has discovered Luigi Pirandello and Georges Pitoëff. Without these two, one doubts if he would have written this book.

Although entitled "Studies in the Contemporary Theatre," this volume consists largely of studies of contemporary French dramatists, the only exceptions being the chapters devoted to Pirandello and to Pitoëffs. It was in Geneva that Mr. Palmer encountered Georges Pitoëff and his wife, for this enterprising Russian had made his entry into Paris via Switzerland, despite the claim made in this volume for Paris as the dramatic capital of the civilized world. It also seems to have been through the productions of Pitoëff that he first encountered Pirandello, who gives the place of honor at the head of Mr. Palmer's procession of the French dramatists and producers whom he credits with having inaugurated a renaissance in the French theatre elsewhere unparalleled. Probably the author's duties at Geneva count, not only for his choice of subjects, but also for his innocent belief that "contemporary theatre" is represented by that choice. Let it be granted at least that Pitoëff and his wife, neither of whom French, fully deserve all credit for their courageous effort to rescue the French theatre from that insularity and self-complacency which Mr. Palmer believes was true of it only in the years preceding the war. Thanks to Pitoëff the French-speaking world has had an opportunity of seeing the work of such writers as Shaw, Wilde, Pirandello, Hamsun, Chekhov, Ibsen, and Strindberg. The mere fact that these are the names which Mr. Palmer mentions in his appreciative essay will suffice to indicate the backwardness of the French theatre, for these are all dramatists with which educated playgoers in Berlin and New York are familiar.

Mr. Palmer, it is true, is writing primarily for English consumption, and it is pretty generally admitted that the London theatre has not been precisely in a

very flourishing condition. No young dramatists have come forward during the last decade to take the place occupied during the ten years before the war by Shaw, Granville Barker, St. John Hankin, and John Galsworthy. But while Mr. Palmer was exiled in Geneva even the London playgoer was not deprived of

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

Bread and Fire. By Charles R. Walker (Houghton Mifflin).

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn (Simon and Schuster).

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Harcourt, Brace).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

opportunities at least as important, if not identical with those afforded the public in Paris by the playwrights and producers who are the subject of his book. From Ireland came a dramatist who can compare with any of the French writers he discusses, and it seems to me that London saw something of Hamsun, Pirandello, Eugene O'Neill, Werfel, Lenormand, Jules Romains, and others, assisted by Gémier, Copeau, Dullin, or Pitoëff.

IN fine, Mr. Palmer exhibits the enthusiasm of a proselyte, and in his laudable anxiety to draw attention to a group of French playwrights who are either unknown or deserve to be better known in England and America, he has made up his mind to ignore the considerable German, Russian, and Hungarian contingents of innovators in the contemporary theatre. He has got a bad attack of Pirandello—an author more familiar to playgoers in America than to those in any other country except his own. Mr. Palmer claims that "his plays begin where Mr.

Bernard Shaw's and those of his contemporaries leave off. His predecessors dealt logically with intellectual conceptions and ideas. For M. Pirandello the whole apparatus of human logic is no more than a screen before the reality he seeks." That reality, according to Mr. Palmer, is "the enigma of personality," and he seems never to be bored by Pirandello's constant variations on the theme: What is truth? What is reality? Right you are, if you think you are.

Of the five French dramatists discussed three need no introduction to American readers. They are H. R. Lenormand, Jules Romains, and Paul Géraudy. Jean Sarment has not yet had a play produced here, but this winter Miss Eva Le Gallienne announces "L'Invitation au Voyage" of Jean Jacques Bernard, which will leave only one of the five to be "discovered" by an American producer or critic. As a matter of fact, I know that Jean Sarment's "La Couronne de Carton" and "Le Pêcheur d'Ombres" were considered by more than one New York producer. Mr. Palmer should not assume that all his swans are unknown outside Paris.

OF course Géraudy is a very popular playwright, even on Broadway, and one has difficulty in thinking of him as a neglected genius. He writes sentimental comedies which have pleased Miss Grace George and her public. Lenormand's "Failures" and "Time Is a Dream" have both been played in New York with a measure of success. Lenormand is an interesting playwright at times, but I doubt if he is more important than were Hervieu, in his day, or Porto-Riche, whose successor is Géraudy, as John Palmer admits.

What justifies the existence of these younger dramatists, if not the exaggerated claims on their behalf, is the fact that they represent the postwar generation and are more important, at their worst, than the older playwrights whose philosophy no longer corresponds to the world about them. As Mr. Palmer strikingly says of their predecessors: "The cheerful faith of the new evolutionists, brilliantly led by Mr. Bernard Shaw, was beginning to be only one degree less intolerable than the philosophy of Pangloss." In the next generation there is an "absence of any overt denunciation. There are no social or moral fisticuffs. The weapon . . . is detachment, or, more often still, a jovial pretence that nothing is intended except a little fun at the expense of the false appearances of things." Mr. Palmer's book is an excellent guide to the theatre of the postwar generation in France.

Navies and Potential Wars

A Review by W. Harold Kingsley

NAVIES AND NATIONS. By Hector C. Bywater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

ONCE convince the people of every power on earth that their security is threatened by no navy capable of waging sustained aggressive warfare against them and the obstacles to limitation of sea armaments would be battered down by the sheer force of world opinion. Hector C. Bywater's latest survey of world politics as seen through the gun sights of world navies should do something toward bringing this about. He presents a myriad of facts to prove that by far the greatest number of arguments which now militate against reductions in auxiliary craft at Geneva are bogeys erected by naval men. He bores into maritime strategy, national aspirations, and comparative naval strengths of all the powers, great and small, and sees only five naval conditions which might give any nation pause in considering limitations.

First, there is Britain's development of her Singapore base which is looked upon with suspicion by Japan. Mr. Bywater believes that both military and political reasons should force its modification. His second danger point is Japan's control of home waters and the potential threat this constitutes to other nations with large stakes in China. Third, he considers the amazing increase in French construction of submarines which, though obviously designed to protect French routes to African colonies, constitute a serious menace to British shipping. Fourth, there is the possibility of a compact between Spain and Italy to upset the balance of power in the Mediterranean and threaten France's sea lanes to her African possessions. And finally, he points to the lack of an American base in the western Pacific for protection of the Philippines against possible aggression from Japan. Yet in even the face of these considerations, Mr. Bywater makes a clear case for the contention that no nation today has adequate reason for fearing aggression by another power.

Britain is supreme in European waters. The tonnage of her fleet outweighs that of all the rest of Europe combined. But she may require some additional anti-submarine craft if Continental powers are not restricted in constructing under-sea boats. British naval strategy begins and ends in the Channel, where half of the merchant ships she must protect may always be found at any given time. Mr. Bywater flouts the theory that Japan's fleet menaces the security of Australia

and New Zealand. Such an attack, strong enough to hope for success, would require maintenance of a line of communication 3,000 miles long which would be cut to pieces in no time by the arrival of the British armada from Europe.

The United States, Mr. Bywater concludes, is guaranteed immunity from foreign aggression by its geographical position. He scorns the idea that either Japan or Great Britain ever could strike a serious blow at the Panama Canal. No hostile fleet, he declares, could ever hope to get near enough the Canal to do material damage.

Our weakest point lies in the western Pacific, where we have no adequate bases. The American fleet would have little or no influence 1,000 miles west of Hawaii, a condition which has prompted one British expert to remark that in the event of war between Japan and the United States he would rather be any man in the world than the commander of the American fleet. Hawaii itself is considered more safe from attack. Besides lying 3,400 miles from Japan and only 2,200 miles from San Francisco, it is well protected and strongly garrisoned.

The chief deficiencies of the American Navy are in cruisers with which to protect our growing trade, and in our lack of bases in the Philippines and Samoa, although our own authorities have viewed the latter condition with little concern else the "Washington treaty, as it stands, would never have been negotiated."

JAPAN'S fleet is "tied to home waters" by lack of bases elsewhere. The author declares that her ultra-aggressive policy in China has been pigeonholed since the Washington treaty. At the same time, iron, coal, and other goods vital to the existence of the Oriental empire come from China and Korea, and Japan may be expected to maintain jealous control of waters leading to these essential sources of supply. Nevertheless, lack of bases prevents her from launching aggressive warfare far from home and restricts her fleet to exclusively defensive operations. Since the five-power pact, relations between this country and Japan have been marked by the utmost amity. The only cloud on the Japanese horizon is Singapore, which the Japanese people regard as a British menace to their security. Still Great Britain has now set aside her traditional policy of sea supremacy over all the world, and has automatically given up the idea of maintaining two large fleets, one at home and one in the Pacific. Even though Singapore be

transformed into a port capable of housing the whole British fleet, it seems unlikely that London would send the full force of her armada on a Pacific mission for purposes of aggression.

Since the war France has turned her eyes toward the sea. Her hope of safety on land lies in her ability to transport a million or so colonials across the Mediterranean, possible only if the lines of communication are adequately protected. Financially unable to construct many capital ships — they cost about \$35,000 apiece nowadays — France left Washington pleased that Britain had been limited in battleships, and set about building cruisers, destroyers, and submarines. Mr. Bywater does not think that this construction program is aimed at Great Britain, although he does not think that France never has signed the treaty outlawing attacks on merchantmen and submarines. France regards light ships and under-sea boats as the best weapons in the Mediterranean, and Mr. Bywater believes it only an unfortunate coincidence that they also happen to be the most effective against British commerce.

ITALY came out of Washington isolated. Her prestige was salvaged when she was placed on a paper parity with France. She has not yet adopted a program which would bring her to naval equality in fact, but her post-Washington construction activities have been substantial and her growing friendship with Spain is regarded with more significance in Europe than on this side of the Atlantic. Spain is now the fourth European naval power and has provided for two new battleships, six modern cruisers, twelve flotilla leaders and destroyers, and more than twenty submarines. Great Britain is watching Franco-Italo-Spanish relations. To London war in the Mediterranean would be of the utmost concern.

Mr. Bywater's volume is so replete with technical data and political interpretation that it must be read with the utmost care if one would receive the full weight of his conclusions. However, it be said that his painstaking work has evolved a strong case for further reductions in sea force. His standing as an expert makes his facts unimpeachable and lends weight to his deduction that "further definite progress can be made toward the reduction of naval armaments if the leading powers sincerely wish it. Resistance comes almost entirely from the professional interests concerned, while by training and tradition are antipathetic to the whole principle of disarmament."

New Books in Brief Review

Bernard Quesnay. By André Maurois.
Translated by Brian W. Downs, New
York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

EVERY now and again I come across a novel which causes me to regret with various poignancy the passing of the grand style that takes its time, that begins at the beginning, that wanders down by-paths, and in the end leaves you with the sense of having come to know every person and place extraordinarily well, having learned the process a great many unnecessary things just as one does in life. This story of the inexorable reëmeshing in a great family business tradition of a man, who, in the first blush of the postwar period, had driven to work himself free, is of the stuff of a "Richard Feverel" or a "Pendennis." It is an excursion through "Bernard Quesnay" is like a drive through the Feverel and Pendennis country in an automobile. We see it all, but nothing very intimately or individually. In "Bernard Quesnay" every character is well drawn, but in lines so scant as never to convey anything more than an impression. And yet from the first page to the last the book holds one's interest, and every now and again reveals a flash of genius. One interesting peculiarity in an excellent translation is the fact that wherever Mr. Downs desires to render into English the patois of the French peasant he does it in the Yorkshire dialect. "Do like me — tha's still gotten thy mates." Yorkshiremen the world over will recognize a sentence like that as the real thing.

Discordant Encounters. By Edmund Wilson. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. \$2.50.

INTELLIGENT Americans have long been aware that Edmund Wilson is one of the best equipped and in some ways the most brilliant of this country's younger critics. This book preserves some of his most interesting work. All of it has quality, but unfortunately it never should have been bound between the covers of a single volume. Porridge is good, so are obster and wild boar, but they do not compose naturally into a satisfying meal. The book opens with four dialogues, "discordant encounters," which are excellent. Each chooses a single question of contemporary æsthetic or philosophic importance, and discusses it with wit and a sure but subtle wisdom. One of them, which will probably be the most popular, records a conversation between the naturalist, Mr. William Beebe, and a marine iguana. The limitations of science have rarely been as acutely and amusingly

formulated as by Mr. Wilson's iguana. These four dialogues make up half the book; they are followed by "Cronkhite's Clocks," described as a "pantomime with Captions," and a play, "The Crime in the Whistler Room," which ran for some weeks at the Guild Theatre. It is good to have these in print, but we cannot help wishing that the whole book had been composed — with greater harmony — of "discordant encounters," leaving the other bits for a more fortunate juxtaposing with others of their kind.

Tall Men. By James Stuart Montgomery. New York: Greenberg, Publisher. \$2.00.

A ROMANTIC novel of blockade running ending up with the duel between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsage* as told by a young English volunteer. The book has plenty of action and a good deal of dramatic quality; it is hurt, however, by a rather unconvincing romantic accent which somehow fails to register.

The Harvest Moon. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

MR. FLETCHER leaves the manufactory of thrillers flat on its back and goes in for a long, sustained love story. He succeeds in making his heroine a noble and convincing woman. His hero is unheroic and rather inexcusably so, but Mr. Fletcher could have abridged the duration of his heroine's anguish and the length of the book considerably without hurting the heroic reality or his reader's feelings in the least. There is too much — even of a good thing.

Pedro de Valdivia, Conqueror of Chile. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: Harper & Bros. \$3.00.

AN interesting biography of one of the conquistadores who has been generally ignored or obscured by the more spectacular achievements of the great leaders. Pedro de Valdivia was an authentic brother in that extraordinary fraternity which conquered Mexico and Central and South America. He was more than a mere adventurer, however. Untarnished by the falseness and the cruelty which marked many of his colleagues, he ruled the land he won by the sword with intelligence, constructive purpose, humanity to the natives, and an un-

bounded loyalty to his king. After detailing the history of his conquest and summing up his achievement, Mr. Cunninghame Graham appends a translation of Valdivia's five long letters to Charles V which are human documents of the greatest interest and historical documents of equal importance.

Upton Sinclair: A Study in Social Protest. By Floyd Dell. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

THE enormous European reputation of the author of "The Jungle" as contrasted with a singular neglect in his own country is perhaps enough to justify a study of the character and work of Upton Sinclair. But there are plenty of other reasons. Both in spite of and because of his Socialist preoccupations Upton Sinclair has succeeded every now and then in producing something approaching a great novel. His new book, "Oil," is additional proof. This volume by Floyd Dell is an extraordinarily interesting story of the life of the man. Though Sinclair's social pamphlets are unfortunately treated with uncritical enthusiasm, the book is rich in information about a man who is a figure of his age — whether one likes it or not — and therefore important.

A History of Caricature. By Bohun Lynch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$6.50.

MR. BOHUN LYNCH, being both a caricaturist and a writer, has here an admirably competent and entertaining book on caricature. It is as delightful as it is instructive and intelligent. The author has wisely limited his discussion to true caricature instead of comic art in general, and after establishing his definition and tracing the development of caricature through the ages, he devotes brief, pointed comment to some outstanding caricaturists of various nationalities. The selection of reproductions to illustrate his remarks is careful and intelligent. One's only criticism of this book is that it is very good as far as it goes, but that it might go farther and possibly fare better. It is an excellent and entertaining essay on caricature, well illustrated and well thought out, but it is hardly a history of caricature in any generous sense. The author is well documented and thoroughly sure of his theme, but he preferred a short book to a long one. It is a tribute to his abilities that the reader is left, like Oliver Twist, asking for more.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

FROM Friday, July 16, until the following Sunday, Vienna, traditionally gay capital of Austria, was the scene of riots which took on the aspect of revolution before they were finished. Now that they are over and the city Vienna Riots has again assumed its normal appearance, denials are issued that there was anything approaching revolutionary design in the rioting which resulted in the death of at least twelve members of the police force and some sixty others on the side of the protesting crowds, together with several hundred wounded. Chancellor IGNATZ K. SEIFEL has the situation in hand, however, and the outbreak has not forced the resignation of his Government.

It all started at nine o'clock Friday morning when a crowd of several thousand gathered before the Palace of Justice to protest the acquittal of three young members of the Italian Fascisti, The Cause known as the Nationalist Front Fighters Association, upon charges of having murdered a workman and his child during riots between the Front Fighters and the Social Democratic Defense Guard. Feeling had been running high during the nine days of the trial, and when the verdict was announced Communist agitators joined with incensed workmen in their march on the Palace of Justice. Entrance was forced into the building, which was immediately fired, while records were thrown into the streets and burned. The historic edifice was almost entirely destroyed, only the walls remaining when the fire died out.

Attacks were also made upon various police stations, in one of which four officers, including the superintendent of the precinct, were killed. Mobs gathered in the street, but were finally dispersed by machine-gun fire and by mounted police who charged them in true cavalry style with swinging sabres. Many of the agitators responsible for the outbreaks were recognized and placed under arrest. Those who committed the actual firing of the Palace of Justice are said to be among the number.

Italian and Yugoslavian Governments threatened to complicate what seems now to have been a purely localized riot by requesting permission from the Austrian Government to send troops across the border to maintain train schedules through Yugoslavia and into Italy. These requests were refused, however, as the rioting died down. In all it lasted barely through Friday night, and upon Saturday quiet began

to settle over the city. Martial law was declared throughout the whole of Austria in the early belief that the riots might mark the beginning of a plot to overthrow the Government, and troops were rushed to Vienna. It appears now, however, that the situation is entirely under the control of the authorities.

King FERDINAND of Roumania died at the Château de Pelishor at Siniai, summer home of the royal family, early on the

The Week

¶Rioting in Vienna. Machine guns and cavalry sabres bring quiet after a day of terror. ¶Roumania's king dies. And will be succeeded by six-year-old Crown Prince Michael. Carol is informed. A regency will assist Michael. ¶The Marines go into action. Help from the air. The rebels flee. ¶Another California-Hawaii fight. "To the last drop." ¶Transatlantic flyers return. And receive New York's welcome. Plans for the Antarctic fight. It will take place this fall. ¶Deadlocked still at Geneva. The British delegation goes to London. ¶Mr. Jones of Atlanta. ¶Klan echoes in Indianapolis.

morning of July 20. His death marked the end of a long fight with cancer which has brought him at various times sufficiently near his end to give rise to reports that death was imminent. Queen MARIE and three of his children — Prince NICHOLAS, Princess ILEANA, and Queen MARIE of Yugoslavia — were at the bedside. After deliberation by the Council of Ministers, a telegram was dispatched to CAROL, former crown prince of Roumania, who renounced his rights to the succession last year, informing him that the nation had decided to respect his decision. Crown Prince MICHAEL has therefore become Roumania's king, assisted by a regency composed of Prince NICHOLAS, the Patriarch of Roumania, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. This regency was arranged more than a year ago following CAROL's renunciation. JON BRATIANO, Premier at that time, who has just succeeded once more to the Premiership, is said to have been responsible for choosing the regency. Prince NICHOLAS, together with Princess ILEANA, accompanied Queen MARIE upon her visit to this country last autumn.

United States Marines had their first real battle with recalcitrant Nicaraguans on Sunday, July 17. The rebel leader General SANDINO, had been one of the lieutenants of General MONCADA, commander in chief of the Liberal forces which championed the claims of Dr. SACASA to the Presidency of the Central American republic. After the agreement negotiated by Col. HENRY L. STIMSON, personal envoy of President COOLIDGE who visited Nicaragua to negotiate peace between the contending factions, both Conservatives and Liberals promised to lay down their arms, with a promise that the United States would make sure a fair election was held next fall. But General SANDINO with a force of some 200 men refused to adhere to the terms of the agreement and retired into the hills.

With his force augmented to about 500, General SANDINO attacked the town of Ocotal on July 17. The garrison of Marines numbered about forty, while there

The Battle were between forty and fifty members of the native constabulary on guard there as well. For seventeen hours the battle raged, the defensive forces being outnumbered by about five to one. The heroic resistance of the Marines and their native aids is spoken of in the highest terms, but it appears that they must have been overwhelmed by superior numbers in the end had not two American airplanes chanced above the scene of battle. These two scout planes carried back word to Managua and immediately a squad of five bombers was sent out. Flying low, their gunners raked the rebels with machine-gun fire at short range, and aerial bombs dealt havoc in the ranks. The attacking force soon broke and fled in wild disorder. Secretary of State KELLOGG, writing to the Pan-American Labor Conference in Washington on July 18, stated that no political significance could possibly be attached to the battle. General SANDINO and his followers were outlaws, he said, and their attack on Ocotal was for the sole purpose of loot. Heavy casualties were inflicted upon them, estimates varying from 200 to 300. Marine casualties were one private killed and another seriously wounded. Several members of the constabulary were wounded, but none was killed.

Record flights are becoming almost a commonplace. On July 15 ERNEST L. SMITH and EMORY R. BRONTE, civilian pilot and his navigator, crashed into a tree on the Island of Molokai in the Hawaiian group, twenty-five hours and

Marines in Action

The Battle

Ferdinand Dies

Cavalry Sabres

Localized Rioting

Another Record

ty-six minutes after hopping off from municipal airport at Oakland, California, thereby completing for the second time in two weeks the long 2,400-mile hop from the mainland to the Islands. Their time was about fifteen minutes better than that established by Lieutenants MAITLAND and HEGENBERGER.

Fog and adverse winds held the flyers behind their scheduled time and drew heavily on their gasoline supply. When 100 miles from the Islands, they began sending out S O S calls and three ships rushed to their assistance. Subsequent messages stated that their fuel was sufficient to keep them in the air for four more hours which would have brought them down 300 miles offshore. But apparently they miscalculated their supply, for they carried them as far as Molokai. There, with the last drop of gasoline exhausted, they crashed into a tree, both unharmed.

SMITH stated upon reaching Honolulu a few hours later that the 'plane was a total wreck. The flyers left Oakland at 10.40 A. M., on July 14 and landed at Molokai at 9.46 A. M., the following day. SMITH had originally planned to fly on the same day HEGENBERGER and MAITLAND started their successful flight, and he took off 10 hours after the Army Fokker zoomed to the air. But the force of the wind blew the shield before his navigator's cockpit and he was forced to return.

New York welcomed five transatlantic aviators home on July 18. When the *Viatban* pushed her nose into the harbor she was greeted by a chorus of whistles from the craft of all sorts in the river, she carried Commander RICHARD E. BYRD, BERT POSTA, Lieut. GEORGE O. NOVILLE, and Lieut. BERT BALCHEN who took the *America* from Roosevelt Field to Ver-sur-mer, France, and CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN who piloted the *Columbia* to Germany with CHARLES A. LEVINE as passenger. LEVINE was the only one of the transatlantic flyers who failed to return. He is remaining in Europe perfecting his plans to fly back with MAURICE ROUHIN piloting the *Columbia*.

Commander BYRD is already making plans for his flight to the South Pole upon which his expedition is to set out early in the fall. Present arrangements call for the dispatch of Lieut. BERT BALCHEN to the Fokker plant at Amsterdam, Holland, about August 1, to get the big three-motored 'plane which will carry the exploring party over the wastes of Antarctica. After test flights in Holland, Lieutenant BALCHEN will fly the 'plane to Longfjord, not far from Oslo, Norway, where he will supervise its packing upon the whaler, *Larsen*, which is to carry it to the United States. At Norfolk, Virginia, supplies will be taken on board, and the trip will proceed, according to present plans, to San Pedro, California, where Commander BYRD will take charge. It has been announced that FLOYD BENNETT will pilot the South Pole 'plane and that BALCHEN will also be a member of the flying crew. BENNETT was pilot on the North Pole expedition of Commander BYRD, and was to have piloted the *America* on her transatlantic hop, but injuries sustained in a test flight have kept him in the hospital since last April. He is now able to walk about on crutches and apparently expects to be in condition for flying by fall.

The arms limitation conference at Geneva, called by President COOLIDGE to discuss further limitation of naval armament, is still deadlocked over the various problems arising out of the cruiser situation. The latest move is a temporary armistice called by the British to enable the chiefs of their delegation to visit London and explain the situation to the Cabinet. Lord ROBERT CECIL and W. C. BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty, arrived in London on July 20 to meet with the Cabinet. The usual rumors have been floating about as to the hidden significance of the move, but Ambassador HUGH S. GIBSON, head of the American delegation, has refused to become disturbed. Prime Minister STANLEY BALDWIN is leaving with the PRINCE OF WALES for a visit to Canada on July 23, and it is entirely possible that he wished a final meeting with the delegates to this important conference before his departure. The Cabinet meeting was partly in the nature of a farewell to him.

A plenary session was held on July 15 at which little was gained. Mr. GIBSON pointed out at that time that since the British and Japanese delegations were most at variance in their desires, it might expedite matters if they were to confer alone. Britain and Japan have now tentatively agreed upon a total of 500,000 tons for both cruisers and destroyers so far as Britain and the United States are concerned. This figure is to be used as a basis for discussion. It would probably mean 300,000 tons in cruisers and 200,000 tons in destroyers, giving Japan 180,000 tons and 120,000 tons in each class. Britain and Japan have also tentatively suggested limiting 10,000-ton cruisers to twelve each for the United States and Great Britain with eight for Japan. A new proposal has been raised having to do with obsolete ships. Great Britain has suggested the possibility of an arrangement whereby when cruisers reach the age limit they be retained for patrol duty instead of being scrapped when they are due to be replaced.

But perhaps the greatest deadlock is upon the subject of gun calibre upon cruisers smaller than 10,000 tons. Great Britain is adamant in her demand that six-inch guns be used — the United States contends that

she will not consent to reduce the present eight-inch figure. Mr. GIBSON is said to feel as well that secondary cruisers should be of 8,000 tons, whereas the British favor reducing their limit to 6,000 tons.

By turning in an amazing card of 285 for four rounds at St. Andrews, Mr. ROBERT T. JONES of Atlanta, Georgia, became the idol of the game and the first amateur to win the British open golf championship twice in succession. His victory seems to have been as popular in Britain as in this country. The 20,000 spectators who crowded around the eighteenth green to see his last putt after following him around the course fought with each other to pat him on the back, and nowhere was bitterness apparent over the failure of a Briton to win the event.

His record over the course showed an amazing consistency of play. His scores for the four rounds were sixty-eight, seventy-two, seventy-three, and seventy-two. Par for the course, one of the most difficult in the world, is seventy-three. Jones' score was therefore seven under par, and six strokes below the course record made by James Braid in 1908 and equaled by Jones last year. Two professionals, Audrey Boomer and Fred Robson, who tied for second place, turned in cards of 291.

Indiana is again rocking under charges made by D. C. STEPHENSON, former Grand Dragon of the Ku-Klux Klan of Indiana. STEPHENSON now occupies a cell in the State prison at Michigan City, Indiana, whither he was sent after conviction of murdering Miss MADGE OBERHOLTZER, and last October, a tempest was aroused when it was announced that "STEPHIE," as he was called in the heyday of his power, was about to broadcast documents which would shake the whole Republican organization in Indiana. During the Klan's popularity, its vogue in Indiana was tremendous and STEPHENSON, as its head, was one of the most powerful men in the State. Various vague charges have been issued, leveled at Gov. "Ed" JACKSON, Mayor JOHN L. DUVAL of Indianapolis, and others. It was even covertly rumored that Senator JAMES E. WATSON had been hand in glove with the order, and last fall Senator REED of Missouri journeyed to Indianapolis to question him though nothing came of it. THOMAS H. ADAMS, publisher of the *Vincennes Commercial and Leader* and president of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association, was responsible for stirring up STEPHENSON last October. But the former Klan chieftain quieted down mysteriously. Now his lawyers are intimating that a real *exposé* is to come. Photostatic copies of various letters and checks have already been published in several Indiana newspapers. The State wonders what is to come next.

Klan Echoes

Present Trends

Gun Calibre

Flyers Return

Antarctic Flight

The Editor Steps Down

OUR editorial article this week is devoted to answering an admittedly important question. Part of the letter is quoted there and we append most of the remainder below for the added interest of the many who find prohibition a subject for perennial argument. The author, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Stockton, California, warns us that, having found he is a minister, we shall "discount all that follows." Happily, Dr. White is his own best advocate. So reasonable and courteous an objection to an editorial point of view could not help receiving the attention it deserves:

DEAR SIR:

The purpose of this communication is twofold. First it carries the good news that I find myself among those distinguished citizens who feel the need of the weekly visits of *THE INDEPENDENT*, backed by a money order to insure that the craving will be at least temporarily satisfied. In the main I find the contents of your magazine informing, readable, and concerned with the things about which I want light and leading. The only real objection I have so far as the quality of the magazine is concerned is that I get started reading it and neglect other more important duties.

¶But I have one crow to pick with your editorial policy—I should call it, bias. That is your settled antagonism to the Eighteenth Amendment and all effective efforts to enforce it. . . . However, I am not a prohibitionist crank. I have never had any very active part in Anti-Saloon League or any other organized work for prohibition with the exception of a term as vice president of the League in Honolulu. I have always believed in temperance and in the right and propriety of a prohibition law. Still I think that I can look at the whole matter of temperance and prohibition with as little bias as, perhaps, you or any other person.

¶Like all laws that affect very directly the conduct of men the prohibition legislation defines the limits of personal liberty. It may be that there are certain irritating and even unfortunate consequences of this law in certain cases. But to my mind the only adequate way in which we can view this matter is from the angle of social policy. Looked at merely as a question of personal rights or duties we can never agree as to whether it is mostly good or bad. But seeing it as a social measure, it appears as a definite step forward from the standpoint of industrial efficiency, general prosperity, physical health, and social morality, to say nothing of the removal of the liquor influence from politics. I have just finished reading Charles G. Ross' article on "The Power Behind Prohibition" which is, in the main, a tribute to the industry and ability of the national officers of the Anti-Saloon League. I heartily agree with him in his adverse criticism of the League for its

support of men personally wet and otherwise undesirable because they are politically dry. But would the general welfare of the country be improved if, instead of a dry lobby, we had a wet lobby such as corrupted politics before prohibition?

¶As for lobbying, you know that every interest in the country that is affected by legislation does lobby and that, while the system may be often abused, there is hardly any other way in which any organized expression of public opinion may be made at Washington. Of course, if each one of us were the editor of as influential a magazine as *THE INDEPENDENT* we might not need to go to Washington to say our say. It seems that the main desire and effort of the dry lobby, after all, is, first, to prevent legislation that would nullify the Eighteenth Amendment and to secure legislation that will make its enforcement more efficient, and, second, to try to get men appointed to enforce the law who really want it enforced and to prevent putting men into such positions who neither desire to see prohibition effective nor believe that it can be made so. Mr. Ross' article seems to concede to the Anti-Saloon League so large a measure of success in its main purposes as more or less to atone for certain admitted mistakes and shortcomings.

H. V. WHITE.

WHILE we are on the general subject of prohibition, the following comment from Rear Admiral W. W. Kimball, U. S. N., retired, at Paris, Maine, objecting to a statement made by Wayne B. Wheeler in *THE INDEPENDENT* for June 25 may be appended as a contribution to the other side of the controversy. He writes:

DEAR SIR:

Dr. Wayne B. Wheeler in his paper, "A New Deal for Prohibition," states that "Third, officers and agents should be in sympathy with the law." The context shows that when the good doctor says "the law," he means the prohibition laws.

¶Now Dr. Wheeler knows that according to the finding of the Supreme Court of April 30, 1923, every enforcement officer and every agent on duty in connection with ports of entry must and does, in attempting the enforcement of the laws of attempted prohibition as they have sworn to do, every day nullify the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution and, incidentally violate the Volstead Act.

¶It is apparent that no officer or agent can be in sympathy with the prohibition laws, as such, so long as these laws so perfectly provide for the prevention of their own enforcement. Therefore, when Dr. Wheeler makes the pronouncement that "officers and agents should be in sympathy with the law," he knows that he is indulging in the silliest kind of meaningless twaddle.

W. W. KIMBALL.

COMMENTS still reach us from physicians and laymen commenting upon the question propounded in our issue of June 25 by Dr. George H. Bigelow, Commissioner of Public Health for Massachusetts. Dr. Bigelow asked in a letter why venereal disease should not be regarded as impersonally as is influenza or smallpox, and proper preventive measures advertised. The following comment from the Commissioner of Health of Chicago, Illinois, needs no added comment from us:

DEAR SIR:

It must be very gratifying to health officers, physicians, and intelligent laymen generally to see the frank and courageous letter in the June 15 *INDEPENDENT* by Dr. George H. Bigelow, Commissioner of Public Health for Massachusetts. May I join my voice in the chorus of approval for his stand?

¶Dr. Bigelow says that in the matter of the control of the venereal diseases by the dispensing of prophylactic treatment, officials are "damned if we do and damned if we don't." If we give out, free of charge or at a nominal charge, calomel ointment or other prophylactic, we are putting an official sanction upon promiscuous sexual intercourse. And if we don't, we are culpable in the neglect of duty to prevent disease as though we had failed to distribute smallpox vaccine. Dr. Bigelow and others are in a quandary. I am not.

¶If a man or a woman wishes to engage in sexual intercourse, that is his or her private business—generally, so long as he or she thereby does not create a public nuisance. If the act of the individual involves a hazard to his or her physical well-being or to the well-being—or even the potential well-being—of another, then, it seems to me, the duty and obligation of a health officer is plain. He should make it known in his community that, upon request, venereal prophylaxis is available through a physician licensed to practice medicine or through the department of health.

¶The primary duty of a health officer is to safeguard, by all reasonable means at his disposal, the health and welfare of his people. "Health" means mental, moral, and physical. But if his people live by a standard of morals that endangers physical health, then his primary obligation is to their physical health. Let him strive by all fair means to modify their morals. But it can never be esteemed fair play in a democracy that morals or ethics shall be dictated by the state or its servants. If the health officer feels that his duty exceeds his powers, let him beat his chest, cry "*mea culpa*," and do such of his duty as he can. ¶I stand for open and public discussion of the venereal diseases. Let us keep on talking about them. Let's shout about them from the housetops. Let's organize pageants for their publicity. The venereal diseases, though not necessarily extramarital sexual intercourse, may be wiped

by widespread knowledge in the practice of personal, and particularly sexual, hygiene. Let's educate our public to demand free venereal prophylaxis from us.

HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

BLIND reader of Westmount, Province of Quebec, sends a rebuke addressed particularly to "What the World is." Our correspondent reads that in of THE INDEPENDENT in Braille as reprinted in the *Weekly News*, a magazine edited by Mr. Francis B. Ierardston for blind readers. Apparently, in sections which this reader has seen, the what loose intimation was given that Mel Lindbergh was the first to fly across the Atlantic. Obviously this was an oversight. In previous issues, attention had been called to the successful transatlantic flight made in a British biplane by Messrs. Alcock and Brown on June 7, 1919, from St. John's, Newfoundland to Clifden, Ireland, a distance of 1,956 miles. Certainly there was no desire on our part to minimize their accomplishment. The letter follows:

AR SIR:

Through the courtesy of the *Weekly News*, a little magazine printed in Braille for the use of the blind, I have read with much interest now for some weeks your very clear report of the doings not only in the United States which too often fills our press, but with that of the rest of creation. While your broadmindedness is in striking contrast to certain popular Boston persons you have on several occasions referred to the deservedly distinguished accomplishment of Messrs. Lindbergh, Byrd, and others as being the first parties to cross the Atlantic by air. Now while this statement only serves to deceive the ignorant, it is hardly to be supposed that I would wish to be allied in such an attempt. Surely the triumphs of these men are quite sufficient in themselves without reflecting from other brave men who have gone before.

You must yourself know right well that a few years ago the *Daily Mail* prize of £1,000 was won by Messrs. Alcock and Brown who flew from Newfoundland to England in a machine which nine years ago is certainly not as efficient or safe as the machines of today. Very little was said of this at the time, for the British do not number among their faults that of bragging about either themselves or their countrymen. Both these men were knighted for their valor, as you know. Why not mention this fact? Lindbergh did not fail to speak of it, and it did not detract one iota from his amazing courage.

SEPTIMUS FRASER.

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DR. FRANK MACDANIEL

Box 75 New York

Merging the Northerns

(Continued from page 106)

of harmony, it has produced a musical locomotive whistle, while in the culinary department, it has turned to the use of electric refrigeration for its dining cars, with a resultant reduction in losses due to spoilage of meats and fruits. The road is the only one serving Yellowstone Park by its own main line and has opened a new entrance to the park known as the "Gallatin Gateway," from which point it has established a motor-bus connection to the Glacier National Park, heretofore a Great Northern stronghold exclusively.

The Milwaukee has embarked on a \$1,000,000 advertising campaign for the current year — another step not entirely commonplace among railroads in receivership, from which it may be noted that the road is destined to be a factor of growing importance in the Northwest.

The Transportation Act of 1920, in providing for rail consolidations, made it clear that competition was to be preserved. In the present merger, two competing carriers seek to amalgamate, although there is still a third line offering competition. Between Chicago and the North Pacific Coast, the Union Pacific also competes with the two Northerns at Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, and Spokane, although not meeting the other lines at any other common points.

In retrospect, the changes which have occurred since the same merger was proposed a quarter of a century ago are amazing. Public opinion then was aroused and "trusts," as such, were viewed with distrust. Size, when applied to a corporation, was often enough to create a popular disapproval of the company. So ensued an era of "trust busting" from which emerged an age of legislation which would have delighted the earlier generation of railroad manipulators.

That their places have been taken by apt pupils is evident. Moving with a sense of caution, avoiding any semblance of arrogance and prefacing their acts upon that grand old doctrine "the public interest will thus be fostered," the present executives of the Northerns on the firing line in the Northwest, aided by that master of railroad strategy, Howard Elliott, chairman of the Northern Pacific in New York, are proceeding unopposed by newspaper criticism and unfettered by legal restrictions. Being tacticians, they sense the popular current of thought; being politicians, they utilize the great god Publicity to create a favorable reception for their *coup d'état* when it is ready to be announced, and lo, a feat which incurred the violent opposition of the President of the United States twenty-five years ago is launched with the approval of the present Administration and with the blessing of a large portion of the public.

SAM WILSON and PAUL RODMAN

THEY were two partners in business who had the foresight to anticipate the event which happened, the sudden death of one of them.

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Summer Reading

Hundreds of busy men and women have deferred until these vacation months the reading which they hoped to do during the winter. Too many will find themselves at a distance from their regular bookstores, unable to obtain the books which they have planned to read.

The Independent Book Service is equipped to forward any book in print, promptly upon receipt of your order. For your greater convenience, a charge account will be opened at once for any subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT. Free monthly lists of new books are sent to interested readers.

The following books recommended by THE INDEPENDENT'S staff reviewers are available through the Book Service at regular bookstore prices.

An American Saga.

By Charles Christian Jensen. \$2.50

The Arrow.

By Christopher Morley. \$1.50

Black April.

By Julia Peterkin. \$2.50

Bread and Fire.

By Charles R. Walker. \$2.50

Disraeli.

By D. L. Murray. \$4.00

Grotesques.

By Mary Cass Canfield. \$2.00

The Honorable Picnic.

By Thomas Raucat. \$2.50

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse.

By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet. \$3.50

Marching On.

By James Boyd. \$2.50

Mr. Fortune's Maggot.

By Sylvia Townsend Warner. \$2.00

Pretty Creatures.

By William Gerhardt. \$2.00

Red Pants. By John W. Thomason. \$2.50
Revolt in the Desert.

By T. E. Lawrence. \$3.00

Riata and Spurs.

By Charles A. Siringo. \$3.00

The Rise of American Civilization.

By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. \$12.50

The Road to Rome.

By Robert E. Sherwood. \$1.75

The Road to Xanadu.

By John Livingston Lowes. \$6.00

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn. \$4.00

Tristram.

By Edward Arlington Robinson. \$1.75

Trumpets of Jubilee.

By Constance Mayfield Rourke. \$5.00

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton. \$2.50

War Birds. Diary of an Unknown Aviator. \$3.50

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ELEVEN months have yet to run before the Presidential nominating conventions. At this date, however, the third-term issue is not assuming an importance far greater even than arm relief and completely out of sight of the fading prohibition question. It bids fair to hold the center of the stage until November, 1928, unless President Coolidge fulfills the prophecy so confidently made during the last week by William Randolph Hearst and refuses to run again. That prophecy, incidentally, marks a radical departure from the curiously steadfast allegiance which the volatile Mr. Hearst has vouchsafed Mr. Coolidge heretofore; it has set many a tongue wagging in political circles. Our own guess is that Mr. Hearst believes himself to be reading aright the handwriting on the wall and is taking the lead in championing the two-term tradition in order to be in a better position to trade his influence should the President withdraw or should Senator Reed of Missouri become the Democratic nominee. But he must have faith in his assumption that the American public will not tolerate over eight years for the same man in the White House or he would never have come out so flat-footedly at this stage of the game.

Of less practical but greater academic significance is the debate between Walter Lippmann and Professor Munro of Harvard in the last issue of the *Forum*. Professor Munro belittles the importance of the third-term tradition because of his confidence in the ability of the American electorate to discriminate against potential dictators. His argument, however, centers largely around the nonaggressive personality of President Coolidge, and hence loses much of its force when measured against the arguments on principle which Mr. Lippmann very ably advances. The latter, while not new, skillfully traverse the whole gamut of objections to a third term from the power of patronage to the unfortunate discouragement of ambitious and useful public servants who may forever be barred from attaining the highest goal. They are to us the more convincing. However, the professor makes one point with which we agree fully — namely, that it is futile to argue whether a part of a term constitutes a full term or whether only two elective terms should come within the scope of the tradition. This is a hairsplitting argument which seems to us useful only to excuse and not explain.

A Bulls-eye for Hoover

SECRETARY HERBERT HOOVER'S Mississippi flood control program, as outlined in a report to President Coolidge, strikes a happy compromise between proposals sponsored by opposing schools of engineers. For years opinion in the Mississippi Valley, where the peril of flood is seldom forgotten, has been sharply divided as to the most effective methods of controlling the waters of the great river. One school has insisted on levees only. The other has contended that levees should be discarded and a system of



spillways or by-passes installed. The Hoover recommendations incorporate the merits of both systems into a proposal for higher and wider levees, extension of dikes along some of the Mississippi's most turbulent tributaries, levee safety valves in the form of spillways, and "the possible erection of emergency flood basins."

Since the rampage of the Father of Waters this year aroused the whole country, the possibility of a prolonged fight in Congress over technical details of flood control has loomed as an obstacle to speedy legislation. By welding the best points of all programs into one plan, unquestionably sound in theory and application, the Secretary of Commerce has supplied a common meeting ground for flood-control experts, expedited the work of Congress, and added one more achievement to his long career of excellent public service.

Tardieu Clouds the Issue

AND now comes M. André Tardieu who speaks right out in meeting and tells us quite frankly what he and his countrymen think of us. Interviewed in the *Nation's Business*, the official organ of the United States Chamber of Commerce, he says, among other things:

The trouble with most Americans is that they honestly believe they are better than the men of other lands, because they have more worldly goods. Your pride of race, which has increased since the war, your wonderful assurance that you alone know what is right, makes it very difficult for European nations to love you despite all your fine qualities, your idealism and generosity.

Our woes — and much of your prosperity — are the result of a war of unparalleled ferocity and magnitude. It lasted 52 months, during only eight of which the United States was really in the fight. Of the other 44 months, you spent 32 in neutrality and 12 in military inactivity. Having acquired half the gold in existence and abandoned us as soon as

victory made her safe, America seems to think herself called upon to give us gratuitous and reproachful advice.

We do not object very strenuously to this subacid comment. Candor compels the admission that there is something in what he says, and in any case it is good for us to see ourselves as others see us. Such plain speaking as this is more healthy than parasangs of diplomatic, hollow courtesies.

But we fail to follow Brother Tardieu's logic when — having explained Franco-American misunderstandings and dislikes — he dismisses the debt question with a Gallic shrug: "No French government will ever take the responsibility of binding France for sixty-two years. Our people would never understand, and our parliament would never approve. The debt agreement is dead."

The fact that a borrower does not like his creditor, that he finds him — as M. Tardieu finds Americans — "proud, preachy, and arrogant," that he sees him as a distinctly unlovable person is natural although doubtless unfortunate; but such a dislike does not — as we understand it — justify the borrower in canceling his debts. Our unpleasant national characteristics are not the point at issue. The crux of the debt-settlement dispute is not the degree of our disagreeableness, but whether France proposes to pay, and if so, when and how. What is the French theory of debt settlement anyhow?

A new shuffle and deal, answers M. Tardieu. No Government can bind France for sixty-two years, he says. We pause here to ask, "Why not?" There is no reason in financial history or practical politics against the long-term bond. Surely M. Tardieu, who believes devoutly in collecting from the Soviet sums borrowed by Czarist Russia, would not deny the principle of continuity of obligations under successive Governments. The obligation does not die with the persons contracting it. Why should not a Government agree to spread the payment of an acknowledged debt over a long term of years in order to ease the burden, confident that succeeding generations will pay the game?

We suspect that M. Tardieu's rhetoric is fustian and that he knows it. He is working the old familiar dodges, with more apparent frankness and good will than most of his colleagues, but with the same end in view. We should neither be annoyed by M. Tardieu nor deceived by him. He is a clever fellow not always above suspicion, essentially a shrewd trader. Just now he is making the gesture of walking out of the door. After a while he will come back with an alternative proposal, and perhaps on that occasion instead of calling us Pharisees and money-grubbers he will lavish his eloquence in praise of our noble idealism and generosity. That ought to please us so much that we would agree to take fifty cents on the dollar.

The Deadlock at Geneva

AT this writing the Geneva deadlock looks more serious than at any time during the last month. Pride, national pride, seems to be the great stumblingblock. The British know just what they want — as few 10,000-ton cruisers as possible and as many small cruisers as will give them an ample patrol fleet. The Americans are not quite clear as to what they want — except parity. The British are willing to grant parity but not superiority. The Americans apparently have no use for a lot of small cruisers, but think it would be fine to achieve parity, that is, cruiser parity in terms of tonnage, by building a tonnage of 10,000-ton cruisers equal to the total tonnage of small British cruisers. The British say this will give the United States superiority. The Americans ask how else we are to achieve parity if you insist on small cruisers when we don't want small cruisers but can use large ones. Here the naval officers get into a first-class argument over the relative fighting merits of all sorts of ships of different sizes without reaching any conclusion except a firmer conviction than ever that they won't be outdone by the other side. This attitude is at once reflected in the press of both nations, with the result that national pride dictates a stubbornness on the part of both delegations at Geneva. And no one as yet has been big enough to say officially that parity is not and never can be an absolute thing, that it must be approximate, and that the issue at stake is no longer one of principle, but one of almost insignificant detail.

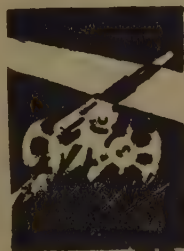
We have the greatest respect for the admirable views expressed by Mr. Garvin of the *London Observer* who so eloquently appeals for an agreement. He has no illusions either as to Great Britain's minimum necessities nor as to the force of national pride, but he sees more clearly apparently than do the delegates in Geneva, Mr. Gibson perhaps excepted, the hideous results of failure. These have never been sufficiently stressed. In fact, the American public can look on them with some complacency because of fabulous wealth and a state of mind which would almost welcome a great naval armament race provided blame could be laid on someone else's shoulders. None the less an unlimited race in cruisers now, followed as it surely would be by a battleship competition after the expiration of the Washington Agreement, can hold out nothing but sinister possibilities. Surely the responsible statesmen of both nations must see this outcome unless the Geneva conference succeeds.

We take little stock in the alleged unfair reporting of the conference by the American press. As we have pointed out before, a conference held in the open as this one has been, without any prior exchange of views or tentative agreements, is subject to the very pitfalls from a press point of view into

which this one has fallen. Reporters are human, and when urged by their editors for a daily feature story from Geneva, it is inevitable that they should give undue importance to gossip. Compared with the French attacks on President Wilson during the peace conference, the alleged misrepresentations of the British position have been negligible.

The Second A. E. F.

THESE are days when every dawn is significant as an anniversary to veterans of the A. E. F. Nine years ago American divisions were driving the Germans northward out of the Château-Thierry bulge and back across the Vesle.



On July 18, 1918, two American divisions, the First and Second, operating with a French unit of black Colonials, slashed a deep dent in the German line south of Soissons in a terrific battle that marked the turning point of the war. From that date forward the enemy flung no more offensives at the Allied front.

From now until the middle of November every day will bring back to American veterans vivid memories of St. Mihiel, the Ourcq, the Vesle, and the bitter struggle through the rain-soaked tangles of the Argonne. These memories have more significance this year than usual, for in September thousands of American veterans will return to France for the American Legion convention. We hope that from this gathering of old comrades in arms a new understanding will arise, that French and American veterans will recall the generous spirit of the war, the quick sympathy and enthusiasm with which in those days we were greeted, the respect and admiration we felt for the glorious army of France and the unbreakable spirit of the French people, that all the pin pricks, all the lost illusions, all the dreary post-war cynicism will fade before the fresh reminders that once we fought side by side in a good cause, that we were proved together in the crucible of war.

Shutting the Church Doors

REV. CALEB R. STETSON, the rector of Trinity Church, in the yearbook of the parish discusses the growth of divorce in this country and the weakening of the old respect for the sanctity of marriage. We are quite in agreement with most of his arguments as to the real peril contained in the modern attitude toward marriage, but we have very grave doubts as to the merits of his remedy. He suggests drawing a sharp distinction between civil and church marriages and refusing "Christian marriage to those who are not our people, and who merely want a church wedding, or who like the

beauty of our service." This, he thinks, would tend to establish a devout attitude toward marriage.

Somehow this suggestion seems curiously unhappy, a confusion of cause and effect which arrives nowhere. Clearly the church or any individual clergyman has the right to control the manner and fashion in which the wedding service is solemnized. The Prayer Book states that marriage is "not by any to be entered into inadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God," and the church is justified in insisting on decorum and in refusing its services to obviously flippant and light-minded applicants. But that is a very different thing from shutting the doors of the church against all "who are not our people." Rather, it seems to us, the doors of the church should be opened and the function of the clergy in religious wedding ceremonies made more important.

The public is less at fault and the church more at fault in this matter than such critics as Mr. Stetson are willing to admit. The public indifference is increased by the aloofness of a church which Mr. Stetson now proposes shall withdraw still farther from the rough current of modern life. How can the public be blamed for indifference to a church so lukewarm in the passionate business of religion that its clergymen wish merely to conserve its beautiful services for the benefit of "us" and deny them to the gentiles?

If the church were more eager to convince or reconvince the public that marriage *is* a holy sacrament, it would move toward positive results which never can be obtained by the proud negations of Mr. Stetson. A public so convinced will seek the blessing of the church and seek it devoutly. And then perhaps marriage will be again regarded as a solemn life contract and not something to be lightly entered into and dissolved at will.

Photographic Plates

MRS. JAMES STILLMAN is a lady who can take her publicity or leave it. For a long time she has withstood the slings and arrows of outrageous newspapers with a practical fortitude, but evidently her patience has its metes and bounds. There is a place, she feels, where one's responsibilities as a public character leave off and quiet home life begins. So when moving-picture and other camera men insisted on photographing the scene of her son's wedding and wedding reception, she chanted the good battle cry, "This is for my friends, not for photographers," and sailed into the intruders with volleys of plates, glasses, and indiscriminate crockery. In the end she routed them alone and unassisted, and e'en the ranks of Tuscany — the newspaper reporters present — could scarce forbear to cheer.

Mrs. Stillman has our sympathy and our admiration. Modern life contains no more pestilential fellow

than the news photographer. His philosophy and that of his directing genius — the "art" editor — are based on two theories: first, that every American seeks publicity and is forever striving to get his or her name and face in the papers, and, second, that the papers and the public are entitled to pictures of anyone at any time. Even convicted murderers, they point out, love to see their pictures in the papers. But how about those of us who are not convicted murderers, who are only plain citizens, with a feeling that our private affairs are not the public's business? Can anything be done to protect us from the impudent invasions of the cameramen?

We believe this question is pertinent and not unimportant. The law does not protect the privacy of any individual. The news photographers are sent out with instructions to "get their stuff" and they get it, with no regard whatever for the feelings of the people involved. We do not advocate shooting all such men on sight, but we would welcome a law which permitted us to hurl unwelcome news cameras on the ground, stamp and dance on them, and throw the fragments at the photographer. Until we get such protection we can only follow ineffectively Mrs. Stillman's technique, which is costly in crockery and after all does not destroy the picture. It has, however, the great merit of relieving the emotions.

A Singing Patriot

FEW exhibitions of stalwart patriotism have so inspired us as the recent gesture of an unknown American in Buenos Aires. It seems that a group of radicals in that fair city, by way of showing their contempt for the Massachusetts judiciary and their loyalty to Comrades Sacco and Vanzetti, had "partially blown up" the local monument to George Washington. Whereupon our unknown hero firmly took the situation in hand. Walking up to the mutilated statue, he removed his hat, and in a fine, full-throated fervor sang "The Star Spangled Banner" to the assembled crowd which politely remained bareheaded until finally assured that the flag still waved o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. His duty performed, the patriot walked quietly to his automobile and drove away.

Now this man, we submit, is of heroic mold. To sing "The Star Spangled Banner" even in a chorus with a band is no easy task. Those reedy, high-climbing passages have been responsible for millions of sore throats in their time. Few Americans who can repeat the words of the national anthem can sing the tune without hedging or shifting up or down an octave. But this unknown soldier stood in a public park in a foreign city and dared a solo flight through all the fogs and dangers of "The Star Spangled Banner" and arrived safely at the end. It was a brave act; we regret that we do not know the name of this Lindbergh of the National Air.

A New Battle in a Thirty Year Fight for Oil

PURCHASE of Russian oil by two American companies threatens to precipitate new hostilities in the long-standing struggle between American Standard Oil interests and the Royal Dutch-Shell group of Europe. Five-year contracts for delivery of oil in Europe by the Soviet to the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company have drawn fire from Sir Henri Deterding, British-titled citizen of Holland and head of the Royal Dutch-Shell combination, the strongest organization in the petroleum business. The wrath of Deterding is probably fed by the fact that the Standard's contracts represent a move by Moscow for economic revenge against Great Britain. It is noteworthy that Moscow newspapers have hailed the sales agreements as strategic moves to injure British oil companies by favoring American interests.

The furor which the contracts and their implications have aroused is but a new manifestation of an old feud. Since Deterding's genius in 1896 took a stand in the direction of the Royal Dutch concern, the vast organization he has fashioned has waged relentless warfare with the Standard group. Details of this world conflict are vividly set forth in Isaac Marcossou's book, "The Black Golconda." Thirty years ago Deterding, then Oriental sales manager for the Royal Dutch, set out to break the Standard's sales monopoly in China. For several years he made steady inroads. In 1903 he perfected a working agreement between the Royal Dutch, the Shell interests of Great Britain, and the Rothschilds and returned to the Oriental market with heavy ammunition. The competition became so strong, the struggle so fierce and costly that both sides were willing to call a truce and divide the Chinese market, each group taking exclusive sales rights in a designated district.

While the American Government was dissolving the Standard group, Deterding welded the Royal Dutch and the Shell into an actual combination through joint ownership in two operating companies, one Dutch, one British. Under his guidance this group has become the world's chief producer and distributor of petroleum and its products. The combination operates through 125 controlled or affiliated corporations flying the flags of a score of nations. In 1919 the European group moved on North America by buying out the vast Cowdray oil interests in Mexico. The Standard Company of Indiana retaliated last year by taking over the bulk of E. L. Doheny's Mexican properties. Seven years ago the British-Holland group sought to enter the United States as producer and distributor of petroleum. Congress, however, passed an act in 1920 barring

foreigners from producing oil in the United States. Deterding then incorporated his companies under American charters, started drilling in the enemy's back yard and selling petroleum products to Americans. Today companies controlled by Royal Dutch-Shell own petroleum rights in 250,000 acres in the United States. Of these almost 50,000 acres are in proved oil territory. These foreign companies are producing between 50,000,000 and 75,000,000 barrels of American oil a year. They own a number of huge refineries and storage farms and operate hundreds of retail filling stations on the Pacific Coast.

During recent years American interests have awakened to the fact that while we are actually wasting our petroleum foreigners are conserving theirs. This realization has sent American operators vigorously in search of foreign concessions. In many quarters they have found signs forbidding operations by foreign oil companies. Our State Department did induce the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, which is controlled by the British Government, to grant several American companies production rights in Mesopotamia. But in many other rich regions our producers have been told in no uncertain terms to get out and stay out. Now, however, the Standard companies seem to have won an advantage in Russia, which indicates that when the Soviet is ready to grant concessions in Baku and other fields, the American companies will be favored. The indications are that the American group is planning to carry its war with the Royal Dutch-Shell into the European theatre on a more or less extensive scale. In their negotiations with Russia they have been advised by Charles Evans Hughes.

We see little justification for Deterding's public attack against the American companies for embracing these new-found advantages in Russia. He declares that the contracts are contrary to "general trade honesty," basing the charge on the existence of a compact for the boycott of Russian oil between the Royal Dutch-Shell interests and other groups, including the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Evidently the Standard of New York and the Vacuum do not feel obligated to abide by an agreement entered into by the Standard of New Jersey. They seem inclined to insist on their separate identities in order to capitalize the Russian opportunity.

Deterding's companies themselves broke the Russian boycott agreement in 1923, and Deterding publicly excused the action with the astonishing statement that he was forced into it by the British Government, which wanted no fly in the ointment of the renewed trade relations with the then recognized Soviet. Now that those relations have been sundered and Moscow's anger at everything British has dealt the American companies a trump card, there is no rule in the book of oil warfare, as it has been waged for thirty years, to dictate that this card should not be played.

Moltke and the Defense of East Prussia

By T. H. Thomas

ACCORDING to the standard version of events, the promptness of the Russian mobilization upset all the calculations of the German general staff for the opening phase of the war and proved their undoing. In order to avert disaster in East Prussia they had to send off from the western front the forces which would have turned the balance at the Marne; and thus their whole plan of a quick campaign was ruined. Even so, Moltke's campaign in the east had gone bankrupt: Hindenburg-Ludendorff, appearing in the nick of time, saved a desperate situation, and through their strategical genius and bold leadership a hopeless rout was turned into an undreamed-of victory.

What happened was less dramatic, but more to the credit of Moltke and the staff. First of all, the decision to plunge for victory in the west was not based on any speculation as to when the Russians would be ready; and the leaving of only a small force in the east was not a reckless gamble, but the necessary basis of a concentration against France. General von Kuhl, a spokesman for the staff in these postwar controversies, sums up the matter fairly: "We had to risk all in order to obtain a rapid decision on one of these two fronts." The general staff did not take refuge in comfortable illusions regarding Russian mobilization: for some years the Russians had been making strenuous efforts to hurry forward the process, and so vast a task could not be a secret. The Russians, in fact, could keep few secrets. "As far as I remember it was only once, in the year 1902, that we succeeded in buying the whole Russian plan of attack — from a colonel in the general staff." Thus writes General Hoffmann, a Russian specialist in the eastern command and senior staff officer to Ludendorff, in complaining of the slim funds allowed the German secret service. In 1910, for all this handicap, the latter "was able to obtain a copy of orders for the defense of the frontier," disclosing the very operation the Russians undertook in 1914: a converging advance into East Prussia by two armies marching from the Niemen and the Narew. The orders revealed their exact lines of march and even the region where they were to join forces.

This was, to say the least, a useful hint to go on. By 1914 the staff was able to predict accurately the

general scheme of the employment of the Russian forces: the main effort would be made against Austria, but two armies were expected to advance promptly against East Prussia — "under favorable circumstances" they might be ready to march in less than a fortnight. In 1914, as it proved, they took

some days longer, but within the fortnight the German forces to meet them were ready and waiting. The latter, though fewer in numbers, were held strong enough to deal with the situation. Their divisions were far superior in discipline and training to

the Russians, stronger in artillery, and far more mobile. The fortifications and natural barriers along the frontier simplified the problem; vastly better railways and roads allowed the Germans to shift their forces much more rapidly; and a plan of campaign had been worked out to take advantage of all these favorable conditions. Taking all this into account, Moltke's staff estimated that a given number of German divisions could deal with at least double the number of Russians, and apportioned their forces accordingly. In 1914 the Russians moved forward with an even greater preponderance of strength, but did not upset the German combat calculations — in all three battles, Gumbinnen, Tannenberg, and the Masurian Lakes, the Germans actually brought into the field a considerable superiority of force in infantry and artillery. The Russian cavalry was far stronger, but did not bring its weight to bear in battle.

HAVING provided an army, Moltke did not intend it to sit by and let things happen; and it was no part of his plan to abandon East Prussia or retire behind the Vistula until the decision came in the west. This contingency was taken into account, but only "in extreme necessity" — and was contrary to all his plans and expectations. The mission given the Eighth Army was "to defend the province," and also to engage battle in order to assist the Austrians — not merely to look out for itself, but to pull its weight in the general struggle. Moltke expected the Russians to attack in force without delay, and his instructions added: "It will not be disadvantageous to the general situation," since the more Russians engaged on this front the greater

Germany's victory at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes in the first month of the World War has been the subject for endless conjecture. Hindenburg and Ludendorff, commanding the Eighth Army, owed their later high commands to this early success, yet as this analysis shows, their part was little more than that of carrying out orders already given and furnishing the courage to carry Tannenberg through to conclusion. This is the second of Major Thomas' articles upon famous battles of the war

would be the relief to the Austrians. If the Russians did not attack, the Eighth Army was to sally forth on the offensive into northern Poland. All this was laid down in the general instructions drawn up beforehand; and to leave no doubt about the matter, two weeks after war broke out a personal message was sent from Moltke's headquarters: "If the Russians come on then there must be none of your defensive but *offensiv, offensiv, offensiv!*"

NOR was the strategy for this campaign left to the chance of last-minute inspiration. As may be expected, the military problems of the Prussian frontier had been dealt with in thoroughgoing fashion. Years before the war it was recognized that this long-exposed salient offered an excellent opportunity for a converging offensive from the east and south, and the staff had worked out the obvious moves for meeting it. The two converging forces would be kept far apart during many days' marches by the seventy-mile barrier of the Masurian Lakes; having better troops, better railways, and interior lines to work on, it would be possible during this time for a smaller German force to attack and defeat in turn each of the invading armies. As far back as 1903, von Schlieffen had tried this out on the spot in staff manœuvres, and even for the quartermaster services special manœuvres had been carried out to make sure of proper transport and supply arrangements.

In 1903 General von François, who commanded an army corps here in war time, took part in one of these exercises under von Schlieffen, as commander of the Russian army from the Niemen. He relates a prophetic incident. His army was enveloped in true form, and von Schlieffen at the end of the day declared that it had been forced to surrender. Von François protested that a force under his command would never be surrendered, and in the same bantering vein, Schlieffen corrected his decision: "The Russian commander, realizing the hopeless situation of his army, sought death in the forefront of the battle, and found it." Eleven years later, von François carried out the enveloping stroke at Tannenberg, and his vanquished opponent committed suicide.

The acquisition of the Russian plan of campaign no doubt made it possible to put the finishing touches on these strategical preparations, and there is nothing to surprise us in the testimony

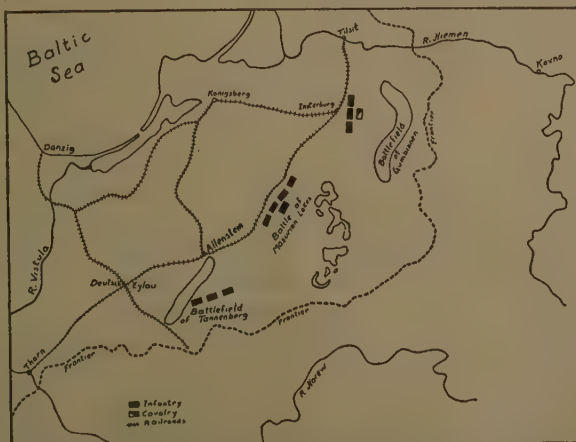
of Colonel Tappen, the head of the operations section in the general staff. The Tannenberg manœuvre on interior lines, he explains, "had frequently been practiced at war games: it was merely a question of whether the Niemen or the Narew army should strike first." The Russians, who did not go in for war games, took no such precautions, and when the time came scrambled forward at random; whereas the Germans, who were to be overwhelmed unawares, knew exactly what was coming and were primed and ready.

During the days following the declaration of war, the reports from across the frontier showed that the Russians were gathering the two armies as expected, and it was estimated that they would be ready to move about August 15. The Eighth Army was skillfully deployed so as to concentrate against either invader: with three divisions north of the Lakes, three behind the southern frontier, and five halfway between, close to the railway so that they could be moved rapidly in either direction. Further reports showed that Rennenkampf with the Niemen army would cross the frontier first, and on August 16 the German forces began concentrating against him. Everything was going according to plan, and in optimistic spirits the German commander moved forward to knock out the first of his antagonists.

BUT at this point the human equation entered and upset these careful calculations: both the men Moltke had to rely on fell down. The commander of the Eighth Army, General von Prittwitz und Gaffron, was a cousin of Hindenburg; he had served under him in peace time, and owed his promotion to Hindenburg's recommendation. The cousin then passed on ahead in rank and reached the highest posts in the service, while Hindenburg was dropped off on the retired list and retired to his home in Hanover.

Prittwitz, so another general confides to us, was

known in the army as *der dicke Soldat* — the fat soldier: "a man without bodily activity and very sensitive to the pleasures of the table. . . . He had no idea of high mental or military interests, but knew how to get the Kaiser's ear at table by funny stories and salacious gossip." Moltke tried to get rid of him in peace time, but the stories were too good, and, thanks to the Kaiser's favor, the fat soldier held his job, and when war came took over command



Germany's tactics in East Prussia. Troops drawn off from the battle of Gumbinnen were carried by way of Königsberg to detain at Deutsch-Eylau and Allenstein for the battle of Tannenberg. The destruction of Rennenkampf's army followed

in the east — as the defender of the fatherland against the Slav. To make up for this handicap, Moltke sent out one of his trusted assistants, von Waldersee, to serve as chief of staff and keep Prittwitz up to the mark. At the first test Waldersee proved as weak a character as his commander.

The two armies met in the battle of Gumbinnen on August 20, but Prittwitz bungled his attack, and instead of overwhelming Rennenkampf at once, ended the first day of battle without a decision. In the evening, while General Hoffmann and another staff officer were talking over the favorable prospects for the morrow, there came the report that Samsonoff with the Narew army was crossing the southern frontier. Close on the heels of this news appeared Prittwitz and Waldersee, quite flabbergasted, announcing the decision to break off the battle forthwith and retire behind the Vistula. Hoffmann and the other officer protested, but Prittwitz cut them short, ordered them to prepare the necessary orders, and marched back into his own office. There on the telephone he called up Moltke at headquarters, seven hundred miles away on the western front. Painting the situation in the gloomiest colors, he announced his decision to retreat — doubting even if he could hold the line of the Vistula against the hordes of Russians, and ended with a despairing call for reinforcements. After the excitement subsided, however, Hoffmann was able to persuade Waldersee that a straight retreat would not be possible. As Samsonoff was already nearer the Vistula than they were, it would be necessary to fight him first in any case, and the best move would concentrate the whole army against him — taking up again, in other words, the manœuvre on interior lines. Prittwitz also allowed himself to be persuaded, and orders were issued hurrying two army corps around by rail so as to strike in against Samsonoff's western flank. These orders, Hoffmann claims, "formed the bases of the battle of Tannenberg," and Ludendorff grants him the credit for them. Apparently this change of plan was not communicated to Moltke, and in later telephone conversations Prittwitz continued his pessimistic forebodings.

UPON the supreme command, intent upon the opening battles of the French frontier, this turn of events fell as a thunderclap out of a clear sky. But even so, Moltke had faith in his original plan; he was unwilling to give up East Prussia without a fight, and believed that one of the Russian armies could still be beaten before the two could join forces. The next day was passed in strenuous telephoning back and forth to the eastern front. Without bothering further over Prittwitz and Waldersee, Moltke himself, various of his junior officers, and even the Kaiser, telephoned straight through to the subordinate commanders who had been more closely in the battle — Mackensen, von François, and others.

These gave a very different picture of the situation, and were indignant at Prittwitz's behavior. Moltke decided that what the Eighth Army required was not reinforcements, but a general and chief of staff with the nerve to carry through the plan of operations. Accordingly, he sent no reinforcements, but fired von Prittwitz. Ludendorff, off in Belgium, was summoned back to headquarters; the situation — or rather, the supposed situation — was explained to him; and then and there orders were sent off making possible the concentration against Samsonoff — which Prittwitz's staff, unknown to the supreme command, was already carrying out. Ludendorff records that these orders were issued at his request; von François is quite sure that the supreme command had already decided on them, after a report and suggestion he himself had just telephoned. In any case, the orders represented the decision Moltke reached when he refused to accept the retreat to the Vistula, and sent for Ludendorff. Having been chief of operations for some years prior to 1913, Ludendorff no doubt was as familiar with the plan as anyone at headquarters, and it took only three hours to arrange matters: he arrived at headquarters at 6 P.M., August 22, and at 9 P.M. left on a special for the east.

WHILE all this was going on, Hindenburg at Hanover was being hurriedly fitted into a new field-gray uniform. After three years on the retired list he had received only that day the unexpected telegram appointing him to the command of his cousin's army. As to the war, up to this time he knew only what he read in the papers, and learned what had happened in the east only when he joined Ludendorff on the special train at 3 A.M. The orders had already been issued, and when Ludendorff had finished his story, Hindenburg, quite sensibly, went to bed. With the strategical conception of the campaign and the decision to stick to it in spite of the bad start, he had no more to do than William Jennings Bryan.

The great pair arrived next day at Prittwitz's headquarters expecting to find a refugee army, but learned to their surprise that for two days it had been concentrating on the line indicated in Ludendorff's orders. They approved the measures taken, and set to work at once to hurry forward the battle. General Hoffmann records the opinion that even if Prittwitz had not been replaced there would have been a victory at Tannenberg, but no such decisive victory, since Prittwitz had not the nerve to deal with such a trying situation. This above all was what Hindenburg-Ludendorff contributed to the affair — the skill and energy and courage necessary for fighting a seven days' battle with the menace of Rennenkampf's army hanging over their unguarded flank. Not everyone could have stood the gaff — and they fully deserved the credit. (*Continued on page 144*)

Roumania's Royal Legacy

By T. J. C. Martyn

THE death of Ferdinand I of Roumania has served an old cause; it has added fuel to the fires of intrigue for which this hapless kingdom has long been notorious. Conspiracy, as it were, has come into its birthright. It is an inevitable development; for in a race that counts Latin, Slav, and Byzantine as its progenitors, corruption—moral and political—is a natural trait. And so the little boy king, Mihai I, son of the ex-Crown Prince Carol, is surrounded by political forces seeking the advantages that power—the power of controlling the Roumanian state—alone possesses.

It is said that no government could exist if it set out to reform Roumanian politics. The royal family, since it was called to the country in the person of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, afterwards Carol I, has wisely recognized this fact, and, while it has guided the direction of foreign policy, it has to a great extent been content to leave domestic affairs in the hands of the ministers. There is a story that gives a vivid insight into the character of the Roumanian people: King Carol once had occasion to rebuke his grandnephew, the Carol who is now an exile in Paris. "I have here," he is reported to have said, "a large number of unpaid bills, now long overdue. The merchants are pressing for immediate settlement. How do you propose to pay them?"

The young prince is said to have replied, "In Bucharest it is not necessary for a prince to pay bills."

"Ah," said the old king, "I see you are a good Roumanian."

This story is merely symptomatic. There are cases, many of them, in which liberty, rebates of taxation, increases of property beyond the legal maximum, concessions, and many other things have been bought. Bribery reigned supreme. The tourist to Roumania will find that he probably has to bargain with the taxi driver to take him to a hotel and bribe the hotel management, as the writer has been forced to do, to get a room. Stories of moral corruption also abound. I have heard from the lips of Roumanians the most scandalous tales, recounted with pride, about Dowager Queen Marie—in fact,

The death of King Ferdinand on July 20 focused the attention of the world upon Roumania. Mr. Martyn of the "New York Times" has written vividly of the legacy of intrigue which the old King left to his people. It is difficult for an American mind to comprehend the labyrinth of plot and counterplot which besets the way of monarchy in Europe today, and the author's words are written in the endeavor to make clear to our readers a situation, to us impossible, which yet is part and parcel of government in Europe

the more one hears the more one is inclined not to believe them.

The background of the intrigue surrounding the throne may be traced to the last century. The succession to the throne descends in order of primogeniture through the male line. King Carol and Queen Elizabeth—the famous Carmen Sylva—had no children, and the

succession, according to the constitution, should have passed to Prince Wilhelm of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the elder brother of the late King Ferdinand. But the former declined. He was "bored" with Bucharest. Prince Ferdinand accepted the succession and became crown prince. He early became infatuated with a girl named Hélène Varescu, since immortalized by Pierre Loti in his book of short stories called "L'Exilée." This affair was ended, or virtually so, by Ferdinand's being placed under close arrest. The history of the former Crown Prince Carol is similar. He deserted the army, for which he was arrested, to marry Zizi Lambrinu; his marriage with her was annulled in order that he might marry Princess Hélène of Greece, whose son is now the youthful King of Roumania; he became "bored" and deserted. His abdication and amour with the graceful, red-headed Magda Lupescu is a matter of recent history.

THE intrigue itself goes deeper. The central figures are the brothers Bratiano, Jon and Vintila, who, with their brother-in-law, Prince Barbu Stirbey, control the banking system of the country and a large proportion of its natural resources. Prince Stirbey also owns many thousands of acres of property, although the legal limit is five hundred. Jon has been many times Prime Minister, and his brother, Vintila, Minister of Finance and Minister of Munitions. The prince has remained in the background, perhaps the dominant partner of the trio. Their aim, naturally enough, has been to control the Government. In prewar Roumania it was easy enough. In postwar Roumania, with its distinctive Transylvanian Roumanians, its Hungarians, Germans, and Russians, control of the executive has not been so simple. The treatment of the newly acquired territories soon exasperated the population in them. They found everywhere Roumanians of the old

kingdom put over them, their press censored, and the elections so juggled that they were denied political representation on a scale commensurate with their numbers. This sort of thing could not last, and gradually they found their way into the Parliament at Bucharest where they swelled an opposition almost wholly anti-Bratiano in character.

IT was this opposition that attracted Prince Carol, and it was because he dared oppose the Bratiano régime that he was forced to abdicate. Nothing seems clearer. His father, who had been content to leave domestic affairs in the hands of his ministers, — that is to say, in the hands of the Bratianos, — asked for his abdication and received it. The parent did not do this willingly as is evidenced by his subsequent grief; for he knew that Carol wanted to be king, and he was informed that his accession would end the Bratiano domination. His unwillingness is further borne out by the fact that immediately following Queen Alexandra's funeral in London, to which Carol had been sent as the King's representative, and where, significantly enough, he was much in the company of the Prince of Wales, there were several exchanges of letters between father and son. The King's hand was forced. By whom? Not Jon Bratiano, to be sure; he was far too wily for that. Then there is the King's word that no political pressure was put on him. The story is — and here Queen Marie enters the picture — that Prince Stirbey was induced to warn Carol that his infatuation for Mme. Lupescu was a thing which Roumania could not tolerate in her crown prince. Carol retaliated that Prince Stirbey was a fine person to criticize him, angrily coupling his name with that of his mother, Queen Marie. There followed a scene in which it is said that Carol struck the Prince Stirbey in the face. The story was recounted to the Queen who, highly indignant, asked Ferdinand to secure Carol's abdication if he refused to leave the Lupescu woman and return home, which he had made quite plain he would not do unless a break were made with the Bratianos. That, at least, is the way the whole matter was described to the writer by a court official, with the implication, of course, that the Bratianos were behind the whole episode and secured the Crown Prince's abdication by a ruse. Whether this is strictly true or not does not matter; it matters that Carol's opposition to the Bratianos was the basic cause of his fall. The breach between Carol and his mother was healed with the apology of the former for his angry insinuations, as witness their happy reunion in Paris.

Queen Marie's relations with Prince Stirbey are common gossip, nothing more, and, in the writer's opinion, there is nothing to them. Queen Marie is a strong-minded woman whose chief faults are over-ambition and vanity. She possibly has not been above using her feminine charms to further her

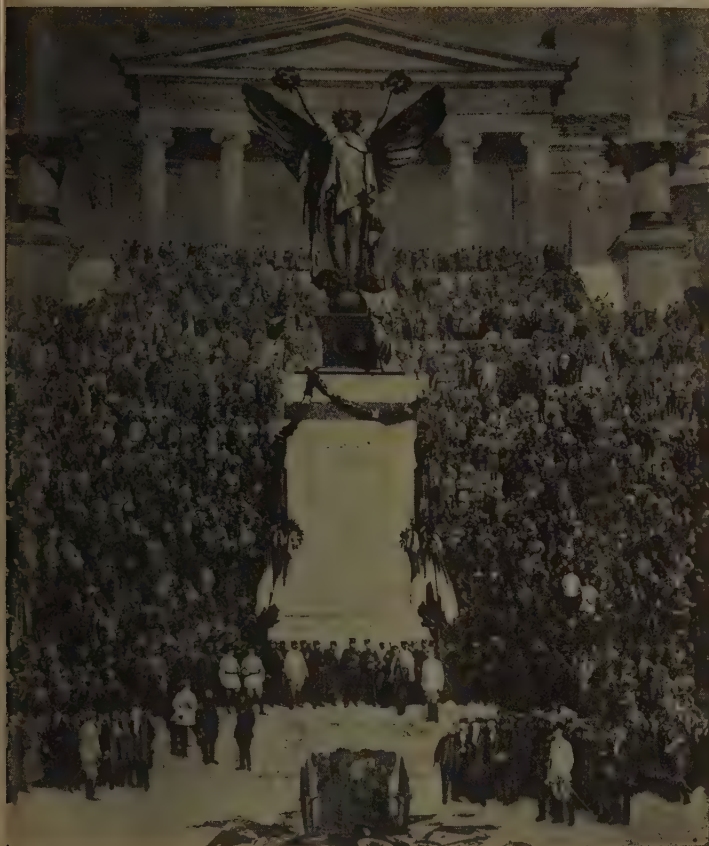
political ambitions, and it seems likely that in this way she has given rise to gossip that has no foundation in fact. It must have been quite evident to a woman of Marie's intelligence that the Bratianos and Prince Stirbey were indispensable to her. Her aim, after the abdication of Carol, was to secure a place in the regency not, as has frequently been said, to obtain sole powers of regent, for that is barred by the constitution. In a way she has won, for her younger son, Prince Nicholas, is known to be under her influence. As a power she remains in the background, no doubt sincerely convinced that the Bratianos and Stirbey are good patriots; she is far from being opposed to them, as has been suggested, and that is the chief cause of the friction between her and her daughters, who, with the exception of Ileana, who is neutral, support Carol.

The future of palace intrigue is still bright. There is now a regency council for exercising the king's prerogatives during the minority of the boy king, Michael. It will be in existence for a little more than twelve years, during which period the constitution remains inviolable. The little King's rights are thus safeguarded and Carol, if he intends to press his claims to the Roumanian throne, can only do so through a *coup de main*. The regents are Prince Nicholas, second son of the late King Ferdinand, Miron Cristea, Patriarch of the Roumanian Orthodox Church, and Chief Justice S. V. Buzdugan of the Supreme Appellate Court. The latter are "Bratiano men," and Prince Nicholas may be considered one by reason of the Dowager Queen's influence. But the patriarch and the chief justice are already old men with the day not far distant when their places will have to be filled; and long before that day intrigue will doubtless be busy over their successors.

THE real menace to Marie's power comes from Princess Hélène. She, a charming, frank woman, has been the one person in Bucharest who has refused to lend herself to the numerous petty palace conspiracies. She is now the mother of the King, and as such is sure to become a figure of some political importance. Despite the treatment she has received from Carol, she remains very much in love with him and is ready to forgive him. She obviously desired a reconciliation with her husband, now politically impossible. What is her attitude likely to be? Will love of husband or son conquer her? Probably Princess Hélène herself could not answer so difficult a question. The return of Carol now would end the reign of Michael; his absence merely perpetuates the dictatorship of the Bratiano family. In which situation is she likely to be happiest: as the Queen of Roumania, or as the center with her young son of the political furies of Roumania? Her decision is likely to be of some consequence; for if she should hold out a forgiving hand (*Continued on page 144*)

LE PANTHEON DE LA GUERRE

*America Sees for the First
Time the Memorial of
the Artists of France
to Her Former
Allies of the
Great
War*



THE FRENCH SECTION OF THE WAR PANORAMA RECENTLY EXHIBITED IN THIS COUNTRY IS CROWDED WITH NOTABLES, AMONG THEM GUYNEMER, GENERAL GALLIENI, MARSHALS JOFFRE AND FOCH, AND CLEMENCEAU

All photographs from Wide World



THE PAINTING DEPICTING THE RETURN OF THE ARMIES OF FRANCE FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE WORLD WAR IS ONE OF TWO SIMILAR PANELS COMPOSING THE FRENCH SECTION OF THE PANTHEON. THE MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL WAS EXECUTED BY THE ARTISTS OF FRANCE WHILE THE WAR WAS IN PROGRESS



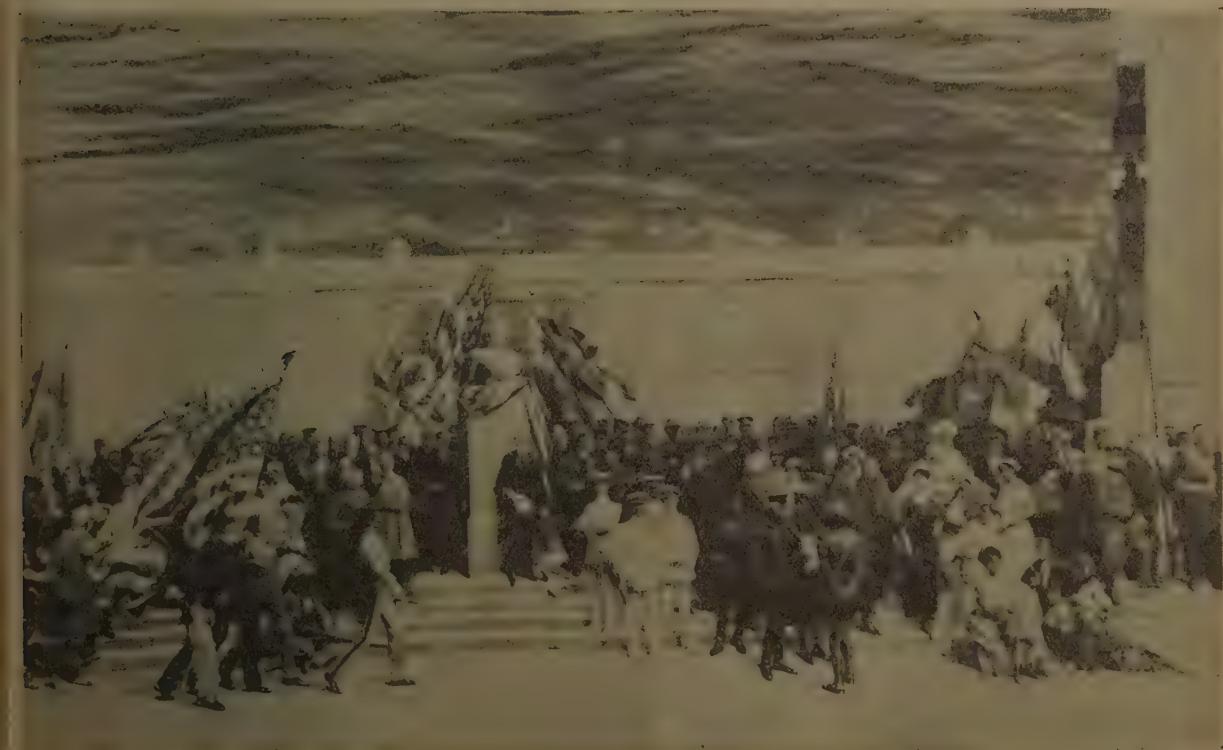
THE FIGURES OF KING ALBERT, QUEEN ELIZABETH, CARDINAL MERCIER, AND, AT THE EXTREME LEFT, EDITH CAVELL, DOMINATE THE BELGIAN PANEL OF THE WAR PANORAMA WHICH WAS SHOWN IN NEW YORK AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IN THE SPRING. IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE SYMBOLIC STONES OF BELGIUM'S WAR-RAVAGED CATHEDRALS



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, GENERAL DIAZ, AND THE POET WARRIOR, D'ANNUNZIO, ARE PROMINENTLY INCLUDED IN THE SECTION DEVOTED TO ITALY. THE FRENCH GENERALS FAYOLLE AND MAISTRE ARE HERE GROUPED WITH THE ITALIANS. IN THE SAME PANEL ARE REPRESENTED THE PRESIDENT AND THE LEADING GENERALS OF PORTUGAL



MANY OF THE FIGURES IN THE ENGLISH SECTION ARE EASILY RECOGNIZABLE. AMONG THE MOST PROMINENT ARE KING GEORGE, THE PRINCE OF WALES, LLOYD GEORGE, LORD BALFOUR, ADMIRALS BEATTY, KEYES, AND JELlicoe, LORDS KITCHENER AND FRENCH, SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, LORD NORTHCLIFFE, AND THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, PAUL CAMBON



AMONG THE FAMILIAR FIGURES IN THE AMERICAN GROUP APPEAR THOSE OF PRESIDENT WILSON, AMBASSADOR HERRICK, EVANGELINE BOOTH, COMMANDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY, GENERAL PERSHING, ADMIRAL SIMS, MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE, AND A DOZEN OTHERS WHO MADE HISTORY FOR US IN 1917 AND 1918



IN THE SECTION DEVOTED TO SERBIA, GREECE, AND MONTENEGRO, THE MORE PROMINENT PORTRAITS ARE THOSE OF KING ALEXANDER OF GREECE, HIS PRIME MINISTER, VENEZELOS, GENERAL DANGLIS, AND ADMIRAL CONDOURIOTIS. SERBIA IS REPRESENTED BY KING PETER, PRINCE ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT PASHITCH, AND GENERAL RATCHICH; MONTENEGRO, BY KING NICHOLAS AND HIS SOLDIERS



RUSSIA IS REPRESENTED BY THE CZAR, GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, AND GENERALS PAU, RENNENKAMPF, ROUSKY, AND BRUSILOFF. BOLSHEVISM, AT THE RIGHT, IS ABOUT TO HURL A FLAMING TORCH. ROUMANIA IS REPRESENTED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THEIR MINISTERS, AND JAPAN BY THE EMPEROR, GENERALISSIMO KAMIO, THE CROWN PRINCE, AMBASSADOR MATSUI, AND COUNT OKUMA

A Protest from the Big Congregation

By Emily Newell Blair

IN connection with its report of the controversy over a novel on religion a popular weekly review published four portraits in a row, the sitters being Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Billy Sunday, and John Roach Straton. As I read it a caption sprang to mind: "Four of a Kind." What kind? The kind of appearance they present to us sitting before them in the pews. The kind of way their minds seem to act and react. The kind of fight they put up—thrust and counterthrust, sword, bludgeon, and knife. The kind of idea they hold of religion. The kind of opinion we hold of them.

Now an amount of controversy must be allowed in this world. Even a prize fight has its place. But there should be rules. Antagonists should have something to fight over. They should disagree. There should be a point at issue. Otherwise what right have they to take up the time of spectators? It is in the interests of these spectators I rise to protest.

To be specific, there is now going on in this country by way of the public press and the public pulpit a loud controversy, to use a politer word than their methods deserve,—a brawl, to be exact,—between two groups of writers and talkers ostensibly on the subject of religion. And these four men seem by common consent, their own included, to be the leaders of the two groups, Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken of the attackers, Billy Sunday and John Roach Straton of the defenders. So much seems plain. What is not so plain to us spectators is what it is all about. So far as this spectator can judge these four men agree exactly as to what religion is: It consists in the expression of belief in certain formulas commonly used by preachers and church members. They seem to be also in agreement as to who are religious. Those who say they believe these words are religious; those who do not, are irreligious. A mere bystander like myself might expect this to end matters, the believers getting into one camp, the unbelievers in another. But it does not. Far from retiring into their own camp, the nonbelievers shout: "You're all scamps, hypocrites, fools over there!" While the believers retaliate with words like these: "We're not! You're the scamps and hypocrites!"

"Oh, those of us interested in ideas weary in this fight for or against words," sighs Mrs. Blair, who has taken time from a busy life to write in this article what the "big congregation"—the bystanders—think of the heated controversy raging over superficialities in religion. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis on one side—Billy Sunday and John Roach Straton on the other: "Four of a Kind." The author, first vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, will be remembered for her many activities in the interest of women, and for her frequent magazine articles

Now if the controversy waged over whether the formulas were correct or not, it might grow interesting. If the argument were as to whether the mouthing of these words constituted religion or not, it might grow valuable. But it begins and ends with the combatants making faces and calling names. Such a performance might be dismissed as just one more amusing indication of man's imbecility did it not grow tiresome to us noncombatants, forced to listen, and, in my opinion, outnumbering the combatants ten, if not one hundred, to one.

To read the Lewis Menckens and to hear the Sunday Stratons one would think that the entire public was divided into two camps, each approving those in their camp and hating those in the other. Those for whom I speak belong to neither camp, and our opinion of those in both camps is the same. We think that both the Lewis Menckens and the Sunday Stratons have heard certain words which they consider the formulas of religion, but that the latter like these words while the former hate them. Why they hate them we cannot, of course, know. It may have been that they were forced to bow to them in their childhood, that

they filled their dreams with horror. Surely they must once have hurt them or had some power over them, for one does not hate the innocuous, the feeble. One says of foolish, empty words: "Pshaw! I'll forget them." And does so. But the Lewis Menckens seem unable to forget these words. However much they may disbelieve them they think them vigorous enough to deserve hate and punishment, and spend so much time and energy giving them both that those of us who never came under their power grow weary with the noise and exertion wasted upon words that were never more than a feeble description of an experience.

Take, for instance, that inherited formula, "Saved by the blood of the Lamb." The Sunday Stratons love to mouth it. The Lewis Menckens hate it. While for us it means but an outmoded way of describing an experience as old as the words. The point that most interests us bystanders and makes both antagonists and defenders seem to us of one kind is that neither of them seems interested

or aware of the experience these words describe, but both devote themselves entirely to the attack or the defense of the formula itself.

PERHAPS a better example of what I mean is found in the formula for punishment — "hell-fire and damnation" — for it, more than the other formula, may have unpleasant connotations for the Lewis Menckens, having pricked their youthful imagination as an instrument of torture. This may account for the strength of their assault upon it as the work of a Sadistic God, both God and Sadism being thunderously defended by the Sunday Straton for whom they no longer have a meaning. Bystanders like myself, for whom the formula never meant more than an ancient way of saying that sin brings its own punishment, marvel at the vehemence of the attack on and stalwartness of the defense of mere imagery no less than at the blindness of both to the idea so conveyed.

Not that we doubt that there have been many people who have believed these formulas. There have. Undoubtedly there have been many followers and confreres of the Bishop Asbury depicted by Herbert Asbury. But what young Mr. Asbury never seems to realize is that there were at the same time many other people who did not accept these formulas. His followers were a small sect as little influential on the intellectual thought of his day as the Seventh Day Adventists are today. There were Jews then, enlightened Jews by the thousands, there were Catholics then by the thousands, there were literal Protestants by the thousands, and there were men and women by the hundred thousand who simply did not care greatly about formulating their religious beliefs one way or another. These four groups then, as now, composed the majority of the people and, what is even more important, then, as now, they constituted the intelligent leadership of the day.

Now if the descendants of the fanatics frankly said, "My people belonged to the fanatical minority of that day that got its religion and its political ideas in an unintelligent form as the Holy Rollers do today, and I, now grown to manhood, resent the cramping that had upon my mind," no one could object. But what do they do? Because they have reacted against the fanatical teaching of their youth they fill our ears with an assault upon religion itself that seems to say, "Thus were all religionists. Thus were all forbears."

During the latter part of the Seventeenth and the Eighteenth Century there came to this country, most of them from England or

Ireland, a number of immigrants who now have the honor to be my ancestors. One of them came to Maryland as an Episcopal clergyman, one of them came to Massachusetts as the daughter of a Puritan pastor, another came to Connecticut as a refugee dissenter, still another came to Pennsylvania as a Quaker, others came as Catholics, and still others as Scotch Presbyterians. One of these men was a Presbyterian preacher who left behind him some of his sermons; another was a clergyman who registered through interminable diaries his journey from Anglicanism to Swedenborgianism. The records of the family are quite well preserved. There are many letters dating back to the seventeenth-hundreds. So that I can follow them, generation by generation. And I do not find among them anything remotely savoring of fanaticism, their sons and daughters growing up with neither fear of nor devotion to their formulas. At last, with such a heritage, I appeared upon the scene. My mother to her death was a devout woman, taking a special interest in immortality and the hereafter, a Bible student informed both on theology and comparative religions. She was a member and a regular attendant of the Episcopal Church. In my childhood I was sent to Sunday school and then to church. And yet never in all my life was I coerced; never in all my life was I made to feel the scourge of dogma. As I grew up I found myself possessed of these two ideas about religion — that there was in religion a help in time of trouble; that prayer led to a state of mind, peaceful, happy. In time, I dropped off from church attendance. There was no outcry from anyone. The attitude of my mother and my church connections, some of them very devout, was not that I was wicked not to be churchy, but that I missed something helpful I might have; that the church was not perfect, but it was the means available to the end desired, and in lieu of a better institution to be supported and used. Naturally I am not bitter toward the church. I am simply forgetful.

I MIGHT think this an exceptional attitude. But my husband comes from a line of United Presbyterians and his mother's people were Evangelical. He was brought up with some strictness, was "converted" when he was twelve, was meticulous for a time, and then backslid. After our marriage he came into my church under the influence of a man who believed that the spirit ought to have some exercise and that spiritual thought, prayer, and meditation was the best form yet devised. Does he show a

"We do not worry about those who can still worship the old gods, though we may be more interested in those who are trying to find new. The trouble with the Lewis Menckens is that they are not seeking new; they are only interested in shooting the old — and not even at the old gods, but at the words the Sunday Straton use to describe them"

reaction of hate toward his early conversion and literal idea of God? By no means. He has the same attitude toward the church and religion that I have. And most of my friends have the same. In fact — his is the attitude of the majority of people both in and out of the churches. If I did not want to avoid an argument I would say it is the normal attitude; the attitude, that is, of the people not obsessed by religion, one way or another, for those who have a phobia for religion are just as obsessed as those who have a phobia against religion. Naturally such people — and whether ours is the normal attitude toward religion or not, it is the common one — grow weary of this din and clamor over the letter of the formula. To our mind, I repeat, both attackers and defenders are all of a kind.

Did I have the space, and were it necessary to my protest, I might elaborate on the similarity between the attackers and the defenders. The similarity of technique — the method of vituperation, the adjective and expletive style of stating their positions. I could show the demagogic earmarks of both, Lewis Mencken's no less than Sunday Stratton's. I could discuss — and it is an interesting theme — the superficiality of both, the acceptance by one group of words as gospel, the attack of words as witches by the other; in short, the utter inability of both to go back of words to the ideas they are intended to convey or experiences to describe.

When the mediæval saint, for instance, wrote about his communion with Christ he was trying to express that effort of the individual to transcend his own ego, to believe in something greater and better than himself, to experience a sense of brotherhood, of union with and for his fellows. He was talking about what to him was an experience. With the word idolaters, however, these are merely inherited words to be insisted on, even though their content no longer exists for them, while for the word iconoclasts, equally ignorant of the experience, they are mere idle mouthings.

It almost makes us think sometimes that the God revered by the Sunday Stratonians must be the devil feared by the Lewis Menckens, that what one worships the other fights. What the rest of us do — we bystanders — is seek a God.

DOUBTLESS there are Christians to whom the word is an idol just as there were fire worshipers to whom the flame was God. There are agnostics to whom it is the devil just as there have been savages who believed the stone image could kill. The point I hope to make is that there are thousands of us to whom it is neither, who are bored with insistence that it is either. Among those thousands the formula of words may be one thing to one, another to another. To some it may be merely the imagery with which broken tongues tried to express the thing they felt; to others it may be a patchwork explanation

of a phenomenon they have seen. To still others it may be nonsense — nothing, mere vaporings in a foreign tongue.

Among these thousands there are hundreds who would really like to hear a discussion of the idea back of these words to see how well they do serve. They would like to hear different sets of ideas, set forth in ways worthy of their attention. They would even welcome a discussion of what religion really is — what it should do for one. They would be willing for such a discussion to become a controversy, a fight. They could understand it — the kind the Protestant put up against the Catholic in the Middle Ages, a fight for an idea against another idea, one explanation against another. It isn't a fight they object to, but a fight over nothing.

IN a review of a recent book the reviewer refers to a character thus: "He fasted two days each week and part of another day, and verily believed that such self-punishment was pleasing to the Methodist God." Now it is quite possible that his Methodist bishop did think the reason for fasting was that it was pleasing to his God, but the bishop was no more superficial in such thinking than is the reviewer who can dismiss the idea of fasting by such a remark. For back of the idea of fasting, right or wrong, is a whole philosophy that has nothing to do with a Sadistic God who loves suffering. Throughout all ages the mystic seeking to pierce the realm of flesh has fasted and by this fasting he has seen visions, dreamed dreams. The present-day fasters for health have told us of the exhilarating buoyancy they have enjoyed. Men probably first discovered that fasting produced these sensations through hunger and, interpreting them as spiritual experiences, adopted it into their religion. It was the practice of pagan and mystic long before the Christian adopted the angry God of the Hebrew.

But this the reviewer did not know. For, like other religionists, he had his eye fixed on the word and not the thing. Such a one does not understand — the pulpit demagogue no more than the religious fanatic — that religion is man's explanation of what he experiences, that one kind of intelligence makes one kind of explanation and another another; that the explanations that explain to one mind are not acceptable to another; that some explanations get embodied in church dogmas and others grow out of fashion; that many people, without need for conviction on the subject, take these explanations on "authority" and others require conviction and many others never even stop to recognize that the explanations do not explain to them. Nor does he understand that the practice of certain so-called religious acts, such as prayer and meditation and fasting, do produce certain effects upon certain human beings, have done so (*Continued opp. page 144*)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

SINCE I commented a few weeks ago on William McFee's statement that novel writing, "an essentially masculine thing," was becoming effeminate through its preoccupation with sex, with "the mind's underclothing," Mr. McFee has been criticized and has answered several of his commentators. In a letter to me he complains that I have misunderstood his statement in thinking that he referred to the writer's sex. When he says that novel writing is masculine, he refers not to the author's sex, but to his or her mentality. Therefore, my mention of the Brontës, George Eliot, and Jane Austen does not invalidate his argument. These women had masculine minds.

In the New York *Nation* Mr. McFee extended these remarks to the point of declaring that "literature is becoming emasculated by being written mainly for women and largely by women. The majority of men in this country, having been coeducated by women teachers, are unaware of this directly, but become vaguely impressed that something is the matter later in life. I call it the sissification of literature and life." Thanks to this "sissification," apparently, husbands put "The Sun Also Rises" in the garbage can, but their wives and sisters read it. Real men are not so preoccupied with sex, and the older novelists "used it in its place. They did not make it the god in the temple." Mr. McFee likes "dirt," he says, but he thinks it should not be called important, and "should be handed on by word of mouth."

If I return to this subject it is not so much in order to argue as to whether the important novelists of today are unnaturally interested in sex as to ask why Mr. McFee should assume that the preoccupation of which he complains is feminine. Even assuming that his criticism of Ernest Hemingway and James Joyce is fair, what is the basis of his contention that their writings are effeminate? James Joyce, educated in a Jesuit college in Ireland, is surely not the product of "emasculating" coeducation. Ernest Hemingway appears to be as much preoccupied with the essentially masculine topics of prize fighting and bullfighting as with sex. What is the evidence that women are responsible for what Mr. McFee regards as the exaggeration of the sex element in modern fiction?

It is true that in this respect as in many others women today have a greater freedom of expression, a healthier freedom, than had their mothers and grandmothers. But neither they nor the men

most offensive to Mr. McFee who cater to them are as much or as freely preoccupied with sex in its crudest form as were the ladies who chuckled over Marguerite of Navarre's "Heptameron," or the maids in waiting who, we are told, delighted in the coarsest passages in "Gulliver's Travels." Did the sissification of literature begin in the Sixteenth

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

Bread and Fire. By Charles R. Walker (Houghton Mifflin).

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucut (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn (Simon and Schuster).

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Harcourt, Brace).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

Century? Or the Eighteenth? Was the French queen effeminate when she wrote stories in imitation of Boccaccio and the other Italian story-tellers, and masculine when she wrote the delicate poems known as "Les Marguerites de la marguerite des princesses"? Was the preoccupation of the Italian writers a sign of effeminacy and a product of coeducation?

MOST people would be more inclined to argue, I think, that the stories of Boccaccio are essentially masculine, and that the poems of Marguerite of Navarre are feminine in their sentimentality. The "underclothing of the mind" is not really a feminine preoccupation, and sex-obsessed men are usually of the obvious, undeveloped he-man type.

Mr. McFee quotes women as admiring the "beautiful unsullied emotion" of the young woman's love in "The Sun Also Rises," or complaining that "Victory" should have told more about the love life of Heyst on the island where he took the girl from the traveling orchestra.

But if he will make further inquiries among women they will also tell him that a willingness or an ability to talk freely even of the pathology of sex is not necessarily a proof that a man is unduly preoccupied with the subject. That there are people who nose about in Conrad for sex and are disappointed, nobody will deny. The same sort of person thinks that Boccaccio lives merely as a "smutty" writer, and is overanxious to recall the "frank" or "daring" passages in Joyce or Huxley.

This attitude is not confined to any age or to any sex, nor is it the mark of a masculine or a feminine mind. It is the result of a certain kind of training and education, and becomes more and more rare as our literary and social conventions become more rational and honest. There is so much more freedom allowed to the English writer today so far as the expression of sex is concerned that, as Hugh Walpole has said in reply to Mr. McFee, one must return to the Eighteenth Century to find a parallel for it. To think, therefore, that people are more morbidly attracted by the subject is a contradiction in terms, for it is the forbidden and unsaid which attracts the people who are morbidly searching for shocking details.

LOOKING through literary history I fail to see any proof of the contention that literature is too much preoccupied with sex when it is written by and for women. If there is any evidence at all in support of such a distinction, it seems to run counter to Mr. McFee's theory. Erotic literature is almost entirely the work of men, whether in English or any other language, and it flourished at a time when the masculine world was very sharply cut off from the feminine. The disappearance of the Boccaccios and Aretinos from literature coincides precisely with the emergence of women into the world of men.

I still believe that serious, educated readers like Joyce and Conrad, Meredith and Huxley for the same reason: because their work is first-rate. All of Ernest Hemingway's admirers will express the same admiration for his superb story, "Fifty Grand," in the *Atlantic Monthly* as for the novel which Mr. McFee dislikes. Both have the same skill of dialogue which was, of course, the great revelation in "The Sun Also Rises." The sex element in the story is nonexistent, and what it was in the novel, I have forgotten. Why cannot Mr. McFee do likewise, instead of blaming it on the women?

The Right to a Place in the Sun

A Review by Stewart Beach

BISMARCK, ANDRÁSSY AND THEIR SUCCESSORS. By Count Julius Andrassy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$6.00.

COUNT JULIUS ANDRÁSSY was the last Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, that heterogeneous compilation of states and peoples which the peace of Versailles optimistically sought to divide once more into something resembling its racial components. The son of an illustrious father whose final act as Foreign Minister was to complete the Dual Alliance with Germany in 1879, he both watched and shaped the events which reached a climax with his emperor's declaration of war upon Serbia in 1914. He knew Bismarck, who wrought a strong, united Germany out of a weak Prussia, and William II, who fashioned an empire from the kingdom. Together with other statesmen who moved freely back stage when the scenes were being set for the world's greatest catastrophe, he is fully qualified to shed light upon the diplomacy which brought about the World War.

To a great extent, Count Andrassy's survey is based upon the recently published foreign correspondence of the German Government from 1870 to 1914. It will no doubt be a disappointment to many that he is content to halt his analysis with the close of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905; perhaps he intends to expand the work so admirably begun to include those important years. Without them, the study so far completed, despite its excellence, is like a novel whose concluding chapters are omitted. Austria's acts played such a significant part in the war's beginnings — the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, her attitude during the Balkan Wars of 1912-13, and finally her ultimatum to Serbia — that one wishes Andrassy had carried his admirable work farther.

Count Andrassy's motive in analyzing the critical years from 1870 is admittedly to get at the truth. And by truth he means, of course, to answer the question of war guilt. But he goes farther than that. By exposing what he believes to have been the errors of diplomacy in the past — particularly in the case of a nation victorious in war imposing aggravating sanctions upon its vanquished foe — he protests the Treaty of Versailles which has "crippled, mutilated, and sentenced to the [economic] galleys, to drag out a weary existence, all the defeated nations," and which he believes has retarded indefinitely the approach of a condition in which peace can be assured. One of the

greatest causes of the World War he finds to have been Germany's annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Bismarck opposed taking the purely French portion, and "only deferred to the representations of Moltke that the possession by Germany of Metz and Strasburg would enable them to dispense with a hundred thousand troops." From the time of the annexation, the Iron Chancellor was constantly forced to fight against the assurance that France would seek to retake the conquered territory when an opportunity presented itself.

There was one radical solution, thinks Andrassy, which never occurred to Bismarck: he might have rectified the error by returning Alsace-Lorraine to the French on the basis of suitable agreements. Such a solution would have neutralized much of the violent hatred which France nursed for Germany by removing the obvious thorn in the flesh. He thinks that there is an object lesson in Alsace-Lorraine for present-day statesmen, who shall learn "that a bad, tyrannical peace, with unnatural frontiers . . . with impossible economic conditions, will always rob a victorious war of all its fruits, for it obliges the conqueror to defend situations unnatural and therefore impossible to maintain, and bears within itself the germs of future wars of revenge."

ANDRÁSSY'S theory is that mutual suspicion and lack of understanding were the underlying causes of the World War. He does not believe that any of the powers actually desired a European war. Germany may be absolved from such a desire by her refusal to attack either Russia or France when the opportunity for success was most favorable — at the end of the Russo-Japanese War. Schlieffen, chief of staff at the time, called attention to "*der Tag*" for putting both France and Russia decisively out of the running at that time and establishing Germany as the supreme Continental power. Similarly, Britain might have been attacked during the Boer War. That no serious thought was given to these possibilities is proof to Andrassy that Germany's policy was eminently one of peace. Admitting that Germany did want war, certainly August, 1914, was a stupid moment to fix as "*der Tag*." The maintenance of peace was to be desired above all things. Bismarck, with a few exceptions in his later administration, sedulously avoided colonial ventures, being content to use other powers' inclinations in this direction to play them off against each other, keeping alive suspicions and aiming always to preserve the balance of power. When the

young Kaiser dismissed his elder statesman, he, too, was actuated by motives of peace. But his impetuous, unskillful hand upon the wheel of a new world policy soon began to arouse the distrust of other nations. His loudly announced demand of a "place in the sun" of colonial expansion for Germany, accompanied by the beginnings of his ambitious navy alarmed the world which soon began to see designs which the Kaiser did not entertain. Andrassy thinks William was moved only by the feeling that if other nations had colonies, Germany should have them no less, and from this point of view he explains the Kaiser's constant demand that Germany should take an advantage each time she acquiesced in a similar advantage to any of her adversaries. The position might have been tenable had it been cleverly maintained; William's own attitude vitiated it.

IN refusing an alliance with England, Germany certainly blundered, thinks Andrassy; nor is he able to explain the continued uncertain tactics of the Kaiser upon this point, except upon the basis of his unreasoning hatred for all things English. He is of the opinion, however, that William and his ministers were too confident that England would eventually need them; sooner or later, she must seek an alliance at a time when its consummation was a necessity. Under such circumstances, Germany would be in a position to dictate her own terms and secure concessions far more favorable to her interests than at any of the times when the alliance was proposed. So, each of Britain's overtures met with the same manoeuvre — hesitancy, but also with the intimation that the proposition was being favorably considered. In the end, disgusted, somewhat bewildered, and definitely suspicious, England's ministers definitely assumed that Germany could not be dealt with, and patched up her traditional quarrel with France. The Kaiser's navy evoked mistrust in Great Britain. His inspired press barrage, designed to convince the German populace that naval expenditures were a necessity in order to guard against Britain's fleet, hardly eased the situation.

This book is a valuable contribution to the literature of the war's causes, and cannot fail to impress by reason of its author's obvious desire to be fair in his judgments as well as by the soundness of his literary style. "The time has arrived for calm sifting of the available evidence and the delivery of the verdict," he says. Count Andrassy brings the jury's decision immeasurably nearer.

New Books in Brief Review

John Sargent. By the Hon. Evan Charteris, K.C. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$6.00.

THE author of this book, an intimate friend of John Sargent, has presented a portrait of the great painter which is just and honest. It is not a brilliant book nor a very entertaining one, but it is a genuine attempt at a veridical biography and a fair summary and judgment of his subject's achievements. Mr. Charteris knew Sargent in his English incarnation rather than in his American, and has consequently missed something fundamental in his character which was obscured generally beneath his British exterior. Then, too, the *catalogue raisonné* of Sargent's works at the end of the book is entirely inadequate and inaccurate. It is of course difficult to trace the shifting fortunes of those paintings which are not safely embalmed in museums, yet the compiler who may be forgiven inaccuracies as to ownership should know at least fairly accurately what paintings are actually in existence.

I have been more amused by reviews of this work than by the work itself. The more "modern" art-critic reviewers are, as a rule, obsessed by a Sargent-phobia. How far the fact that he was successful, universally praised, rich, and famous during his lifetime has affected their judgments it is hard to say. It is bad enough to be an "academic" painter, anyhow, but to be a successful one is simply vile.

One, Mr. Thomas Craven, writing a particularly bilious review in the *New York Herald Book Section*, calmly explains Sargent's ineffectiveness as follows: "As a matter of fact, he was a second-rate artist, for the simple reason that he had a second-rate intelligence." Sillier words have seldom been written. Whatever one's opinion as to the final value of Sargent's achievement as a painter, only a very ignorant person could call him unintelligent. Witnesses of the first quality testify to his musical intelligence; his painting is not the work of a dull man. His mind was filled with strange knowledge and a very rare understanding. He knew more about textiles, for example, than most critics know about books. He surprised scholars not only by his knowledge of their specialties, but by his interpretation and understanding of the phenomena they listed. To call him a genius of the highest order is perhaps extreme—to call him a second-rate intelligence is almost imbecile.

Because he elected to paint objectively—with his hands and eyes rather than his feet and his spleen, because he lived a gentleman and died in honor, all the pack are snarling and yapping at his name. He deserved a straightforward and honest biography, and Mr. Charteris has done him this service. His criticism is not always discriminating, for he admired and loved the man he describes, but at least it is fairer and more reasonable than the condemnations of the critics and painters who hated him because he was successful.

A Book of Shanties. By C. Fox Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.

DEEP reverence for the days of wind-blown argosies has prompted more than one man to embalm the songs of the sea in printer's ink. The work of Mr. Smith gives another assurance of permanency to the published saga of the lads who knew Cape Stiff's challenge to hulk and canvas. The volume contains many of the most famous songs which the hearties roared across the decks of sailing ships. Each is designated as a capstan or halyard shanty and is accompanied by an explanation regarding the song. They are pleasant to read, these shanties, but we imagine that the greatest enjoyment from the book would be in convening a group of full-throated huskies to sing them. This would be possible because the words are accompanied by the music, a distressing lack in many collections of sea songs.

The Lure of the Great Smokies. By Robert L. Mason. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$4.50.

AFTER rambling through these enticing pages, one will be moved to thank the States of Tennessee and South Carolina for presenting Uncle Sam with a new national park, and then in turn thank Mr. Mason for telling us about the wonders of the Smokies. The author knows his mountains and his mountaineers, and it is difficult to decide which are the most engaging. The Smokies, we are told, were ancient when Nature reared the Rockies. And the men and women who live in the valleys are pure Anglo-Saxon, speaking in accents strangely like those in use in England five hundred years ago. Geologically formed to resist erosion as no other mountains on the continent, the Smokies are peopled by a breed that seems to own some of the strength of the towering peaks. Children down that way skate on their bare feet. One delightful old mountaineer not long ago decided to move

back into the hills because it was "gittin' too crowded 'down hyar." His nearest neighbor lived ten miles away, but the approach of a pack train to within a mile or so of his cabin was an encroachment that the old stalwart could not stomach. Glorious old hills Mr. Mason writes about, and a sturdy race of men.

The Octopus of Paris. By Gaston Leroux. New York: Macaulay, Publishers. \$2.00.

ONE rejoices at the reappearance of Joseph Rouletabille on the first page of Leroux's latest mystery yarn. But the rejoicing is of short duration. For if there was ever a wretched and maladroit translation of the French language into English, this certainly is it. It is almost impossible to believe that the same author turned out this affair as well as those earlier incomparable tales, "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" and "The Perfume of the Lady in Black," so hideously has the present translator twisted not only his French, but his English idioms. As for the story—it is still worth reading in spite of all this. Which ought not only to render sufficient tribute to the author, but avoid any possibility of giving it away.

Your Money's Worth. By Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

"I CAN'T believe that," said Alice. "Can't you?" the Queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes." This is the text which the authors of a thorough-going study of the consumer's plight in the face of modern advertising place at the head of their first chapter. The more one reads this little book, as accurate and painstaking as it is brilliantly written, the more apt that quotation from "Alice in Wonderland" seems. The first half of this study of advertising and salesmanship from the consumer's point of view deals with the great smoke screen through which in buying anything from "thumb-tacks to dredging machines" the public must grope to get the truth about a given product. The second half tells with an economist's precision the steps which have already been taken, notably by the Government, to buy all sorts of goods by scientific test rather than under the influence of "high-powered salesmanship." The book is a unique contribution to the economics of consumption, as well as a popular guidebook in the wonderland of modern advertising.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

WITH the death on July 20 of King FERDINAND I of Roumania at the summer palace on the slopes of the Carpathians, Bucharest was thrown into a turmoil. Police reserves and govern-

ment troops were mobilized to forestall any possibility of a demonstration for former Crown Prince CAROL, now in exile in a suburb of Paris, and even the army was carefully watched lest it should itself stage a demonstration, for there is a known sentiment among the military in favor of the former heir to the throne. Due to the expedition of the BRATIANO faction, which had supplanted former Premier AVERESCU in power only the day before, nothing but the inevitable excitement was forthcoming. And within twenty-four hours of the death of the old king, his seven-year-old grandson was crowned in his stead, and the regency appointed prior to FERDINAND's demise came into control.

No sooner had his son been placed upon the throne than Prince CAROL announced from his villa at Neuilly that he considered himself the King of Roumania, and expressed the wish that he be addressed henceforth as "Your Majesty." The unusual situation of the father seeking to replace his son on the throne caused a furor of excitement at the Roumanian capital, and even members of his own family who were known to favor his return were alarmed at the move. His sister, Queen MARIE of Yugoslavia, rushed a plea by telegraph that he refrain from persistence in his attitude, at least until after his father's funeral. In a reply to her message, CAROL reassumed the status of prince and sent a most affectionate tribute to his late father. Not without humor the correspondent of the *New York Times* expressed the belief on July 22 that the BRATIANO-controlled press would be disinclined to make CAROL's telegram public.

King MICHAEL, or MIHAI as the Roumanian spelling has it, began his reign auspiciously with the issuance over his signature of a general order bespeaking the loyalty of the army for the throne and a continu-

ance of the fealty which had been given his grandfather. "Soldiers," said King MICHAEL, "we are confident that all, from the chiefs of the army to the humblest soldiers, will . . . remain worthy of the confidence which your country has placed in you, devoting all your strength and souls to the fatherland and throne."

Since that time CAROL's chances of regaining the throne from which he

believes himself cheated have been dwindling. He shows no disposition to fight the government decree

"Beyond Discussion," that he may not return to Bucharest, either before his father's funeral or after it, nor does he evince any relish at the prospect of battle with the BRATIANOS, openly his enemies, who control not only the finances and the commerce of Roumania, but the Cabinet, two thirds of the regency, and who, through Prince BARBU STIRBEY and

The Week

¶ "The King is dead — Long live the King!" Carol presumes; and is rebuffed. Michael issues an order. ¶ Geneva waits upon Britain. The deadlock persists. National pride at issue. The Government says nothing; but the *London Observer* speaks. ¶ An oil war threatens: Standard versus Royal Dutch-Shell in Russia. Deterding on the rampage. ¶ Hoover reports on the Mississippi flood. No extra session of Congress will be necessary. ¶ Sacco-Vanzetti verdict in the balance. Fuller visits scene of the crime. ¶ United States Line shows a profit. ¶ Flyers visit Boston. Lindbergh continues his nationwide tour.

Dowager Queen MARIE, dominate the third regent, Prince NICHOLAS. Even Prince CAROL's close friends admit that unless he terminates his unfortunate affair with Mme. LUPESCU it would be useless to think of returning. Of great significance is the closing remark of Premier JON BRATIANO in his address before the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies on July 25: "MIHAI is the King of Roumania. That is beyond discussion and cannot be altered."

Contracts for the purchase of oil from the Russian Soviet by two companies of the Standard Oil group has precipitated a flare-up in world petroleum circles.

Sir HENRI W. A. DETERDING, head of the Royal Dutch-Shell oil combination of Great Britain and Holland, has issued a long statement attacking the contracts as contrary to "trade honesty." The contracts were made by the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company. Mr. DETERDING charges the Standard group with breach of faith

because his companies and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey are under mutual agreement to boycott Russian oil. The Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Company, however, are separate corporations and are not necessarily bound by agreements made in the name of a third Standard Oil organization. Before the situation had been given wide publicity, W. C. TEAGLE, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, boarded a ship for New York to interview DETERDING. He is reported to be on a mission of peace-making between the Royal Dutch-Shell combination and the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum. The Standard Company of New Jersey has strictly refrained from buying Russian oil, but it is reported that unless Mr. TEAGLE is successful in his rôle as peace-maker that the company of which he is head may be forced to line up with other members of the Standard Oil family in an economic battle against the British-Dutch interests.

Moscow newspapers declare that the contracts which the Soviet has made with companies of the Standard group are first moves in the Communist economic

campaign against Great Britain and hint that in matters of Russian oil concessions British companies will be given no consideration. It is this phase of the matter, observers agree, which has aroused the wrath of the Royal Dutch-Shell group and may precipitate a worldwide oil war between the two largest groups in the industry.

The DETERDING statement contained hints that his group is ready for war. The statement said: "Short-sighted people run greater risks of being run over

by the traffic than those who have good eyes." The two Standard Companies which have the Soviet contracts are reported to be ready to throw their combined vast resources into the world-wide struggle in case open oil warfare is declared by the Royal Dutch-Shell interests.

The temporary armistice called by Great Britain in the arms limitation conference at Geneva had shown no signs of coming to an end on July 26. When Britain's chief delegates, Lord ROBERT CECIL and Mr. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty, arrived at London for a conference with the Cabinet, it was with the avowed intention of returning to Geneva two days later. But

A War Threatens

Geneva Waits

King Michael

"King" Carol

A Royal Order

up to the time when this is written, no word had been received by Ambassador HUGH GIBSON, either direct from London or through the other British delegates, as to when the conference would be resumed. It is known that the British Cabinet has held several long conferences with the delegates, but apparently no further course of action has been decided upon.

This leaves the situation much as it was last week. The crux of the whole matter still turns upon the calibre of the guns to be mounted on cruisers of less than 10,000

The Deadlock Persists tons. The United States has stoutly held out for an eight-inch maximum, the

bore now in use, and Britain is just as firmly standing for six-inch batteries. In addition, the United States is favoring a secondary cruiser tonnage of 8,000, while England wishes to reduce the tonnage in this class to 6,000. As matters now stand, Great Britain and the United States would, in the event of a final agreement being reached, be allotted a total tonnage of 500,000 for both cruisers and destroyers with Japan allowed 300,000 tons. This would be divided so as to give 300,000 tons for cruisers and 200,000 for destroyers in the first class, and 180,000 and 120,000 to Japan in the second.

Meanwhile, the metropolitan press has been buzzing with rumors as to the possible outcome of the conference and the secret aims of the three participants.

The Press Hums Shortly after the British delegates were recalled to London it was given out by news correspondents that Sir ESME HOWARD, British Ambassador to Washington, had entered a complaint to Secretary of State KELLOGG concerning the hostile attitude of the American press toward England's conduct in the arms parley. But on July 26 the British Foreign Office denied vehemently that any protest, either officially or unofficially, had been issued to our Government. The statement was also made that it was extremely unlikely that Ambassador HOWARD had made any such protest purely on his own initiative. The opinion was advanced unofficially, however, that in one of his frequent conferences with Secretary KELLOGG the ambassador may have shown certain newspaper clippings expressing opinions unfavorable to British policy at Geneva to the secretary with an expression of regret that they should have found publication.

The official statement of the Government which it was expected would be read before the House of Commons on July 26 was not forthcoming. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave assurance, however, that it would

The Government Silent be made within two days following, by which time it was expected that Lord CECIL and Mr. BRIDGEMAN would have

completed their conferences with the cabinet and resumed negotiations at Geneva.

The Observer Comments J. L. GARVIN, in a recent editorial in the London *Observer*, ably summed up the aims of his country in the conference, commented upon the American attitude, and stressed the vital importance of reaching a settlement at Geneva. He said in part:

"The question of the naval relations between the United States and Britain is permanent. It is as permanent as the sea. . . . Let no one think we exaggerate. Any one who thinks so knows little of America today and still less of the new conditions indispensable to the existence of the British Empire. It is of life-and-death importance for the whole future of the English-speaking relations to determine what are to be the future relations of the fleets."

And again Mr. GARVIN writes: "Whatever American statesmanship may decide under President COOLIDGE's Administration, this country has made up its mind. We flatly decline to regard America as a potential enemy. . . . We shall continue to regard war between the two peoples as unthinkable and impossible."

On July 20, Secretary of Commerce HERBERT HOOVER submitted to President COOLIDGE at State Lodge, South Dakota, a detailed report of conditions in the

Hoover Reports flooded portions of the Mississippi Valley. Since April 21, when the President coordinated all the relief forces available under one head, Mr. HOOVER has been in entire charge, not only of emergency relief measures, but also of laying plans for rehabilitation of the devastated lands. The report is compact with detail, and far too long to receive the treatment it merits here, but the essence of it is summed up in the following paragraphs, which set forth what the Secretary believes to be the primary points in future flood control:

"It seems clear that the flood control must embrace the following principles:

"(A) Higher and consequently wider levees and the extension of Federal responsibility for levees on some of the tributaries.

"(B) A safety valve upon the levee system by the provision of a spillway or more properly called a 'by-pass' to the Gulf to protect New Orleans and Southern Louisiana, most probably using the Atchafalaya River for this purpose.

"(C) For further safety measures the engineers are examining the possible extension of the by-pass to the northward from the Atchafalaya to the Arkansas, the possible erection of emergency flood basins and the possibilities of storage in the tributaries."

Mr. HOOVER made no statement as to whether he favored a special session of Congress, but announced that with careful

economies, the \$17,000,000 subscribed by the Red Cross together with government appropriations already used or available, the situation could be controlled and the work of rehabilitation maintained until after November 1. The relief organization has already been largely demobilized, he said, and many of the refugees have returned to their homes. The element of discouragement can only be removed by quick and full legislation by Congress and the inception of adequate flood control measures.

Governor ALVAN T. FULLER of Massachusetts interviewed the two principals in the SACCO-VANZETTI murder case at the Charlestown State Prison on July 25,

Sacco-Vanzetti together with CELESTINO MADEIROS, condemned murderer who signed a statement last year absolving from the South Braintree murders the two men sentenced to die during the week of August 10. No statement was given out as to the nature of the conference, however. And on July 26, after interviewing eight witnesses at the State House, the governor motored to South Braintree and with two State officers carefully examined the scene of the crime. He returned to his home in the early evening, after making various measurements and testing certain pieces of evidence brought out in the trial.

It is doubtful if any new developments will materialize until the report of the advisory council of three is read by the governor. They officially concluded

Nothing New their sittings on July 25, and although they may reconsider parts of the evidence, their judgements were given to Mr. FULLER late on July 27.

The United States Line, operating five large ships for the Government, reports a profit for the first time in its history. In a report submitted by A. C. DALTON,

Fleet Shows Profit president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, a net profit of \$371,000 was shown for the fiscal year ending on June 30. Out of a direct earned profit of \$635,000, an amount approximating \$264,000 was charged off for administration of the corporation. The report for last year showed a net deficit of \$630,000.

The number of transoceanic flyers is increasing daily. On July 23, Boston turned out to pay tribute to some eight of them: LINDBERGH, BYRD, CHAMBERLIN, ACOSTA, NOVILLE,

The Flyers at Boston BALCHEN, HEGENBERGER, and MAITLAND. Under fair

skies and dripping the Massachusetts enthusiasts and State and city officials followed the airmen about the city, showered speeches and gifts upon them, and cheered them on their way. Colonel LINDBERGH departed on Saturday to continue his nation-wide barnstorming tour in behalf of aviation.

The Editor Steps Down

THAT Dr. George H. Bigelow, Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Health, touched upon a very vital problem indeed in his letter published in these columns on June 25 has been amply demonstrated by the number of comments which have reached our office. From doctors and health officers all over the country have come letters revealing various phases of the venereal-disease problem and supplementing Dr. Bigelow's suggestions. From the office of the Health Commissioner of New York City comes the following:

DEAR SIR:

There can be no question that Dr. Bigelow is right in his main thesis that the economic and other losses due to venereal diseases bulk large. Also, that no little of the misery which medical agencies, correctional and penal institutions, organizations for the care of the insane, the blind, and the dependent attempt to alleviate as best they can has its origin in venereal disease.

¶Dr. Bigelow has discouraged dissent from his assertion that these diseases are on the increase by characterizing health officials who contend that this increase is only apparent as "ostrich minded." I wish that we in this country had adopted the Scandinavian method of setting aside some one or two days a year when every private physician and every medical agency in any way related to the care of those suffering from venereal disease or its sequelæ, would report all such cases, without indentifying the patients, so as to help obtain a cross section for comparison with subsequent findings. We would then know whether these diseases were on the increase, how they affected both sexes, how the various age, social, and racial groups were affected, and the part played by home or factory conditions in the spread of this disease.

¶Dr. Bigelow's suggestion as to the institution of definite methods of supplying or administering prophylactic agents or treatment is one that has much to commend it. But it is very often the fact that what may seem desirable and necessary cannot be inaugurated until the public is willing to countenance and support such methods of control. I would watch Dr. Bigelow with the greatest interest and admiration if he became the pioneer among public health officials and would sponsor the establishment of stations for the administration of prophylactic treatment. What can be done under military necessity is one thing, what will be tolerated in normal times in various communities is another. I do believe, however, that it is quite feasible and very urgently desirable to educate intelligent members of the public with respect to prophylactic or preventive treatment, and I am sure that this can be done without remitting in the efforts that are being made to encourage continence and to avoid exposure to the venereal diseases.

LOUIS I. HARRIS.

A PROMINENT Boston physician discusses the problem from the point of view of the private practitioner rather than the public health officer. His comments follow:

DEAR SIR:

Dr. George H. Bigelow's cries for help in the June 25 issue of THE INDEPENDENT spur me on to try to offer a few words of assistance. It would be ideal if the venereal problem could be made to disappear wholly through doing away with immorality, but that is a Utopia solution which can never be, and with the greater acceleration of our lives as time goes on, and with the greater financial burdens leading to later and later marriages, the problem is undoubtedly going to continue to increase.

¶It might seem that education would solve the problem, but it interested me very much during the days of demobilization after the World War to see how many men whose particular war job had been to lecture on morality and venereal diseases become themselves victims, though knowing a great deal about the subject. Education alone had no effect.

¶Therefore, in direct answer to Dr. Bigelow's question as to whether the State shall supply medical prophylaxis, my answer is, "Yes." It supplies free medicine for the succor of those who have been caught in the moral trap, why is it not much better to supply preventive measures to save numerous individuals from illness as well as, probably, in the end, money to the State? Some say that when youth are provided with such measures they will exercise no moral control over themselves, but it has been shown through Army and Navy experience that this is not true, for an extremely important part of the preventive measures supplied is a set of directions, explaining in words of one syllable, so that he who runs may read, that this attempt at prevention has proven fairly successful but by no means certain; that there is always danger in any act which necessitates the use of preventives; that though the percentage of mishaps is thereby greatly reduced, danger is nevertheless still present to a small but by no means negligible degree.

¶Dr. Bigelow asks, "Are we not damned if we do and damned if we don't?" Of course this is true, for there are many who are far more ready to give destructive than constructive criticisms. I would like to agree with those who say that the State should not provide such measures, for I wish it were possible by religion, by home teaching, by instilling sufficient respect and admiration for the gentler sex, and by knowledge to control the problem satisfactorily. Not for a moment do I belittle these means—just as much should be made of them as possible. But all who have to do with the teaching of youth know that one or all of these influences control the problem in some individuals, and if a small percentage can be so guided, much greater

efforts than at present should be made along these lines in the hope thereby of controlling it even more. However, I must agree entirely with those who say the State should give prophylactic means because I do not see that any other medical advice can be given under conditions, not as we wish they were, but as they really are.

AUSTIN W. CHEEVER, M.D.

FROM the secretary of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association comes a particularly thoughtful letter, agreeing with Dr. Bigelow's estimate of conditions, but treating possible methods of prevention from the standpoint of the individual rather than the mass:

DEAR SIR:

The letter of the State Commissioner of Health of Massachusetts, in your issue of June 25, raises challenging questions of fact, of policy, and of the New England conscience. Whether venereal disease has increased since the war is a question of fact which I don't believe existing data are sufficient to answer. The number of cases reported by physicians and institutions has never been more than a small fraction of the cases which certainly exist, a fraction too small to be representative, and a shift up or down in the number reported is of doubtful significance one way or the other.

¶As to the policy of using calomel ointment as a prophylactic and State funds for its free distribution, dare we be sure that it would actually be effective? In the Army it did indeed largely protect men against infection by prostitutes to whom they resorted, but in the Army the men were under control, were clearly instructed, and were punished if infection supervened because instructions had not been carried out. In civilian life where such supervision is impossible, it is doubtful in many cases whether the prophylactic would be used with the thoroughness and promptness which are necessary to its effectiveness. However, in the Army the problem was to control the spread of disease from infected women to uninfected men. To prevent transmission from infected men to uninfected women is a considerable problem of civilian life regarding which the direct influence of the prophylactic would be nil.

¶Anyone who had seen examples of the human and financial cost of syphilis and gonorrhea and who believed that calomel ointment or anything else would wipe out or greatly diminish them would, I am sure, want the panacea or near panacea to be used, urged, distributed, and advertised by public funds and otherwise. I fail to believe in the mass distribution of prophylactics not so much because of fear of the "encouragement of immorality," as because of doubt as to their effectiveness in disease control. I do believe in the distribution of prophylactics by physicians and well-organized venereal disease clinics to

selected individuals who also receive personal instruction and medical advice. With such a policy to use public funds to provide prophylactics seems to me beyond reasonable criticism.

¶ Remedies must correspond with causes. There are economic, educational, legal, and biological factors in the venereal disease problem, as well as medical. Even if the prophylactic were as efficient for its purposes in civilian life as it was in the Army, its use and encouragement would leave ample room for other and fundamental measures, such as the systematic education of old and young in sex physiology and sex hygiene; the development of efficient and accessible sources for medical treatment and advice for the many to whom skilled private physicians are unavailable because of location or expense; the combating of sources of vice and prostitution in economic conditions, in feeble-mindedness, in unwise laws.

¶ There is no one line of advance which will win the battle against disease. Activity is needed on all fronts at once. The New England conscience, useful at general headquarters, should be locked up at night. A balanced campaign will gain us more ground than a confessional.

MICHAEL M. DAVIS.

Moltke and the Defense of East Prussia

(Continued from page 128)

With equal spirit and skill they pushed through the campaign to its conclusion against *Rennenkampf*.

But the strategy of the campaign was in no way their own individual conception — or anyone else's. Rather, it was a corporate production worked out systematically by the general staff long beforehand — and the conduct of the campaign was dominated by this same corporate spirit. When von Prittwitz failed, his own staff, his corps commanders, and the staff at the supreme command, — not to speak of Moltke, — all promptly rallied to the plan and carried it through. In the end Moltke's calculations were fully justified: the force he left in the east was able not only "to defend the province," but to drive away its assailants; and the course of operations in Prussia, instead of wrecking his whole plan of campaign, was the only part that succeeded.

The dispatch of forces eastward from the western front was another story. On August 25, Hoffmann records: "General Ludendorff called me to his telephone. He had just been called up by Colonel Tappen [at the supreme command], and said to me, 'Take the second receiver so that you can hear what Tappen wants and what I answer.' Tappen then said that three corps and a cavalry division from the western front were being sent to reinforce the Eighth Army, and asked to what stations they should be directed. Ludendorff gave the desired information, but

expressly declared that the reinforcements were not absolutely necessary; if the loss of the corps would cause any difficulty in the west, they might remain there. Colonel Tappen then said that the troops could be spared from the west." The next day the whole scene was repeated. Tappen again called up, and again Hoffmann listened in: the message was that only two corps would be sent instead of three. "Ludendorff assured him once more that the corps would arrive too late for the battle then being fought, and that we were able if necessary to manage alone; therefore, if the corps were needed in the west to bring about a more speedy decision, the supreme command need not have any consideration for the east."

Nevertheless the two corps were sent, and Tappen — who did the sending — gives us the reason. The French, he explains, had just been defeated in the battles of the frontier. "The exceedingly favorable news that came in daily, together with the great victories achieved in Lorraine, aroused the feeling at headquarters that the great decisive battle in the west had been decided in our favor. Under the impression of this decisive victory, Moltke, in spite of the considerations against doing so, came to the decision to send troops to the east." Thus it was not a case of hurrying off first aid to Hindenburg. In this first flush of his exuberance, Moltke had earmarked no less than six corps to go eastward. "He believed that the moment had come when, according to plan, after a decisive victory in the west considerable forces could be spared to go east to obtain a decision there also."

Hoffmann and Tappen, taken together, settle beyond dispute the question as to who killed Cock Robin. Moltke lost the Marne, for one among many reasons, because he had won his great battle, in imagination, before he had even begun it.

Roumania's Royal Legacy

(Continued from page 130)

to Carol, and if that hand were grasped — which is not impossible — she might do much to facilitate his return, even against the wishes of the Bratianos. On the other hand, if she is determined to support her son against Carol and the Carolists, she can throw many a thorn in the way of his home-coming. The choice presented to her, therefore, is between Carol and the Bratianos.

Prince Carol has complicated an already complicated situation by stating that he considers himself King of Roumania. The legal basis of his action is doubtful. True, the Roumanian constitution contains no provision for abdication, but it clearly defines the living king's power to appoint a successor. Ferdinand appointed Michael, and both Houses of Parliament, sitting

jointly as the National Assembly, ratified his choice. Even if a Bratiano conspiracy in the ousting of Carol could be proved, the National Assembly could not alter its decision; for such action might be construed as changing the constitution, which constitutionally cannot be changed during the life of the regency. Carol himself, apparently, "awaits a call" to Roumania. He will probably wait a long time unless he takes more active steps. His supporters are now hopelessly split, and many wealthy Roumanians who were once prepared to risk a good deal to get him back are not now so inclined. There is little or no chance that he can gain the throne by one of those airplane exploits that ex-Emperor Karl of Austria-Hungary attempted so unsuccessfully. And it is unlikely that he will pin his faith on the army, a part of which is undoubtedly loyal to him. His only hope is to stir the opposition.

This would appear to leave the Bratianos in control of Roumania. They control the largest and richest party in the country — the Liberal — which is more conservative than liberal. Through it they control the legislature and may continue to control it for four years. They control the executive, for Jon Bratiano is the Premier. They control the powers of the King, the other half of the executive, through the regents. They control finance through the banks. They control industry because they are the greatest owners of it. They control commerce because they control industry. They and their brother-in-law, Prince Stirbey, are the actual rulers in Roumania today. But there is nothing so insecure as power. The Liberal party has to be kept in order, the opposition has to be kept in order, the royal family has to be kept in order. Failure to do this might cause their political ruin in a day. Hence, the necessity for intrigue. And the intrigue is not all on one side.

What can break this undisputed Bratiano might, short of an armed uprising? The opposition alone. The opposition consists of the National Peasant's party, led by M. Maniu. It is a fusion of the old Peasant party and the Transylvanian Roumanians and is at the moment split by their dissensions. The National party, the real Liberal party of Roumania and the staunchest supporter of Carol, is led by that distinguished historian, Prof. Nicholas Jorga. It refuses for political reasons to cooperate with the National Peasant party, although once it was near the point of fusion with it. Then there are the German, Hungarian, Bulgar, and Socialist parties, all small, some supporting the Government, others opposing it. Under the electoral system in Roumania, which the Government of the day notoriously wins, the opposition has no chance while it is divided. But if it should ever get together, a great deal might happen, and that "great deal" would inevitably shake the power of the

Bratianos to its foundations. There will be attempts to strike a political bargain, as there have been attempts in the past, and in them will be a sure source of intrigue.

This is something of the seething situation which confronts the little King of Roumania in the first year of his reign. Fortunately for him his mind is still on pies and candy instead of politics. But for Roumania the outlook is dark. Hated abroad by Russia, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, and Hungary — or at least by a great part of their populations — and menaced within by the dictatorship of the Bratianos, who knows but that a savior will arise to fan smoldering public indignation into the fire of its righteous wrath? And his name may well be Carol.

A Protest from the Big Congregation

(Continued from page 137)

since there was such a thing as a man, and that human beings desiring those results will go on practicing those acts even though they do not always understand them, will go on seeking new explanations of them when the ones given them fail to explain, but they won't seek new practices until the old ones fail to give them the results.

For a scientist like Huxley or a psychologist like Watson we noncombatants have only respect and attention. They, too, have explanations, explanations of these phenomena that satisfy some of us better than the old dogmas. We have no

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objection to the man who says that the Virgin Birth is a superstition, who says all worship is the outgrowth of fear. If his exposition appeals to our intelligence as being true, we accept it, and no longer worship the Virgin Mother. Unlike the religionist, we do not get "mad," see "red," whenever the Virgin Mother is mentioned. We keep our balance, and we know that man will need to worship no less because he does it through fear than if he did it through reverence, and that if he can no longer worship the Mother of Christ he will find a new subject for worship. In the meantime, we do not worry about those who can still worship the old gods, though we may be more interested in those who are trying to find new. The trouble with the Lewis Menckens is that they are not seeking new; they are only interested in shooting the old — and not even at the old gods but at the words the Sunday Stratoms use to describe them.

It is this literalness, I suppose, which annoys us the most. The Lewis Menckens are obsessed by the literalness of the Sunday Stratoms because they themselves are literal-minded. When William Allen White said that God had answered Sinclair Lewis' defiance to strike him dead, the artist being dead in his last book, a Kansas City preacher came back at Mr. White with the serious statement that "the only kind of a God that this modern scientific age believes in is not going about whacking artists over the head because they are out of line with Main Street religious opinions." Rhetoric, poor and a little shopworn but none the less rhetoric, most of us took Mr. Lewis' defiance for, including, in all probability, William Allen White himself, who answered it with rhetoric a little fresher and to the point. None of us thought, save the mark, that Mr. White thought God was out with a little barb for Mr. Lewis. We only thought, "clever Mr. White" to turn the words on Mr. Lewis. It remained for one of Mr. Lewis' defenders to take it literally, thus giving this delicious evidence of the literalness of the Lewis Mencken mind.

We do not like such literalness in the Sunday Stratoms. We do not like it any more in the Lewis Menckens. The first may be excused on the ground of child-like stupidity; they are but accepting as literal an explanation outgrown; they are but pursuing a letter that is dead, having lost or never had the wit to know the spirit. But these latter! Their erudition and their intelligence give us a right to expect from them something more than spleen. Their wit, their brilliance, makes it all the more disappointing when we find they are attacking only words. Perhaps that is not fair. A man can but write as he feels. If words be devils to him, he must up and after them. But, oh, how those of us interested in ideas weary of this fight for or against words.



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PERFECT calm, a grim face, little slips of folded paper, and out in the Black Hills, Calvin Coolidge had released a message whose purport left the political world agape: "I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight." No warning, no intimation even before the deed, no further comment after it. It was as dramatic a gesture as any completely undramatic public figure has ever made.



Before these lines appear in print every politician in the United States will have been asked by enterprising newspaper men or will have volunteered his interpretation of the President's cryptic phrase. Perhaps the Black Hills themselves will elucidate the mystery. But we doubt it. We are convinced that the President meant exactly what he said — that he has had enough of the strain and strife of the Presidency, that he has a genuine and wholesome respect for the political meaning of the third-term tradition, and that he has chosen to announce his decision at a

time when his prestige stood undimmed, when political friend and foe alike conceded him the nomination and election if he chose. If he had remained silent longer, the next ten months would have brought him a multitude of griefs. Congress in session would have proved a nightmare at best, with lack of party control, farm relief, campaign contributions, patronage scandals, and third-term resolutions furnishing the background for political assaults on the Administration. Now the President can join the battle without personal cares and without the handicap of being constantly accused of playing personal politics. With the statement a great care must have dropped from his shoulders.

Since Calvin Coolidge is first and foremost a politician, and since he has held office continuously for twenty-five years, it is a fair question to inquire whether or not his present statement may not have been dictated by political rather than personal motives. Did he feel that he was losing his grip or that the third-term sentiment was too strong or that the tide of farm discontent was overpowering? On the other hand, may he have used the ambiguous word "choose" in order to leave open a loophole through which to crawl in case the announcement

should have shown him stronger than even he supposed and the popular demand more pressing? We cannot, of course, answer these questions definitely. Only the President himself can do that. But nevertheless we are convinced that politics played but a small part and that personal weariness of the job and personal conviction as to the undesirability of another term were the underlying motives. At least we hope so, for we have continuously opposed a third term and we are certain that Calvin Coolidge will be fitted to meet the problems of the next year better as an unfettered President than as a candidate to succeed himself.

The Line Forms

THE lists are now open and volunteers for the Presidency are forming in line. Some of the faithful in whose breasts the spark of hope had well-nigh flickered out are now in full flame and frenzy. The old war horses of the party, just a little touched in the wind and not quite sound as to legs, have sniffed the battle from afar and are now prancing and sashaying around with their tails over the dashboard. Senator Fess is moaning quietly as he eyes the empty White House; Senator Willis, known as the "loud speaker," is experimenting with a new form of throat lozenge; Speaker Longworth, also of Ohio, is as busy as a bird dog being genial and democratic and popular; Senator Watson of Indiana is engaged in forgetting the Klan; and so it goes.

The Republican party is rich in men of Presidential calibre; Secretary Hoover, Vice President Dawes, Mr. Lowden, Secretary Mellon, and ex-Secretary Hughes are obviously men whose characters and accomplishments would grace the office. Of these, several are probably unavailable; Mr. Mellon is a shade too old, Mr. Hughes has the handicap of a previous defeat, Mr. Lowden is a sectional rather than a national candidate and is also handicapped by age. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Dawes remain, and either one of them would make a great President. Both are men of well-rounded experience in great affairs; both are versatile, courageous, and highly intelligent. They are conservative because they have studied the past, but they are bold in upholding change which their experience approves.

It remains to be seen whether the Republican party will recognize and support such men or whether as in 1920 the leaders will turn to a safe, "regular" nonentity who can be relied on to keep the country safe for Republicans. In the former case the party will serve the interests of the whole country; in the latter it will serve its own selfish and temporary expediencies. Either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Dawes could defeat any Democrat, Al Smith not excepted, and the election of either would insure a sound, constructive Administration as well as a firm and honorable policy at home and abroad.

The Fiasco of Geneva

THE outcome of the Geneva conference is a tragic *non sequitur*. Both English and American delegates repeated constantly, and apparently with conviction, that war between their respective coun-

tries was impossible and unthinkable. Yet the conference held for the purpose of limiting a naval armament which neither could use in its entirety except against the other founded on the rock of "parity."



The only logical sequence of the Geneva failure is for the Congress of the United States to appropriate this fall at least

a quarter of a billion dollars for naval construction. Otherwise we shall be hopelessly distanced by Great Britain, already far in the lead, and the great principle of parity will be lost, probably forever. If we are unwilling to build scores of cruisers, we admit that we are willing to sacrifice parity, and then the fiasco of the Geneva convention has — from the American standpoint — no meaning or excuse at all.

As against the tragic inability of the two English-speaking nations to hurdle the absurd obstacles which national pride had raised, the Japanese attitude stood out in sharp contrast. Whatever crumbs of honor can be picked up from the conference should be awarded to them for their unswerving attempts to bring about agreement.

The Governor's Verdict

"REASONABLE doubt" as to the guilt of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti must be dispelled by the statement of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts. We confess to having believed in that reasonable doubt, we confess to having urged the pardon of the prisoners, but in the light of the governor's word, backed unanimously by such obviously unprejudiced men as Presidents Lowell of Harvard and Stratton of Technology, we are satisfied to see the sentence of the court carried out.

There can be no question as to the conscientiousness with which Governor Fuller and his advisory committee reviewed the whole case. There can likewise be no question as to the courage displayed by the governor in stating his conclusions with clearness, firmness, and conviction. Those conclusions will not be popular except with that small group which was more interested in the sanctity of the courts than in abstract justice for two anarchists. It would have been infinitely easier for the governor to straddle, and commute sentence to life imprisonment. But he followed the dictates of his conscience without apology and without fear. The more honor to him.

It is idle to speculate on the effects of the governor's pronouncement. By the time these words appear in print Sacco and Vanzetti will presumably have paid the great penalty. An appeal to the Supreme Court is possible but success improbable. The thousands of friends of the condemned men can have no recourse except vituperation. Of that plenty may be expected, and fortunate will be the nation if active outrages or attempts on the governor's life are avoided. We have feared that Sacco and Vanzetti as martyrs might be more powerful than Sacco and Vanzetti as pardoned anarchists with only the shadow of guilt hanging over them. For us at least that shadow has now been replaced by conviction, a reluctant conviction perhaps, but one that is forced from us because of the character of the men who have fairly reviewed the case and our willingness to believe that these men have sifted every bit of available evidence to the bottom. We feel sure that this conviction will be shared by all fair-minded men and women; that those who felt reasonable doubt will now be satisfied that the doubt has been removed. And we hope that our fears as to the potency of the condemned men as martyrs may be groundless.

A New Regard for Trusts

THE public attitude toward industrial combinations and large corporations has changed considerably since Theodore Roosevelt swung his big stick at the trusts. Today finds a growing popular conviction that trusts are bad only when they exercise powers of monopoly to raise prices arbitrarily, but that when they effect cost reductions which are passed on to the consumer in the form of reduced prices, they become an ally, not a foe of the people.

In the report on the Geneva Economic Conference this statement appears: "In certain branches of production they [industrial combinations] can — subject to certain conditions and reservations — on the one hand, secure a more methodical organization of production and a reduction in costs . . . and on the other hand, act as a check on uneconomic competition and reduce the evils resulting from the fluctuations in industrial activity. . . . They may assure to the workers greater stability of employment and at the same time, by reducing costs and consequently selling prices, bring advantages to the consumer."

It has been clearly demonstrated that large-scale production which has reduced labor costs but increased wages has contributed greatly to American prosperity. To curtail mergers just because they are mergers is now generally regarded as detrimental to the whole country. Antitrust restrictions should be applied only when combinations misuse their powers to the public disadvantage by restricting competition and fixing prices. Times have changed.

The Fundamentalist War

ANOTHER sign of change is the challenge of science to the legislators of this fair land. Heretofore when a Georgia or Tennessee Legislature convened, evolution ran rapidly in the direction of the nearest cyclone cellar. Slab-sided Baptists from the Tundras voted triumphantly and proved by legislation that evolution was only a vicious and exploded myth to be banned from decent society if young Baptists were to be kept pure. But there are now heartening signs that evolution will no longer take its whipping lying down.

Louder grow the rumblings of conflict between science and religion in the corridors of American public schools. The Science League of America, dedicated to the unrestricted pursuit of truth in classroom and college, has thrown the force of a host of eminent authorities into the battle against the Fundamentalists who would curtail the scientific curricula of schools. The Science League brings to its plea for adherents in the impending struggle a list of members which must command universal respect. The board of directors includes men such as David Starr Jordan, Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee of California, Prof. Edwin Grant Conklin of Princeton, The Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president emeritus of the American Unitarian Association; Prof. Charles Schuchert of Yale, Dr. C. Hart Merriam of the Smithsonian Institute, and Prof. Hermann J. Muller of the University of Texas. The advisory board includes many who are numbered among the country's leading educators. The membership is equally impressive.

The booklet of the League declares: "The teaching of evolution is forbidden in approximately two thirds of the rural districts of the Union. . . . A Federal anti-evolution amendment is one of the avowed goals of the two most prominent Fundamentalist organizations, the Supreme Kingdom and the Bible crusaders." Anti-evolution laws were proposed in thirteen States last year and in several were defeated, while Fundamentalists are shaping a nation-wide campaign for 1928 and 1929.

Dr. Herbert S. Hadley, chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, as quoted in the brochure, said: "I believe that . . . such a law [anti-evolution] can be and will be established in fifteen or twenty States." "More ominous still," asserts the Science League's booklet, "are the arbitrary rulings of State, county, district, and city officials about which the public knows little or nothing. . . . The battle is not over — it is just begun."

There is little of the dramatic in the battle which is being waged to protect the integrity of the schools, and the public is not aware of the menace to its cherished institution. Once such organizations as the Science League thoroughly arouse the people of the country to their peril we believe the victory will be won.

The Author as Coupon Cutter

IF an author contracts with a publisher to write a book for a lump sum or with a periodical for a series of articles, then his return, says a recent ruling of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, is earned income and therefore entitled to a twenty-five per cent reduction for tax purposes. But if the same author writes a book, finds a publisher for it, and arranges for remuneration upon the usual scale of royalties, the money so received becomes unearned income and liable to taxation in full. Such a ruling, to anyone acquainted with the business side of literature, is ludicrously unfair.

Occasionally a publisher decides that a certain book would be well received by the public and contracts with an author to produce it. But the writer of the book rarely accepts a lump sum in payment; his contract is drawn up in the usual manner, by which he takes a certain percentage upon the sale of each copy. In general, however, the publisher is out of the picture until the book is written. At that time the author seeks a publisher and signs a contract by which he receives a percentage of gross sales. Why this is anything but earned income, we fail to understand. True, the author is not working upon salary. He has written his book at home, and his remuneration does not begin until he has finished his part of the bargain. But he is none the less being paid in this fashion for his effort. The publisher "earns" his income in selling the book; by what stretch of the imagination can an author's work be regarded in any other light? Fortunately, the Bureau has qualified its ruling with the statement that it intends only to mark out a general course. Each particular case is to be considered upon its merits. It is to be hoped that revenue collectors will use this loophole to accord authors — most of whom follow a precarious profession at best — the full benefit of the doubt.

When Governors Convene

EVERY year governors of American States convene at some attractive summer resort, enjoy the delights of the shore, make speeches at one another, refer to the historic remark made by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, pass a few resolutions, and adjourn. The net result, from the standpoint of benefit to the body politic, may be measured by the renewed physical strength the governors acquire through pleasant relaxation.

This year the executives met at beautiful Mackinac Island in upper Michigan, made excursions to pleasant spots near by, and heard Governor Ritchie of Maryland propose a third deliberative branch of the Federal Government to be composed of the governors of the forty-eight commonwealths.

He even said that such a "house" could be non-political. This absurd proposal constituted the most important news of the convention, the unimportance of which is indicated by the fact that less than half the governors saw fit to attend. The possibly pleasant, but none the less obvious, failure of these conferences to accomplish the fair ends for which they were organized is painfully obvious.

It would be possible for the chief executives of the States to conduct conventions with signal benefit to the whole country. Serious consideration of such subjects as uniform traffic and divorce laws, simplified extradition statutes, and coöperation of police departments might bring results of important character. But the record of the annual conventions so far reveals nothing to indicate that the governors give more than passing notice to the problems which only coöperation among States can solve. So far it is doubtful if the meetings have been worth the price of the executives' round-trip railroad tickets. In view of this failure in practical accomplishment, one can only hope that at least a pleasant time was had by all.

Politics by Headline

WHEN Gov. Alfred E. Smith issued his annual report on the finances of New York State headline readers of the *New York Times* were assured that the executive was a miser when it came to public funds. On the other hand, voters who take their political news from headlines of the Republican *Herald Tribune* were captiously warned that Smith was little more than a spendthrift.

In the two leading columns on its front page the *Times* told the world in black head letters that "Gov. Smith Shows State Has \$13,965,345 Surplus; Foes Predicted Deficit." In the *Herald Tribune's* most prominent position a headline declared: "Running Cost of State This Year to Rise \$30,000,000."

Aware that there are still left in the world people who might venture to read at least the first paragraph or so of the news story both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* continued their implications into the opening sentences of the text. Said the former: "All the gloomy predictions made by Governor Smith's Republican opponents . . . that the State would find itself facing a deficit . . . and be brought to the verge of bankruptcy as a result of his 'spendthrift' policy are set at naught by Governor Smith in his annual financial statement." The story then swings into a tale of treasury surplus.

The opening paragraph of the *Herald Tribune* presentation reads thus: "The State of New York will spend upon operating costs in the fiscal year ending June 30 almost \$30,000,000 more than it spent in the fiscal year recently ended." After which the article proceeds to reveal that the surplus is a

result of the Governor's demands for higher taxes. Of course neither paper distorted the facts. Both were reporting the same news story. They merely gave prominence to those details which best suited their partisan policies and interpreted them to conform with their particular political leanings. The morals to be drawn from this example of journalistic politics are two: He who seeks unbiased political news had best read more than one newspaper; and he who reads more than one will frequently find himself in the embarrassing position of having to use his own brain in order to reach fair conclusions.

Farm Income and Taxes

LEDGER books of American farmers for the fiscal year ending in June have been opened to the gaze of the public by the Department of Agriculture. They reveal that the financial difficulties of the country's growers were more serious in 1926-1927 than during the previous year. Following the recent gloomy crop prediction by the same Department, the report adds real fuel to the fire of farmer discontent.

In 1925-1926 the average net income of farmers was \$922. In 1926-1927 it dropped to \$853. Both sums include a return of 4.5 per cent as interest on capital invested. Deducting interest, the return of the average family for a year's labor declined from \$690 to \$627. The report reveals that while the pay for farm families working on their own land dropped ten per cent, wages paid to hired help increased by two per cent and the earnings of factory employees remained unchanged.

The aggregate gross income from agriculture for 1925-1926 was \$12,670,000,000 as against \$12,080,000,000 for the year just closed. Net income, after deducting expenses, was \$2,440,000,000 in 1926-1927 having dropped in a year from \$3,082,000,000. Expenses of American farms were \$6,671,000,000, divided as follows: \$1,238,000,000 for hired labor; \$2,987,000,000 operating costs; \$654,000,000 for taxes on operator-owned investments; \$1,042,000,000 for rent on property leased from owners; and \$750,000,000 interest on debts to nonowners.

The report declares: "For the industry as a whole, the net earnings available for capital and management as percentages of all capital employed decreased from 5.2 per cent to 4.2 per cent, whereas comparable percentages earned by all corporations on their total capital investment appear to have been about thirteen per cent in 1925" and 1926.

The *Index* of the New York Trust Company indicates that general property taxes on American farms increased by 236 per cent between 1913 and 1925, whereas gross agricultural income went up only 100 per cent. Few farmers pay income taxes. Ninety per cent of their contributions to government go to counties. The largest items on their tax bills are for

roads and schools, which are financed in many farm States out of general tax funds. This is the logical point of attack if the farmers' expenses are to be reduced. The Federal Government is not the agent to whom this appeal should be directed, but where Washington can and should help is in assisting the farmer to increase his income.

Dollar-Down Buying

ALTHOUGH the steady increase of installment buying in the United States since the war has alarmed many economists, several factors which bear strongly on the subject seem to have been almost ignored. Experts differ as to the value of goods sold on the installment basis in 1926. Estimates vary between \$5,000,000,000 and \$12,000,000,000. For 1925 the figure generally used is \$5,000,000,000. If this figure is correct, installment purchases during that year constituted only thirteen per cent of the country's retail trade—a small fraction when it is realized that most of the goods bought under the deferred-payment system were houses, furniture, automobiles, and machinery for small industries.

The annual income of the country in wages and salaries aggregates about \$53,000,000,000. If installment sales during 1926 totaled as much as \$10,000,000,000, they still absorbed less than twenty per cent of the country's pay roll.

The rising tide of dollar-down buying and selling has been accompanied since the war by a tremendous increase in savings deposits and life insurance. Savings deposits since 1920, which was a boom year, have increased by almost \$10,000,000,000. The increase in savings between 1924 and 1925 was nearly equal to the aggregate of outstanding installment paper during that period. Life insurance in force in 1920 was only a little more than half of that in force today. These signs indicate that the craze for consumer credit has not destroyed the habits of thrift which Benjamin Franklin preached and Calvin Coolidge practices.

A recent survey showed that retailers wait between sixty and seventy days for their money on open accounts, whereas clothing sold under the deferred-payment plan must be paid for in ten weeks. Substitution of contracts for open accounts seems no more than application of good business practice to a credit arrangement already in existence.

Economically, installment buying does not appear to have attained perilous proportions. Exercise of control at the source of money necessary to its financing may prevent it from ever doing so. If banks insist that the balance due on goods purchased by contract shall always be less than the depreciated value of the merchandise, there will be little danger of collapse in the credit structure under an overload of installment paper.

American Correspondents and British Delegates

Some Reasons for the Failure at Geneva

By John Carter

THE British public abruptly emerged recently from the apathy with which it had regarded the tripartite naval conference at Geneva when it received the intimation from authoritative sources that the British thesis had been consistently and maliciously distorted in the American press. The issue was heightened when Secretary Kellogg gave out a statement in which he officially commended the record of the American press on the conference.

The situation is not without its humors when one recalls the uniform and compliant attitude of American newspapers toward British diplomacy at preceding conferences, but is far too serious to afford a ground for light-hearted gibes. The plain fact of the case is that neither side has been scrupulous to persuade its nationals of the essential reasonableness of the contentions of its opponent. If ever there was need of a capable liaison officer between the two Governments and their respective newspapers, it is now. The gist of the British complaint is that there is no Lord Riddell at the Geneva conference as there was at the Washington Conference, no urbane and honorable gentlemen whose function it is to see that the American correspondents obtain news from an informed and unprejudiced source.

At the Washington Conference, it will be recalled, the State Department and Mr. Hughes were highly secretive. From them our newspaper men could gain little information concerning the course of the treaty. The French and Italian delegates were not communicative. But at the British delegation Lord Riddell was always willing and able to inform all comers of exactly what had happened and why. The consequence was that the British thesis prevailed over the original American plan, and that our public opinion was so shaped that it has not been possible, until the last two years, to win a hearing for any unfavorable criticism of the Washington treaties. At Geneva the British have no Lord Riddell, and the American newspaper men have been compelled to rely upon the statements made by the American delegates without the correcting influence of British opinion.

In consequence, one outstanding result of the conference has been the first appearance of a harshly objective journalism devoted to supporting American national policy. In previous conferences, the

American journalists were inclined to work on the simple principle of adding the rival statements and dividing by two. The result was a press which unfalteringly presented to the American public British and other official viewpoints as being of equal news importance with our own. In France and

"The British case has not been accepted at its face value," writes Mr. Carter of the *New York Times* in analyzing the conduct of the disarmament parley at Geneva; "the American has. The result is evidence that America has learned the lessons of Versailles and Washington and is prepared to play the game, even if the game is baseball instead of cricket." The conference has now been adjourned, bare of accomplishment, wrecked upon the stubborn rock of parity. Such an unfortunate outcome only serves to point the author's contentions more sharply

Italy and, to a lesser extent, Great Britain, journalists gave their own country the benefit of the doubt on every contested point. The Americans possessed the only denationalized journalism. The result, so far as our national policy was concerned, was the Treaty of Versailles, which our Senate rejected as subversive to American interests, and the Treaty of Washington, which has led to our being outstripped so decisively in the race for naval armaments. It is of importance to note that this is the first international conference where our Government has had a voice during which American newspapers have forcefully and intelligently supported the American thesis. It is this fact, as much as anything else, which is responsible for British apprehensions that the news has been distorted. The British case has not been accepted at its face value; the American has. The result is evidence that America has learned the lessons of Versailles and Washington and is prepared to play the game, even if the game is baseball instead of cricket.

REASONS for this change in American newspaper policy are to be found among the correspondents themselves. In the past ten years international idealism has been pretty thoroughly debunked. Newspaper men, never a very trustful lot by nature, have been encouraged to develop a hard-boiled attitude in international relations, and now a cruiser is a cruiser, a six-inch gun is not an eight-inch gun, a naval base is not merely another little island, and an armed merchantman is not an innocent bystander in the tussle for sea power. The creation of this class of objective writers is the work of a

comparatively few men who have been trying for a generation to drive home the truths enunciated by Admiral Mahan. Such a comparatively obscure contribution to American political thought as William Howard Gardiner's article in the *Yale Review* on "Insular America" — which pointed out the fact that the United States was virtually a great island lying in the midst of the ocean surrounding the Eurasian continent, and hence with all the maritime attributes which had thrust naval power upon Great Britain and Japan — has been of incalculable influence in molding American opinion. To go to the other extreme, such a publicist as Will Rogers has for the last few years been preaching political horse sense to the American public. In between these two extremes there have been working a handful of men whose object it has been to induce the public to think cool-headedly and sensibly upon foreign policy and national power.

EUROPEAN correspondents of American newspapers have been among the first converts to the new nationalistic journalism. Able to appreciate, through close observation, the aims and methods of European statecraft, they have rid themselves of some of the generous hopes which still animate their colleagues at home. For a long time they have been itching for an opportunity to preach the gospel to the unconverted. The sessions of the League of Nations afforded no such chance; even the late League conference on disarmament was unsuitable as a medium. It was so largely concerned with the unfamiliar elements of competitive land armaments and so befogged in French "differentials" that it was incomprehensible. But America knows something about sea power, has a theory concerning the freedom of the seas, has definite policies on blockades and contraband of war. The present conference, therefore, gave the European correspondents their chance.

Moreover, they were spurred on by the natural desire to show what they could do, in the face of the failure of the American press to protect American national interest at the Versailles conference and at the Washington Conference. In this they were aided by a series of apparent British blunders in the technique of publicity. The first and foremost of these was the failure of the British to agree to have the conference held at Washington. Once domiciled on American soil, the American people would have had an interest in securing an agreement at all costs similar to that which drove Secretary Hughes to sign a treaty failing to settle the Chinese question or to end naval competition: the two avowed objects of the conference. The second error was the failure to equip the British delegation with Lord Riddell. The British were not prepared to deal with the American press; indeed, they made no attempt to do so, partly, no doubt, because they did

not wish to incur the charge of propaganda which was so freely leveled at them at Versailles and Washington. A still more serious British omission was the failure of the British press to show any interest in the negotiations. With the American correspondents unable to secure news from the British delegates at Geneva, and without newspaper accounts and editorials for the use of the American correspondents in London, it naturally followed that the correspondents at Geneva checked what meagre information they possessed with the qualified experts of the American Navy Department. Their information, due primarily to these several British omissions, therefore reflected the official United States view of the matter. It was thus, for example, that when the American newspaper men discovered a discrepancy between British and American methods of measuring tonnage they followed the American methods and so concluded that the British were building ships of a greater displacement than those permitted to the Americans by the Washington Treaty.

The personality and demeanor of the two British delegates aggravated the misunderstanding. In Great Britain, a newspaper man is ranked only slightly higher than the postman in the social scale. The British delegates treated the American correspondents in a manner which reflected the difference in status prevailing in Great Britain. Moreover, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood was pardonably irritated and morose when he found himself in the unwanted and uncongenial rôle of upholding Britain's armed force against a proposal to disarm. The great protagonist of the Protocol and advocate of the League of Nations was at a disadvantage when it came to taking a public stand which involved endorsing the rule of force in international affairs. Mr. Bridgeman, moreover, was temperamentally brusque and irritating in social contacts. Neither delegate was inclined to give news to the American correspondents, and their unwillingness and their bearing led to some resentment.

THE British attitude was, furthermore, complicated by the suspicions of the Americans. They felt unconvinced of the straightforward nature of British diplomacy. They could look back at Versailles, where the American public had been so manipulated as to lead to the ruin of Wilson's work and the dislocation of American foreign policy. They could look back to Washington and see how, as they thought, the British had, through Lord Riddell and the work of energetic publicists such as H. G. Wells, completely bamboozled American opinion as to the issues and consequences of the treaty. The American correspondents were suspicious and surly. They declined to accept any British statement at face value, but insisted on "saying it with ships." Thus, on the very first day of the

conference, Wythe Williams of the *New York Times*, in one of the best news stories which has ever come out of an international conference, took the British proposals and examined them in the light of what they would actually mean to the relative strength of the British and American navies. The result was the complete demolition of the British proposals on the basis of parity. In the same way, the American correspondents have narrowly scrutinized every proposal made. To them nothing has been sacred; they have had no hesitation in dragging up the matter of the British naval bases off the Atlantic Coast and in the Caribbean. They have examined the English six-inch-gun proposal in terms of Britain's fleet of 3,000 merchant vessels capable of mounting such weapons. On every point they have, with able if silent support from the American naval technicians, insisted on reducing theory to its practical application; and in consequence the British have had the worst press in America since the Venezuela dispute. They have even been induced to make unsubstantiated assertions that the American correspondents are acting for lobbyists of the United States Steel Corporation, and, no longer denying that the British proposals did not accord parity, have given currency to the belief that the American claim for parity is merely a mischievous desire for prestige.

IT must be admitted that the British have some reason to resent the attitude of the American newspaper men. The latter have been so intent on "saying it with ships" that they have forgotten to say it with suavity. They have been so inclined to nourish their natural newspaper man's grudge against those who "hold out" news on them that they have been guilty of some editorial prejudice. There has been a tendency to speak of "the blunt British," "the bluff British," and to refer to "Ambassador Gibson's smiling good humor" or his "tolerant patience." This, in turn, brings up another defect in American newspaper treatment of Geneva — the tendency to overdramatize the news. Each day must produce its crisis, its straining of tempers, its intrigue, its difference of viewpoint in terms which strap hangers can absorb at a glance. Relatively trivial events can, by a slight turn of wording, be made to assume the proportions of a serious quarrel. The delegates must be protagonists and they must speak like heroes rather than, as they probably do, like lawyers haggling over a mortgage. And then, finally, there is the immortal device of the official spokesman, an individual who often

does duty as the correspondent's *alter ego*. This flings open the door to highly editorialized news dispatches which seek to interpret in terms of opinion plain matters of fact. These are defects in the journalistic performance at Geneva of which the American public has some right to complain, although they are defects shared by the British press performance. American newspapers have always prided themselves on their objectivity. By "saying it with ships" the American pressmen have shown that they are capable of combining perfect objectivity with damning criticism. The temptation to editorialize their dispatches has impaired the value of some excellent work previously accomplished. Mr. Wythe Williams has been a conspicuous example of this tendency. Its chief defect is that it forfeits to bluntness what might be conserved by suavity.

British resentment, it is fair to assume, is directed quite as much against the success of our correspondents' "say it with ships" method as against their failure to say it with suavity. There is reason to suppose, in view of the British failure to make use of publicity in the opening days of the conference, that the British Government entirely underestimated the patriotism and the intelligence of the American public in naval matters, and that they believed that America, having called the conference, would sacrifice anything to reach a plausible agreement. The British proposals have been plausible, but they have not worked out at parity when applied to the existing fleets of the two nations. After a single ill-advised attempt to convince the American public that it had been deliberately misinformed, the British have taken steps to rectify the mistake.

In the publicity which has surrounded the conference the Americans have had distinctly the best of it; therefore the recent Cabinet conference in London — prolonged to the limits of courtesy toward the Japanese and American delegations left to cool their heels in Geneva — amounts to a change of

"British resentment, it is fair to assume, is directed quite as much against the success of our correspondents' 'say it with ships' method as against their failure to say it with suavity. There is reason to suppose . . . that the British Government entirely underestimated the patriotism and the intelligence of the American public in naval matters . . ."

venue. In London, the British Government is on its home ground. It knows how to handle the British press, and the British press knows how to play up to the Government. British opinion is rallied behind the Admiralty proposals, and the entire British case is given a new airing under circumstances which insure favorable publicity in London, publicity which will inevitably be picked up by the London correspondents of the American papers and cabled back to America as straight news. Statements in the House of Commons, reports of heated Cabinet meetings, (Continued on page 168)

British Steel Ponders the Future

By Walter S. Tower

ONE after another the chief props of British industrial and commercial prosperity have been dealt lusty blows. Half the shipyard capacity was left idle by the postwar slump in merchant shipping and by naval disarmament. Cotton mills had to operate on organized short time for many months as a result of high prices for cotton, impaired export markets, and the caprice of fashion. Coal-mining interests since 1921 have lost almost a whole year of activity during two disastrous strikes. The resulting uncertainty about fuel supply has not helped any industry. Now comes the turn of iron and steel makers, as they face the question: to be or not to be a part of the new international steel syndicate set up by Germany, France, Belgium, and Luxemburg. To join that group is likely to involve some heavy sacrifices; to decline probably will mean a bitterly contested race for markets, with substantial advantages in favor of the other side.

It may seem academic to consider possible relations of the British steel industry to the Continental syndicate, when lack of coal has left only half a dozen out of 150 blast furnaces at work and has reduced steel output to less than ten per cent of its ordinary volume. But despite the most stubborn of workers and mine owners, the coal strike and shortage of fuel must end sometime. By then the combination among neighboring steel producers will have had a chance to get under way. And the prospects are that long before British steel mills have made up for lost time, the steel masters must choose between a quota allotted by international agreement and a protracted struggle to put and keep British steel products in overseas markets.

As matters stand, some are loath to go into the syndicate. Others fear to stay out. Those who hesitate argue that the competitive position of British steel will be strengthened by the policy of the syndicate in controlling production, and that British interests will be served best if they remain unhampered by syndicate agreements and obligations. Those who fear to stay out feel that competition from the big international organization must prove far more serious than from the various smaller national units which existed previously, and that the syndicate will pursue a course quite opposed

Since the war, economic factors have emerged to a place of greater prominence in the public mind than ever before. Europe has watched with greatest interest the rehabilitation of its war-torn industrial enterprises through the formation of vast cartels or combinations. Great Britain, on the outside of the steel combination, faces a vital problem. Mr. Tower of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation analyzes this difficult situation

to the interests of the British steel trade unless the latter is represented therein and fully informed as to its plans.

The agreement among the Continentals is based on control of production with quotas allotted periodically, roughly in proportion to the relative scale of operations at-

tained in the first quarter of 1926, except for Belgium, to which a concession was made in the shape of a slightly larger share. Provision for taking in additional members also specifies that the same basis shall be used in fixing their annual production. According to that rule, the British industry would have no claim to an allotment much, if any, larger than was assigned to the French, or a yearly output ranging from 8,500,000 to 9,500,000 tons of raw steel. To be sure, those figures would compare very favorably with anything done by the British industry either before or since the war. But they would mean a voluntary restriction of output to about three fourths of rated capacity to produce.

AN obvious British objection to such an arrangement is that Britain desires to employ its basic industries to the fullest extent possible, in order to recover from all the ill effects of the last dozen years, for the old problem of making a living by trade is now complicated by the need and determination to meet heavy outside obligations. On the other hand, a reasonably assured and profitable operation at no more than three fourths of capacity might be preferable to the stress and stringency involved in a contest for steel markets against a powerful organization of all the neighboring competitors.

At best the British steel industry cannot hope to use more than forty per cent of its capacity in supplying home demand, unless shipbuilding and heavy engineering trades show more signs of vitality than they have in the past six or seven years. Certainly any scale of output in excess of fifty per cent operation must depend upon export demand. No steel industry can produce economically if there is only half enough business to keep plants employed. Hence, the matter of getting and keeping large export markets determines whether the British industry is to work at a profit or a loss.

In 1925 exports of steel products from Great

Britain totaled about 3,500,000 tons. In 1926, up to the time the coal strike interfered, they were increasing slightly. But before the war the total had been as high as 4,700,000 tons. There is still a large gap to bridge before the former volume of overseas business is reached. Furthermore, there has been a substantial increase of capacity since the prewar years, with no corresponding growth of steel-consuming industries in the kingdom. Merely to maintain the same proportion between productive capacity and export business, as existed in 1913, foreign shipments of steel now would have to total 6,000,000 tons a year. Continental competitors of the British mills have made better progress toward recovery, at least in volume of business, if not in profits. In 1925 the four members of the new syndicate exported 10,500,000 tons, an increase of fully one fourth over 1913; and in the early part of this year, before curtailed operations by the British industry created an abnormal market, the Continental producers were exporting substantially more than a year ago.

THE traditional markets for British steel products are in no sense assured. Nearly three tenths of prewar steel exports from Great Britain went to European destinations, chiefly in the countries which now compose the international syndicate. Those markets, and some of the others on the Continent, too, can scarcely be regarded as open to British steel on the old footing, if the syndicate lives up to its possibilities. Somewhat more than another four tenths of British exports went to the colonies and dominions, chiefly to those in which local steel industries have received every encouragement during the last decade, such as Canada, India, and Australia, where mills are now equipped to produce almost as much as total imports amounted to a dozen years ago. Those markets likewise are not so promising for British steel as they once were, and the colonial hesitation to accept a full policy of imperial trade preference holds out little prospect of early change in that respect. Exports of steel from Great Britain since the war have tended to return to traditional lines as far as possible, but with indifferent success. The formation of the Continental syndicate seems still further to lessen the chances of restoring former channels of trade to the size which the industry now needs.

On the other hand, there are some who believe that Britain inevitably stands to gain more than to lose by the formation of the syndicate. Their belief rests partly on the ground that "it marks a return to common sense in economic matters in Europe," and probably foreshadows a "general industrial revival on the Continent"; and partly on the ground that its chief effect is likely to be greater stability of steel prices at somewhat higher levels. The possible value of both such developments to

the British industry is plain. But, after making full allowance for the better chance of British steel to compete, if world market prices range higher than those prevailing recently, it seems certain that the syndicate would not stand idly by, while British exports flourished, without making some move to meet that situation. Would the British industry be forced to join the syndicate, or would it be able to hold its own in the contest for trade which might follow?

British steel makers could ill afford to go into the European syndicate with any obligation either to stay out of the Continental trade or to concede a share of their empire markets to their Continental rivals. Yet division of markets is an almost inseparable part of such an agreement. It is even doubtful whether some concession of Continental business to British mills would fairly compensate for an avowed division of empire markets. To take that step would be a direct, perhaps fatal, blow for the hopes of economic imperialism, through which many British industrialists believe, with good reason, that their best chances for wider markets may be realized. Giving up a free hand in their colonial markets would be a bitter pill, indeed.

The industry, as it stands, is in no condition to act as a unit, with combined forces, against solidified Continental competition. There are perhaps a dozen of the large producers which have modern plants and efficient operation. Together they account for somewhat more than half of the total steel-making capacity. But they are divided into several groups, one in South Wales, another in Scotland, a third clustered around Newcastle, and so on. No one of these producers holds a dominant position in the industry. No one of them, in fact, is even a leading figure; and they have shown no tendency toward the formation of strong combinations. Even if they could all be combined, the resulting unit would not be as strong as the second-rank producer in the United States or the steel trust in Germany. The rest of the industry consists of small and weaker firms, many of them uneconomical producers, because lack of capital has stood in the way of replacing old plants with new and modern equipment. Many of these smaller firms cannot hope to make steel at a cost which will permit them to compete with the wares of more efficient mills, either at home or abroad.

SUCCESSFUL operation of the Continental syndicate seems likely in any event to seal the fate of those British iron and steel businesses, old and weak, which have taken "such an unconscionable long time in dying." To keep such producers going, trying vainly to eke out a living on scraps of domestic business, is a drag on the whole industry. If British interests decide to join the syndicate, such uneconomic producers (*Continued opp. page 168*)

ECHOES AND PROPHECIES FROM WIMBLEDON —

The Old Champions
of the Courts Give
Way to the New in
Great Britain's In-
ternational Lawn-
Tennis Tournament



MISS HELEN
WILLS

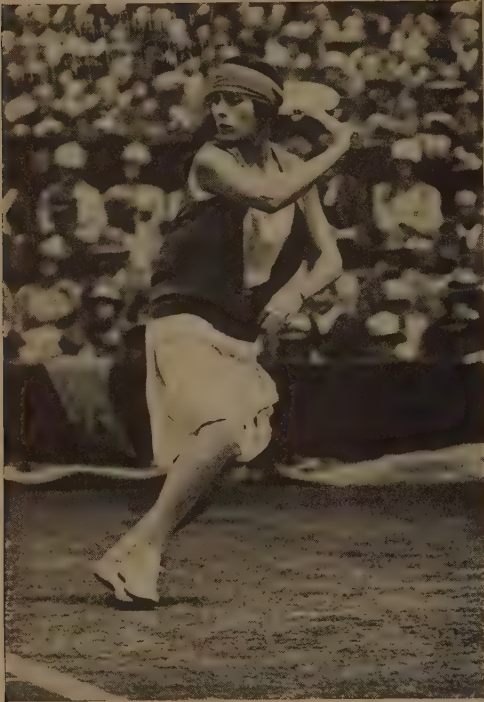
Wide
World



Wide World

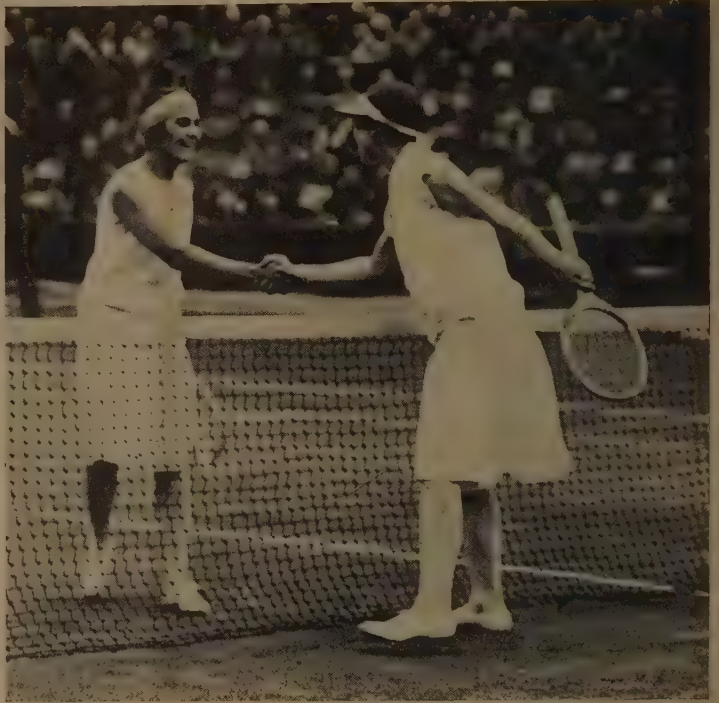
TO WITNESS THE SPORT OF KINGS

HUGE CROWDS OF SPECTATORS SWARMED THE GALLERIES AT WIMBLEDON, MOST FAMOUS SHRINE OF BRITAIN'S LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS AND SCENE OF THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES LAST MONTH



Wide World

SENORITA LILI DE ALVAREZ EXCELS NOT ONLY ON THE COURTS, BUT ON THE LINKS, IN THE WATER, ON THE ICE, AND ON SKIS. AND WHAT IS MORE, SHE COLLECTS FIRST EDITIONS BECAUSE SHE LOVES THEM



Wide World

LAST SEASON ON THE RIVIERA SENORITA DE ALVAREZ BOWED TO MISS HELEN WILLS. AND AGAIN AT WIMBLEDON SHE LOST THE LADIES' SINGLES TITLE TO THE CALIFORNIAN. BUT SHE IS NO OLDER THAN THE AMERICAN, AND ALREADY HER GAME IS THE MORE BRILLIANT OF THE TWO



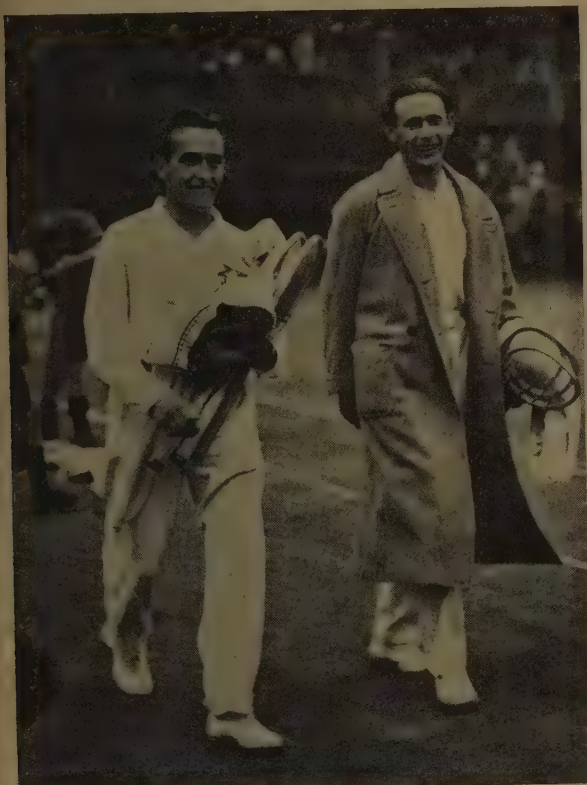
Wide World

MISS WILLS AND MISS ELIZABETH RYAN DEFEATED MRS. PEACOCK OF ENGLAND AND MISS BOBBY HEINE OF SOUTH AFRICA IN THE FINALS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES DESPITE THE MYSTIC MACHINATIONS OF THE FELOCANINE MASCOT OF THE LATTER. THUS TO MISS WILLS WENT TWO MAJOR WORLD TITLES



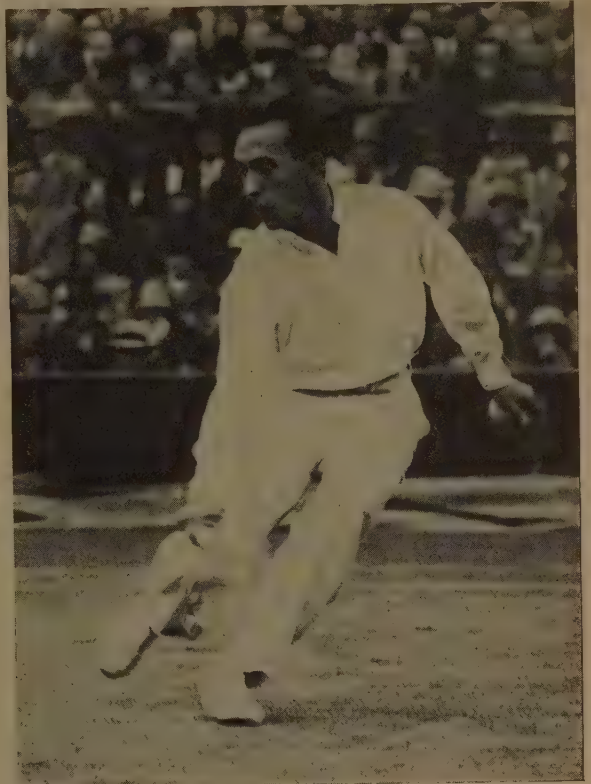
Wide World

WITH ALL THE GRACE OF A HOSTESS ATTENDING HER GUESTS AT HIGH TEA MISS WILLS AND SENORITA DE ALVAREZ ACCOMPANIED EACH OTHER TO THE CENTER COURT AT WIMBLEDON FOR THE LADIES' SINGLES FINAL



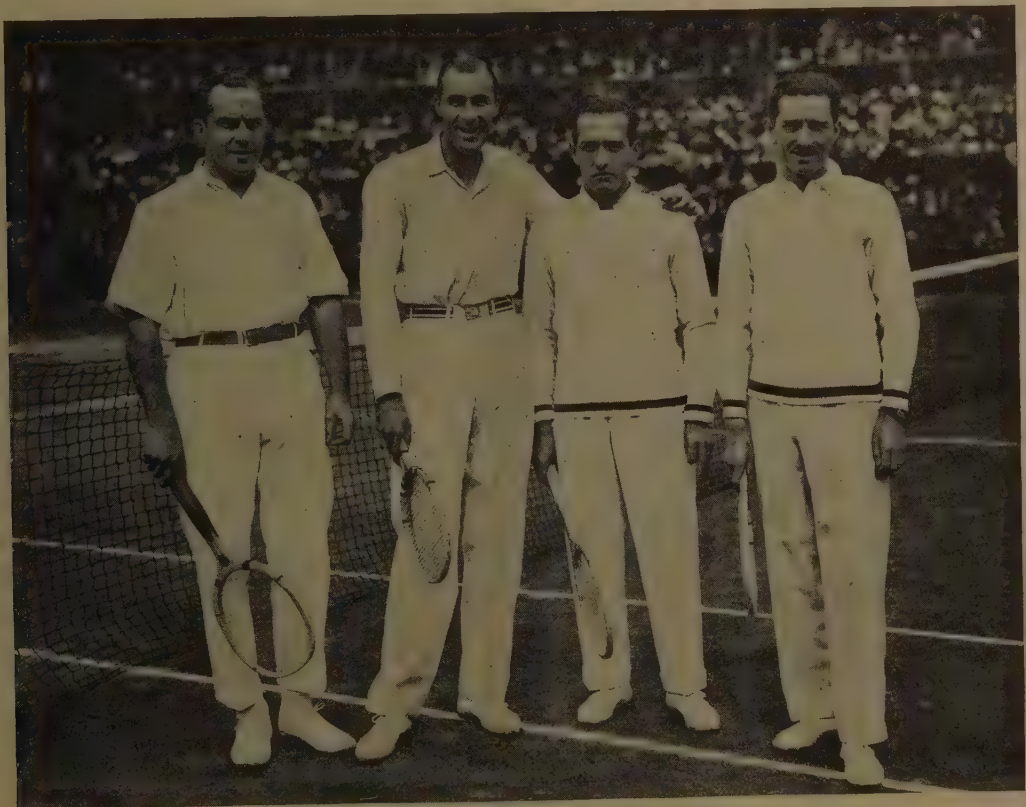
Wide World

HENRI COCHET, WHO DEFEATED WILLIAM T. TILDEN OF AMERICA IN THE SEMIFINALS IN A GRUELING FIVE-SET MATCH, CONQUERED HIS COUNTRYMAN, JEAN BOROTRA, THE "BOUNTING BASQUE," IN THE FINALS



Wide World

LAST YEAR COCHET DEFEATED TILDEN AT SAINT-CLOUD. THIS YEAR AT WIMBLEDON. HE IS EXPECTED TO COME TO THIS COUNTRY NEXT MONTH WHERE HIS PROGRESS WILL BE KEENLY OBSERVED BY TENNIS LOVERS



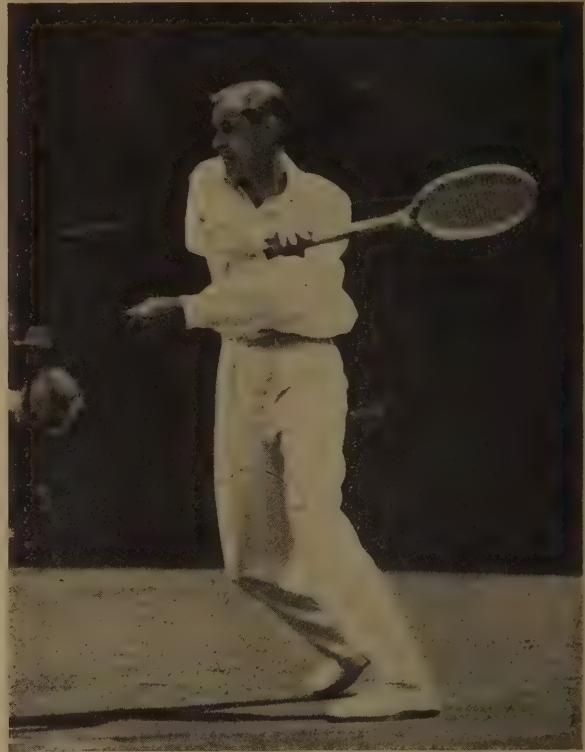
Wide World

PAIRED WITH FRANCIS T. HUNTER, TILDEN BROUGHT BACK TO AMERICA THE TITLE IN THE MEN'S DOUBLES. COCHET AND JACQUES BRUGNON, AN EXCEEDINGLY STEADY DOUBLES PLAYER, WERE UNABLE TO COPE WITH THEIR OPPONENTS



Wide World

MRS. MOLLA MALLORY CAME BACK TO WIN THE AMERICAN SINGLES LAST YEAR AFTER A THREE YEARS' LAPSE, BUT SHE WAS DEFEATED IN THE FOURTH ROUND AT WIMBLEDON. WILL MISS WILLS ONCE MORE SUCCEED MRS. MALLORY AT THE TOP THIS FALL?



Wide World

BIG BILL TILDEN HAS ALMOST MADE A HABIT OF LOSING RECENTLY. LAST YEAR HE SURRENDERED HIS AMERICAN CROWN. THIS YEAR LACOSTE BEAT HIM IN FRANCE AND COCHET IN ENGLAND. CAN TILDEN THE MIGHTY REGAIN HIS THRONE IN SEPTEMBER?



Wide World

TRUE SPORT LOVERS INDEED ARE THESE PATIENT BRITONS WHO ARRIVED AT THE BOOKING OFFICE AT WIMBLEDON AS EARLY AS FOUR IN THE MORNING BEFORE THE INTERNATIONAL MATCHES READY TO AWAIT THEIR TURN AT THE WICKET

The Modern Cannibal

By Harry L. Foster

ONCE upon a time — and not so many years ago — there was a nice old king in the Fiji Islands. He first distinguished himself at the age of six by clubbing a little playmate to death. Then he celebrated his father's demise by strangling that gentleman's five wives, which probably was fair enough, since the father himself had willed it and had himself set a lusty precedent by chewing several pieces out of his own favorite uncle.

Just how many people Cakobau ate before he finally reformed and joined the church — thereby starting a radical new fashion in the Cannibal Isles — will

probably never be known, but from the balcony of my hotel in Suva I could see the ancient stones upon which he had been accustomed to dash out the brains of the victims, and many of the older white pioneers who congregated at the bar downstairs could recall the dangerous days:

"Yes, sir; he had a regular arena out at Mbau, his big stronghold. When they caught a bunch of prisoners, he and his court would sit out there and watch the blood spatter. Two huskies would take a beggar, one on each side, holding an arm and a leg, and run with him until they bumped the rock. Just like a Roman holiday, it was, only the signal was always thumbs down."

But on the day of my arrival, in 1927, Suva declared another sort of festival — to watch two native teams compete for the local cricket championship. The ex-flesh-eaters on the street — huge, black fellows in funny little skirts, with their hair bulging into massive, frizzly manes — idled childishly on the curb, staring into the shop windows at sewing machines and radio sets. And the two gigantic policemen on the corner were holding hands!

I hoped to become better acquainted with these Fijians. From their frank and unaffected character one felt that a white man could penetrate the surface and reach an understanding of them quite impossible with Orientals and other soul-masked races. But this was not so easy in a British possession. The Englishman everywhere holds himself aloof from his subjects, building up a respect for his aloofness itself, and the visitor who tries to become chummy with the people immediately loses not only the Britons' regard but the native's as well.

The business of writing about the South Sea Isles is not as thrilling as it used to be, Mr. Foster decides in his third article. The time when tattooed chieftains fricasseed their prisoners and served them up for dinner departed from these Pacific islands when the missionary arrived. But deprived of his cannibalistic luxuries though he now is, the native is not such an unhappy fellow after all. Has he not his imported clothes, his movie shows, and his public houses?

At my hotel there was a young woman, employed in one of the government offices, who was a great admirer of the Fiji boys. She would talk interminably of their many virtues and of the warlike qualities of their ancestors, to the occasional amusement of other guests who teased her with such comments as, "Yes; they had the same idea of a good fight as the Irish have; that's three men with stout clubs hitting one who hasn't any."

When she learned that I was writing a book, she became anxious to help me carry away a favorable impression of her admired subjects and promptly planned a series of afternoon teas on the inn veranda to which she invited the very nicest boys from her government office.

THEY came each day in small, embarrassed groups, educated, mannerly young gentlemen with their skirts, or *sulus*, neatly pressed and their toenails manicured and their hair brushed into the most astounding pompadours. They bowed and spoke with marvelous dignity. But an afternoon tea — a function which robs nine out of ten white people of all naturalness — frightened them into the most complete and painful silence. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that they had been trotted forward as exhibits and specimens for a psychological analysis helped also to petrify them. At any rate, while they beamed their good will, their verbal contributions were monosyllabic.

The young Englishwoman did her best to stimulate them:

"Tevita here is married. Aren't you, Tevita?"

"Yes."

"And he's very fond of his wife. Aren't you, Tevita?"

"Yes."

"Now tell us, Tevita, how you met your wife."

"No."

"Tevita probably means that his parents arranged everything, as they did in ancient times. Is that it, Tevita? Or did you select her yourself?"

"No."

"Which do you mean? That *your* parents talked to *her* parents and you had to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you have anything to say about it

yourself? Didn't you fall in love with the girl and go to call on her, and take her to the moving pictures, and propose to her yourself?"

"Yes."

That was as far as we usually got. Thereafter the party resolved itself into a stilted dialogue wherein the young lady and myself discussed Fiji and the Fijians — always very flatteringly, of course — and the native youths listened respectfully and wiggled nervous toes. So finally, on my own initiative, I went out with the hotel servants to one of their parties, where all the best kitchen help in Suva gathered at a back street to dance and bang the ukulele. But news of this excursion traveled rapidly, — news always has a way of doing this in communities like Suva, — and it quite horrified the English girl.

She met me belligerently on the veranda: "Mr. Foster, I introduced you to all the best people from our office, and now you've spoiled everything by associating with the very lowest class of Fijians. I shan't speak to you hereafter. And I'm afraid the boys I brought here will tell you nothing more about themselves."

I NEXT tried the movies. There were several houses which ran nightly in the present-day cosmopolitan Suva, the best catering to the Europeans with slightly aged high-class attractions, the others to the natives with slapstick comedies and Westerns. It was to the latter, of course, that I went, to find it packed with the most enthusiastic horde of spectators ever assembled. They filled the "pit" until from the balcony it appeared a lagoon of bushy manes; and when the piano burst into ragtime they rocked the ceiling with their lusty voices, stamping and clapping in unison as they whooped the songs, improvising their own words in Fijian.

Finally there fell an awed hush. The screen flashed white. Then flared the subtitle: "They sprinkled it with star-dust, just to make its lakes so grand; and when they had it finished, shure, they called it Ire-land."

The applause was tumultuous. They could not read the caption, but it made no difference. They cheered every colleen, wake, jaunting cart, and shillalah in that Irish film. But they waxed just as patriotic over the Jewish comedy that followed. They even shrieked appreciation of a Pathé news reel which showed them what happened at Washington in 1922. And when the cowboys and the Indians came on, to gallop wildly over the great open spaces of Hollywood, bedlam knew no limit.

Sunday came, and I went to the Methodist service. It was a special occasion, preceding Armistice Day, and in preparation for an unusually large attendance they had moved to the town hall. The large, barn-like building was still decorated for a dance on the previous evening, its ceiling gay with balloons and

colored streamers, and its stage, where a pulpit had been improvised, was set with what appeared to be a French boudoir. There was no irreverence, however, about the congregation.

The interior was packed with natives. Fijians, of course, predominated, their hair forming a riot of many shades, from the natural black to the lime-induced orange and henna. Yet here or there among them stood out a long-faced Samoan, or a monstrously bulky Polynesian lady from Rotuma or the Friendly Isles. Occasionally one glimpsed a chic bonnet or an old-fashioned Merry Widow hat, confections treasured throughout the week for the Sabbath display, and with it sometimes came a squeak of shoes as the belle made her way laboriously down the aisle in these unpracticed adjuncts of a foreign civilization.

The choir — a group of serious-looking Fijians, mostly girls, quite shapeless and sexless in extracumbersome gowns — sang without accompaniment. Organs had been introduced here, but without success, owing to the universal island custom of doing as one pleased with his music. And they needed none. Without any apparent preliminary note that choir would plunge into the hymn in perfect unison, striking the right key by the most amazing instinct, and when the harmony swelled out, no organ could have equaled it.

The words, of course, were Fijian. The Lord's Prayer followed, recognizable by its cadences. And finally the white minister preached, also in the native tongue, his only English phrase being the interpolation — for the benefit of the few Europeans present — "Now the collection will be taken." But the Fijians, who interrupted even the prayer with shouts of "*Vinaka!* (Good!)" or "*Savinaka!* (Very good!)" applauded even this. And after the clergyman had concluded, they were too enthusiastic to leave. One after another, the members of the congregation rose and preached sermons of their own until late into the night. Groups from various villages offered choral numbers. And it took only a single voice, raised in a familiar hymn, to bring on another general outpouring of joyous, rapturous song.

SUCH were the cannibals of today! To one who makes his living by writing of strange people and queer customs, the steady progress of civilization in the Pacific islands is bound to be a source of irritation. It balks him in his quest for local color, and he is tempted always to retaliate by picturing the ancient life as gloriously idyllic, by deploring the exploitation of the poor natives by missionary and trader, and finally closing with a sentimental essay on the sorrows of a vanishing race. But one can't conscientiously so conclude these rambling sketches of Fiji — or of the Tongas and Samoas of previous articles — for it's not only "old

stuff," but quite untrue of these particular groups in present-day Oceania.

In the very beginning, civilization undoubtedly hit the native here as hard a blow as it did in the Marquesas, from which most of our sentimental South Sea literature has emanated. From earliest times, the Kanaka throughout these waters had lived under a system of communism, wherein all property belonged to the village. Even his cannibalism had its value in this scheme of things; if scarcely comparable to our own custom of trade, it at least kept him active, building war canoes or carving spears or storing up food in precaution against a siege.

WHEN the first gunboats came knocking at his doors and European planters settled on his coasts to profit from his fertile valleys, cannibalism had to be wiped out, and it left only a general apathy. The communism itself had imbued the native with no desire for personal gain, so the traders introduced him to their vices, and the planters in search of labor resorted to blackbirding. Diseases followed, abetted possibly by the missionary's misguided zeal in clothing unaccustomed bodies; and the islander, who had never known the European scourges, died overnight even from such minor ailments as mumps or measles.

It was perhaps inevitable that our aggressive civilization should invade this tropic paradise in pursuit of profit, but the fact remains that even Christianity — according to many historians — was forced upon groups like Fiji at the point of a gun. When the first missionaries came over from Tonga in 1835, they met with a very discouraging reception from old King Cakobau, but settled upon an island near his stronghold; when he tried to eject them, a host of their Tongan converts came armed to the rescue and overwhelmed him; later, after he had submitted to baptism, they joined forces with him to punish and baptize the heathen of the interior. And there are white men in Fiji today who served with the supposedly Christianized Fijians and who love to tell how these natives secretly ate their prisoners after a victory.

After all, like most degraded savages, these were never valiant warriors, but stealthy, treacherous devils who yelled loudest when they had clubbed the victim from the rear. Man-eating in these islands, while it had become a ceremonial rite associated with conquest, seems to have originated among them in time of famine, following the destructive hurricanes. I rather doubt that long pig was ever so popular with the masses as with the prominent chiefs, who always took the choicest portions. And when the friends of the vanquished came back to square accounts for a foray, cannibalism always had its depressing moments.

But this is not to belittle what the missionaries have since accomplished. One sees it even in the

faces of the natives, from generation to generation. The younger boys and girls, who have grown up under a peaceful civilization free from the constant peril of a hostile onslaught, have remarkably gentle countenances, while in the features of the older people, particularly those from the mountains, one sees a suggestion of the former barbarism — in the thick, cruel lips, in the apelike foreheads, in the ugly flatness of the Negroid noses and the reddish cast of the eyeballs — and one reflects that, in their time, they were notorious as the world's most savage and degraded race.

But I can't see that they demand pity today. They are no longer a dying race. In several months of wandering through the South Seas, I can't recall the discovery of an islander who appeared unhappy. And in the silly, childish enjoyment of people like the Fijians in everything from a church service to a movie show there is perhaps the promise of a gradual and natural adaptation on their part to a civilization which — however irritating to a travel writer — is probably to be accepted as their inescapable fate.

Armistice Day came in Suva, and those same Fijians turned out to cheer for the British Empire. All the shops had closed, and all the troops, school-children, and dignitaries came marching to the town hall. Throughout the morning there was a constant procession of little black boys walking two by two and hand in hand, larger boys in shorts and cricket caps, white girls of assorted sizes under the guidance of bespectacled lady missionaries, fuzzy-topped native girls led by a huge schoolma'am as dark as her umbrella, even a class of tiny Indian maidens, daughters of the imported coolie labor, shrouded from head to foot with voluminous, gauzy clothing, exact replicas of their modest elders. The festivities would have been held on the green, but there was a hint of rain in the sky so they crowded into the town hall again — too small to accommodate so many patriots — and milled about the lawn, where the sergeant of police, the biggest and stoutest citizen of the South Sea Islands, strutted about, glorious in his crimson sash and countless medals, trying to hush the noisy throng. There were the usual speeches — the singing of "God Save the King" — it was a grand success.

AFTERWARDS some of us adjourned to a pub across the way to toast the empire. I was standing at the bar with a few of the old-timers when a handsome, broad-faced, impressive-looking native walked in.

"Didn't I leave my walking stick here? Jove, I hate to lose it! It's not the intrinsic value of the damned thing, but the principle of forgetting it in a pub!"

The old-timers called him over. "Meet Ratu Pope Senilole," they said, "the grandson of old King Cakobau."

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

FRENCH people are commonly reputed to have logical minds, and they are pretty generally known to have a very practical sense — to put it mildly — of the value of money. Combining these two faculties they have now raised in a practical and logical form a question which has vaguely agitated the literary world elsewhere. If a composer receives a royalty on every public performance of his music, if protected by copyright, why should authors not receive royalties on the public consumption of their works? By "public consumption" what is meant is the copies of books loaned to library readers.

Here, it will be evident, is another phase of the debate as to whether libraries stimulate or reduce the consumption of books by purchase. In France, instead of the old abstract arguments, the question has been brought up in the form of a definite proposal to collect royalties on the library circulation of books. If a thousand people in the course of a year read a particular volume from the library, then, since only one or two, or at most half a dozen copies were purchased by the librarian, so many hundred potential sales were lost, with a corresponding loss to the author. As the sale of most books of a calibre above the level of mere entertainment is chiefly to libraries, the point is worth considering.

A novelist who is rejoicing in a sale of from fifty to a hundred thousand copies of a new book is not very seriously affected by the fact that thousands of other readers are getting the volume from a library. By an irony of fate, indeed, the popular sale stimulates the library sale, as the more efficient of these institutions make a point of supplying the latest favorite while it is still new. But in the field of nonfiction the situation is not so favorable to the author. The library has probably ordered only one copy, and that one copy saves many readers the expense of buying the book for themselves. Taking the total number of libraries which have placed a copy on their shelves the author is faced with what may easily account for practically all the copies of his work sold.

Compared with even a relatively obscure work of fiction the figures will in most cases be mediocre. As there are many persons who use the volumes, the figures do not represent the actual number of readers. Why should those readers get for nothing what they pay for, directly or indirectly, when they hear a song or a piece of music? The book is copyrighted, and its use without payment is a detriment to the author.

I do not know by what ingenious method

the French project proposes to get the author's royalty. Libraries might make a half-yearly return, as publishers do, and pay to the publishers, for transmission to the authors, royalties on every first withdrawal of a book by a subscriber. That would be the equivalent of a royalty on a copy sold. The reader taking out the same

rights? Did not the composers recently enforce the extension of the musical copyright laws to cover radio performances? Yet, so far as I know, one may broadcast a copyrighted article, or read from a copyrighted book, without any compensation whatsoever to the author. He is presumed to be flattered by the delicate attention.

That, in fact, is the argument, in another form, which is employed in all discussions of the library situation. On general principles it is contended that libraries create readers, develop bookish habits, and are a source of sweetness and light. Possibly. But on what are the writers to live while their books are used to build up centers of culture? I have known all sorts of library readers, but never one who acquired the habit of buying books thereby. On the contrary, every book buyer known to me has a natural reluctance to use public libraries except for works of reference.

IF the French project could be tested, the question for the author to decide would be whether his book would suffer or gain if he refused to allow it to be sold to libraries. That, in turn, might be determined by the nature of the book. If Miss Anita Loos had refused to permit the sale of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" to libraries, and if the vogue of that work had grown independently of the library public, would the sales to persons who could not borrow the volume have swelled the total number of copies actually representing earned revenue to the author? Their inability to get it at the libraries would probably have stimulated the obstinacy and curiosity of a certain number. But I doubt if the book borrower can ever change his spots. On the other hand, could any author of nonfiction works live on the circulation represented by the handful of people in every community who buy books when they want to read them? It is a pity that some publisher does not try to get some statistics which would give us an idea of the proportion of sales of a given work to libraries and to private purchasers. If the booksellers and distributing agencies collaborated it would not be very difficult to trace orders from libraries which did not come directly to the publishers. Only by experiments of this kind could one obtain the data necessary to judge a scheme for exacting royalties from libraries. If it were shown conclusively that books most certain of library support have a negligible public of private purchasers, then obviously it would be unwise to kill the geese that lay the not too golden eggs.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

Bread and Fire. By Charles R. Walker (Houghton Mifflin).

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn (Simon and Schuster).

The Last Salon: Anatole France and His Muse. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet (Harcourt, Brace).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

book a second or any number of subsequent times would be regarded in the same light as a private purchaser who, once having bought the book, places it in his library for future use. The customer presumably would pay, as is customary, and in most cases the payment would be twenty, thirty, or fifty cents a volume, according to the price of the work and the author's royalty.

TO the French logical mind this will doubtless appear simple, and I pray it may be so. Being of an equally logical but skeptical frame of mind, I foresee difficulties. In the first place, is there anybody in our great Anglo-Saxon civilization naïve enough to imagine anything so far-fetched as a scheme to help high-brows who cannot help themselves; that is, who cannot supply the public with what it wants, who cannot make money? Is not this attitude already reflected in the difference between the duration of copyrights on literary works as compared with patents and royalties on mineral

The Protestant of Cheyne Row

A Review by Ralph Sargent Bailey

CARLYLE AT HIS ZENITH (1848-1853). By David Alec Wilson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.00.

THREE quarters of a century after Thomas Carlyle reached his greatest eminence appears the first complete and ungarnished biography of that tempestuous rebel who laid mid-Victorian England by the ears and changed the critical thought of a whole literary era. Perhaps the most damaging prejudices to the popular esteem of this semimystic—more damning than his works—were contributed shortly after his death in the early 'eighties by his literary executor, James Anthony Froude, and later by Alexander Carlyle, who made public the love letters of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle in an unhappy effort to counteract the effect of Froude's biographies. Never properly comprehended by any but the most discerning of his contemporaries, Carlyle became all the more misunderstood and reviled by the generation that followed him. It is really only with the change of century and the breaking away from the affectations and the pretty flatulence of Victorianism that he has come into his own.

Not that even now much more than a very erratic and turbulent genius may be attributed to him—the battle of Carlyle still waxes hot, and there are still almost as many who condemn both the man and his writings as there are those to worship his memory. For both parties, therefore, the vast undertaking of David Alec Wilson will serve as a storehouse of evidence, since it is far and away the most detailed documentation that has appeared on the subject.

For years, while in service in India and during brief home intervals, this dogged Scotsman has labored to accumulate his material. The first fruits of his rich harvest appeared in 1923: "Carlyle till Marriage (1795-1826)." Next came "Carlyle to 'The French Revolution' (1826-37)"; and again, "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others (1837-48)." Now comes this fourth large volume, with the last two promised before the end of 1929.

Without even so much as a preambulatory flourish, Mr. Wilson undertakes "Carlyle at His Zenith." "When 1848 began Carlyle was still enjoying himself, reading at large," runs the first sentence—and he is off. Even to those unacquainted with the earlier volumes there is no abruptness in this, so quickly does the author forsake even the vestiges of his authorship to give us Carlyle himself. Not

once in the book do we feel Wilson interpreting Carlyle, yet that such interpretation must have taken place is obvious in the face of the evidence. Boswell never obtruded upon his Johnson because he was by nature incapable of dominating his subject. Lockhart was a great biographer because the genius of his father-in-law guided his own discriminating bent into right channels. So Wilson—in contradistinction to men like Macaulay and Froude, who inevitably infuse their work with the bias of their own temperaments—combines the humility of a Boswell with the discernment of a Lockhart.

One can often understand to some extent that Carlyle should have been held a contentious iconoclast with no greater purpose in life than to upset the established order—whatever that might be. For though Johnson was a tyrant, not even he—certainly not Scott—ever betrayed such a lust for combat as did Carlyle in a letter written in 1850:

I do not enter much into the Papal Aggression affair tho I am Protestant enough to view it with equanimity, and even with a kind of goodwill. It seems to me the old Pope ought to be warned that *he* is out of the game, for one; that after having beaten out his brains for three hundred years with Cromwellian and other hammers, we do expect he will now die! If the poor English people can do this, I shall not be sorry. If they fail to do it, I shall understand that windbag knocked against windbag will infallibly further the collapse of things inflated; and so in any case the Papal Aggression is grist to my mill.

Certainly then, if ever, Carlyle was spoiling for a fight!

MRS. THRALE, in fixing a percentage rating for the attributes of the great and near great of her day, may have conceded Johnson a zero on both "Manners" and "Humor," but neither she nor anyone else would have called him, as some did Carlyle when the "Life of John Sterling" appeared, a "melancholy Polyphemus," and likened him to a Voltaire for his bitter mockery of all things Christian. And it is easy to understand how men of Carlyle's day either admired him passionately or hated him with a singular violence. For example, in a letter to Emerson he once wrote: "I dare say you are a little bored occasionally with 'Jesus' &c., as I confess I myself am, when I discern what a beggarly Twaddle they have made of all that, what a greasy Cataplasm to lay to their own poltrooneries . . ." Again, he once burst out in conversation with, "Damn Wesley for bringing in a

Jew-nosed God!" This sort of thing went down hard with the Victorians.

But just as it was not in Carlyle to compromise with his convictions when they set him against the politics or the religion of his day, so it was impossible for him to compromise with his loyalties. John Sterling was one of these; Goethe was another. Goethe, Schiller, and Richter had known Carlyle as a disciple in his formative period. When the years at Craigenputtoch that brought forth "Sartor" had settled in his own mind the "Everlasting Yea and Nea" of existence, he became master and Sterling his disciple. And the life of his friend, which was the only great piece of work coming out of Cheyne Row during the period of Wilson's volume, was essentially a very real and gallant tribute.

IN a limited space one cannot begin to set down the Carlyle of Wilson's picturing, much less of the reader's own. There were too many sides to his strange and volatile nature. As the reader finds him here, his career is touching the top of its trajectory. The incomparable "French Revolution," the "Sartor," the "Cromwell," and "Past and Present" have been written. "Frederick the Great," prophetic of the decline of his powers, is more than a decade ahead. He is content to stay in Cheyne Row with his thoughts, writing little, receiving friends—and enemies—much. He is the most talked-of man in English letters: loved by a very few, admired by many, hated by more, and respected by almost all. Mr. Wilson sensibly refrains from trying to picture the man into whose study came pilgrims from two continents; he lets Carlyle's contemporaries do this. After describing Carlyle's appearance one of them writes:

You see at once that he is no ordinary person. . . . In conversation he is not so neat, brilliant and epigrammatic as Macaulay, but he is more cordial and exhibits greater ardour and generosity. Carlyle opens the hearer's heart—Macaulay closes it. There is an undercurrent of sarcasm and contempt in Macaulay. Carlyle exhibits none of this offensive condescension. His associates feel *safe* in his presence, and do not anticipate that he will laugh at his guest as soon as the door is closed.

And as Carlyle was "no ordinary person," so this is no ordinary biography; as Carlyle opened his hearer's heart, so David Alec Wilson opens the reader's; and though Carlyle's works may still be anathema to that particular reader, Carlyle, the man, will find a fuller and a richer understanding.

New Books in Brief Review

Blue Voyage. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

ALREADY recognized as an authentic poet who has for some years practiced that difficult profession with success, Conrad Aiken has now written a novel. The first impression which it makes on a reviewer is of a magnificent discharge of power—the power of a poet and a psychologist rolled into one. That it is a great “piece of writing,” that its different parts maintain themselves and grow in the reader's mind, that it lives and gives off life of the most varied kind there can be no doubt. To go further than this and evaluate it as a novel or even as a poem is difficult. The difficulty arises in this instance from the fact that it is written in the “stream of consciousness” manner. It is experimental. That manner itself is necessarily a gigantic literary experiment, the greatest as far as we can see in our generation.

William Demarest takes a boat and goes to Europe in order to seek out the girl with whom he is in love. He travels second class; she, first. She cuts him as they pass on the deck. That is the plot, but behind these slender external events the real sweep of the story is given in the mental life of Demarest and of a half dozen fellow passengers. Nowhere in literature has a single episode in the mental life of a human being been recorded with such completeness or such art as in this book. One major query, however, stood in this reader's mind on finishing the book. Had William Demarest been a few degrees more an extrovert, or, as the old-fashioned novel readers used to say, a “stronger character,” wouldn't the book have been better? Wouldn't it have been in fact a very great book indeed? For, acting after the manner of extroverts, he would have involved himself, given Mr. Aiken as his guide, in a tangible and substantial tragedy, composed of a real, not an imagined, tangle of social relations.

The Ship Sails On. By Nordahl Grieg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

TAKE H. M. Tomlinson at his best, strip him of all but the vestiges of his warmth and humanness, and you have the author of this narrative of a trip aboard a freighter from Norway to Cape Town. Mr. Grieg has made no pretense at romantic effect, to be sure; but no more has Tomlinson ever done so. Yet where Tomlinson inevitably created romance where none properly existed before merely by the rich coloring and the great vitality of his writing, Grieg achieves, by virtue of a fertility of detail and a coldly vivid

thoroughness, only a seemingly authentic account of a series of almost savage experiences. “The Ship Sails On” is good reading—no doubt of that—but it leaves no sense of exhilaration, merely an exhausting melancholy in the face of the sea's might and cruelty. The work of translation has been ably done, if the opinion of one unacquainted with Scandinavian tongues may count, in the sense that a perfect continuity of feeling is preserved in a manner well attuned to the matter. In this alone the casual reader may take much pleasure.

“We.” By Charles A. Lindbergh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS LINDBERGH uses 197 pages to tell the story of his early career and thirty-three to detail the record of his life since he decided to fly to Paris. The book is a modest, direct biography of a barnstorming aviator, who even during his circus days as a free lance in the upper levels, kept eye and mind on a consuming ambition to become a perfect pilot. The thread of this desire may be traced through the whole pattern of Lindbergh's life from the day he first saw an airplane. He barnstormed around the country, landing in swamps, cow pastures, on hillsides—even in a town square. He dropped from parachutes for exhibition. He played the county fairs. But all the time he kept his eye on one goal, until at last, after passing the severe training of an Army aviation school in Texas, he distinguished himself as an air-mail pilot and later as the first man to fly from New York to Paris.

The book merits attention as providing a background against which to stand this man in the light of his recent international fame. It is good to know the details of his barnstorming days—how he bought an old Army plane for \$500 and, without telling anyone of his inexperience, sailed away in it for his first solo flight; how he essayed his initial loop the loop when a crowd of small-town Southerners paid him \$5 to do it with a negro as passenger. It is pleasing to learn that when Lindbergh was a mail pilot his mother made a round trip with him from St. Louis to New York, cramped in the mail compartment of the ship. But enough. The book invites all who are interested in Lindbergh—and who is not?

The author was so inherently modest in his own account of his greatest achievement that the publishers had to get Fitzhugh Green to pen the epic of those stirring events which followed in swift succession after “we” swept down on Le Bourget.

Il Pentamerone: or the Tale of Tales. Being a translation by Sir Richard Burton, from Giovanni Battista Basile. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.50.

IN the Seventeenth Century an Italian gentleman scholar, named Basile, wrote down in the witty Neapolitan dialect of his time a great number of stories current at that time in a living tradition. He called them “Il Pentamerone” in imitation of “Il Decamerone” of an earlier day. They share with Boccaccio's great work the qualities of vividness, frankness, and grace that have made the older collection immortal. Sir Richard Burton's translation of “Il Pentamerone” was published in London in 1893, but was soon exhausted, and since then no translation has been available in English. This new American issue, a reprint of the English edition, is typographically a worthy embodiment of the “Tales,” and a fitting addition to the libraries of English readers.

Annie Oakley. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. New York: Duffield & Co. \$2.50.

AT the age of eight Annie Oakley shouldered her first gun; at thirteen she had become the sole support of a large and impecunious family by means of her skill with shotgun and rifle, and while still in her mid-teens she defeated Frank Butler, a professional sharpshooter, in her first exhibition match by bringing down twenty-five out of twenty-five pigeons to his twenty-four. A year later she became Mrs. Butler, and the career which earned her the title of champion woman rifle shot of the world was begun. Her name, coupled with that of Col. William Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, came, at the end of the last century, to symbolize the spirit of the “Old West” as none other in our history could do.

With an intimate knowledge of the world in which this phenomenal figure moved and an immense regard for the woman herself, Mr. Cooper has given us a biography, totally undistinguished from a literary point of view, which is yet amazingly absorbing—warmed by the vitality and gentleness of his subject. He has painted a rare and moving portrait of the backwoods girl who came from the obscurity of an Ohio pioneer town to a position of international eminence where kings and princes sought her favors—and where not the humblest of her friends was ever forgotten. Those to whom Annie Oakley is merely a glamorous name would be immeasurably repaid for two hours spent in the company of Mr. Cooper's book.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE set off half a dozen Presidential booms by his terse announcement on August 2: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." As far as can be

Mr. Coolidge Withdraws

learned, Mr. COOLIDGE made the decision against seeking a third term entirely without consultation with his political advisers. No warning of his action was given to correspondents when they appeared on Tuesday morning for the regular conference. When it was over the President asked the men to return at noon for a statement, and when they had reassembled, he gave to each a small slip of paper upon which his announcement was written. No comment accompanied the slips; no reason for making the decision just at this time was given.

The curious manner in which the President worded his message led some to believe that he did not mean it to be construed as an unequivocal refusal to be

Ambiguities considered a candidate in 1928. Senator REED SMOOT of Utah, for example, said upon reading it: "I construe the statement to mean that if the Republican convention nominates him again he will accept the nomination. It does not bar him from running again in such an event." Others of the same view were inclined to believe that the President's statement indicated only a personal inclination not to run again, but did not mean that he would refuse the nomination if it became evident that the people desired him. This is apparently the view of the *New York Herald Tribune*, a strong COOLIDGE organ, which predicts the country will demand him in 1928 and that he will bow to the demand.

Press comment elsewhere, however, and the majority of political leaders, believe that the President has firmly withdrawn from the race. After maintaining so discreet a silence upon

Why "Choose"?

political plans, they point out, he would hardly make an ambiguous statement. No, they say, his choice of word is simply an evidence of good taste. The President could hardly refuse a nomination which had not been offered him; hence, he selects the more delicate word "choose" to express the same idea. Mr. COOLIDGE, after giving out his statement, has returned to his usual silence regarding personal moves. No word has been given out as to why he reached his decision or why he gave it out upon that date. It is interesting to note, however, that it was done upon the fourth anniversary of the scene in

the Vermont farm house when Col. JOHN COOLIDGE administered to his son the oath of office as President of the United States.

Among the principals who have been named as possible successors of President COOLIDGE are HERBERT HOOVER, Secretary of Commerce, Vice President

Inheritors CHARLES GATES DAWES, Ex-Governor FRANK O. LOWDEN of Illinois, NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, Speaker of the House, and

ROBERT GRANT, Governor FULLER reached the decision that the men were fairly tried and convicted. He has therefore refused to intervene or to stay their execution.

Widespread interest has been attached to the case because of the implication that the confessed radical views held by Sacco and VANZETTI militated against their receiving a fair trial. Judge

Cause Célèbre

WEBSTER THAYER, who presided over their trial at Dedham in 1921, was particularly alleged to have been prejudiced against them. Shortly after their first conviction, a defense committee was formed which sought to gain a new trial for the two men. Prominent persons of conservative tendencies interested themselves in the case, and radicals throughout the world have taken up the matter and made it the subject for protests, both passive and violent. Various American envoys abroad have been threatened; attempts have been made upon the lives of some.

The crime for which the two men must die in the electric chair is the murder of a paymaster and guard in South Braintree, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1920. Sacco

A Double Murder

and VANZETTI were arrested on May 5, 1920, and VANZETTI was placed on trial June 22 for the robbery of another paymaster in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. He was found guilty and sentenced on August 16 to a term of from twelve to fifteen years. On September 14, Sacco and VANZETTI were indicted for the South Braintree murders. On May 31, 1921, their trial began in Dedham Court House before Judge THAYER. On July 14, 1921, they were convicted of murder in the first degree. Since that time, counsel for the defense has continuously attempted to secure a new trial for the men. In November, 1925, CELESTINO MADEIROS, a murderer awaiting death in Charlestown prison, stated that he had taken part in the South Braintree murders and that Sacco and VANZETTI had not been implicated. His "confession" was made the basis of motions for a new trial, but all motions were denied by Judge THAYER. The State Supreme Court was then asked to review the case. But under Massachusetts law, the highest State court may pass only upon the legal aspects of the case — that is, it may call for a new trial if it finds an irregularity in the way the case has been conducted; it cannot consider matters of fact.

Following the Supreme Court's refusal to order a new trial, all hopes of the men were placed in executive clemency. The

The Week

¶Mr. Coolidge does not "choose" to be a candidate. Ambiguities. A bombshell in the Republican political camp. Presidential booms and their principles. ¶The end of a *cause célèbre*. Massachusetts' governor refuses to pardon Sacco and Vanzetti. ¶The Geneva conference collapses. But everyone is pleasant about it. Mr. Coolidge does not anticipate naval races. But Congressman Butler thinks we'll need some cruisers. ¶Ship to shore. Pilot Chamberlin adds new laurels to aviation. A regular service? Launching by catapult. ¶Canada entertains. The Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Prime Minister Baldwin all arrive in Quebec. Mr. Baldwin talks on markets. ¶Roumania's troubles. Carol plays politics. He will return if his people want him.

Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH of Idaho, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Of this number, Governor LOWDEN is the only man who has made his candidacy known and begun an active campaign for the 1928 nomination. He has made a particular point of championing the farmers' desires for equalization-free legislation to serve as a farm-relief panacea.

On August 3, Gov. ALVAN T. FULLER of Massachusetts gave out his decision which settled the fate of NICOLA SACCO and BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI, convicted murderers. After an exhaustive review of the entire case, in which he was assisted by an advisory committee composed of A. LAWRENCE LOWELL, president of Harvard University, SAMUEL W. STRATTON, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Judge

Sacco and Vanzetti

governor immediately commenced his review of the case and named an advisory committee of three to aid him.

The Final Appeal

The committee was unanimous in believing the men to have been guilty. Their execution is set for the week of August 10. Following announcement of the decision special precautions were immediately taken to guard the governor's life, which has been threatened in case he should fail to stay the execution. Homes of Judge THAYER and others connected with the case have likewise been guarded.

The three-power arms limitation conference between the United States, Great Britain, and Japan which has been discussing naval programs at Geneva, Switzerland, since June 20, adjourned *sine die* on August 4. No ill feeling accompanied the final sessions, and the best of relations existed between the delegates at the close. But all had decided that in view of the divergence between American and British views, it would be impossible to reach an agreement. Therefore, the navies of the three powers will not suffer further limitations at this time.

In the last days of the conference Japan sought to save the situation by introducing a compromise plan by which Britain should declare a naval holiday until the United States succeeded in catching up to her. Japan suggested that Britain rest with her present "authorized" program, but plan no new building. But immediately a difference of opinion arose as to the interpretation of the word "authorized." W. CLIVE BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty and chief British delegate, seemed to believe that it meant a completion of Britain's program which would give her 458,000 tons of cruisers, a total to which Ambassador HUGH S. GIBSON, head of the American delegation, has consistently refused to agree.

President COOLIDGE, in commenting upon the impending close of the conference, indicated that he did not believe any new naval armament races would begin. He has always held, he said, that the United States should have a Navy adequate to protect its coast line and island possessions and based to some extent upon the strength of the other powers' offensive and defensive weapons.

Representative THOMAS S. BUTLER of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, has wired Mr. COOLIDGE expressing in somewhat veiled words the opinion that the next Congress would demand an adequate building program in cruisers. Chairman BUTLER wired Mr. COOLIDGE that he believed this country would have to resume its old method of gauging its needed naval strength by that of other powers.

CLARENCE D. CHAMBERLIN, transatlantic aviator who with CHARLES A. LEVINÉ flew in the *Columbia* from Roosevelt Field, Long Island, to Ger-

Ship-to-Shore

many, has carried recent aviation development a step farther. On August 1 he took off from the new flying runway on the deck of the *Leviathan*, huge United States Shipping Board liner, eighty miles off Ambrose Light, and carried nine hundred pieces of mail to the postmaster at Teterboro, New Jersey. The trial marked the first occasion upon which a 'plane had carried mail from the deck of a passenger liner to shore. CHAMBERLIN's exploit was watched with interest by Shipping Board and Government officials. The former intimated that they would be ready to consider bids for a similar service to be installed regularly on their vessels. Apparently, the project will also be tried at the other side to enable important mail as well as a few passengers to reach Europe a day or two days ahead of the present schedule.

The *Leviathan's* runway is 114 feet in length, but CHAMBERLIN used only 75 feet in getting up speed for his take-off. It was a particularly bad morning and the pilot

Catapult Versus Runway

started out in a ten-minute lull between rainstorms. Fog also hampered his progress, but despite these weather hindrances, he had landed at Curtiss Field, Long Island, less than an hour after leaving the *Leviathan*. Commenting upon the feasibility of installing a regular service of this sort CHAMBERLIN said: "There is no doubt in my mind that the plan is perfectly practicable, and that it will be done. Of course, if it were to be done regularly it would be better to have a catapult, but that would have to be a permanent installation. This runway would be all right except in a rough sea, for then it would be difficult to keep the 'plane on the runway. I was perfectly satisfied with the trial." The catapult of which the pilot speaks is used on various Navy vessels to launch seaplanes. It is sixty feet in length and mounts a small car upon which the 'plane rests, steadied by wires. When the 'plane is to be launched, the car is drawn back to the end of the catapult and the 'plane's motors are opened up. Car and 'plane are shot down the length of the steel catapult by means of compressed air or gunpowder. At the end of the runway, where the car has attained a speed of sixty miles an hour, the 'plane is released and soars into the air under its own power. When 'planes so launched return to the ship, they must land on the water.

On July 30, from the steamship *Empress of Australia*, three distinguished personages stepped ashore. The first was EDWARD ALBERT CHRISTIAN GEORGE ANDREW PATRICK DAVID, better known to

the world as the PRINCE OF WALES, heir apparent to the British throne. The second was his youngest brother, Prince GEORGE, whose visit is the second he has paid to Canada. The third member of the party was a man whom the Canadians apparently regarded with even more interest than the sons of royalty—Prime Minister STANLEY BALDWIN. All of the men were acclaimed by Quebec, and the ovations were repeated by Montreal on August 1 when the party moved on there. Before the Canadian Club, Mr. BALDWIN occasioned some surprise by removing his coat and addressing his enthusiastic audience in his shirt sleeves. Encouraged by his example, cutaways were relegated to the backs of chairs as the Prime Minister addressed his audience as a business man to business men. The burden of his talk was trade—Britain's attempts to rebuild an economic position gravely menaced by the war, and her bid for trade from her colonies and self-governing dominions. He talked of Britain as an export center of goods which he hoped Canada would share in buying, and of the mother country as a center for absorbing the goods of Canada and her sister nations in what is now the British Commonwealth of Nations. His remarks were received with enthusiasm by his auditors. The PRINCE OF WALES and Prince GEORGE have already departed for the former's ranch, where Mr. BALDWIN will join them for a time.

Roumania's situation, with a six-year-old king on the throne and a father who would be king, is somewhat more illuminated by former Crown Prince

CAROL's statement to the *New York Times* and *Le Matin* of Paris that he

would respond to the call of his country should the call be forthcoming. Such a decision appears somewhat in the light of the politician who disclaims any intent of seeking an office, but will accept it if the people demand him. Whether Roumania will demand CAROL instead of his small son, MICHAEL, or whether he will take steps to arrange demonstrations signifying that the country is eager for him to become its sovereign—these developments are veiled in the future. "I consider that as a Roumanian and a father I have the right and duty to watch that the greatness of our nation . . . shall submit to no harm in order that my son shall receive intangible the heritage when his day comes. This situation gives me the right to intervene personally. . . . I bear in my heart a burning desire to be useful to my country and not to provoke disorders there, but could never fail to obey the wish of my people and to respond to its appeal if it be addressed to me." CAROL is still domiciled in Neuilly, just outside Paris, and so far as is known, has made no attempt to cross the borders of his own country.

If I Were King

The Editor Steps Down

EVIDENTLY we started something in discussing editorially the relation between the Presidential nomination and Federal patronage in our issue of July 16. Though Mr. Coolidge has withdrawn from the race the two letters below are indicative of the degree to which the third-term question agitates the electorate. The following letter, which needs no comment, comes from Indianapolis:

DEAR SIR:

IN THE INDEPENDENT of July 16 you have presented in sharp outline the picture of a President renominating himself by the use of Federal patronage. And you have shown in other issues that the handling of that patronage, especially in Southern States, is such as to make it impossible to understand how any high-minded President can consent to receive the support of the delegates it produces. Some plain questions are in order. Why should States in the South where the Republican party has practically no existence have not only a voice but a deciding voice in the nomination of a Republican Presidential candidate? That is not all. Another question which should be thundered in every corner of the North is why should that deciding voice be given to delegates chosen by a so-called party organization in the South such as THE INDEPENDENT has described—the most corrupt and degrading that ever existed in America. Except in two States the South is entitled to only nominal representation; yet the number has been increased since Coolidge became President from 118 to 154. And he is complacent—and silent.

Turning to the whole country, you mention the first, second, and third-class postmasters and the collectors, internal revenue and customs—60,000 in all. You may add to that 33,000 fourth-class postmasters, and we have 93,000 who together with the distributors of this huge patronage owe debts to the President.

One such distributor, our senior Senator [James E. Watson], is so satisfied that he says if President Coolidge wants a renomination he can have it. In October, 1926, Senator Reed, heading his Senate Investigating committee, came to Indianapolis and, among others, examined our senior Senator. After his examination was finished, he asked and obtained leave to describe his personal campaign organization formed in 1925. He said that he had campaigned in Indiana thirty-six years and had an enormous acquaintance; that the collector of internal revenue had attended to the formation of his organization; that when completed it consisted of about 60,000 individuals "ready to go." Postmasters of every class form the strongest contingent in that army, the formation and maintenance of which was the only product of a generation in public life.

I cannot understand President Coolidge. He knows that an order from him requiring the top man to be taken after civil service

examinations would take all post offices, including the fourth class, out of politics; yet he does not make the order. He could stop absolutely the corrupt handling of Federal offices in the South, but he makes no move. He knows the Southern delegates, except in the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, represent nothing, yet without protest from him the number of delegates is increased. In the presence and hearing of these loud calls for action, he is silent—and complacent.

LUCIUS B. SWIFT.

AND in this letter from Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, the writer calls to our attention the fact that we didn't go far enough in saying that a President might win a third nomination through the careful dispensation of patronage. We agree with him. The only feasible solution then would be one six-year term. Such an arrangement, we believe, is going to come in for much discussion—and that before many more Presidents have left the White House. The letter follows:

DEAR SIR:

You argue that because a President can use patronage to win a renomination we ought to maintain the tradition against a third term. The tradition fits your purpose only in part. It is just as bad for a President to renominate himself by the use of patronage for a second term as for a third. There is no good argument against a third term if it be not to succeed himself. Until our political habits are greatly improved the election of a President to succeed himself is an evil.

J. DE L. VERPLANCK.

FROM Globe, Arizona, comes a note which brings us to book with engaging briskness. There is really nothing we can say; the gentleman is right.

DEAR SIR:

On page 50 of your issue of July 16, you deplore the current epidemic of giving new names to old cities on the ground that unless stopped it will require the reprinting of "all the geographies in the world." Then, on the very next page, you yourself proceed to "reprint" some geography—to say nothing of history—when you speak of Aimee Semple McPherson's "escape from the hot clutches of the Mohave Desert."

The desert which Aimee escaped or claimed to have escaped from is in the state of Sonora, Republic of Mexico. The Mohave Desert is in Los Angeles County, California, just a short distance from Angelus Temple. The two deserts are approximately 600 miles apart.

This is as high a degree of accuracy as one ordinarily expects of a New England editor writing about Western places, but you, with your zeal for geography, should hold yourself to a higher standard. You

should try to keep within, say, 500 miles of the facts.

CLIFTON MATHEWS.

THE article on "The La Follette Succession," by Clarence E. Cason, which was published in THE INDEPENDENT for July 2, has provoked the following repercussion from Beach Bluff, Massachusetts, published without comment:

DEAR SIR:

Why and how "ready made ideas"—why do you use them and condemn Senator La Follette for so doing? Your Washington representative has misinformed you if you think young La Follette is not a real man!

As to the elder La Follette, he made Wisconsin the most progressive and the best governed State of the Union. It has no debt. It has a wonderful educational system. Its people are intelligent and prosperous. Don't rely too much on Wall Street opinion.

O. F. NESBIT.

AMONG the letters recently received commenting upon the statement of Dr. George H. Bigelow, Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Health, which has prompted so much discussion among our readers in the last few weeks, the following from the director of the venereal clinics of the Detroit Department of Health is of particular interest:

DEAR SIR:

It is refreshing to find a public health officer who has the courage to bring out the family skeleton. With a few more men who dare to lead the way, it is possible that the health officials will take up this matter and give it the kind of consideration it deserves. Too long, everybody except trained health workers have controlled the health field. We must take care of garbage and beauty operators and food handlers, but we must not give reasonable attention to a dangerous, communicable disease which costs the community as much or more in disability and loss of wages as all the other diseases combined.

The origin, treatment, and control of these disorders are well known. The application of the knowledge already at hand is sufficient to reduce greatly the incidents of this disease if health officers can be found bold enough to apply it.

Is there a community in the United States in which a civilian, prophylactic, venereal campaign could be carried out? At least five years would be required to give any reasonable test. Would health officers in other communities lend this movement their support? I believe there are communities and health officers willing to attempt it. We will never know what can be done until we give this thing a thorough trial. The plan of furnishing the drug and

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the information concerning its use could be made a matter of experiment. The drug-store packet plan, the location of prophylaxis stations at points easily accessible to persons desiring to use them, and the general spread of information through clinics and other sources might be effective. ¶Running parallel with this prophylaxis experiment, a general survey of the social agencies before, during, and after, would give some information as to the effect of the operation of this program on morals. Those who desire these infectious diseases as punishment for immorality could then evaluate the effect of the prophylaxis program.

R. S. DIXON, M.D.

American Correspondents and British Delegates

(Continued from page 152)

statements by the Hon. Winston Churchill, who rarely says anything which isn't news, can be relied upon to present to America, to the British Empire, and to the world at large a more friendly and considerate view of British policy than can come from the free atmosphere and the hard-boiled American correspondents.

The conference is drawing to a close—it will probably be over by the time this article has gone to press—but it may be confidently asserted that the British delegates will receive a better press in its last stage than in its first. Great Britain is far too intelligent to allow itself to be posted before the world as an advocate of aggressive armament. It has, moreover, far too great a sense of realities to pretend that the Americans are seriously trying to saddle the world with a new naval race. The record of post-Washington construction cannot be read in any other sense than that the United States postponed naval construction to the last moment consistent with national safety; the record of the Geneva conference shows that the American Government desires to set a limit to the naval competition which the programs of Great Britain and Japan have inaugurated. These being matters which no misrepresentation in any national press can long conceal, it is by no means fanciful to suppose that the British Government will either make a substantial concession to the American point of view or will, with equal candor, frankly state that the naval requirements of the two nations are so dissimilar that no basis for cruiser limitation can be found which can combine equality in gross tonnage with parity in tactical strength. A third possibility, that of deliberately framing an unacceptable proposal which will put the blame on the Americans, is seductive but will probably not be seriously considered in London. The scoring of a petty diplomatic point at the expense of Anglo-American relations would be too clever to be sound.

It is sure that, whatever course the British take, they will do it with suavity and with a greater consideration for American public opinion than they have hitherto displayed. And it is also sure that, whatever comes out of the conference, Great Britain will not be the loser, either in the strength of her navy or in the good opinion of the world. For British publicity is being summoned to support British diplomacy, and the result of this combination is definitely predictable, assuming that the British have not declined in ability or intelligence since the days of the Peace Conference and of the naval treaties at Washington.

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British Steel Ponders the Future

(Continued from page 154)

can hardly be allowed to share in any limited national quota without disastrous results to the industry as a whole. If British interests choose to go on, single-handed, in the race for export markets, the rigors of competition will almost certainly make short work of the weaklings. The net result in either case would be to raise the average level of efficiency in the British industry by closing down the obsolete plants.

Press reports mention the possibility of an agreement with the United States steel makers as an alternative to co-operation with Continental interests. For such an agreement there is no basis in community of interest. Direct competition between the two is relatively unimportant. In supplies of raw materials there is no parallel to the situation which exists among the Continental countries. The United States has no markets to divide, either at home or abroad, and Britain could not afford to concede to United States exports any share of its own steel markets. Britain needs larger, not lesser, steel exports of its own. The British industry might readily use American capital in setting up a great steel combination along modern lines, but the money to do that need not be conditional in any agreement between the industries of the two countries. Recent experience of the German steel makers in financing in New York is evidence on that point.

An agreement with American steel interests is not a way around the situation now created in European steel circles. If the Continental syndicate succeeds, British interests must be with it, or stand alone against it. If they choose to stand alone, the British effort to win export markets will represent the struggle of comparatively small individual enterprises facing larger and more efficiently organized units. It may sound highly patriotic to insist that "what British industry cannot secure by purely British efforts, it will never attain as a part of an international syndicate or trust." But the industry is dependent on foreign markets to a greater degree than ever before. In those markets competition is bound to be intensified. More may be gained by compromise than by conflict.

There is every reason to believe that the doors of the syndicate are still open, and that entrance of the British would be welcomed by the Continental members. In considering the possibility that the British steel interests may decide to go in, one may well stop to ask whether that action might mark the first step toward general economic *rapprochement* with European neighbors. If so, how would it affect the idea of economic imperialism, toward which successive imperial



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economic conferences have been leading in the past? Differences on the matter of trade preferences and markets have been common enough so far, when only direct relations of the home country and dominions were involved. They would almost certainly multiply if obligations of the home country to European associates were added, for the colonies do not invariably take the generous view that the action of the mother country is always in their interest. In fact, the whole

program of imperial preference, so tenderly nurtured and still so delicate, seems to be more or less at odds with the idea of Great Britain as a factor in economic internationalism in Europe. The decision now before British steel masters is probably the most difficult one which any of the great unprotected exporting industries of the kingdom ever has had to face. The consequences of that decision may be as important politically as they are to the future of the steel industry itself.

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FOR a long time to come, alas! the question of the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti will be bitterly disputed. The world of disputants is divided into four classes, those who are not thoroughly acquainted with the record of the case who believe that the two men were: 1A, guilty, 1B, innocent; those who are thoroughly acquainted with the record and believe that the two men were: 2A, guilty, 2B, innocent. The opinions of these people, who comprise the vast majority of all the people in the world who have ever heard of the case, are worth individually and *in toto* just exactly nothing at all.

As an example of class 1A, you have only to listen to any comfortable Babbitt or Bourbon in the smoking car who will tell you frankly that the two men were dangerous anarchists and better out of the world than in it. As an example of class 1B, you have only to read the letters to the newspapers from worthy but excited people who believe whatever they are told by their pet propagandists. A group of such wrote recently to the *New York World*: "We wish to protest against the absolute contempt for public opinion shown by Governor Fuller in his decision in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Should these

men now be allowed to go to the chair, guilty or not guilty, in the face of the doubt that exists in the minds of most Americans and of all the people all over the world, we shall always have to be ashamed to be called Americans." These good people and others like them, such as ex-President Loubet of France, believe that indicted criminals should be tried by public opinion instead of by a judge and jury. If you can make enough agitation in the defense of criminals and persuade enough ignorant people that they are innocent, then, *ipso facto*, they are innocent and must be pardoned — so they argue. Such opinions are obviously naïf and worthless.

More to be considered are classes 2A and 2B. In the former are the attorneys and the witnesses for the prosecution, reporters and editors of the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Boston Evening Transcript*, and other papers, a few lawyers on the outside, a few interested spectators. Most of these have read the record and studied the case. Many of them have devoted years to its presentation or to its interpretation. They are letter perfect in its details; they can present a convincing argument backed with chapter and verse. They are the high priests of the discussion.

So are the members of 2B, the lawyers and witnesses for the defense, the editors of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, Mr. Heywood Broun, the members of the Defense Committee, the volunteers who responded eagerly to the summons to fight against injustice. These people are convinced and convincing — yet their opinion, like that of their opponents, is in the last analysis of little or no value. Both classes approach the matter from their particular angles, both find material aplenty to crystallize and harden their preconceptions, both are governed largely by the record, the printed word.

Now there is one other class, and a very small one it is. It consists of the jury, the governor of the Commonwealth, and the three eminent gentlemen appointed by him to review the case. All of these men heard the witnesses testify, saw them face to face; all of them observed the prisoners and heard them testify; all of them formed their own opinions as to the relative value and validity of the testimony and of the conduct of the trial. And all of these men are unanimous in their conviction on two points: first, that the trial was fair, and second, that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty of murder.

How can we explain the difference between these convictions and those of the honest and sincere students of the case who can see only prejudice in the conduct of the trial and innocence on the part of the accused? By the simple phenomenon which every lawyer knows, that an honest jurymen — and all of the men mentioned above were in effect jurymen — is convinced not by what a witness says but by the way he says it. One witness carries conviction. You *know* he is speaking the truth. The next witness betrays his falseness in his manner, you put no faith whatever in his testimony.

In the record, one witness is as good as another. Witness Jones swears that the accused were in South Braintree on April 15. Witness Smith swears they were in Boston on that date. Set one off against the other and the result is zero. Expert Robinson swears that the prisoner's revolver fired the fatal shot; Expert Johnson swears that it could not possibly have fired it. You cancel the experts' testimony and go on to something else. But the jury does not cancel this testimony. It believes, let us say, that Witness Smith and Expert Robinson were telling the truth and that the other two were lying. It believes those men and distrusts the others. And when so many honest and disinterested men agree in their conclusions after faithful study and full examination, there, as far as we can see, is justice — our rough, human justice has been served and the men are fairly and properly called guilty.

Recently in an English magazine, Lord Birkenhead reviewed the famous murder case of Bywaters and Mrs. Thompson. After a careful study and analysis of the testimony he makes the following remarkable statement: "Yet admitting that she

planned and plotted murder, recognizing that if I had presided at the trial I should have directed the jury upon the same lines as Mr. Justice Shearman; realizing that, as a member of the Court of Criminal Appeals, I should, like the Court, have found no reason for quashing the conviction, I have still a lingering doubt whether Edith Thompson on that night was present at a crime which she had arranged, or, indeed, whether she had any idea that any such crime would be attempted." Then he adds these significant words: "But I was not present at the trial, and no amount of reading will be equivalent to seeing the witnesses and hearing them give evidence."

Doubts similar to those of Lord Birkenhead occur to any fair-minded person who reads the record of any murder trial in which conviction depends on circumstantial or contradicted testimony. The jury system is not perfect, and it would be foolish to deny that conscientious and intelligent juries have been responsible for gross miscarriages of justice. But the jury system is the best we have; it is justice as we know it. Certainly trial by jury is better than trial by public opinion or by editors or by foreign groups and unions. And in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti we have, in effect, three juries, the original one, the governor, and the committee of three. For our part we are content to abide by their verdict. We were not present at the trial. Neither, as far as we know, was Mr. Broun, or Mr. Villard, or the editors of the *New Republic*.

Citizens of New York, Russia, Italy, and points south refer to this case as a disgrace to Massachusetts. A Moscow paper speaks feelingly of "the inhumanity of the American *bourgeoisie*." Mussolini's great heart we are told is bleeding freely for the convicted anarchists. Citizens of Massachusetts are criticized bitterly for resenting the attacks on Massachusetts justice; they are described as stubbornly intent on murdering two innocent men merely to uphold a local judge. All of this strikes us as sheer midsummer madness. Here in Massachusetts we want justice done and our record shows it. We believe it has been done. If the editors in New York, Moscow, Rome, London, and other cities have more first-hand, reliable knowledge of the case than the jury, plus Governor Fuller, plus President Lowell, plus President Stratton, plus Judge Grant, we would be eager to hear it and urge its consideration. Have they this knowledge? No. They have hearsay, their own prejudice, a record to dissect, a case to make, propaganda to exploit, often for their own ends and purposes. We do not try our cases in their offices, but in courts of law; and with all humility, with all due recognition of the possibilities of human error, we submit that Massachusetts can judge and has judged this murder trial fairly and that justice has been done.

As for mercy — that is another matter.

Geneva and John Bull's Taxes

WHEN the poker game at Geneva broke up, the heaviest losers were citizens of the British motherland. Their taxes are already high and promise to soar still higher. The Admiralty's cruiser requirements, as set forth in Geneva, will cost John Bull a pretty penny at a time when the Empire's account books are splashed with red ink. Moreover, the people of the United Kingdom will pay practically the whole shot for whatever vessels are built, for little help may be expected from the overseas dominions.



The United States ended the fiscal year on June 30 with a surplus of \$635,809,912. The British deficit now stands at approximately \$178,000,000, and will probably grow before the year's ledgers are closed. Revenues of the two treasuries were nearly equal — the United States collecting \$4,129,394,411, and Great Britain \$3,907,649,850. In 1926-1927 the average British citizen paid \$75 in government taxes while the average American's contribution to Federal Government was \$30. The financial problem in the United States today is one of disposing of a surplus by decreasing taxes or reducing the principal of the nation's debt. The English problem is one of increasing already high taxes to prevent an accumulation of the deficit.

To the "tight little island" the royal navy is an expensive institution. In 1926 45,000,000 residents in the United Kingdom contributed approximately \$300,000,000 to the naval fund, whereas 18,300,000 citizens of overseas dominions paid only about \$35,000,000 into the same account. There are 287 ships in the royal navy as against only twenty small vessels owned by the overseas dominions. The navy cost each resident of the United Kingdom about \$6.60 last year, whereas the levy on each Canadian was about fifteen cents, on each Australian about \$3, on each New Zealander about \$1.90, and on each South African about forty-two cents. Since the war, every dominion government, except Australia, has rejected all proposals to increase its contributions to the Empire's sea-power costs. Even Australia frowned on the suggestion that she assume a heavier share of the burden until frightened into action when the Labor Government at London in 1924 decided to abandon development of the base at Singapore. Then Australia voted to build two cruisers and several lighter craft and is planning still two more cruisers. The dominions are vitally interested in the royal navy, except when they are asked to contribute to its growth and upkeep. Whatever new ships are built by Great Britain will be paid for out of the motherland's pocketbook.

It is inconceivable that the United States and Great Britain will engage in a naval-construction race. In view of the high taxes in the United Kingdom, Parliament and the British people will subject Admiralty proposals to the most cautious scrutiny. In the United States, public opinion has never been overwhelmingly favorable to a huge navy. Several leaders in Congress have already declared that despite the collapse at Geneva the United States should build only for its own actual needs, regardless of what Great Britain does. To this policy President Coolidge has added the weight of his convictions. Limitations by popular and parliamentary veto may succeed where the attempt by treaty failed.

General Wood — Proconsul and Soldier

MAJ. GEN. LEONARD WOOD was a public servant of a quality extremely rare in this republic. From the days of the Rough Riders till the day of his death, the American public paid him the tribute of a unique confidence which his long, able, intelligent, and devoted services richly deserved. He was a brave officer and an able administrator. Fighting the Apaches he won the Congressional Medal of Honor and later distinguished himself in Cuba and the Philippines. After the Spanish-American war, as governor of Cuba, he laid the foundations of the island republic. Perhaps no act of the Wilson Administration was more deeply resented than the deliberate shelving of General Wood both before and after the declaration of war. Always the public believed in his honesty, his strength of purpose, his ability.

The last years of his life as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands were difficult and, to a certain degree, painful. Opposed by a querulous and persistent Filipino majority, he was forced to govern without coöperation from the legislative branch. Yet, at his death, even those politicians most violently opposed to his government paid tribute to his character and personality. General Wood was not only a great proconsul; he was a good soldier. If the Administration at Washington had declared a different policy toward the Filipinos, he would have obeyed orders and have done his best under a different dispensation. As it was, he and the Administration were in complete accord, and he faced his difficulties at least with the assurance of support at home. And whether or not one agreed with the Government's policy, one was forced to admit that it was carried out with justice, fairness, and a consistent courage.

Perhaps, however, the passing of General Wood will affect in some degree the attitude of our Government toward the Philippine problem. Mr. Coolidge, having decided not to run again, is in a position to ameliorate or tone down that attitude without the fear of weakening the Governor-General's prestige or of involving himself in an unnecessary campaign

issue. The word has gone round that the new Governor-General will be a civilian, which in itself seems to imply a lessening of the strictly military control of affairs in the Islands. There is no hospitality whatever here to the proposal that the Filipinos shall be granted immediate or unconditional independence, but there is a distinct feeling that President Coolidge could clarify the Government's position — if he would. An announcement that the eventual plan of the United States is to establish some type of government similar to British dominion home rule, would lay the groundwork for complete understanding between Filipinos and Americans, substitute a definite and constructive policy for what seems like *laissez faire* or no policy at all, and uphold American prestige at home and abroad.

He Chooses to Mean It

MR. COOLIDGE, in spite of the somewhat Delphian phraseology of his famous message about 1928 and his silence since then, apparently expects the country to realize without further explanation on his part that he meant definitely to retire from the Presidential race. He has intimated this to individuals who have repeated his sentiments — whether correctly or not, Mr. Coolidge does not say. The public has accepted the situation calmly enough and there is little or no organized attempt to make the President reconsider.



This is altogether right. Both from the standpoint of an eminently sound political tradition and for his own sake, we think he never did a wiser thing than to relinquish an office which in all probability he could have continued to hold until 1932. The temptation to go on must have been great, no matter how tired or disgusted he may have become with some of the incidents of his tenure. But no emergency called him; the country does not need him. There are, in fact, no important reasons why he should be President again. The public is satisfied on the whole with the restful passivity of his Administration, and his personality has appealed enormously to something in the American mind.

But republics insist on change. There can be too much even of the best thing. A good hot Presidential year is loved by the free and independent voter. He looks forward now to something more snappy and entertaining than another campaign devoted to keeping cool with Coolidge. He contemplates with rapture an election in which the rival candidates might be Al Smith and Charles G. Dawes! That would be a show worth every cent of the admission fee and an amusement tax besides. Think of the fireworks and brass bands and speeches and all the

lovely rows and the interesting hard feelings and hatreds which Al Smith alone, being a Catholic and a wet, would inject into the affair. There's some fun in being a citizen when you can get good and hot instead of just keeping cool and voting for things as they are.

We think Mr. Coolidge sensed something of the silent tedium in the public spirit. He is a very acute politician and sensitive even to unformulated public opinion. And, conceding his election in 1928, he would have faced four disagreeable, trying years which could have added little to his reputation or achievement. The wise man goes when the going is good unless some imperative necessity demand that he stay. Mr. Coolidge's renunciation of further honors is as wise as it is timely.

Dixie Delegates and 1928

RECOVERING from the shock of the Coolidge withdrawal, Republican leaders are puzzling over this question: Does the President hope to name his successor, and if so, will he be able to muster enough strength to do it? On the answer hinges much of the strategy in the impending pre-convention campaign. In 1908 Theodore Roosevelt was able to use his Presidential influence to win the nomination for Taft. Remembering that campaign, Republican leaders wonder if Coolidge will seek to name the candidate next year. The President says he is neutral and that he will take no active part on behalf of any aspirant. But William M. Butler, his right-hand man, is still chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the President has other loyal lieutenants high in the party councils. It is conceivable that he might remain in the background and endeavor to work his will through these gentlemen. However, if party leaders become convinced that the President's withdrawal has stripped him of political authority, Mr. Butler and the other Coolidge captains might be overridden. In which event the régime of the New England coterie in the G. O. P. would pass into political history.

Party leaders like to cast their lots with a winner. They never like to leap until they look at the lie of the land. Undecided as to the Coolidge intentions and the Coolidge strength, they are now eloquently silent. At this writing not one of the strongest and most practical politicians in the party has boarded the band wagon of a prominent candidate. Of deep concern to party chiefs is the matter of the Southern delegates. For the aspirant who can step into the convention with the boys from Dixie massed behind him will right then have a head start in the scramble for the mantle which the President has cast aside. The question now is whether Southern support may be obtained by Presidential favor or through the National Committee.

Coolidge clinched his own nomination in 1924 by

coaxing the Southern delegates into his camp with the luscious pie of patronage. Whether they will remain loyal because of past favors or jockey for position under the banners of a new potential patron is a matter which every Republican of substance would like very much to know. These Southern gentlemen constitute almost a third of the votes necessary to nominate a Republican candidate. He who commands them will hold the balance of power in the 1928 convention, and rise as the omnipotent leader of the Republican party. From now on there will be more than one Northerner obeying the admonition to "look away down south in Dixie."

Now You Know About China

RECENTLY an American newspaper reprinted from "one of the big London dailies" an analysis of the "situation in China" which explains the somewhat chaotic conditions there so clearly that we in our turn republish it for the better enlightenment of the public. Our own Chinese expert right here in the office has written some very helpful editorials on "The Chaos That Is China," but he has never quite reached the brilliant clarity of the unknown British expert who wrote as follows:

The report that Gen. Chang Chong Chung had broken off relations with Gen. Chong Chung Chang is now found to be incorrect. Gen. Cheng Chong Chung is still fighting for Gen. Chung Ching Chang, and the General who has broken off relations with Gen. Chong Chung Chang is Gen. Ching Chung Chong not Gen. Chang Chong Chung. Gen. Ching Chung Chong has issued a public statement explaining that the reason he has broken off relations with Gen. Chong Chung Chang is because Gen. Chong Chang Ching has betrayed Gen. Cheng Chang Ching, whereas Gen. Chong Cheng Chang is still paying Gen. Chong Ching Chung a subsidy to prevent any fighting in Gen. Chong Cheng Ching's territory. Gen. Ching Chung Chong has therefore decided to throw in his lot with Gen. Chang Chong Ching and support Gen. Chong Chung Chong in his alliance with Gen. Chung Chong Ching.

Stop Him, We Have Heard This One

MUSSOLINI, the Cast Iron Duke of Italy, seems to stimulate in all his lieutenants a superiority complex which urges them to stand up on a platform and roar defiance and insults at the rest of the world. Signor Augusto Turati, for example, was considered a rather mild or conciliatory Fascist until he became secretary-general of the party and palled around with the Cast Iron Duke. Now, when he talks in public, you can hardly distinguish his threats and blusterings from the threats and blusterings of Benito. Recently he felt compelled to tell the world that when they are good and ready "the

Roman eagles will resume their flight again. Where will they alight? It matters not, if the flight be strenuous and the victory great." It makes us dovecot nations pretty nervous to think of those Roman eagles getting ready to fly. "Where will they alight? It matters not" — to anyone except the eagles and the doves.

The danger, of course, does not really come from the Fascists, but they are nevertheless dangerous because they are so incredibly annoying. The temptation to spank them may well grow to irresistible proportions. We are far enough away to view their naughty gestures and childish threats with a certain amusement, but to near-by neighbors like France or Jugoslavia their performance has long since lost its charm. Until the League of Nations appoints an International Spanker of Fascists there is little for us to do except to skip the Italian news in the papers. It seldom varies and — as one becomes sated with the particular brand of eloquence adopted by Fascist orators — it no longer amuses. Even a good joke can be run into the ground.

Night Life in Iowa City

OUT in Iowa the State Bureau of Information thought it would be a good thing to check up on the manners and customs of the students of the University of Iowa, a coeducational institution. So a skilled investigator was sent who wandered around the campus of the university and the boulevards of Iowa City, the seat of same, disguised — so the news dispatches tell us — "as a man about town." This sleuth unearthed fearful things. It seems that bootleggers abounded, that students, male and female, patronized them, that in public restaurants coeds drank "spiked beer," — an unenviable indulgence, one would say, — and that scenes of revelry in dance halls were "deplorable beyond comparison." Another hideous fact emerges in his report when he states that there are eighty-six licensed pool tables in Iowa City, a metropolis of 15,000 stalwart souls. Our hearts go out to those students struggling in the midst of such temptation.

From the extracts of this investigator's report which we have seen, we imagine that a little discipline and honest, friendly advice — not preaching — from the faculty to the student body would be desirable. But the chief question which arises in our minds from reading these lurid paragraphs is — just how does one go about it to disguise oneself as a man about town in Iowa City? What does the well-dressed man about town wear in the Corn Belt? Is he a transient drummer or a correspondence-school potential movie actor or a hay and feed merchant from the next county handing himself a time in the big city? This question is so intriguing that we are thinking of sending our own sleuth out there to report on how it is done.

Conrad of Austria

By T. H. Thomas

OF all the leading figures who had to do with the outbreak of the war, Conrad von Hötzendorff, the Austrian chief of staff, stands in a place apart. Everyone else concerned has vigorously denied any intention of starting a war, and sought by elaborate arguments and countercharges to load the responsibility upon others. Conrad was for war first, last, and all the time—and in no tortuous underhand fashion; he was bluntly and outspokenly and even uproariously bellicose. In the end he got far more of it than he could handle; no one man had so much to do with the long-drawn-out failure of the Austrian army; and he lived to see his country shattered. But for all that he died untaught and unrepentant, sorry

not that Austria had gambled away her existence on a military adventure of his own devising, but that she had not taken his advice years before and prepared the ground by carrying out the “preventive” preliminary wars he recommended. Conrad, in fact, was the real “militarist” of our war-time imagination, an actual flesh-and-blood example.

The man himself was a curious combination: one part modern soldier with a thorough scientific training, an “intellectual” type with more of the air of a *savant* than of a soldier; and three parts *condottiere*, fidgeting with uncontrollable impatience at the idea of continuous peace, and restlessly pressing forward mediæval notions of conquest and plunder among his neighbors. Conrad was appointed chief of staff in 1906. He was the choice of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand; and it is only fair to explain that he was selected, not for his political views, but for his military ability, in the hope that he might bring the Austrian army up to the mark and fit it for the part it would have to play in a great war. But by virtue of his post he had the right to set forth his views directly to the Emperor, and his own view of his responsibilities led him to lecture the Government as well. For eight years his advice on the foreign policy to be followed in the light of the military situation was poured forth in an uninterrupted flow of reports and memoranda and official correspondence. All of this he has gathered up since the war and sent off to the printer; not

doctoring it up or selecting the best bits to prove his own case, but publishing—apparently intact and with little editorial labor—the entire contents of his desk during his years of office. Conrad died in 1925, after completing the fifth volume of these candid memoirs. This volume brought the story down to the end of 1914, and consisted of no less than 1,000 pages; one reviewer made the calculation that on this scale it would have required fifteen

volumes more to finish the story. It is natural enough that the work has not proved a best seller, but in time some faithful reader may analyze it fully. Among other things, the volumes cast unexpected side lights upon the interminable war-guilt controversy; Conrad’s absolute conviction that he was

right and that all who disagreed with him were wrong—the Germans in particular—has led him to publish in full documents which more farsighted controversialists would pop into the furnace. Perhaps the reader should be warned that what follows is drawn not from adverse criticisms of Conrad by others, but from his own material.

TAKING over his post in 1906 Conrad found that the Austrian army was wholly inadequate for meeting the dangers he saw on the horizon, and very characteristically he proposed to remedy this by anticipating the dangers and striking first. Italy was the country he hated and distrusted most; the fact that she was an ally made her all the more dangerous from his peculiar standpoint. Early in 1907, accordingly, he reported: “I recommend that immediate steps be taken to improve the army, or that we strike against Italy, the sooner the better.” That autumn, at the army manœuvres, he astonished Francis Joseph by presenting him with a plan of campaign for crushing Italy in a four weeks’ war; there was no quarrel on hand then, but the Italian army was run down and the moment seemed favorable. The old Emperor had no taste for these light-hearted homicidal ventures and would not listen; and in the following year Conrad turned his preventive strategy toward the Balkans. He considered that the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina made war with Serbia certain, and urged meeting

the problem at once by attacking rather than waiting for trouble. Once again no one would listen. From this time forward Conrad clung to Serbia as the favorite adversary, but in 1911 the Italian war with Tripoli turned his eyes back in the old direction. To attack Italy while her army was away in Africa offered an irresistible temptation, and Conrad promptly fell before it. Once again he urged an Italian war on the old Emperor. This time Francis Joseph lost patience. He summoned Conrad and said, "These constant attacks, particularly the insinuations in respect of Italy and the Balkans, are directed against me. I make the policy . . . my policy is a policy of peace. Everyone must adapt himself to this." A few days later Conrad was dismissed from his post.

APPARENTLY this was a solution of the Conrad problem, but the sequel was less reassuring; the Archduke Francis Ferdinand still believed him to be the most capable man in the army, and a year later — December, 1912 — he was reappointed. The Italians were evidently able to draw the proper conclusions, for not long afterwards the Germans were officially notified that in case of war the Italians would not be able to contribute an expeditionary force for interallied military operations.

The terms of the Triple Alliance did not lay down any specific basis for military coöperation between Germany and Austria, and the German staff had drawn up their war plans without consulting their ally. Realizing that his own army would be quite unable to stand up alone against the Russians, as far back as 1909 Conrad had raised the question with Moltke and asked what plans the Germans had made for the eastern front. He learned to his dismay that they planned to do nothing at the outset beyond defending East Prussia; nearly all the army would be sent first against France, and until the decision had been gained in the west Austria would have to shift for herself against Russia. Conrad did his best to alter this arrangement; even as late as May, 1914, he went up to wheedle out of Moltke some promise of substantial support. He records his final plea: "Russia will turn on us, but from Warsaw to Berlin is no great distance. I want you to consider what will happen if we get into a mess. Russia will then have her road clear. What are you doing to do if you do not gain a success in the west, and the Russians come down on your rear in the east?"

"Well, I shall do what I can," replied Moltke.

Both question and answer were prophetic, but Conrad got nothing out of his ally. Moltke reassured him by explaining that he expected to bring off the victory in France on about the fortieth day after mobilization and then send his main force back eastward. He promised, also, that if the Russians did not invade East Prussia the German forces

there would sally forth on the offensive and draw off as many Russians as possible from the Austrian front. But he refused to increase his forces in the east and also to make any specific arrangement for coöperating with the Austrian campaign. Conrad viewed this prospect with the deepest misgivings. However wild his own projects, he could be clear-headed in regard to those of others. He had no confidence in Moltke's forty-day parade through France, and gloomily noted his conviction that the Germans "would leave him sitting in the ink."

With this prospect and this view of the situation, the normal course would have been to play safe and do everything to avoid a war with Russia. Such, in fact, was the conclusion reached by the Emperor and even by the restless Archduke Francis Ferdinand; and Lord Grey's memoirs testify to the fact that the German Government joined wholeheartedly at this time — 1912-1913 — in a general effort to prevent the Balkan Wars from spreading into an Armageddon. But Conrad was *sui generis*; this striving for peace roused him to fury, and he railed bitterly at the willingness to lose so good an opportunity to settle with Serbia while her army had its hands full in another direction. By now he had come to concentrate his morning hate on Serbia above all. The accession of strength she was gaining in the Balkan war made her all the more dangerous; Conrad pictured her as "a second Brandenburg, who would found a great empire by eating up all her neighbors." Immediately after his reappointment, in the very midst of the conference at London where Austria was helping to keep the peace, he produced a memorandum demanding mobilization against Serbia without delay, military operations to begin a fortnight later. Undaunted by refusal, he hailed the outbreak of the second Balkan war as an opportunity to strike, and when this was turned down, counted on the Albanian difficulties to make trouble. But the Emperor and the archduke would not listen, and in disgust Conrad watched the chance pass by. Whatever the views of the German diplomats, Moltke seems to have wanted Conrad to keep out of a Balkan war so that Austria's hands would be free in case of war with Russia; and in all the records Conrad prints there is nothing, apparently, to suggest that in the spring and summer of 1914 either he or Moltke expected that war was imminent.

DANGERS of a general war had never restrained Conrad; his actual purpose was rather to gain a snap decision to overrun Serbia promptly and deal with the diplomatic crisis afterwards. In 1913 he had written to Berchtold, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, that if an ultimatum were sent Serbia it must be put in such a way that if she complied either with reservations or after the time limit set, "such compliance . . . should not be

accepted, but the war against her should be carried through fully and completely. It would have to be determined beforehand with absolute certainty that voices which might urge leniency would remain unheeded." By 1914 Berchtold came around.

FROM this standpoint, not only Conrad but the Austrian Government approached the problem when the assassination of the archduke suddenly thrust it forward as an acute crisis. In spite of the obvious danger of a general conflagration, they were obsessed by their immediate Serbian enterprise, and preoccupied above all with making sure that once drastic action was decided on, no "lenient voices" should mix up the program. On July 5 Conrad saw the Emperor, who told him that Germany had been asked if she would stand guard against Russia. "If the answer is that Germany stands on our side," asked Conrad, "do we make war on Serbia?"

"Then, yes," replied the Emperor.

The German answer not only decided this question, but had the effect of fixing the attention of the Austrians upon the Serbian frontier. It gave unconditional support; and in addition the Kaiser and chancellor "regarded an immediate advance against Serbia as the radical and best solution of Austria's Balkan difficulties, and from an international point of view thought the present moment was more favorable than a later one." The Kaiser even volunteered his valuable opinion that Russia would not risk a war at this time, and his civilian ministers seem to have shared that view. All this came as a gift from heaven to Conrad, circumstances had suddenly brought everyone into line for driving through the project he had so long recommended. The Austrians considered the whole problem at a Cabinet council on July 7. It was recognized that a European war might ensue, but Conrad reported that the military balance of power would grow more unfavorable in the future, and it was decided to run the risk. Preparations were taken in hand at once — for war *with Serbia alone*. To avert suspicion, Conrad and the Minister of War were sent off on leave, and it was agreed that no warning should be sent to Italy or Roumania; both were allies, but both would certainly raise "lenient voices."

Conrad's arrangements for mobilization and concentration of his forces provided for various contingences. Case B, for instance, dealt with a war with Serbia and deployed three of the six Austrian armies along the Serbian frontier. Case R dealt with a Russian war; while in case of a war against both powers at once more than half the troops earmarked for the Serbian front in Case B were to be sent instead against Russia.

Definite military and diplomatic arrangements for the impending "crisis" were decided on at

another Cabinet council on July 19. The dispatch of the ultimatum to Serbia was fixed for July 23, and the time limit of the reply set for July 25; a refusal was firmly counted on, and the Austrian Minister was to leave Belgrade at once. This same day, July 25, was fixed on for the beginning of the Austrian mobilization; while Case B — that is to say, the railway operations and all other arrangements involved in the concentration against Serbia — was to go into force on July 28. This was a wildly reckless decision, as the Case B arrangements gave no overwhelming superiority of force against the Serbians, but Conrad had drawn up a plan of campaign which he was sure would finish them off in short order — whatever happened afterwards. He even planned to establish the Austrian general headquarters on the Serbian front. In this sublime self-confidence the whole politico-military project was set into operation four days before the ultimatum was delivered.

Serbia's near acceptance of the ultimatum, plus the unexpected reaction from all Europe in the last days of July, changed the whole aspect of the matter. But the Austrians kept serenely to their schedule, and on July 28 declared war on Serbia. All too late, only when on the brink of the general conflict, did Moltke realize that Conrad was leaving the Russians out of his calculations. On July 30 Moltke sent him a warning telegram, to which he received the astounding answer: "We will not declare war against Russia or begin the war." Conrad's declaration of war on Serbia had inevitably set going the Russian mobilization; he was now driving his head in the sand, ostrich fashion, trying to ignore any consequences of his action upsetting to his own plans. Moltke wired back: "Austria must be ready to mobilize at once against Russia;" while the Austrian military attaché at Berlin sent a still more vigorous message: "[I am] refusing renewed steps on part of England to keep the peace. For Austria last hope is to support European war. Germany unconditionally with us."

REALIZATION that Conrad was moving his forces to the Serbian frontier without even contemplating mobilization against Russia upset Moltke's nerve completely. He saw the chance of a successful campaign ruined, when in his mind it was now too late to prevent war coming. "Will Austria leave Germany in the lurch?" he wired Conrad. The Kaiser himself now took a hand, and on the same day (July 31) telegraphed Francis Joseph: "Serbia is quite a side show in the giant combat into which we are now to enter shoulder to shoulder; and only the minimum defensive measures are required against her." The giant combat held out no charms for the Austrians, but after this summons from their ally they woke up and faced the issue, and on that (*Continued on page 192*)

The Potomac Fights for Its Heritage

By Catherine Hackett

THE Great Falls of the Potomac River, fifteen miles west of the capital, will soon become merely the driving power for the wheels of industry in four States if plans now being advanced by at least one privately owned enterprise and a group of promoters advocating publicly owned power should materialize.

In this event a natural playground which has attracted not only residents but travelers to Washington from all over the world would be destroyed. The decision in the struggle for the Potomac's rightful heritage lies in the hands of the seventieth Congress. During its first session it will be asked to approve the project of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission for a park under Federal or interstate supervision to preserve in its present untouched state the stretch of the upper Potomac between Washington and Great Falls. This region is today what a foreign visitor found it in 1832 — "a series of the most wild and romantic views that are to be found in America." It is easily accessible to the capital and will be made even more so by the building of roads contemplated in the park project. It is said to be the only spot of its kind so near a great American city.

The National Capital Park and Planning Commission, created by act of Congress in 1926 to "develop a comprehensive, consistent and coördinated plan for the national capital and its environs," has announced that one of its major projects for the new regional plan of development is the proposed park of Great Falls and the upper Potomac, including the Virginia Palisades from Key Bridge to Great Falls, the bluffs on the Maryland bank, and an area of several thousand acres above the falls. With the exception of a new boulevard to make the region more accessible, it would be left unchanged and preserved for all time as one of the great scenic assets of the nation. This plan, which Congress will be asked to approve, is declared by the commission to be absolutely incompatible with any development of the river for hydroelectric power.

The park project is opposed by two groups—the Potomac River Corporation, a Delaware concern employing the able legal services of former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker and bent upon exploiting the falls for the profitable sale of power, and the

If projects now on foot were to be allowed by Congress, writes this Washington correspondent, the upper reaches of the Potomac River would be submerged in a forty-mile lake and the Great Falls would be merely the foundation for a concrete dam. Thus would one of the scenic glories of the East be destroyed and the national capital become the center of a vast hydroelectric development. Miss Hackett's article decries this threat to the Potomac's heritage of beauty

public ownership group of about twenty Senators, headed by Senator Norris of Nebraska, who see in the upper Potomac region a rare opportunity to demonstrate the effectiveness of a successful power project under government ownership and control. This group is determined that Great Falls shall not go to the so-called "power

trust," and would make it a part of the great East Coast Superpower System which, when completed, would extend from Boston to Washington. Both groups believe that the falls are more valuable as potential hydroelectric power than as mere scenery.

The three-cornered struggle for control of the upper Potomac has been brought to a head by an announcement from the Federal Power Commission that the Potomac River Corporation has filed an application for a permit to produce hydroelectric power by a series of dams in the river above Washington which would transform the most beautiful stretches in the whole river into two large lakes. The commission is showing admirable restraint, considering its alleged leaning toward private power development, in delaying the permit to the company, presumably to give Congress an opportunity to pass on the relative values of electric power and the preservation of natural beauty.

THE two projects for power development, alike in their essential features, are based on the Tyler engineering report made to Congress in 1921 on the development of the Potomac River. A dam would be built at Chain Bridge, creating a lake extending to the foot of the falls and submerging practically all of the wooded islands in the river. At this point another dam would back the water up in a forty-mile lake extending to Brunswick, Maryland. The majestic fall of water which now roars down over jagged rocks in a two-tongued rush of foam and spray at Great Falls would become, as pointed out by the president of the American Institute of Architects, "simply a mass of rock foundation supporting a concrete dam." No one wants a public park where people may go to watch the operations of a power house, a spillway, and a slight trickle of water over a concrete dam.

Washington has long used this region as a playground. It takes its visitors by the thousands to see

"the Falls." From many States, from scientific and historical groups, and from private citizens in distant cities who at one time or another have journeyed out from Washington to see the cataract and gorge of the Potomac are coming protests against any project, government or private, which would put one of the most beautiful rivers in the country to work turning the wheels of industry. Under the waters of the two lakes contemplated in the alternative power projects would be buried some of the wildest and most magnificent scenery in the Eastern States. Forever destroyed would be the beauty of a region which Lord Bryce, seeing it for the first time, declared "a magnificent piece of scenery which you will, of course, always preserve." Lord Bryce apparently underestimated the determination of various power companies which since 1898 have turned appraising eyes on the Great Falls, pained to see so much potential electric power wasting itself in the form of mere scenery. At least a dozen surveys of the upper Potomac have been made, and always the alluring bait of cheap electric power is dangled before the public to quiet the protests of the aesthetically minded who believe that the unique beauty of this region, the spectacle of the falls, is worth more to the nation than the creation of additional electric power for which there is now no market in a nonindustrial Washington.

BELOW the falls the Potomac rushes through a narrow, rock-ribbed gorge, shadowed by jutting cliffs where geologists from many States have found unique formations of rock strata and potholes, those curious smooth chimneys formed by the constant pounding of water. Below the gorge, the river broadens over a wider bed dotted with islands. Here is the famous Plummer's Island, where for twenty years the Washington Biologists' Field Club has operated a laboratory for studying the unusual combinations of flora and fauna brought from the upland regions to the coastal-plain district by river floods. Here are spots well known to campers and canoeists fleeing the heat of the city in summer days: Stubblefield Rapids, the joy of expert canoeists; Difficult Run, a small stream which tumbles into the river below towering cliffs which give one, after a stiff climb, a view for miles up and down the river; Sandy Landing, where the fish bite well — all deep under the placid waters of a lake if the power project goes through.

Along the Maryland shore lies the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, an historic relic of the days when George Washington visioned it as a connecting link between the capital and the Mississippi Valley, and subscribed through the State of Virginia to stock in the canal company. The lake between the two dams would obliterate every trace of the canal. It never developed into the busy waterway contemplated by its builders early in the Nineteenth Century, but

until a few years ago slow-moving coal barges slid quietly down from the Cumberland coal district, drawn by mules who trod the towpath into a smooth walk now much used by hikers from the city. Along the canal are small lock houses, now deserted, and summer "shacks." It was of this canal that the MacMillan Park Commission said in 1901:

No change should come to pass in the character of the canal that will tend to transform its primitive character and quaint beauty. The canal has a charm all its own; half disclosed and half revealed, it winds among the trees . . . more and more will it be used as an attractive route between the populous city and the natural charms of the picturesque region between Cabin John Bridge and Great Falls.

One of the greatest losses from the flooding of this region by a lake would be the crumbling remains of locks for an earlier canal around the falls on the Virginia side, designed and constructed under the personal supervision of George Washington. With his surveying instruments he went over every yard of the wooded cliffs overlooking the Potomac Gorge just below the falls, watched the construction of the "Patowmack" canal locks which are now only scattered bits of masonry, visioned commerce coming from the West by way of his little canal. Now Twentieth Century enterprise threatens to destroy the few relics of his work as an engineer.

To the MacMillan Commission, to the present Park and Planning Commission, to the thousands who have seen Great Falls, walked along the bluffs overlooking the gorge, or paddled canoes through the rapids, such an area is something to be kept inviolate for the pleasure of present and future citizens. To the power-development enthusiasts, that majestic fall of water means only potential horse power, a key to great industrial development.

The task of the Planning Commission and of conservationists supporting the park project is difficult because of the double-barreled opposition. The Potomac River Corporation and the group supporting the pending Norris resolution for Federal development have estimated the cost at between \$55,000,000 and \$60,000,000. The public-ownership enthusiasts believe that here, as in the Boulder Cañon project on the Colorado River, initial cost could be repaid by sale of power.

NEITHER the Government nor a private power company would contemplate creating a great additional supply of hydroelectric power on the upper Potomac unless they believed a future market would be developed. This market can only come from the establishment of industries in the capital or in Virginia and Maryland near by. Washington could not absorb for private consumption more than one half to two thirds of the power which must be sold to make the project (*Continued opp. page 192*)

POLITICS ON THE POTOMAC

*Shall a Region of Natural Grandeur
and Historic Beauty above Wash-
ington Be Inundated to Create
a Source of Power Which the
Country Does Not Need?
The Great Falls of the
Potomac Make Their
Own Reply*



Ernest L. Crandall

THE GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC

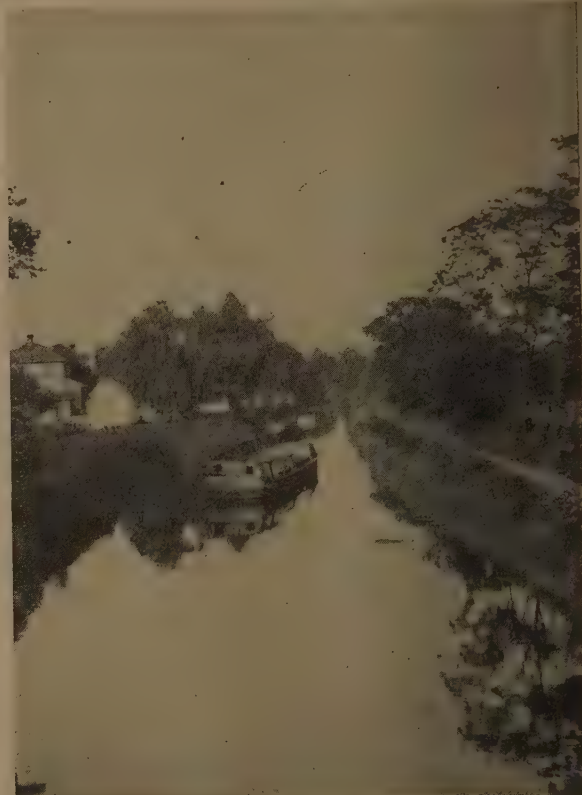


John Hanna

THE STUBBLEFIELD RAPIDS OF THE POTOMAC, IF POWER PROJECTS NOW ON FOOT WERE CARRIED OUT, WOULD BECOME JUST SO MANY CUBIC FEET OF WATER TO BE USED AS FUEL TO CREATE ELECTRICITY



THE RUINS OF THIS OLD CANAL LOCK NEAR GREAT FALLS, VIRGINIA, FORM ONE OF THE LAST SURVIVING MEMORIALS TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER



John Hanna

ONE OF THE LAST OF THE COAL BARGES NOW IN SERVICE DRIFTS INDOLENTLY BETWEEN THE WOODED BANKS OF THE NOW OUTMODED CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL



John Hanna

A VENERABLE AND PLACID SERENITY INVESTS THIS SCENE AT THE LOCK OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL. THE TOW PATH IS LITTLE USED NOW, AND THE WEEDS AND WILD FLOWERS GROW CLOSE UPON THE EDGES WHICH GENERATIONS OF PLODDING FEET HAVE WORN SMOOTH



John Hanna



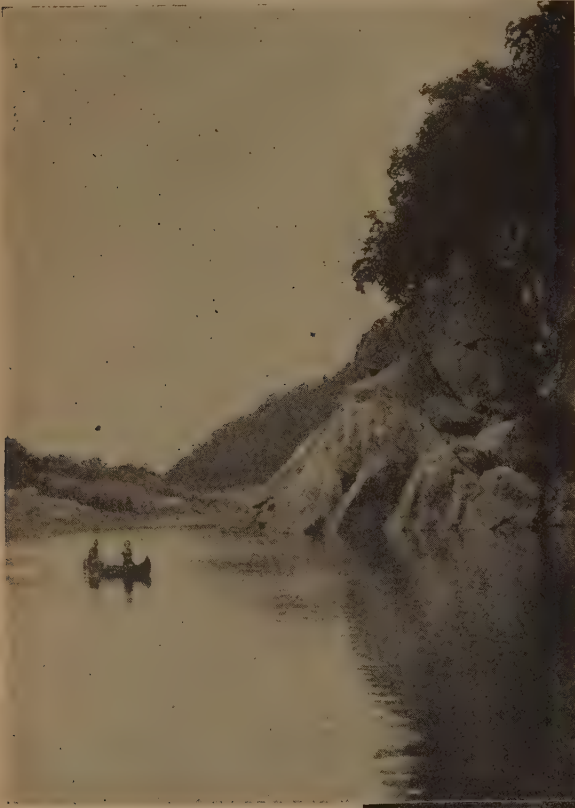
John Hanna

BELOW THE GORGE THE POTOMAC WIDENS, RIPPLING ALONG ITS SHELVING BANKS AND EDDYING OVER THE PROTRUDING ROCKS AND THE HUNDREDS OF POTHOLES THAT COUNTLESS YEARS OF EROSION HAVE LEFT BEHIND THEM

EAGLE ROCK, AT THE LEFT, IS ONE OF THE HIGHEST POINTS ALONG THE GORGE OF THE POTOMAC. ONE WOULD SCARCELY EXPECT TO FIND SUCH RUGGED LANDSCAPE ALONG A RIVER WHOSE CONGENITAL SERENITY HAS ALMOST BECOME A LEGEND



THE ILLUSTRATION ABOVE GIVES A PARTICULARLY IMPRESSIVE PANORAMA OF THE GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC AND THE CIRCULAR POOL BELOW WHICH THE WATERS HAVE HOLLOWED OUT IN THEIR PASSING



SCARCELY A RIPLE DISTURBS THE SURFACE OF THE RIVER
AT THIS POINT IN THE GORGE WHERE IT RUNS DEEPLY
BETWEEN ITS ROCKY WALLS TOWARD THE SEA

BUT HERE THE CHARACTER OF THE
WATERS CHANGES AND A QUICK EYE
AND A STRONG HAND ARE NEEDED
IF THE VOYAGER WOULD PUT HIS
CANOE THROUGH IN SAFETY



All photographs on this page by John Hanna



ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE GORGE
OF THE POTOMAC THE ROCKS ARE
LITERALLY HONEYCOMBED WITH
POTHOLES—THOSE CURIOUS NA-
TURAL PHENOMENA CREATED BY
THE INTERMINABLE RACING OF THE
WATER OVER THE SAME SPOT. IT IS
DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE THAT TIME
SO FAR DISTANT WHEN THESE ROCKS
WERE SMOOTH AND UNBROKEN IN
THE RIVER'S BED

From Cabinet Organ to Radio

By H. I. Brock

EVER since the voice of our people began to come out of the West, music has assuaged the thirst for better things which is so characteristically American. The sign by which culture in each succeeding phase has striven to conquer our masses has been a musical instrument. So that the history of our aspirations, outside of politics and business — the aspirations of which our women have been the nourishers — might be epitomized thus: from the cabinet organ to the radio. On the way between must be allowed a lingering pause over the upright piano in every parlor, and, thereafter, universal allegiance to the phonograph, still holding out here and there against the utter dominance of the powers of the air.

In the beginning, of course, while the nation was young or nursing colonial, we still had with us the overflow of the culture of Europe brought with us to the New World. Back there, some of the privileged among us had harpsichords and spinets to prove it. But such luxuries were for the trading cities of the coast — Boston, Annapolis, Charleston — not to mention less exclusive ports. Or for the wives and spoiled daughters of a few rich planters in Virginia and the Carolinas. Only the fiddle and the flute went west into the Alleghenies and beyond with the pioneers — the men who built the log cabins that were the nurseries of the nation, and equally the nurseries of the later aspirations of the daughters of the nation to get back again what had been lost in pioneering.

Our ancestors were predominantly God-fearing folk, even in the Eighteenth Century, which was so little engaged in godliness. The flute was for dreamers. The fiddle went with dancing and light love-making and frivolous behavior always. American "culture" was, for the moment, of the tough sort which is agriculture. There was no time for softening employments. The singing of pious hymns was not advisable until the red Indian had ceased to be a lurking danger behind every bush and in every black shadow between the silver pools of moonlight. But the American pioneer traced back to the Methodist and the Presbyterian Scotch and their like. Even in the imminent peril of the tomahawk and the scalping knife he never quite gave up singing hymns.

"Here was the first period of conscious aspiration toward the fine things which had been left behind in the rough task of making a new country," writes the author of the middle years of the last century when the parlor organ first came to grace the American scene. But he demonstrates logically and engagingly that this postwar radio age "is as ingenuously ardent as the era of the Mason and Hamlin organ which had our Civil War for background"

Around 1840, a Frenchman named Alexandre Debain invented the harmonium, or reed organ. In the words of a learned writer, "what may be called the devotional tone of this instrument appealed to the Americans." On the strength of that appeal the Frenchman's invention was launched upon the country as the Mason and Hamlin cabinet organ. After 1860 no American farmhouse was

complete without a cabinet organ to accompany the singing of sacred music. And all the yearnings of the farmer's wife and daughter after the things that music stands for — all these yearnings found outlet, if not quite adequate expression, in choir practice and allied gatherings benignantly supervised by the pastor. Some people ventured to play

other than sacred music on the cabinet organ; but not many. There was that inherent "devotional tone" of the instrument. Thus in the Mason and Hamlin period American culture held to the religious note. Piety had taken on a shade which was not all devotional. But it had not yet faded into mere ethics which would later on have to be deep-dyed again with art to save the ultimate cause.

Here was the first period of conscious aspiration toward the fine things which had been left behind in the rough task of making a new country. The American man did not yet, as a rule, miss these things. But already the American woman did. Perhaps she was more than a bit vague about what they were. But she knew they were fine and she missed them. The cabinet organ in the parlor was the sign that she was beginning to get them back.

ACROSS the Atlantic was a world which had looked on a long line of stringed instruments provided with keys. There were the clavichord, the virginal, — suitable for young ladies, — the harpsichord, and the spinet — a very pretty catalogue of romantic-sounding names. In due course — early in the Eighteenth Century, it was — a certain Bartolomeo Cristofori, a Paduan and a man of genius in the employ of Ferdinand di Medici, had invented the *piano-forte*, sometimes called by the Germans *Fort Biano*. But the really vital thing happened in the early 'eighties when a modern piano

appeared strung on an iron frame and an inspired adapter evolved the very stylish shape known as the "upright." I know that the upright is now despised of all persons of any pretensions whatever, but I write historically. There was never anything more stylish — or, as persons of pretension are now careful to say, modish — than the upright piano at the end of the last century.

THE cabinet organ was doomed. Many parlors already harbored a square piano, — the grand piano was for grand folks indeed, — but now every parlor must have an upright. To get it you mortgaged your house, if need were, just as you now mortgage your house to keep your motor. But usually it was not as bad as that. The piano might be bought on the installment plan. Anyhow, you bought that piano. And your daughters took lessons. A small-town young lady who could not play the piano in those days — and play a few "classical" pieces, say Schubert's "Serenade" — was distinctly out of things. With the change from the organ to the piano, sacred music had given place to compositions more secular, with a special sacred selection for Sundays. Love songs and waltzes were approved. But the cultural idea was just as strong as ever. The upright piano in the parlor represented aspiration just as intense as the aspiration which had worked the foot bellows of the cabinet organ. The difference mainly was that the idea of art had begun to creep in where nothing of that sort had intruded for generations.

The event was momentous. Ever since the idea of art got itself planted in the hotbed of the American woman's longings, America has been changed. We have had Greenwich Village where we used to have Boston. Yet Kansas is not a bit less aspiring because of the change of direction in the aspiration. Life is just as earnest, the straining after "better things" is not a whit relaxed because the things that seem better are apt to be things which used to seem much worse.

The reader may fancy that we are wandering from our thesis. In fact, we are precisizing. This religious quality of the American pursuit of anything is an essentially indigenous quality — a transfiguring quality — which sometimes goes with the most absurdly mistaken aims, the most tragically misguided tastes. Because of it the mantle of charity has now and then to be stretched to cover the shocking behavior of our best people — behavior induced by concentration upon an ideal of freedom or of art or, worse still, the two combined. So far has the granddaughter of the cabinet-organ school of uplift moved in our time.

The cabinet-organ and upright-piano periods lasted, each of them, about twenty years. In effect they brought us down into the Twentieth Century. In each case the culture which the two quantity

production instruments symbolized was the culture of the simple people in the small towns — and the equally simple people who abound in the big towns. The grand-piano folk existed along with the others — as the carriage folk with two horses and two men in livery on the box existed along with the people who kept a family buggy. That was a highfaluting crowd addicted to going abroad at intervals. They were suspected of not being quite one hundred per cent Americans — though the slogan had yet to be invented. They lived in an evaporated atmosphere where European culture was a bit like dried apples. Theirs was what might be called a vintage taste in music — which was imported in the original classic package and played for them by "real" artists — also imported. For they heard professional concerts and attended the opera. After Offenbach they fell victims to Wagner.

With the new century the ingenious invention of Mr. Edison began to invade the house where still the piano ruled the parlor. At first it was only a squeaky toy. The men and the children were amused with it as a novelty and something to tinker with, as they were later even more amused and fascinated by the radio. But presently the scratchy thing scratched less. It developed capacities that amazed the worst enemies of "canned" music. It appeared in its turn as an instrument powerful for culture. And the women seized upon it as such. First, since the new tendency of American culture was worldly, people began to dance by aid of the phonograph to the very latest tunes that the city folk danced to in fashionable places — or at least the gay places that you read about in the papers. Then the phonograph began to bring grand opera and famous concert singers into the home. The music that everybody read about was played and sung by artists notoriously accounted the most expensive of their kind in the world. Positively anybody could hear Caruso, and nearly everybody in the United States did hear him. The upright piano was dethroned and the parlor piano strummer abolished. The whole country set about getting musically educated to a point far beyond that reached with any of the other arts among us.

THE upright piano had done its work. A whole school of young women — representing almost every hamlet, North, South East, and West — had already been brought up on that homely instrument and the aspirations that went with it as inevitably as the metronome that stood on top of it. The time of the patient stay-at-homes was done, and these young women had winged their way eastward to study "instrumental" or "vocal" as the quaint distinction went, and so arrive at fame, riches — and freedom. They were studying in New York, Boston, Paris, Berlin, Munich, Rome, Milan. The victrola which had slain their earliest nurse in music — that

same now despised upright piano — worked for them while they adventured abroad, creating a vast reservoir of audiences without which success would have been impossible to any of them. Theirs was the line from Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar to Lawrence Tibbet and Marion Talley.

SUCH was the third stage of home-grown American culture for which a mechanical invention was directly responsible and of which that instrument became the symbol. The place of honor in the living room — so lately the parlor — was now held by the victrola, all done up in Grand Rapids mahogany, and by the cabinet of records with red and blue disks to advertise scornfully that they were not merely dance tunes. They stood as evidence of an educated taste transcending the limits of local opportunity and holding communion, in a house off Main Street, with Paris and New York. That was a time within the memory of all but the youngest of us, and yet that time is past already. The victrola still has its place, but it is no longer the chief place. There reigns the radio which picks up the actual concert or opera as it happens and makes you a boxholder with the elect. It may be that the victrola will follow the upright piano into limbo. But it is only the upright piano that is done for. The grand piano survives magnificent at concerts and imposing

in studios. And it is likely that the perfected reproducing machine will survive in the studio and the home. The radio, for all its white magic, may not pick up Caruso's voice across the Great Divide. But put a little gutta-percha disk upon a pivot, turn a crank, and Caruso still sings.

Another point is not to be overlooked. Each of these stages of cultural aspiration in America, like the instrument which goes with it in each case, has been a fad — a fashion in reaching upward toward the stars. As it is characteristic of the American to be terribly in earnest about such things, so it is equally characteristic that everybody must pursue the same thing at the same time. Let the dead past bury its dead — cabinet organs, upright pianos, victrolas — and each stage be more than a little ashamed of its forerunner, so irrevocably cast into the limbo of the "out-of-date."

AND so it goes. But, if each stage is ashamed of the *naïveté* of its forerunner, each stage must still be naïve. In fact, the stage of the radio that now rules this postwar day is as ingenuously ardent as the era of the Mason and Hamlin organ which had our Civil War for background. The persistent and inextinguishable characteristic of American culture is discovered in its own instinctive appraisal of its past performances.

The Prohibition Treadmill

By Robert B. Smith

ANOTHER year of experimenting in prohibition enforcement has rolled by. General Andrews' dictatorship is ended. Two years ago he came into office confidently proclaiming a new era in Federal prohibition. Military efficiency, with politics wholly eliminated, was to give the Volstead Act an acid test and point the way to the adoption of a permanent, sound, national prohibition policy. On August 1, the general's long-deferred resignation took effect with failure written in large letters all over the record. Gone with the general is Maj. Roy Haynes, the rotund favorite of the Anti-Saloon League. He possessed an officeholding tenacity far beyond the ordinary even in Washington, but there came a day when he had to go back to the editing of his country paper in Ohio despite the powerful influence of Wayne B. Wheeler.

Thus there passed simultaneously from the public stage the two men typifying the Federal Government's principal ventures in trying to throttle the demon Rum. Andrews personified the he-man, military system; Haynes, the white-ribbon school. Andrews took office with little personal sympathy for the law, but believing that it should have an honest trial; Haynes was an ardent dry. It is hard to say which has fallen the hardest. Toss a coin and decide. But it is in order now to ask: "Where do we go from here?"

Seymour Lowman, an upstate New York politician, has succeeded General Andrews. His inauguration was attended by a series of impressive conferences with all the regional administrators appointed during the Andrews régime. But if Mr. Lowman has a policy, he is keeping it well concealed. From a newspaper

A new régime took command of national prohibition enforcement on August 1. Mr. Smith, Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, has watched administrators come and go, without any appreciable diminution in the availability of Washington's liquor supply. On June 25, we published Wayne B. Wheeler's optimistic appraisal of the future. In contrast, this article views the same outlook from a newspaper man's angle

point of view, he isn't nearly as good copy as General Andrews. The publicity he gets is scant. Correspondents watching the inaugural conferences closely for developments that would furnish a key to the Lowman program came away rather empty-handed. Mr. Lowman revealed himself as a pleasant person, full of optimism. He was not backward in declaring his firm belief that prohibition was well on its way to success, that the drinking of liquor was diminishing, and that just a little more patience and effort would make the United States as dry as Mr. Volstead intended. The conferences were adjourned, rumors of extensive shake-ups were dispelled, and everybody went away happy.

DR. JAMES M. DORAN has taken Haynes' place on the pay roll, but his duties are almost as vague as those of his predecessor. He sprang into prominence through his ability to concoct formulas for poisoning alcohol which the bootleggers, with the aid of their own chemists, promptly redistill and manufacture into choice brands of synthetic whiskey. Dr. Doran's appointment seems to have taken the edge off Wayne B. Wheeler's disappointment over the dismissal of Haynes, but otherwise its purpose is not clear.

So the enforcement farce is likely to continue. The future holds no promise of improvement. The coming session of Congress undoubtedly will hear the annual cry of the drys for bigger and better appropriations and the perennial clamor of the wets for modification. They have come to balance each other so perfectly that nothing but noise ever ensues. The outlook for legalized beer and wine is just about as bright as the prospect of effective prohibition. A legislative solution seems as remote as on the day when General Andrews began his acid-test era. But what more can be expected when, for example, such a singularly fine public servant as Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana announces he will remain unswervingly dry notwithstanding the popular referendum in his State last fall against prohibition? Already the Anti-Saloon League is engaged in raising a fund of \$1,500,000, double its usual budget, to fight wet candidates and modification proposals. The unorganized wet sentiment, however widespread, cannot hope to combat successfully the well-financed and smooth-functioning political organization built up by Wayne Wheeler.

And meanwhile the bootlegging industry thrives apace. Perhaps the best test of the effectiveness of the present enforcement is the availability of liquor supplies. Whatever may be said about the quality, there is no noticeable diminution of quantity. It is no exaggeration to say that here at the seat of the Federal Government, pledged to the enforcement of all laws, anyone can buy all the liquor he wants. Prices appear to be well stabilized. Washington bootleggers, with impudent disregard for the

antitrust laws, meet secretly and fix prices. Some time during the Haynes régime a basic price of \$13 per gallon, C. O. D., for alcohol was adopted. That price prevailed when General Andrews came into office two years ago and it remains substantially the same today. Translated into gin, that means about \$1 a bottle.

In the Maryland environs of Washington, almost within sight of the Capitol, moonshine stills are being operated in incredible numbers. They are turning out a brand of "green" rye, which is rendered drinkable as well as potent after some aging in a charred keg. Production has reached a quantity basis and the market is becoming glutted. The current price is \$2.50 a gallon, which is far below the prewar level.

So lax has enforcement become in the national capital that today, seven years after the enactment of Constitutional and statutory prohibition, we are treated to the spectacle of citizens forming a secret law-and-order society to assist the police in running down the dry-law violators. They called themselves "Vigilantes," but the rum-drinking population of Washington derisively dubbed them "the snoopers." They became the target of constant ridicule. One jokester laboriously copied large portions of the Washington telephone directory and sent it to the society as a list of the dry violators in the District of Columbia. Two police informers, who claimed to be connected with the Vigilantes, were breaking all records in producing affidavits of liquor-law violations until they were trapped and forced to confess they were perjurers. The Vigilantes held a meeting to plan new strategy but found themselves spied upon by bootleggers who had joined their society. These few unfortunate experiences have not contributed to the success of the organization.

BUT those who think our own antics over prohibition are something new must turn back to their history. It seems to have been ever thus. John Barleycorn was plaguing our grandfathers seventy-five years ago as much as he is pestering us today. American historians in their absorption over the slavery issue have neglected to tell us very much about the commotion over prohibition just before the Civil War. But there was commotion aplenty, and not a little tangible result, if legislative enactment can be considered such.

The *ante bellum* prohibition movement began in Maine and spread so rapidly it soon had such States as New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island in the dry column. In 1852 a petition containing 300,000 names was presented to the New York Legislature praying for passage of the Maine dry law. The Legislature ignored it, but in 1854 the prohibitionists gained control and passed the bill by a large majority. Gov. Horatio Seymour (*Continued on page 192*)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

IT was a good idea to intrust the writing of "Upton Sinclair: a Study in Social Protest" (Doran) to Floyd Dell. A social protestant himself, Mr. Dell is temperamentally sufficiently unlike Mr. Sinclair to be able to view dispassionately certain aspects of his subject without being altogether out of sympathy with a sometimes rather exasperating point of view. At the same time, he is enough of a radical to be instinctively more interested in the matter than the manner of Upton Sinclair's novels, which it would be difficult for a purely æsthetic critic to discuss with patience. Mr. Sinclair is as thorough a Puritan as this country has produced, even though his religion is not that of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mr. Dell is not, I gather, in sympathy with Puritanism, but he does sympathize with and understand Upton Sinclair's aims.

He rightly begins with the question which every American who is interested asks every European who is interested:

Americans generally are truly surprised and puzzled by Upton Sinclair's fame abroad — by the fact that he seems to be regarded throughout the world as his country's most distinguished literary figure. . . . So great is the discrepancy between his position in the world at large and his position in his own country, that a book about him may as well begin by offering some explanation, to bewildered American readers, of his world fame.

Mr. Dell believes that the explanation lies in the fact that "modern industrial America is a new portent in an old world; and the world has looked to American literature for realistic description and intellectual interpretation of it — and has found these things chiefly and best in the writings of Upton Sinclair."

There is acute criticism in his remarks, yet they omit something which is essential to a clear understanding of Upton Sinclair's fame abroad. First of all, he is regarded as the country's "most distinguished literary figure" only by people who are in the radical and Socialist movements. I doubt if anyone not interested in social problems has ever read him abroad or thought of him, save possibly as a Socialist who once wrote a sensational novel about the Chicago packers. Moreover, his Puritanism further recommends him to the British Socialists because it is such a proof of that respectability which is dearer than anything else to the heart of the British working classes. It has always been the aim of the Socialist movement in Britain to prove

that one could believe in the nationalization of railways without advocating free love or the nationalization of women, and to champion prohibition as the workers' means to salvation, whereas here it is advocated as a means of getting more work out of more efficient slaves.

Upton Sinclair has, therefore, everything to recommend him to radical circles

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Twilight Sleep. By Edith Wharton (Appleton).

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn. (Simon and Schuster).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

abroad. He is the exponent of industrial America, he is an American Socialist, and he is American enough to be a Puritan. The iconoclasm of H. L. Mencken has no corresponding welcome from conservatives abroad. Conservative iconoclasm is, however, a much more truly American phenomenon than Puritan Socialism, and is, to that extent, incomprehensible to those unfamiliar with American life. It is easier to understand Upton Sinclair's heresies against American conventions than H. L. Mencken's. The former deals with conditions which are universally true of industrial capitalism and are American only in so far as he touches on the element represented by foreign labor. In the least Socialist of all possible industrial countries Mr. Sinclair naturally occupies an anomalous position.

FLOYD DELL frankly recognizes the difficulties in the way of Upton Sinclair's acceptance by the bulk of American readers. Yet he does not falter in his attempt to make this unsympathetic personality interesting. I have read every page of his account of Upton Sinclair with the deepest interest, yet I am left as I was at the outset: unattracted

by his ideals and unconvinced of his merits as a writer.

Mr. Sinclair is fortunate in not having a more sardonic commentator for a biographer, inasmuch as the biographical details, related with occasional flashes of kindly irony by Mr. Dell, suggest unrivaled opportunities for one of those "psychographs" which would, in this case, explain much that is irritating and repellent in the subject. Self-conscious, self-centered in his altruistic zeal, hopelessly devoid of humor, shy, repressed, ambitious, sensitive, and struggling — Upton Sinclair as a young man is father to the turbulent personage now known to thousands who have heard of him only as an agitator. Mr. Dell outlines his early career, his literary and domestic problems, and leaves him triumphantly as the greatest living pamphleteer.

He is certainly a writer with a highly developed sense for publicity and to that extent an efficient pamphleteer. He is apparently sincere and financially disinterested. He is a man of whom one might say what was said of Diderot: "Beware of that man, he believes every word he says." That, it seems to me, is the essence of Floyd Dell's satisfaction with him. Yet, even when I recall his pamphlets, their weaknesses are more apparent than their virtues, and they are the fundamental weaknesses of the personality that emerges from this book.

THE last time I mentioned Sinclair's name here was in a criticism of his "Mammonart," for which he made great claims as an original and illuminating approach to the subject. I pointed out that, substituting Socialism for evangelical Christianity, he had simply rewritten Tolstoy's "What Is Art?" With characteristic honesty he wrote to THE INDEPENDENT and admitted that he had forgotten the gist of Tolstoy's work. But surely, a re-reading of that book was an indispensable preliminary to embarking upon another criticism of æsthetic criticism as the slave of the "interests." "The Brass Check" and "The Goose Step" are equally vulnerable in their limited application. Boards of business men do not interfere with academic freedom in America any more or less than social and religious elements interfere with academic freedom in England. The Associated Press does not distort or suppress any more than an editor subsidized by a group or a person with a radical panacea. Mr. Sinclair should learn to substitute the words "human nature" for "capitalism."

Symbol and Spirit

A Review J. R. S.

THE TAPESTRY. By J. D. Beresford.
Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill
Company. \$2.50.

ZELDA MARSH. By Charles G. Norris.
New York: E. P. Dutton and Com-
pany. \$2.50.

THOSE professions arbitrarily lumped together under the vague head of "the arts" have long served as fertile fields of investigation for novelists. Some of the resultant studies have been sincere; more of them have been open to suspicion as conscious attempts to profit from the public's fascination in a background of which it knows little and is therefore more than likely to surround with an artificial glamour.

No such charge of insincerity may be leveled at either Mr. Beresford or Mr. Norris. Each has obviously selected his characters because of a strong interest inherent in their lives, rather than with any sidelong glance at the background against which they must move. In each novel, in fact, the background is almost incidental—characters stand out so strongly that any early-developed interest in setting is forgotten as the men and women take the center of the stage. Both novels are interesting as the work of men whose previous achievements qualify them as "important." Yet neither "The Tapestry" nor "Zelda Marsh" may be looked upon as a really significant novel. In Mr. Norris' case one is struck by none of that final sense of tragedy which "Pig Iron," for example, left behind it; with Mr. Beresford there is an inevitable feeling that his immediate background and characters are somehow detached from the English scene. They are interesting in themselves, but nevertheless, the "feel" of England is absent from the pages.

Mr. Beresford introduces John Fortescue as a child, fascinated by a tapestry with which Aunts Lizzie and Caroline are occupying their declining years. The aunts fill a definite place in the rather mixed marital relations of the Fortescue household. Aunt Lizzie's income is a necessary and major consideration in the life of the elder Fortescue, a lazy, ineffectual composer whose one success buoys him over conscious poverty and the rebukes of Aunt Lizzie. John's mother "writes," and when the boy is fifteen, her first successful novel provides funds for a flight to the Riviera, where the father's faithlessness hastens a separation and leaves John, at eighteen, to shift for himself. At Nice he secures work as a helper, later becomes a mason, and finally an embryo carver. From that point the scene shifts back to

England, where John marries the girl who has fascinated him from childhood and becomes a successful architect. The novel rapidly moves through success to tragedy, and leaves John at forty-three in the rather unconvincing position of a man who has found complete peace and perfect understanding of life.

At various stages, the tapestry moves back into the novel. Aunt Lizzie's death leaves it unfinished and John feels the urge to complete it. In the dark days following his tragedy, he sets to work upon it and finds his final solution to life after he has "got up to God," lingering omnipotently over the whole scene of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still. The tapestry becomes to John a symbol of his own life "in which no act, nor thought, nor emotion of his was of any greater or less importance than any other." Toward the close of his story, Mr. Beresford builds much upon this symbol which somehow fails to "click" in the reader's mind. Undoubtedly the failure is largely due to the objective tone which runs so surely throughout the book. An inevitable feeling arises that the symbolism is dragged in by the ears here and there to extricate John from his hopeless state of mind.

Stripped of its excursion into symbolism, however, "The Tapestry" is an objective tale of strong interest. Mr. Beresford writes in a straightforward, almost grim fashion which infuses a strong sense of inevitability and prepares the reader for the tragic note at the close. If his book is not significant in the larger sense, it is still important as an honest, three-dimensional portrait.

WITH greater warmth and with fewer of the symbolical mechanics to encumber him, Mr. Norris sets down the story of Zelda Marsh. At once the reader discovers that the author's and his own interest in this daughter of an itinerant cook is but little in externals, or in the ordinary props and embellishments of fictional structure; situation, background, count for little save as they react upon Zelda herself. In detail, but without prolixity, the struggle of this quixotically idealistic woman after her soul's desire—a theatrical career—is set down.

We come upon Zelda Marsh first when she is in the gloomy home of an uncle and aunt, an orphan much and perhaps justly misunderstood, rebellious, as a school girl is rebellious, against the paraphernalia of tutored adolescence, secretly letting what she hopes may be her soul run riot with her fancies. Within this precocious

inner self she conceives a passionate love for a dreamy boy a year younger than herself; the outcome is inevitable. Zelda is cast off by her uncle, and rather than be sent to an institution, turns to a middle-aged doctor for protection. But her spirit is true to the exalted image of her earlier lover, and to her longing for a stage career.

YEARS intervene filled with dreary disillusionment and struggling not only against the cruelties of the moment but the shadows of a past which had already lost whatever spectral significance it may have had for her. The trouser spirit is bred in her, and it serves well in the pursuit of her ideal; but it brings her to infinite wretchedness on the way. A profligate and worthless husband, a tour in vaudeville with him across the country, the final culmination when she sacrifices her hope of having a child for his sake only to have him discover her story and cast her off, weary months in a charity hospital, and a return to New York, broken in body and spirit, are incidents in a tortuously unfolding story. Gone is all zest for living, gone the desire to become a great actress, only the infinite yearning for peace and a possible reconciliation of what is left of her being to a life she cannot fathom. But without warning her goal is thrust upon Zelda—her name is pricked out in the lights of Broadway: she finds love as she had scarcely dreamed it.

Then comes back first the broken shell of the boy, then the sodden remnants of her husband to tear her contentment to bits once more. Zelda Marsh has found her career—but she discovers that she has not yet found her soul. It is now, when she must forsake all she has so dearly won, that Mr. Norris first really emerges as something other than just another novelist. He allows his heroine to discover that the satisfaction of an ambition cannot necessarily bring self-respect to her soul—and refrains from proving, by a *coup de plume*, that it can. For this restraint, for this uncommon acceptance of his own professed theories the reader may be grateful indeed, as for a more than workmanlike piece of writing.

And it is here that Mr. Norris and Mr. Beresford most widely differ. The one achieves fairly the understanding of a human spirit without ostentation, without symbolical emphasis; finds in circumstances of utterly tragic implication an authentic note of triumph. The other, by coloring incidents not in themselves tragic with grim inevitability creates a tragedy essentially complete.

New Books in Brief Review

Open House. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

IT is equally true in literary as in more specific types of service that many shall be called but few chosen to represent excellence—at least in the field of the familiar essay: the number of men now writing who can lay any claim to renown for their efforts in this direction may be told off on the fingers of one hand. Which brings us hastily to add: if there were, say, five such before, there are now certainly six. For Mr. Priestley, literary critic of the London *Observer* and author of the engaging novel, "Adam in Moonshine," has definitely joined the ranks of the chosen with his "Open House." As others of his kind—Christopher Morley, Logan Pearsoll Smith, Alpha of the Plow, Professor Grandgent, or A. P. Herbert—he has pondered well the idiosyncrasies of everything from shoes and ships to cabbages and kings, has regarded queens solemnly through cats' eyes, and philosophized thereon. Sometimes he waxes ironical, often excusably serious, as often merely amusing—but always charming indeed. How pleasant it would be if there were more like him and fewer who tried to be and failed! It would be unfair not to mention here the excellence of the format and binding which the Messrs. Harper have given to the book. It should easily rank as one of the most satisfying and careful examples of bookmaking which the past year has brought forth.

The White and Gold Lady. By Foxhall Daingerfield. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

WHEN America was first taking to bicycles life in Kentucky was delightful. Chivalry, now sadly lacking in life, had not yet died. Men worshiped old wine and young horses and lovely women. It was their regard for the latter which caused most of the trouble in Mr. Daingerfield's story, trouble which somehow leaves the reader cold. However, the book is significant not as a novel but as a canvas, warm with the life of Southern ladies and gentlemen before the days of mass production. The story itself is not without flaws, particularly in its closing chapters. But one will pardon these for the sake of the setting in which the events take place, one which civilization has prosaically scrapped to make room for more utilitarian properties on the American stage. Daingerfield is a Kentuckian and has gone deeply into the days when his native State recognized the

cleavages of class distinction, when sheer quality was accepted master of society. His first opus was a mystery yarn. His second is much more important. It provides a bit of honest and lovely commentary upon a day all too nearly forgotten.

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat. Translated by Leonard Cline. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.50.

IN some unaccountable fashion, this page has previously failed to include mention of "The Honorable Picnic," published early in June. We hasten to rectify the error and to promise that more discerning readers will find between its honorable covers an hour or two of sheer delight. For explanation, it is sufficient to say that the story concerns the honorable picnic which a European diplomat of amorous tendencies, fulfilling a commission in Tokyo, is led to propose through his desire for better acquaintance with a young Japanese girl who has taken his fancy. Each chapter is related by one of the principals of the affair—the author tells the first and then lets his characters carry the story further. The resultant mixture of pleasant *naïveté* and gentle satire compounds as original and unusual a tale as might be desired. Certain of our more imbecile censors have found fault with its proprieties, forgetting that Japan and Alabama are not synonymous civilizations. In general, the book casts a keen and vivid light on both Occidental and Oriental civilizations, but its chief value is in its delicacy as a story, a work of art; and there it is a very fine success.

The Lost Sword of Shamyl. By Lewis Stanton Palen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

MR. PALEN has already recorded the amazing adventures of the "White Devil" and his wife through the vain, stirring days of the last counter-revolution against the Bolsheviks. This book is a companion piece and conclusion to his two earlier memoirs. Primarily, it tells how the sword, formerly the property of the outlaw, Shamyl, carried in the war by the White Devil and taken from him by a Red commissar at the time of his capture, found its way back into his hands. But Mr. Palen has taken the opportunity to include as well some of the more quiet chapters in the boyhood of this extraordinary figure. These earlier scenes of typical childhood among the aristocracy of czarist days will interest

all, regardless of whether they have read Mr. Palen's record of the more martial chapters of the White Devil's later life. No mention of the book would be complete without a word of high praise for the delightful and original drawings by Prince Serge Cantacuzene-Speransky which illustrate the text.

The Mob. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

SINCE Rudolph Valentino demonstrated to Señor Blasco Ibáñez how a second-rate novel may be developed into a passing moving picture, the Spanish novelist has been pointing his pen at Hollywood. But since "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" won popularity as book and film, both the written works of the Spaniard and the screen versions thereof have deteriorated. "The Mob" plumbs the mediocrity to which a novelist, riding on the wave of past popularity, may sometimes descend. It is a badly written, loose portrayal of the lives and sufferings of human riffraff in Madrid—a tale of raggickers, poachers, impecunious writers, and gypsies. After interminable events of little significance and less interest, our hero, a sickly and cowardly hanger-on among journalists, is regenerated by the death of his mistress and the legacy of a son—an old literary trick, but in this case, unconvincingly performed. "The Mob" will not even make a good movie.

Flower Show. By Denis Mackail. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

THE English town of Nutlington comes to life for a day and all the inhabitants breathe through the pages of this latest example of Denis Mackail's humor and observation. The book is by no means a novel. It is a picture of an English town done in detail by a good reporter. The passages through which six-year-old John Hewell, "heir to the property," laughs and plays are faintly reminiscent of Barrie. Mackail knows little boys, their outlook, their mental reactions, their hopes and puzzlings. The heir to the property is by far the most thoroughly alive character in the book, which is generous in its *dramatis personæ*. The action in the story takes place in a single day, and Mackail so depicts the events which lead up to the flower show that one anticipates it as certainly an event of major world importance, which is just as it should be. "Flower Show" is a delicate piece of literary bric-a-brac.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THE SACCO-VANZETTI case which has focused the attention of the world upon Massachusetts, will probably reach final solution soon after this appears in print. The execution of the two men convicted of murdering a pay-roll guard and his assistant in South Braintree, Massachusetts,

seven years ago, had been arranged for midnight, August 10, but after a lengthy meeting of the governor's council at which pleas of the defense were heard, it was decided to grant a respite until August 23 in order that counsel for the defense might have every opportunity to save the condemned men. On August 10 the defense carried the matter to Supreme Court Justice OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES in an effort to obtain a writ of habeas corpus. But Justice HOLMES denied the writ, and Judge GEORGE W. ANDERSON of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals denied a similar request. All of the pleas were based upon the alleged prejudice of Judge THAYER who presided at the trial.

On August 8, petitions were filed with Judge WEBSTER THAYER for revocation of sentence and stay of execution upon grounds of prejudice. Justice SANDERSON of the Massachusetts Supreme Court refused to grant a plea of the defense that Judge THAYER be

relieved from hearing motions based upon his own prejudice, and the Dedham judge duly denied all motions. ARTHUR D. HILL, who has taken the place of WILLIAM G. THOMPSON as chief defense counsel, pleaded with him to retire from the case and allow another judge to hear the motions, arguing that no man was able to judge fairly his own prejudice. But Judge THAYER refused.

As August 10, the first date set for the execution approached, radicals in many parts of the world staged protests with bombs while several threatened riots

were averted only by timely police action. In New York bombs were exploded in three subway stations, killing one person and injuring others. In Buenos Aires two bombs were exploded. The home of the mayor of Baltimore was partially destroyed by an explosion, as was a Philadelphia church. In Boston all police were called from their vacations and the city's trained riot squad mobilized against possible trouble. In Chicago a mob of 4,000 persons led by a bobbed-haired high-school girl marched toward the loop singing the "International." Tear bombs were used by police to disperse them.

Protests against the execution of the two men flooded into Governor FULLER's office from all parts of the world. President COOLIDGE and Attorney-General

SARGENT also received appeals for their intercession. But all Federal officials declared that the case should be handled alone by the State of Massachusetts.

Protests and Praise

The Week

¶A respite for Sacco and Vanzetti. The courts consider. But Judge Thayer denies all motions. New defense counsel. Bombs and other protests. Europe agitated. But America is generally calm. ¶A gallant soldier dies. Colonel of the Rough Riders and governor-general of the Philippines. ¶Aftermath of the Geneva conference. No building race, says Mr. Coolidge after talking with Secretary Wilbur. But we shall begin a five-year building program. ¶Political gossip. ¶A Peace Bridge across the Niagara. ¶Air derby for \$35,000. San Francisco to Honolulu. ¶Other flights.

While radicals were protesting in London, Paris, New York, and most of the large cities in the world, the American people generally remained calm. Strikes were called in several cities, but fizzled when only a few workmen left their jobs. Almost unanimously the American press—including papers which had urged clemency for Sacco and VANZETTI—praised the investigation and report made by Governor FULLER and his advisory committee as just and fair and as conclusive evidence that the two men had been fairly tried.

The death of Maj. Gen. LEONARD WOOD in Boston on August 6 ended the career of a soldier and administrator whose rise to eminence from an obscure

rank in the Army Medical Department was outstanding in American military history. A native of New Hampshire, General Wood graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1885 and immediately entered the Army as a contract surgeon. Though slightly lame he was attracted to the rigorous life of the line and under General LAWTON so distinguished himself as a combat officer against the Apache Indians that

he was awarded America's most coveted badge of courage—the Congressional Medal of Honor. During the Spanish-American War he was in command of the famous regiment of Rough Riders in which THEODORE ROOSEVELT was lieutenant colonel.

When Spain capitulated he was commissioned by President MCKINLEY as governor of Cuba and charged with the task of preparing the Cubans for in-

dependence. He reshaped the judiciary in the new nation, put the tottering public-school system on a sound footing, and set up agencies for the successful combat of tropical disease. On the day when the Cuban flag of freedom was first flung to the Havana breezes, while the whole country was singing his praises he modestly boarded a ship and sailed for home. After signal service in the Philippines he was commissioned a major general and from 1910 to 1914 was chief of staff of the United States Army. When the United States entered the World War, General Wood was sidetracked from the theatre of operations by the Wilson Administration. His friends were outraged, but with military bluntness WOOD responded to their anger with the statement: "I am a soldier. I obey orders."

In 1920 General Wood was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. After his inauguration, President HARDING appointed General Wood gov-

ernor-general of the Philippines, where he showed a firm hand, obeying orders

to the letter despite severe opposition in Manila. Filipinos who fought him nevertheless respected him, and the archipelago went into deep mourning at his death. From Rapid City comes the report that his successor as governor-general of the Islands would be a civilian and not an Army man. This statement was taken to indicate that the President contemplates an amelioration of the American policy in the Islands. General Wood was buried in Arlington Cemetery at Washington. His body rests under a knoll surrounded by the graves of the gallant Rough Riders whom he commanded in Cuba.

Fears that the collapse of the naval limitations conference at Geneva would precipitate a dangerous and costly warship-building race between the United States and Great Britain

Navy Plans were dispelled on August 9 by President COOLIDGE. After a conference with Secretary of the Navy WILBUR, the President announced at Rapid City, South Dakota, where the summer White

Sacco-Vanzetti Case

Judge Thayer Reposes

Bombs and Riots

House is located, that the Administration's Navy program would not be altered by the failure of the Geneva conferees to reach an agreement. In the President's opinion the Government should proceed with naval construction as though the Geneva conference had never been held. Mr. COOLIDGE vouchsafed the conviction that the failure at Geneva should not be accepted as final, and that an agreement on limitation for cruisers, destroyers, and submarines may be reached by negotiations among the powers.

Secretary WILBUR, after consultation with the President, told correspondents that the American naval policy should conform to our actual needs and should

No Competition not aim at competition with any other nation. The Navy Department will recommend a five-year building program to the next Congress. An attempt on the part of "big Navy" proponents to force a huge construction plan through Congress is anticipated, but it will be met by the full weight of Administration opposition. Several leaders in Congress, including Senator BORAH of Idaho, have already publicly indorsed the moderate program advised by President COOLIDGE.

President COOLIDGE is studying a farm-relief bill prepared in Washington as a substitute for the McNary-Haugen measure which was killed by executive

New Farm Relief veto during the last session of Congress. The proposed new bill was presented to Mr. COOLIDGE by FRANK EVANS, general counsel of the Farm Bureau Federation. It is said to have the support of Secretaries HOOVER, MELLON, and JARDINE.

The measure differs from the McNary-Haugen bill in several important particulars. Instead of proposing machinery by which the Government would control

The Measure farm prices it drafts a plan for machinery by which farmers may help themselves. It avoids the price-fixing provisions and the objectionable equalization fee in the McNary-Haugen measure, but proposes the establishment of farmer-controlled corporations to adjust supply and demand by purchase of crop surpluses. The finances of these corporations would be guaranteed by government loans. The bill would establish a Federal farm board composed of the Secretary of Agriculture and three members to be appointed by the President with the approval of the Senate. This board would be provided with a revolving fund of \$300,000,000 with which to finance purchase of overstocks and aid farmers' cooperative associations.

Although the substitute measure is widely called the Administration bill, President COOLIDGE has not

A Feeler indorsed it. The text of the measure was made public as a feeler. Opinion on the soundness of its provisions

varies. It has been branded as "unacceptable" by many prominent farm editors including Senator CAPPER of Kansas. A number of economists have declared it to be fundamentally unsound. One expert asserted that if farmers were assured that their crops in years of overproduction would be purchased at a fair price by money supplied out of the government Treasury there would be a vast surplus annually, and that the resultant drain on the Federal coffers might be disastrous.

Stunned by President COOLIDGE's statement that he did not "choose to run for President in 1928," Republican leaders have recovered from the shock

Political Outbreak and now have generally reached the conclusion that the Chief Executive meant

what he said. As a result organized attempts to induce the President to reconsider have been practically abandoned and Republican politicians are preparing to support other aspirants. HENRY FORD has declared himself in favor of HERBERT HOOVER. Speaker GILLET of the House of Representatives has gone on record for CHARLES EVANS HUGHES with HOOVER as second choice. Senator MOSES of New Hampshire issued a statement asserting that LOWDEN would win "if the election were held tomorrow." Reports from Chicago indicate that Vice President DAWES will not be a candidate in farm-belt primaries where his friend LOWDEN is strong and where he himself would find substantial favor. It is the guess of Illinois political observers that DAWES and LOWDEN do not wish to impair one another's strength in territory where both are popular; these early prognosticators suggest that in the convention the one who seems to have the least chance of winning the nomination will throw his support to the other. President COOLIDGE has informally informed enquiring newspaper men that he is neutral and will not actively espouse the candidacy of any seeker after the Republican nomination.

Meantime Democrats in New York are busily building hopes for the election of Gov. ALFRED E. SMITH on the belief that COOLIDGE would have been the strongest

Al's Chances Republican candidate, and that his withdrawal adds strength to the candidacy of the hopeful contestant from the sidewalks of New York.

Pledges of perpetual friendship between the United States, Canada, and Great Britain were renewed by high dignitaries of the three Governments on the occasion

Peace Bridge of the opening of the Peace Bridge across the Niagara River. On August 7 the PRINCE OF WALES, his brother, Prince GEORGE, Prime Minister BALDWIN of Great Britain, and Prime Minister KING of Canada advanced on the span from

the Canadian side and shook hands over a silk ribbon with Vice President DAWES, Secretary of State KELLOGG, and Governor SMITH of New York. All spoke in glowing terms of the community of interests between the two great North American countries and alluded to the bridge as a symbol of the international amity. Vice President DAWES leaped over the restraints of diplomacy and bluntly deplored the failure of the conference at Geneva to reach an agreement on naval limitations. He said that both the United States and Great Britain went to the conference so inadequately prepared by previous study of each other's needs that agreement was impossible. Both he and Prime Minister BALDWIN declared that war between Great Britain and the United States is inconceivable. The PRINCE OF WALES was particularly informal. He inquired with interest after the quality of Secretary KELLOGG's golf game and chatted laughingly with Vice President DAWES. The Peace Bridge was financed by private capital supplied by Canadians and Americans. When the investors are reimbursed the span will become the joint property of the United States and Canada.

As we go to press twenty-five men and one woman are on their marks for the Dole air derby from San Francisco to Honolulu; \$35,000 in prizes is offered

Air Derby for the first two 'planes to accomplish the flight. The aggregate investment of the contesting flyers is \$200,000. The first prize is \$25,000—the second \$10,000. Miss MILDRED DORAN, school teacher of Flint, Michigan, was the sole woman left among the entries. In all, thirteen 'planes were lined up for the start. Prominent among the contestants was Capt. WILLIAM ERWIN who planned the hop as a leg on his flight from Dallas, Texas, to Hongkong, China. Two 'planes, one flown by Army aviators, the other by civilians, have already made the flight.

Meanwhile American aviators were making ready for projected flights to Rome, South America, and around the world. LLOYD W. BERTAUD and JAMES

Other Flights D. HILLS were at Curtiss Field with their monoplane, *Old Glory*, completing preparations for their proposed nonstop air journey to Rome. PAUL R. REDFERN was approaching the take-off in an attempt to fly without a stop from Brunswick, Georgia, to Brazil over an intervening stretch of water 1,900 miles long. EDWARD F. SCHLEE who is planning to hop off from Newfoundland soon for a swift air trip around the world was giving his ship tests at Washington. SCHLEE is contemplating long hops and hopes to beat the twenty-eight-day record established by American Army fliers in their globe-circling flight.

The Editor Steps Down

NOT long ago the postman came snorting down upon us with a most lethal letter from a reader in Chicago. Mr. Hermann Outgrowth, whose intimate notes from Europe printed in these columns a month or two ago will doubtless be well remembered, seemed to be the object of the attack. Before his removal to Boston some years ago, Mr. Outgrowth had been a big grain and feed man in Duluth, and had a large circle of friends in the Windy City. We are totally at a loss to account for our correspondent's acrimony in this instance. However, equitable as may be the tenor of the writer's remarks, we interject a doubt — as one who has never been to Scotland — whether Mr. Outgrowth really considered falling from a massy pinnacle in Skye a signal privilege. We append our reader's letter below:

DEAR SIR:

Unlike your frolicsome correspondent, Mr. Hermann Outgrowth, in your July 2 issue, I have never had the distinguished honor of falling off a rock in Scotland — or grouching about it in print in a London hotel — or of visiting the British House of Parliament in search of the ludicrous. But I have just got back from the hospital where I spent twenty-four miserable days recovering from a well-nigh fatal operation, meditating the meanwhile on my own sins and those of other people. I marvel at his going 3,000 miles from his own country to sprain an ankle by falling off a rock when there are hundreds of lovely precipices in this country where he might fall and break his neck in comfort. And we have at least forty-nine Legislatures here in America on which American humorists have expended their best talents and have been amply rewarded. I think he ought to leave that sort of thing to Will Rogers; he does it so much better.

¶Mr. Hermann Outgrowth evidently regards himself — with that name! — as a typical American. At any rate it is clear that he is a type of American abroad with whom some of us are familiar and of whom we are not proud — the chap on whose naturalization papers the ink is scarcely dry, who wears a checkerboard suit of screaming colors, a horseshoe-shaped diamond on his shirt front, carries his cigar at an angle, a small American flag pinned to his coat lapel, and screams forth in a foreign country the information that he is an American.

¶Psychologically, that type of American is hard to classify. In some respects he resembles a fussy old maid whose sutures have long since closed to all ideas, while in other respects he displays the "I. Q." of a conceited and bumptious youth of about fourteen. His attitude toward anything or anybody foreign is distinctly mediæval. He tells us that he doesn't like foreigners because they differ from "us" — meaning his type of American. For the same reason he dislikes the Irish and

South Carolinians! Difference of ritual and costume among primitive tribes, anthropologists tell us, constituted an eternal blood feud. The Greeks characterized everybody outside their own circle as "barbaroi." Throughout the uncivilized world always and in western Europe till recently, a stranger was necessarily an enemy.

¶The United States has officially set its face against that theory. It has tried sympathetically to get the other nation's viewpoint, its reasons for its opinions, and has tried to set forth courteously its own views and reasons and to arrive at a satisfactory compromise based on that procedure. In this respect Mr. Outgrowth's mentality represents a civic attitude that is fast falling into innocuous desuetude — he is a dreary anachronism.

¶Mr. Outgrowth's cognomen is obviously a misnomer. A suitable synonym will doubtless occur to your really American readers.

E. L. C. MORSE.

The Prohibition Treadmill

(Continued from page 186)

vetoed it. Then the fight began in earnest. Myron H. Clark, author of the proposed prohibitory law, ran against Seymour on a dry platform. After a red-hot campaign, Clark was elected by a majority of 309 votes. Immediately upon his inauguration on January 1, 1855, the new governor sent a message to the Legislature urging enactment of the Maine law. A bitter contest ensued, but it passed the Legislature on April 3 and went into effect on July 4, 1855. Believe it or not, mass meetings were held along Broadway to celebrate the dry victory. Resolutions were adopted in the Broadway tabernacle hailing it as the most glorious event since the Declaration of Independence.

Other States followed suit in rapid order. Within a few months prohibition laws were on the statute books in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, and Nebraska. Prohibition laws were introduced in many other States and had been passed but prevented from going into effect in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

But when prohibition comes, reaction, it seems, is never far behind. Before the end of the year 1855, we find the governor of New York complaining that the dry law "has been subjected to an opposition more persistent, unscrupulous and defiant than is often incurred by an act of legislation. In . . . New York and others of our large towns, it has, through the connivance of magistrates and executive

officers sworn to sustain the laws, been flagrantly disregarded, on the pretense principally of its unconstitutionality." The State Supreme Court came to the rescue of the wets and nullified the law by a vote of five to three.

Grandfather never locked the door behind him in his experiments with prohibition. Within a few years, all the prohibitory laws, except those of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, were wiped off the statute books. Massachusetts had a seesaw struggle over its dry law, but in 1875 the measure was repealed and a license law adopted.

History, it is obvious, does a lot of repeating in prohibition as in everything else. Study of the long record of actions and reactions leaves one in doubt as to whether the issue will ever be settled. Perhaps the present system is as satisfactory a solution as any: the wets have their liquor and the dries have their law.

Conrad of Austria

(Continued from page 176)

same day ordered general mobilization, against Russia.

But it was now too late to carry out the arrangements made for this larger program. Case B had worked only too smoothly according to schedule, and the three armies were already on the trains en route to the Serbian frontier. It was impossible to unscramble things or reverse the operation. The elaborate set of train movements had to be carried through according to schedule; and not until they reached their destination could the forces now destined for the Russian front be gathered up again and railed north. Conrad sent off a long letter of excuses to Moltke: ". . . we hoped to be able to fight Serbia without other complications. The endeavor of all the powers to localize the war strengthened us in this belief."

The sequel was quite in keeping with this brilliant beginning. To make matters worse, the Austrian commander on the Serbian front refused to release the troops ordered north against Russia, but engaged them at once in the "side show." The quick and easy triumph Conrad had planned proved a humiliating failure; and only after they had suffered heavy and useless losses were these troops sent up to him in Galicia. He himself, meanwhile, with only half his army at hand and the rest four hundred miles beyond the Danube, marched forth vaguely on the offensive against the Russians — and was promptly routed. His damaged reinforcements from Serbia came up just in time to share in his final defeat at Lemberg, the Marne of the Austrians. All Conrad could do was to dig in and wait until the main German forces turned eastward.

They never turned — not in all the four years the war lasted. During the very days Conrad was being beaten at Lemberg, Moltke was meeting his fate on the Marne. The decision came on the fortieth day, just as he had promised; it was only the result that was not according to plan; and Conrad, as he had always feared, was left "sitting in the ink."

The honors were thus easy, in defeat, between the two allies; and at bottom there seems little ground for the bitter mutual recrimination they have indulged in ever since. Each had lost his campaign in his own way and by his own errors. Conrad, at least, had no right to complain. He had gambled the fate of his country on a hypothetical victory in France which he himself never believed in and then when the time came had thrown away his own chance of safety by turning his back on Russia.

The Potomac Fights for Its Heritage

(Continued from page 178)

pay. A recent report by the Citizen's Committee opposing the power plan brands the "cheaper power" slogan of the private development advocates as misleading, and estimates that the reduction in rates to private consumers would be about one half of one cent per kilowatt hour. Figures in the Tyler report indicated that the power stations erected at the two dam sites would furnish 675,000,000 kilowatt hours of continuous power. The total consumption of the District of Columbia at present is around 350,000,000 kilowatts, of which the government establishments take about one fifth. The obvious conclusion is that a market for this additional power could be developed only as industries are established here, and additional industries are neither wanted nor needed by the capital.

Washington citizens who have guarded the capital against any industrial encroachment recently made loud protest against the proposal to build a politely called "abattoir" in Rosslyn or historic Alexandria, just over the river in Virginia and marking the entrance to the city from the south. They would protest with greater vehemence the appearance of cotton mills, shoe factories, or dye works on the outskirts of the city and the addition of a large industrial population. Put Washington into the commercial race with Pittsburgh, Wilmington, and the industrial cities of New England, and you change its character permanently — and, its citizens believe, for the worse. The protest to be effective must first be directed at the power project, which would necessitate a market which does not now exist.

Washington has apparently only recently awakened to the realization that the Potomac is in imminent danger either of falling into the hands of a private power company or of being used to demonstrate the theories of those who believe in government ownership and control of hydroelectric power sites. The resulting contest in Congress may equal that which now rages around Boulder Cañon and Muscle Shoals, with the difference that the main issue is not public versus private development, but the relative commercial and æsthetic value of Great Falls and the upper Potomac.

President Coolidge recently told the National Conference on City Planning that Washington should be "a suitable expression of American ideals and achievements." If America's great ideal is commercial development, the Great Falls of the Potomac and the incomparably beautiful stretches of the river so near the capital can be made to demonstrate impressively how efficiently the nation upholds this ideal.

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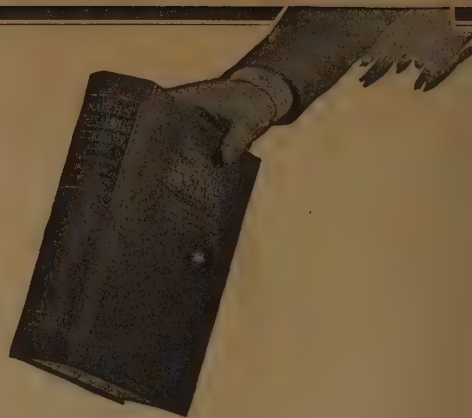
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A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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MR. COOLIDGE'S "choice" not to be a candidate next year by no means decided the debate over what constitutes a third term. Had he amplified his statement with a declaration that he believes no President should retain office for more than eight years he would have clarified a tradition which is altogether too indefinite. Every time a Vice President succeeds to office and is later elected, the argument over interpretation of the third-term precedent is certain to be renewed. There seems to be only one way for the country to settle the debate once and for all — and at the same time to erect a definite prohibition to overlong tenure of office for Presidents. That is by Constitutional amendment limiting Chief Executives to one term of six years.

We are not among those reformers who believe that the single term would correct all the political ills to which a democracy is heir, but we are quite sure that it would have a wholesome effect on many of them. At the present moment, with President Coolidge out of the picture, and therefore no candidate seeking reelection to be considered, the problem may be examined with perfect dispassion. Strangely enough, one of the most searching arguments against the eligibility of American Presidents for reelection

was written in 1840 by a Frenchman — Alexis de Tocqueville. His remarks on the subject, quoted below, might have been made in 1927.

Intrigue and corruption are the natural defects of elective government; but when the head of the state can be reelected these evils rise to a great height, and compromise the very existence of the country. When a simple candidate seeks to rise by intrigue, his manoeuvres must necessarily be limited to a narrow sphere; but when the chief magistrate enters the lists, he borrows the strength of the Government for his own purposes . . .

It is impossible to consider the ordinary course of affairs in the United States without perceiving that the desire of being reelected is the chief aim of the President; that his whole Administration, and even his most indifferent measures, tend to this object; and that, as the crisis approaches, his personal interest takes the place of his interest in the public good . . .

The greatest proof of the ability of the American legislators is that . . . they conceived that a certain authority above the body of the people was necessary, which should enjoy a degree of independence, without, however, being entirely beyond the popular control. . . . To this end . . . they

granted extensive prerogatives to the President, and they armed him with the veto to resist the encroachments of the legislature.

But by introducing the principle of reelection they partly destroyed their work; and they rendered the President but little inclined to exert the great power they had vested in his hands. If ineligible a second time, the President would be far from independent of the people, for his responsibility would not be lessened; but the favor of the people would not be so necessary to him as to induce him to court it by humoring its desires. Eligible for reelection, the President of the United States becomes an easy tool in the hands of the majority. He adopts its likings and its animosities, he hastens to anticipate its wishes, he forestalls its complaints, he yields to its idlest cravings, and instead of guiding it, as the legislature intended that he should do, he is ever ready to follow its bidding. Thus, in order not to deprive the state of the talents of an individual, those talents have been rendered almost useless; and to reserve an expedient for extraordinary perils, the country has been exposed to daily danger.

M. de Tocqueville put the case somewhat stronger than we should care to. The deep responsibilities of an American President are in themselves guards against political immorality. At the same time, the machinery which works the will of the Chief Executive is country-wide. Although the President himself may be the embodiment of honor, the same cannot always be said of his advisers and lieutenants. To this fact the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills oil transactions under President Harding bear testimony.

The chief argument against the single term is that it might deprive the country of the continued services of a great executive in time of national stress. This contention is more imaginary than real. No President since Lincoln has been faced with more grave problems than those which confronted President Wilson in 1916, yet — and we say it with all respect to the memory of Mr. Wilson — the country would have suffered no great calamity if Mr. Hughes had been elected. There are always several men in the country fitted for the Presidency.

Discouragement of a Major Dragon

LAST week we thought the Chinese muddle had been entirely settled when we published a clarifying editorial which must have appealed to our more discerning readers as the final word upon a mystifying situation. Since then, however, another important move has altered matters: Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, head of the Nanking Government, has retired to private life and the home of his ancestors, leaving the heady young Nationalists to shift for themselves. One gains the impression from his valedictory that he is pretty well discouraged with the way things are going, a sentiment to which we heartily subscribe. In fact, the only conclusion which

may be drawn from China is that no conclusion is possible until some one man rises, strong enough in himself to eliminate petty factionalism and unite or destroy the fighting, selfish militarists who now prevent progress.

Second Thoughts on the Death Penalty

IN all the excited discussions of such *causes célèbres* as the Sacco-Vanzetti and the Gray-Snyder cases, most of the support for one or the other argument is based on the disputants' reaction to the idea of capital punishment. Those moral petunias who admit that the criminals in question are guilty of murder in the first degree, but who plead for their pardon or the commutation of their sentences because somehow they feel uncomfortable about it, are simply unwilling to face the brutal fact of the death penalty as applied to someone who is not John Doe or Richard Roe. The death penalty is unpopular, and indeed the juries and the judges who sentence a fellow human being to its ultimate, mysterious pains assume a heavy and grievous responsibility. More and more juries are unwilling to shoulder such a responsibility and gladly seek any loophole by which to escape their legal duty. Murderers aplenty and murderesses almost without exception are shuffled by hook or by crook away from the shadow of the gallows or the electric chair. Except in excitement or hot blood the modern, tender-minded citizen is extremely loath to inflict the full penalty of the law and to condemn a fellow pilgrim, however unfortunate, vicious, or perverted, to irrevocable doom.

In this number of THE INDEPENDENT the case for capital punishment is strongly presented by Mr. William Norwood Brigance. He argues that the death penalty is an effective deterrent against capital crimes. Granting that this is true, we are still doubtful that juries will continue to inflict it. We believe that the reluctance of individual jurors to sentence killers to death is part of a mounting wave of humanitarianism, sentimentality, if you like, which is in effect a rebellion against legal logic and practical social sanitation. We believe that this reluctance will grow rather than decrease, and that the next generation will be forced to treat the criminal problem without the short and simple solvent of the death penalty. What the result of this humanity will be no one can say. Mr. Brigance fears its potentialities, but one factor may relieve the situation. The criminal himself may then be educated along with the rest of the public to regard life imprisonment as a doom quite as dreadful as the death penalty now seems to the brutalized philosophers of Murderer's Row. After a certain point, as the war showed, death becomes an unimportant incident. Its very universality, its inevitableness, makes it seem trivial and

almost absurd. Neurotic, amateur criminals may be deterred by its imagined horrors, but the first-class, hard-boiled criminal and killer treats his chances of the chair with a laugh of contempt. The man who elects to "live dangerously" whether in a campaign against society or for it has discounted an early and abrupt death as part of the game. He will not be deterred by its imminence; he will simply try to avert and avoid it for as long as possible. We are not quite convinced by Mr. Brigrance's arguments for the death penalty as a deterrent, and we are surer every day that no matter how effective this penalty may be, society will be less and less willing to employ it. Already to millions of our citizens the death penalty is one with trial by battle and the Right of the Seigneur, an outworn formula, the heritage of a crueler day.

New Orleans Surrenders

JOIN in singing a requiem for the New Orleans that was. The old French city, long a stronghold of the fast-dying American individualist, has capitulated to the boosters, flown the white flag to the crusaders, and is rapidly becoming standardized. Sadly we read the obituary set forth in a mournful dispatch to the *New York Times*. The law against lotteries is being enforced. Reformers are dealing knockout punches to the Sport of Kings and the dog tracks. Unexcelled restaurants, famous in song and story, — Kolb's, La Louisianne, Arnaud's, Broussard's, Antoine's, — are giving way before cafeterias and sandwich shops. Northern realtors are gradually eliminating the quaint atmosphere of lovely old districts with new, modern structures of steel and stone. New Orleans, so the correspondent writes, is "going to bed early."

This is discouraging. The four unique American cities now threaten to become but two. New York is everything — individual because of universal appeal, by virtue of bigness. Boston is different because — well, because it is Boston, as someone once remarked, a state of mind. San Francisco was once a bluff, generous, genial, wicked town, pulsing with the vigor of gold-rush days. But its character burned out with "the fire."

New Orleans, shrugging dainty shoulders at all attempts to make her be good, — laughing, dining, wining, singing, sometimes riotous, always naughty, — seemed immune from standardization. Now, alas! she promises to become just another American city.

Postwar Industry — Second Act

EUROPE is girding itself for commercial war against American industry. Domestic and international combinations, unrestrained by law, have been perfected in almost every basic European

industry. And in steel, at least, the competition has given American interests ground for apprehension. Two years ago when the European steel cartel was formed United States fabricators began looking to their markets. At one time the Treasury Department seriously contemplated a complete embargo on foreign steel. This drastic action was forestalled by more thorough investigation, but much lively diplomatic correspondence was loosed over it. Now come seven American manufacturers of steel and steel products with a formal complaint to the Bureau of Customs that German steel is being dumped on the American market in defiance of our antidumping laws. The complainants ask that the law be enforced and that the tariff on steel be increased.

Whether or not these contentions which the Bureau is now studying are wholly substantiated, the very fact that the complaint has been lodged indicates that steel groups on this side of the Atlantic regard the European combination as a powerful competitor — not only in the United States, but in other markets. It is well known that Europeans have snatched several fat steel contracts in South America from American bidders. Even in this country a number of large cities have purchased Belgian and German structural steel for the simple reason that the Europeans actually undersold bidders on this side of the Atlantic. Since that time American steel men have been delivering patriotic exhortations; but where round dollars are concerned, hard-headed business men are not apt to remain patriotic forever. Hence, the demand for enforcement of antidumping laws and a higher tariff on steel.

The situation which confronts American fabricators is complicated by the fact that members of the farm bloc in Congress declare they will insist on a reduction in steel-tariff schedules at the next session. This move is probably designed as strategic action to force farm-relief legislation. At the same time it does not contribute to the peace of mind of steel men challenged in their own domain.

Signs of international competition are also visible in other basic industries. British and German chemical groups recently formed two huge mergers and plans are now rumored which would fuse the two into one. At the very least, it is said, a trade agreement will be reached dividing world markets and joining forces in competition with Americans. The thirty-year fight for oil supremacy is raging with new vigor. The latest development in this sharp commercial combat between the Royal Dutch-Shell interests of Europe and the Standard Oil group here is the entrance of a Royal Dutch subsidiary into Ohio as a large-scale producer and refiner.

The period of postwar deflation seems to be nearing a drop of the curtain. The next act in the international economic drama probably will reveal a number of industrial giants struggling for world business. If so, Governments must play their parts.

The outstanding activities of the Harding and Coolidge Administrations were concerned with postwar readjustments and deflation. One of the chief problems of American business and of the next few Administrations will be to meet the vast trade expansion now under way in Europe.

Assisting Arrest

LET us suppose that you are an innocent motorist conservatively driving your high-powered Ford down the public highway. In your pocket you have your driver's license and the registration of your vehicle. Your mind is innocent of any preoccupation except the wish to get home in time for supper and the ever-present question as to your ability to support a wife and five small children on your income of thirty dollars a week. You are, in fact, John Citizen, the good, the worthy, if occasionally the forgotten, man.



There is a flurry in the traffic ahead of you. Suddenly, to your intense dismay, a large red-faced policeman leaps on your running board, a naked pistol in his hand. Waving his weapon toward a green Buick rapidly disappearing in the distance he orders you to "drive like — after that — car." Being a good citizen and eager to obey and uphold the law, you drive just as fast as you can after the offending vehicle. The escaping lawbreaker, annoyed by your pursuit, turns in his seat, fires one snapshot at you from his automatic, the bullet strikes you in the heart, and you commit the Irishism of waking up dead. There you are, simply a dead citizen, not a special constable, not a member of a *posse comitatus*, not a deputy sheriff, just an anonymous, informal, casual corpse, who happened to be alive and conveniently at hand when a policeman needed help.

Somewhat similar was the case of Samuel Golden, killed on August 14 in New York City, when the police commandeered him and his car to pursue another automobile which they thought had been stolen. It is true that Mr. Golden had only a wife and a small daughter and a grandmother wholly dependent on him, but his case is complicated by the fact that he was not even a citizen of New York State, being a resident and taxpayer in New Jersey. His family, apparently, have no recourse of any kind except as the city or State of New York sees fit to grant it as an act of grace.

The question naturally arises as to whether it were better to accept or decline the invitation of a casual policeman to risk your life in the pursuit of an alleged criminal. It seems that in some States a refusal of help would render one liable to penalties

for "aiding and abetting the escape of a law violator." Certainly the police have generally the right to call on any citizen for aid in case a criminal is "resisting arrest." But there is, as far as we know, no general rule which delegates to municipal police the power to draft any passer-by into a "hue-and-cry" pursuit of alleged malefactors.

We hope that Mr. Golden's family will be generously dealt with by the New York authorities. No money gift can compensate for the loss of a husband and father, but at least such a gift can save, or help to save, the self-respect and the face of the State. And we hope, too, that lawyers and legislators will give this case their attention and devise some rule for similar cases which will suit the conditions of modern life.

Delights of a Castaway

WHEN Daniel Defoe caused Robinson Crusoe to be shipwrecked on a lonely Pacific Island generally supposed to be Juan Fernandez, where Alexander Selkirk passed four solitary years, the worthy Crusoe opened a set of books with Fate and tried to determine whether he was fortunate or unfortunate by a series of debit and credit entries. On the whole, the fortunate column totted up the higher total of the two, and Mr. Crusoe devoutly thanked God for being alive although alone.

Now, according to Dr. Waldo L. Schmitt of the Smithsonian Institute, Mr. Crusoe should have counted himself an extremely lucky man to have floated ashore in such an earthly paradise. There, it seems, all manner of fruits abound, and other foods were to be had for the asking, including a particularly tasty variety of spineless lobster. In fact, the two hundred and eighty-seven present-day inhabitants of Juan Fernandez make their cash money in the lobster business, shipping their crop of crustaceans to Buenos Aires "where they command a very high price." It is true that these islanders are isolated and that they have no doctors to care for them and send them bills, but when one of them falls sick they wireless his symptoms to Valparaiso, whence learned medicoes radio back prescriptions and treatment.

But think how fortunate was Mr. Crusoe! He had no radio to tell him bedside stories, he was forced to hear no jazz, no speeches by prominent Rotarians, no contralto solos, no short one-act plays. He was troubled by no traffic jams, high taxes, Fundamentalists, or prohibition agents. He never had to worry about what he would have to do to observe Become-a-Friend-to-Girls-Week. He could sit around all day eating fruit and spineless lobsters, perfectly confident that he was not obliged to read a tabloid. On the whole, one reaches the inevitable conclusion that Robinson Crusoe — like Rip Van Winkle — "was a lucky man."

Trials of the Air Lords

THE Federal Radio Commission, baby among Government agencies, is fast learning the meaning of political pressure. It was to curb free and unrestrained roving among the ether lanes by the fast-growing army of the microphone that Congress created this control body; now some of the members of that same Congress are doing their utmost to destroy the Commission's impartial jurisdiction by trying to salt away unwarranted privileges for broadcasting friends. Powerful constituents are these owners of broadcasting stations; Senators and Congressmen, it seems, can't help casting long looks toward the range their campaign speeches will have if only favorable wave lengths and good power output can be wheedled out of the Radio Commission for the proper stations.

The sword of Damocles hangs over the heads of Commissioners Caldwell and Bellows in that their appointments failed of confirmation in the filibustering hours that wound up the last session. But only an obtuse radio observer will believe that the handful of Senators who have plums to pick and fail to pick them can cut the string of public approval that holds the sword. The opinion of a vast army of listeners, still optimistic and hopeful of a happier winter at their dials, is not going to be ignored.

To the credit of the Federal infant, it has stood well above ingratiating and threat. There are no harder or more sincere workers than Caldwell and Bellows. The chairman, Rear Admiral William H. G. Bullard, U. S. N., retired, is "hard boiled" and plainly shows that he doesn't give a hoot for the politicians. The genial Judge Sykes of Jackson, Mississippi, takes a judicial attitude, aloof, firm, yet always gracious. Judge Sykes is a Southern gentleman, former justice of the Supreme Court of his State. Commissioner Dillon, risen from a noncom in the Army Signal Corps to the \$10,000 berth, knowing his radio well, is unhappily out of the present picture, seriously ill at his home in San Francisco. All in all, the Commission bears a distinctly Hoover complexion, and a fortunate balance almost unique in a Coolidge creation. It is, therefore, particularly well fitted to withstand the pressure which is being applied by politicians to hamper the immense task it faces in crowding 690-odd stations on just ninety wave lengths available for program broadcasting.

Nevertheless, the pressure is strong. For example, a "mysterious Mr. Mellon" — not Andrew J., it was made plain, for the Secretary is in Europe — was mentioned at a recent hearing concerning a certain Pittsburgh station. His influence was indicated behind a move to preempt for that station all of the time on a particular wave length, crowding off another station owned by a rival electrical firm. Admiral Bullard was rightly irritated by this

bland interference; he was downright annoyed when ex-Congressman Frank Scott, who as lame-duck member of the Congressional conference committee helped write the radio bill which created the commission, strove to high-power that body with a sheaf of indorsement letters urging the full-time proposal. One of Mr. Scott's letters was from Senator David A. Reed, and plainly that was little to the admiral's liking. What was the stations' intrinsic worth? He didn't care what influential men had to say about what they wanted. What kind of programs did the respective stations offer?

The Pittsburgh outfit, smugly confident that its political big stick would follow through, saw no reason why its neighbor should not go to another wave, or quit altogether. Undoubtedly to its surprise, however, the Commission indulged in some finger snapping at its big stick. As part of the recent reallocations of wave lengths, the order went out to divide time between the two stations. As a result, the radio audience which depends upon Pittsburgh for its programs may expect variety and a cessation of last winter's babel of sound.

It was Senator Robinson of Indiana who sent his bright young secretary to another hearing the same week to admit candidly that he knew nothing about radio and less about the station considered, but that "our office thought I might appear as a witness to use what little influence our office had with you gentlemen of the Commission to see that Mr. Johnson got his station." The hearing was on an application of a Gary dance-hall owner for a license to broadcast from his new station, despite the Commission's avowed policy not to license new stations on account of the congestion already existing. "Training local Gary talent" was the object of the station, deposed Mr. Johnson, and the young secretary observed with a fine show of local pride, "We in Indiana don't want to have to dance to the tune of Chicago."

Radio experts are watching every move of the Commission, and it is probably no assumption to say the public is at least eagerly hoping that better reception and less interference will result from its decisions. Granted the law has its defects in relation to censorship and other details, it does provide a means for cleaning up an annoying mess. And a study of the Commission's decisions does not reveal it playing into anyone's hands — not yet. Proceeding slowly, warily, it has a chance to do a good job and so far is doing it. But its position is hardly enviable, considering the immensity of the problem it is tackling, despite the ample security provided in the latitudinous clauses of the Radio Act of 1927. Soon 435 meddlesome Congressmen and 96 more meddlesome Senators will be in Washington for concerted plays of influence. Will the Commission bear up through the babbling that is bound to ensue this autumn?

Where Do We Go from Geneva?

Admiral Mahan's Chickens Come Home to Roost

By John Carter

THE Geneva conference has been enormously beneficial to this country. It is perfectly true that our Government did not succeed in convincing Great Britain and Japan to limit their naval strengths along American lines. But it is also true that Great Britain did not succeed in persuading our negotiators to abandon American interests for the sake of returning to Washington with an agreement. For the first time, the United States has emerged from an international conference with its rights intact and its principles unimpaired. This marks so distinct an advance in our diplomacy that it alone is cause for congratulation, as are the sanity and good temper with which the American public regarded the negotiations. It should be a matter of pride that public opinion in the United States has learned to think coolly and responsibly about our international relations.

The real advantage to America, however, is in the cheap education which the American people have received in the nature and meaning of sea power, profound and salutary enlightenment upon truths enunciated forty years ago by Admiral Mahan. We have learned, for example, of the unity of the sea. We have been brought to realize that the great business of the sea is commerce, that sea power is not for the defense of coasts or for trans-oceanic military operations, primarily, but for the control of the world's commerce and for the protection of one's own coastwise and oceanic trade. Moreover, the discussions made us realize that sea power is a unit. We have discovered that warships cannot be separated from naval bases, fueling stations, armed or convertible merchant vessels. Finally, we have learned that sea power is world power. These lessons, taught long ago by Mahan, have molded the naval policies of every European nation; thanks to the Geneva conference, they have been taken to heart in the United States and presage the emergence of a settled American naval policy which is based neither on parity with Great Britain nor on domestic economy, but on our national necessities.

Throughout the conference the British delegates showed a stubborn realization of the basic facts of

sea power. They were determined — and very properly so — to yield no material portion of their universal strength at sea. They were determined to build the type and number of vessels they needed,

and were building them. They were keenly aware of their naval needs, which they rightly characterized as "absolute." Great Britain must preserve naval power or face the economic and political disruption of her Empire.

The British proposals emerged, in every instance, as envisaged by

an eye single to British naval supremacy. The original British motion to reduce the size of capital ships, if literally adopted, would have made the British supreme in this naval weapon. The arguments for light cruisers and six-inch guns could not be separated from the fact that British naval bases encircle the globe and that the British merchant marine includes 880,000 tons of fast vessels capable of mounting the smaller type of weapon and of being used, as in the World War, for naval auxiliaries. The United States has only 180,000 tons of such fast merchant ships. Even Viscount Cecil's last-minute effort to secure an agreement on submarines and destroyers dealt with types in which the United States was superior to Britain and which it had offered to reduce as a *quid pro quo* for cruiser limitation.

AT the conference the American rôle was less open to the charge of pure nationalism. It aimed at a reduction of all auxiliary naval arms, within a global tonnage, which would permit each power to build the types best suited to its needs. At the same time it sought to secure this limitation on the basis of parity with the British navy and 5-3 superiority over that of Japan. It was able to point out, with telling effect, that America had sacrificed naval supremacy at Washington to secure a pacific settlement of outstanding political questions, and that British diplomacy had then conceded the principle of absolute naval parity between the two countries. It was able, further, to indicate that its need for the larger cruisers was in part forced by the combined Japanese-British move to forbid fortification of our bases at Guam and Manila. Since Washington, every other navy had been building feverishly; this

Back in the 'nineties appeared the first of Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan's important studies of sea power in its relation to the supremacy of nations. Every country except his own read and profited thereby. But, thinks Mr. Carter of the *New York Times*, the Geneva conference has taught the United States the value of his emphasis upon a continuous naval program. Mr. Carter presents the viewpoint of the judicial realist upon the conference and its effect on the future naval policy of the United States

country has refused to be drawn into a naval race; the conference was represented as an effort to eliminate such insensate naval competition as had characterized the period of 1900-1914. Every American proposal was based, therefore, on the two arguments of parity and economy, and we steadfastly refused assent to any agreement which would not consider these irreducible points.

The irreconcilable conflict between the British and the Americans on the cruiser issue wrecked the conference. The British, long schooled in sea power, desire cruisers which can control the commerce of the sea. With bases strung out at 1,000-mile intervals, they need about seventy light cruisers. And since so many are necessary—it is cheaper for British purposes to have 7,500-ton ships.

THE Americans require 10,000-ton vessels for precisely the same functions. The distances our vessels must travel on the Pacific preclude the smaller type. Our 7,500 tonners are all right as fleet scouts or in the Caribbean, but for Pacific patrol duty a larger cruising radius is necessary. Tactically, moreover, these 10,000-ton ships are required to serve the same functions for which the battle cruiser was originally designed. Accordingly, for a fleet action eight-inch guns are better than six-inch, especially in order to secure decisive superiority over armed merchantmen. That is the American position. However, a 10,000-ton cruiser with eight-inch guns can whip the tar out of a number of 7,500-ton cruisers with six-inch guns, so the British are driven to take the position that if we build more of the large type they will have to follow suit in order to maintain parity, thus cutting down the total tonnage available for lighter vessels. On the other hand, for us to accept parity on the British terms means that we must build a great many small cruisers of a type which will be useless to us tactically, unable to operate efficiently in the Pacific, and not appreciably stronger than an armed merchantman. The dilemma is insoluble.

Entirely aside from matters of national feeling, the British argument is open to other criticisms. The first, and most obvious, is the fact that the United States is not building its Navy as a challenge to British sea power or as a weapon for use against the British navy. Our proposed "political clause," permitting the denunciation of the treaty at any time our program was regarded as a menace, was a tangible pledge designed to put our good faith beyond the realm of conjecture. The British insistence that our 10,000-ton vessels must be matched by similar construction on their part lacks all political substance. For, after all, tactical parity between the two navies doesn't spell naval equality between the two nations. We could build a navy twice as strong as that of Great Britain and be less of a menace to British maritime interests than was a German navy half the

size of the British fleet. We are not in strategic control of any points which would render our Navy even remotely a menace to British sea power.

If the British case is open to criticism, the American argument is scarcely less vulnerable. In the first place, the issue of parity with Great Britain still represents an aspiration rather than a tangible naval policy. We have done absolutely nothing to demonstrate our need for sea power. At Washington we had taken no appreciable step, save the construction of the ten 7,500-ton *Omaha* class of cruisers, to show that we were prepared to build for parity. At the same time, the American Navy is entirely at the mercy of politics. One Congress will decide to build, the next to economize, the third to scrap, the fourth to negotiate, and the fifth to build again. This makes our naval policy always an uncertain factor in the international equation—we consider solely the needs of the moment, never the needs of the future. In view of this uncertainty, it is little wonder that our Geneva proposals were construed as being prompted by motives of domestic political expediency rather than by any clear conception of national interest. A final element of weakness in the American argument is our lack of a merchant marine engaged in transoceanic commerce. Without it, our entire naval policy rests on a tactical rather than an economic interest, and so lacks the urgency of the British sentiment.

The Geneva conference has made us realize for the first time that we cannot continue indefinitely to bask in the shelter of the British fleet. No nation, neither Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, Russia, nor Albania, is going to take upon itself the burden of preferring American interests to its own. This is the greatest educative consequence of Geneva. It does not imply hatred or distrust for any other power, simply the conviction that it is dangerous and undignified for the United States "to crawl behind British guns," as is the charge in China.

FURTHERMORE, this conviction implies our adoption of a settled policy. The first essential, the rounding out of our fleet into a well-balanced "fleet in being," is already under way, with the construction of the eight 10,000-ton cruisers, the adoption of fleet submarines, and the approaching completion of our two giant plane carriers, *Lexington* and *Saratoga*. The second step in naval organization is still to be made: the elimination of political interference and vacillation. The so-called "political" navy yards located at nonstrategic points are still to be done away with. Our naval bases at Pearl Harbor, Panama, and in the Caribbean are still to be efficiently fortified and equipped with proper repair and fueling facilities. Shipyards, docking, and similar matters of repair, ordnance, and equipment need to be fostered, and must be promoted at the proper points and for

the proper purposes. The third and fundamental step to be taken is the development of our mercantile marine for the carrying of our goods abroad and the import of our raw materials. Railroads and other domestic production and transportation agencies must be encouraged to engage in transoceanic shipping; tariff rebates can be given to goods imported in American bottoms; foreign loans should be keyed to include the purchase of supplies in this country and their transportation in American vessels. We might even encourage American shipbuilding by a system of tonnage bounties, if a shipping subsidy is impractical, and charge it to national defense as did the British Admiralty in the construction of the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania*.

Although the education in sea power conducted by the summer school at Geneva was relatively cheap, it was not free. The failure there is bound to have political repercussions in every country, but especially in the United States. On the credit side, however, we can set down the fact that our freedom of action, save for the unfortunate Washington Treaties, is still unimpaired. And while our immediate prestige suffers through failure, our general prestige is heightened by the revelation of a strong, reasonable American diplomacy quite capable of holding its own against the Eurasians. The legend that no American diplomat can meet any European at a green baize table without being robbed of his coat, shirt, and pants has been dealt a fatal blow.

It is this last fact which is the most hopeful sign of all. Far from encouraging a wild burst of Congressional naval expenditures at the next session, it is reasonable to suppose that, instead, we will inaugurate a moderate, steady, and coördinated naval

program adapted to the tactical and strategic requirements of our Navy and commensurate with the volume of our ocean trade and overseas financial interests. In view of the sanity and steadiness with which the American press supported the President's Geneva policy, it is reasonable to hope that Congress will abandon its "stop-go" traffic system of naval appropriations. Our naval delegates at Geneva showed such moderation and such sound good sense that future recommendations of the Navy Department are likely to set the key for naval policy and will prevent emotion from invading the sphere of naval strategy. There is no reason to believe that we will be so foolish as to strive to attain actual parity with Great Britain inside a year.

WE should be content with actual inferiority until it is obviously to our interest and within our power to equal or surpass her. This is not a process which will be accomplished within a single Presidential term or a decade or even a generation. But time is on our side, and so long as we do not lose our heads, we have no cause for apprehension about the future. For after a quarter of a century of experience as a great power, we are learning how to become a world power. Germany read Mahan and tried to do it immediately, by means of sea power. But for the madness of 1914, she would have succeeded. Mahan has now come home to roost, and the spirit of his teachings will inform our future world policy and end the misconceptions and timidities which have hitherto prevented this country from reaping the full benefit from our superlative maritime position: that of a great island dominating the oceans — and through them the trade — of the world.

A Life for a Life

By William Norwood Brigrance

A MAN is murdered. The police are summoned, detectives follow, and reporters scurry to the scene for copy. For a brief moment the eyes of the reading world are turned upon the dead victim; then for him the curtain falls. Henceforth, to the end of the legal drama, it is the criminal who holds center stage. He is caught — brought to trial. But in the glamour of the court room the dead victim is almost forgotten except as inanimate evidence. The murderer holds the spotlight. Upon him is heaped sympathy or hate, as the case may be. Every word he utters, every expression and pose

is flashed across the wires to be chronicled in the smallest newspaper of the smallest hamlet. His picture is made familiar to every school child. Meanwhile, in the court room is fought out anew the old question of whether the law shall exact life for life.

This question of capital punishment is as old as the proverbial hills — yet as fresh as spring verdure upon them. It was accepted law among ancient peoples. It is disputed law today. It is attacked; it is defended; and the masses reveal a sharp interest at every trial for murder. There

The question of capital punishment is as old as crime itself, and a heated controversy has waxed about it for centuries. Today in the United States it has been given fresh point by one of the most sensational legal cases in our history. Mr. Brigrance, a professor at Wabash College, brings to his discussion not only a wealth of fact, but a discerning analysis

are those who say that capital punishment is a disgrace to Twentieth Century civilization, that it is a hang-over of savagery, and that it ought to be abolished. With them I agree — I believe there is no answer to the argument. But, unfortunately, the issue is not so simple. There are complications. The point of view in such argument, as in the courtroom scene, reckons only with the murderer. The murdered victim is forgotten.

LET us grant that capital punishment is disgraceful and barbaric. We are forced also to grant that deliberate murder is a still greater disgrace to our civilization and a far more brutal hang-over of savagery. After all, the disgrace of capital punishment lies not so much in the execution of the murderer as in the fact that, even with the high level of our so-called civilization, we still have murderers among us. When opponents of capital punishment say that such punishment is utterly irrevocable, they are answered by the embarrassing echo that murder is likewise irrevocable. When they say that capital punishment is wantonly cruel, to them is left the delicate task of explaining whether it is more cruel than deliberate murder. Mr. Darrow has said that never has he defended a man for murder who wanted to have his body cooked with electricity. I respect Mr. Darrow's authority; his acquaintance with such people is wider than mine. But I suggest that I have never heard of a murdered victim who was thought to have enjoyed his own murder, nor do I know of any living persons who would anticipate such an experience with pleasure.

I am opposed to capital punishment, but I believe that the most effective way to abolish this punishment is for criminals to stop murdering. As I see it, every objection to capital punishment upon grounds of barbarism or cruelty is checkmated by the same objection to deliberate murder — with this difference: Whereas the murdered victim is given no choice in the matter, the murderer has a free choice. If he really objects in a personal way to capital punishment, he can refrain from murder.

But these, of course, are only skirmishing arguments. Positive proof either way upon them would not settle the controversy, for the ultimate decision must rest upon the answer to the vital questions, first, whether capital punishment reduces murder, and, second, whether, if abolished, any effective substitute could be found.

If capital punishment is not a deterrent to murder, then why do not its opponents "point with pride" to results in places where the stern decree has been revoked? They do not so point, for in the overwhelming instances where peoples have tampered with this law they have paid the price for their folly. Vermont in 1911 repealed the death penalty. Her murder rate jumped 400 per cent the next year, and her next Legislature, appalled at its handiwork,

restored the death penalty in 1913. The murder wave subsided. Of the New England States, only Maine and Rhode Island have abolished the death penalty — and these States enjoy a higher murder rate than any of the other States of New England. To be exact, their murder rate according to the twelfth United States census was 173 per cent higher than that of their sister States. Iowa repealed the death penalty in 1872. Six years was enough. Colorado in 1897 undertook the experiment. The death penalty was restored in 1901.

In recent years seven States have tried the experiment: Minnesota in 1911, Washington in 1913, Oregon in 1914, North Dakota and South Dakota in 1915, Arizona in 1916, and Missouri in 1917. Four of these States grew sick of their experiment within eight years and restored the death penalty — Arizona in 1918, Washington and Missouri in 1919, and Oregon in 1921 — while the Legislature of a fifth, South Dakota, repealed her abolition statute only to have it blocked by her famous vetoing governor. In the State of Washington it is significant that during the hilarious days just after capital punishment was abolished Seattle had a murder rate of 12.9 per hundred thousand, but that immediately after the restoration her rate fell to five. Seattle's neighbor, Spokane, had the same experience — with greater difference. Immediately following the abolition of the death penalty her murder rate stood at 10.8 per hundred thousand. Immediately after the restoration it fell to one. And, mark you, these declining murder rates took place in a period when the mass average of murder in American cities was sharply rising. As everyone knows, the murder rates of Memphis and Nashville are the highest in the United States — 67.4 and 30.7, respectively — and Tennessee inflicts no capital punishment for murder.

OF course some enemy of capital punishment will rejoin with the statement that Wisconsin without the death penalty has a lower murder rate than Illinois with such penalty; and that Rhode Island without the death penalty has a lower murder rate than New York, which has it. Of course this argument overlooks the salient fact that New York and Illinois have enormous cities within their borders and that organized vice rings of all large cities run the murder rate abnormally high. But we shall waive this consideration for there is another and far more significant answer. It involves a factor apparently overlooked by all of the opponents of capital punishment whose arguments I have heard. They assume, because a State or nation provides for the death penalty in its penal code, that it therefore actually inflicts it and that the full deterrent effect is present. But is this true? In 1923 New York had 262 murders. To show criminals of that State that she meant to protect her citizens to the limit

she executed four of the murderers! Of the other 258 murderers, some went scot-free and some were imprisoned. Of those imprisoned, some in a very few years will be paroled to prey again upon the people of New York. Chicago, the home city of Mr. Darrow, shot a better record. She had 389 homicides — and one execution! To say that these States have capital punishment is, to put it mildly, a figure of speech. And there are still a few people mediæval enough to think that the healthiest thing possible for the murder situation of these cities and others of their stripe would be a few good old-fashioned hangings.

WE may summarize the situation in the United States by pointing out that forty years ago we hung one murderer out of seventeen, and had a normal murder rate; whereas today we hang one murderer out of a hundred and lead the world in crime.

Will Durant points out that certain countries of Europe as Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden have abolished capital punishment and yet had a declining murder rate after the abolition. In answer I would point to the most authoritative information available upon European murder conditions — that gathered by Prof. Thorsten Sellen of the University of Pennsylvania who spent last year in extensive research throughout Europe. His chart, converted to a percentage basis, shows that only Norway has remained stationary, whereas in Holland the murder rate has increased 152 per cent in the past twenty years, and in Denmark 225 per cent. Sweden did not abolish the death penalty until 1921, and I am acquainted with no authoritative figures showing the trend after that date. But since Sweden is so often cited as a country with a declining murder rate, it should be pointed out that whereas the Swedish murder rate did fall 10 per cent from 1902 to 1922, yet this decline was under a code allowing the death penalty for murder.

But let us widen our survey from these countries to other countries of Europe. Austria abolished capital punishment in the Eighteenth Century, and her rising murder rate forced her to reestablish it in 1795. Switzerland abolished it in 1874, and after an open season of half a decade, reestablished it in 1879. France also abolished the death penalty in 1906. Her murder rate increased 68 per cent, after which, in 1909, the guillotine was restored. Today France and Germany are excessively lenient in inflicting capital punishment upon murderers, and as this leniency grows their murderers are becoming bolder. But even so, the murder rate of neither of these countries is yet forty per cent as high as Italy, which boasts of having thrown off the death penalty.

But if we want to get an exact idea of the deterrent effect of capital punishment, we must go to England and Canada. These countries take the phrase literally, while we in the United States regard it chiefly as a legal fiction. The English are old-fashioned. They

frown upon the refined arguments of clever lawyers; they do not believe in insanity pleas. They are ungenerous enough to insist that murder is murder instead of a psychological outlet for some pent-up emotion. While America arrests less than half her murderers, allows technicalities and delays to clog the wheels of justice, and ends by hanging one murderer out of each hundred, England speedily arrests and promptly tries her murderers, and as promptly hangs one in four of them.

Now what is the relative effect of these two policies? Simply that England has the lowest murder rate of any metropolitan people in the world — while we have the highest. England is the one metropolitan country of Europe in which murder is not sharply increasing, while the United States, like Abou Ben Adhem, "leads all the rest." To be more precise in our comparison, England averages about seventy-five murders a year, while the United States, with less than three times the English population, runs amuck with 11,000. During the past five years London, the world's biggest city, averaged about forty murders annually, while New York, smaller in size, averaged 250; and the "hands of death" in Chicago monotonously recorded one murder a day.

The quaint old English custom of hanging murderers is also followed in Canada. With what results? The figures of 1924 are typical. In that year our lone city of Los Angeles enjoyed exactly as many murders as all of Canada, while our antihanging cities of Detroit, St. Louis, Cleveland, Memphis, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York, each far outstripped the whole Dominion — Chicago had four times as many.

The examples of England and Canada are also a complete answer to another objection of those who would abolish the death penalty; namely, that juries will not convict where it is inflicted. But English juries convict; Canadian juries convict. American juries also would convict were it not for the bald-faced, dirty practices and despicable shams that are carried on in our courts by unprincipled lawyers under the guise of "legal technicalities." A simplified court procedure and the disbarring of a few crooked lawyers would clear the legal atmosphere.

BUT suppose we abolish the death penalty, what shall we substitute? To most enemies of capital punishment this comes as a disconcerting question. The supposed horrors of capital punishment have filled their minds to the exclusion of any constructive substitute. But society must be protected. Government owes a greater duty to its law-abiding citizens than to its murderers. If that protection is not given by capital punishment, then it must be given through other means. So far as I know no other substitute (*Continued opp. page 216*)



Rosenfeld

FOR THE SPEED DEMON, THE YACHTSMAN, THE DEEP-SEA-SAILOR — THE OCEAN IS BECOMING A METROPOLITAN PLAYGROUND

"DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

TIME was not so very long ago when the owner of a pleasure boat was inevitably regarded as a person of wealth. The mere word "yacht" carried with it gilded implications. And as a matter of fact, it was generally true that only men of means did maintain pleasure craft, propelled either by wind or steam. Sailing vessels were largely used either for business or for racing — which was in itself almost a business, demanding as it did not only capital to maintain a racing boat in prime condition and ably manned, but a great deal of the owner's time spent in actual sailing and, scarcely less important, in talking about sailing.

But now all is changed. Men no longer spend their leisure hours on the water just to prove that they do not have to stay on land. They are turning to the sea because the mere process of remaining on land has not only become nerve-racking but too often all but impossible. The highways are out of the question as roads to rest and recreation. Unless one must go from one point to another, and that in no

very great haste, the automobile serves primarily the functions of getting in the way of other automobiles, of lending tone to the front stoops of the proletariat, and of

raising havoc with the family budget. So the harried business man — he who now finds a week-end in the country a leap from the fat to the fire — is buying himself a boat and putting out to sea. Through the splendid coöperation of those two touted items, supply and demand, the average salaried family man can purchase for less than \$3,000 a vessel qualified to carry himself and his household where he wants to go quickly and comfortably. Small motor cruisers accommodating from six to eight people are now standardized much as automobiles are standardized, and at about the same price as the better class of cars. And an able sailing auxiliary with many years of service still ahead of it may be bought for a similar amount and run for even less than a cruiser.

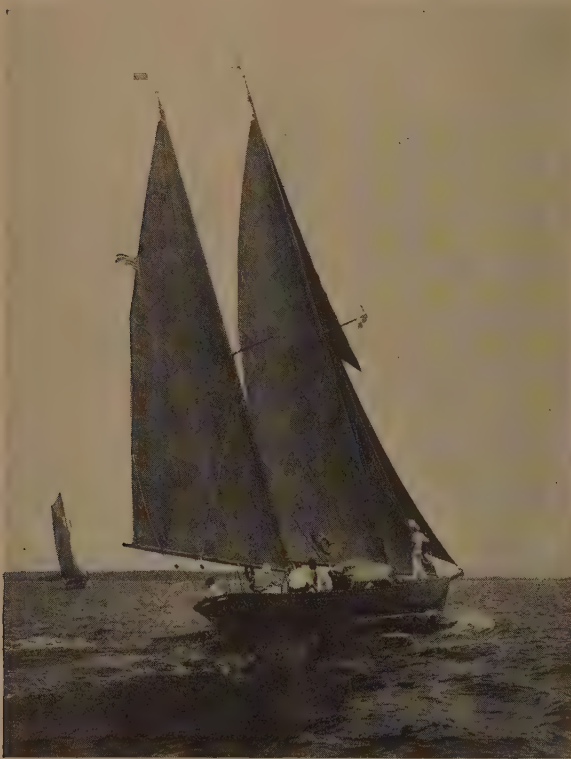
And best of all, there are neither traffic officers nor hot-dog stands at sea — and there all roads are one, and one road leads anywhere.



Rosenfeld

WHAT PRICE TRAFFIC NOW?

PALADIN II, BELOW, A KETCH WITH THE OLD GAFF RIG, SWINGS HER NOSE UP INTO A SPANKING BREEZE AND SNUGGLES DOWN FOR A DRUMMING BEAT TO WINDWARD WITH ALL HER CANVAS DRAWING TO PERFECTION



All photographs on this page by Morris Rosenfeld

THE KETCH, SEVEN BELLS, WITH JIB-HEADED MAIN AND JIGGER, IS TYPICAL OF THE MODERN CRUISING SAILBOAT THAT IS DRAWING THE TRAFFIC-WEARY BUSINESS MAN TO THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE SEA



OR IF ONE HAS THE PURSE AND THE PENCHANT FOR IT— WHY NOT A VESSEL LIKE THE COMOCO



Rosenfeld

THERE IS NOT A YACHTSMAN LIVING WHO DOES NOT BREATHE MORE QUICKLY TO SEE A SIGHT SUCH AS THIS! THE KATOURA IS THE LARGEST SLOOP IN AMERICA



Acme

THAT THE REVIVED ENTHUSIASM FOR THE SEA HAS NOT SHOWN ITSELF ONLY IN THE INCREASE IN CRUISERS IS PROVED BY SUCH SCENES AS THIS AT THE LARCHMONT RACES ON JULY 4. THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF CRAFT OF ALL RIGS AND SIZES WHICH TOOK PART

AND OF COURSE THE POWER BOATS MUST HAVE THEIR INNINGS, EVEN IF THEY ARE THE UNDERNOURISHED AFFAIRS SHOWN BELOW. THAT THE OUTBOARD MOTOR RACER IS NOT TO BE SCOFFED AT, HOWEVER, IS ATTESTED BY THE INCREASING SWARMS OF THESE FREAKISH BOATS WHICH ARE MAKING THEIR APPEARANCE ALONGSHORE

Acme





All photographs on this page by Morris Rosenfeld

THE THREE TYPES OF BOATS PICTURED ON THIS PAGE ARE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREAT MAJORITY NOW DOTTING THE COASTS OF THE UNITED STATES. THE SLOOP AT THE LEFT, WITH HER GAFF-HEADED MAINSAIL AND TWO JIBS, IS FAIRLY OUTMODED AS A RACER, BUT AS AN OFFSHORE CRUISER IT IS MORE THAN HOLDING ITS OWN

FOR THE MAN OF SUFFICIENT MEANS WHO DESIRES SPEED AND COMFORT MIXED WITH HIS SPORT THIS TYPE OF POWER CRUISER HOLDS A PARTICULARLY STRONG APPEAL. IT IS LARGE ENOUGH FOR LONG TRIPS ALONG THE COASTS AND OFFSHORE CRUISES IN FAIR WEATHER WITH MAXIMUM CONVENIENCE FOR AS MANY GUESTS AS THE AVERAGE WEEK-END PARTY WOULD COMPRISE



THERE IS NO MORE SOUL-SATISFYING AND SEAWORTHY BOAT THAN THIS FOR DEEP-SEA CRUISING OFFSHORE. THE HULL IS BUILT FOR SERVICE AND STABILITY RATHER THAN SPEED, AND THE CONVENTIONAL SCHOONER RIG IS WITHOUT AN EQUAL FOR EASE OF HANDLING AND ADAPTABILITY TO ANY AND ALL WEATHERS. AND BEST OF ALL, IT BEARS THE STAMP OF INHERITED AUTHENTICITY FOR THE EYES OF A NATION INTIMATE WITH THE SEA

Prohibition in the South Seas

By Harry L. Foster

WHEREVER the American traveler goes today in Polynesia — as indeed in most parts of the world — he is greeted with the query: "Well, how's prohibition getting on in the States?" Nine times out of ten it is asked with the least suggestion of a sneer, except in the barroom, where it may possibly be tempered with a note of real pity.

One is expected to reply decisively, "It's a ridiculous farce!"

The Englishmen present thereupon nod complete agreement. "It can't last," they predict. And they're very positive and cheerful about it — just a bit too positive and cheerful to be convincing. Down deep in their subconscious minds, they see it coming to the South Sea Islands.

I've tried in the preceding articles of this series to give some idea of the amazing influence and power of the missionary in this region. He completely dominates the natives. That his word is not the absolute law of the land is due solely to the stubborn opposition of the layman. But the missionary is a patient and persevering reformer. And considering the astonishing prestige which he already has attained in these waters — a prestige far exceeding that of the clergyman in the United States — I unhesitatingly predict that, with the possible exception of the French possessions, he is destined sooner or later to dry up every atoll of the South Pacific. And chances favor the "sooner."

From the first, he has set his face rigidly against even the so-called minor vices of civilization in these parts. In combating the "nicotine evil" he met, however, with little success. The Wesleyans did their best. Those of their own evangelists who rather liked their pipe at home laid it aside upon coming to the islands lest the natives suffer from curiosity to ape the habit.

But the trader was less concerned about this. In the old days — back in the era of Bully Hayes and the blackbirders — he found that his most alluring stock, next to muskets and trade gin, was tobacco. He introduced and popularized the habit to such an extent that today whenever one finds a native who declines a cigarette one knows that he has stumbled upon a mission-trained Polynesian preacher. Practically all the brown clergymen do abstain, even in this more liberal age, and the white

still set the example. The one European pastor of my acquaintance who frankly and publicly enjoyed an occasional cigar — although he was otherwise regarded most highly — was generally deplored by his fellow clergymen as a weakling and a backslider, if not a downright menace to public morals.

Similarly, in their attack upon the local custom of kava drinking — an aboriginal vice peculiar to the South Seas — the missionaries have also encountered an almost complete failure. Kava, variously known in some of the islands as *ava*, *arva*, or *yangona*, is brewed from a root. It is not an intoxicant, but a drug of mildly

It is a rather surprising picture that Mr. Foster paints in discussing prohibition in this fourth and last of his articles on the South Sea Islands. It is safe to say that the great majority in this country assume these isles to be flowing with many liquors beside cocoanut milk. Thus the author will startle the reader with the statement, "I unhesitatingly predict that . . . he [the missionary] is destined sooner or later to dry up every atoll of the South Pacific"

stimulating effect. Taken intemperately, while it does not seem to befuddle the brain, it quite paralyzes the legs, and its immoderate use over a long period of years is said to weaken the eyes. But taken as most natives take it, in small quantities, its effect, according to physicians, is extremely beneficial, and German firms have exported it from the islands as a patent kidney medicine. Its use was general in ancient times, and the serving of it — always done with great pomp and decorum — formed the basis of every native ceremony, from a birth to a death, as it still does today. The more fanatic of the early missionaries, who assailed every native custom as a device of the devil, railed valiantly against it. But the more intelligent recognized it is as something too firmly implanted in local life to be completely abolished. They did preach against the unsanitary mode of its preparation — the root was chewed by the prettier young girls before being mixed with water — and succeeded in substituting a grinding stone for this process. Whereupon they left the natives alone, acting wisely on the theory: "If we deprive them of this, they may adopt something worse."

ALCOHOL is another matter. If the natives of the South Seas were at all familiar with fermented beverages before the coming of the white man — and it seems that in some groups they were acquainted with palm toddy — such knowledge was scarcely general, and drunkenness was rare. The early trader of the unscrupulous school introduced liquor and educated the Kanakas in its use and abuse to cultivate their trade.

In Fiji I talked with one of the old-timers who could recall these pretemperance days. "It was a great place for a white man out here in them times," he said, "if he wasn't too particular. You could come in off the beach, broke and ragged, and get set up as a trader without any trouble. All you had to do was to go to one of the big firms and they'd let you represent 'em on one of the out-of-the-way islands, and no questions asked. You'd just sign a contract to ship 'em the copra you got, and they'd give you a few dozen cases of gin — trade gin — in bottles that held more than a quart — cost only fifteen shillings a case in those days — and off you'd go to open your own establishment.

"The only trouble was the temptation to use all the stock yourself. We hit it up pretty hard. I can remember in Levuka, the old capital, when they brought the crown prosecutor home every night in a wheelbarrow. Levuka was just a line of pubs — twenty-two of 'em on the water front. They were dependent on sailing ships for everything they had, and the ships came pretty irregular sometimes. It was the gag in the hotels to advertise, 'The kerosene gives out tonight; this is your last chance to play billiards by lamplight,' just to draw customers. But the booze never gave out. They laid in plenty of that."

The natives soon acquired a thirst. And alcohol ravaged them much as did the white man's diseases. This was an extremely healthy race whose ancestors had known none of the scourges of civilization; unfitted by hereditary immunity, they quickly died from the mumps and measles and other ailments which Europeans looked upon as trifling and unimportant. Similarly, they were bowled over by a few swigs of whiskey, which the trader himself could often drink all day without apparent effect.

THE missionary had an obviously worthy cause in opposing the sale of liquor to the islanders, and all the Governments in the South Seas sooner or later passed stringent regulations against it. But the native thirst still survives. A white traveler today who becomes at all closely intimate with the people receives many whispered requests for the forbidden hooch. There are many loopholes in the law, whereby the people occasionally do get it. All of which paves the way for the missionary in his battle for an absolute prohibition.

In the Samoan group, absolute prohibition has already been achieved. This was to be expected in American Samoa, where — outside of about two hundred men in the United States Naval Station — the population is practically all native. But one finds it also in Western Samoa, formerly a German possession, and since the war under New Zealand mandate. This is said to be the main cause of a present discontent among the natives, who profess to have been far happier under German rule.

"Our people are very gloomy now," complained an educated half-caste, as he recalled the old days for my benefit. "To be sure, the Germans were strict taskmasters during working hours, but there was freedom in the evening. Then one could see the whole population singing and dancing at night on the main street. Even the Germans would not sell it to natives, but they had it themselves, and *some* of it trickled through."

"And now it doesn't?"

"How can it? Of course, now and then one may smuggle in a pint from a passing steamer. But the doctor is conscientious about his prescriptions. And there are no bootleggers. In a small place like this, everyone knows everyone else's business, and every bottle could soon be traced to its source."

IN the neighboring Tongas one finds a partial prohibition. Here, although the islands are nominally independent and under native rule, a white man is allowed to buy as much booze as he wishes, but a native can buy it only on permit, which must be duly signed and dated by the few trading companies commissioned to dispense liquors to prevent his getting away with more than his lawful allotment. This permit is not a temporary affair issued by the doctor, but a permanent one, held only by the most aristocratic of local celebrities, each of whom is entitled to one bottle of whiskey per month or its alcoholic equivalent in beer or wine. As there are only a hundred such certificates in circulation, each the property of a native noble, the possession of one is somewhat equivalent to a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

In Fiji, too, the white man may purchase as much liquor as his income or capacity will allow, but a similar indulgence upon the part of Fijians is limited to a distinguished few whose chieftainly lineage or proved sobriety has entitled them to special privilege. And here, as in Tonga, such privilege is more or less a criterion of native social standing. Any traveler visiting a Fijian village is quite expected to bring the *buli*, or headman, a quart of whiskey as the gift most in keeping with his pre-eminent rank. Here, however, the total number of certificates issued is not confined to a definite figure, but is left to the discretion of the Government. Any man who abuses his special dispensation, either by overindulgence or by procuring liquor for friends not entitled to it, may at any time be deprived of his rights and find himself among the dry. And the barmaids at the public houses — they have real Australian barmaids — are very exacting and careful about their dealings, for the European who gives or sells a drink to the Fijian without a permit is promptly fined £50, or \$250, and loses his own hotel license.

In general, the system seems to work. But, of course, there is a certain amount of cheating.

Natives may occasionally swarm to the bar in a good-sized crowd, enabling one with a permit to slip his glass to one without. From time to time, in a land where all blacks look somewhat alike, one may buy his whiskey on the other fellow's permit. And lacking the advantage of an ale-bibbing ancestry the best of Fijians need only a few stout shots to send them a trifle off-balance, although they seldom become offensive or quarrelsome. At any rate, the missionaries are still working industriously for a more drastic prohibition, like that in Samoa, and have organized a Fiji League Against Alcoholism, which conducts meetings, floods Suva with literature printed in everything from English to Sanskrit, and even petitions Downing Street to make Fiji thoroughly dry.

ONE night in Suva I attended a "debate" under the auspices of this league held in the local Y. M. C. A. building — in a small, pleasant room, with tapa cloth and native curios upon its walls, and with comfortable wicker seats arranged in neat rows to face the table and the conventional water pitcher. One suspected that they had selected that particular pitcher with secret glee. It was so very large and eloquent. And — in what seemed rather poor sportsmanship, considering that this was advertised as a "debate" — they had placarded all the seats with their inescapable tracts and appeals for subscriptions to the cause.

But the audience, at least, was fairly divided, for both sides had their cheering sections. The dry speakers came with troops of natives from the missions, but the lone wet was admirably supported, several of Suva's leading hotel keepers having rallied with a last-minute round-up of their best patrons. The chairman, a young gentleman provided by the Y. M. C. A., made a brief introductory address, outlining the rules of the prospective verbal clash. There seemed to be some little misunderstanding about it. The league, which had arranged everything, had planned that while each side was to have one speaker, he was to be assisted by a "supporting" speaker. In inviting the wet to oppose them, however, they had neglected to inform him of this fact, so that he now stood alone to face two opponents. They were very sorry. Would anybody present volunteer to assist him?

The speaker himself declined assistance. He obviously saw that he was not to receive anything approaching a square deal, but he shrugged his shoulders.

The first of the prohibitionists was a lean, keen, intelligent-looking man, a Y. M. C. A. secretary in one of the native branches where he had often expounded his subject. He pointed to the United States as a shining example of what prohibition can do for a country. See how its bank deposits had gone up! See how its crime wave had gone

down! Its citizens had all ceased beating their wives and little babies, — from his emphasis of this fact one gathered that this had been quite their regular diversion in past days, — and that glorious, farsighted country was now leading the world.

He sat down amid lusty cheers from the dry benches and a disapproving silence from the others. The lone negative rose to his feet. He was a plump, jovial soul, with a gray Vandyke beard. He congratulated his rival, but offered the opinion that the reverend gentleman had been somewhat led astray by his enthusiasm for the native races. This was a subtle gibe at the reverend gentleman who, because of his often-preached doctrines of racial equality, was contemptuously described by the local laymen as a "white Indian."

The wets cheered. Their defender was noted for his wit. But as he proceeded, he seemed somewhat unprepared. "He's great when he's had a few shots," whispered my neighbors. "He was too conscientious to take anything tonight. That's a big handicap."

He struggled through, however. As to the United States, that so-called shining example, it had gone to the dogs as a result of prohibition. Look at Chicago. Look at New York. Look at that other place — what was it? — Boston. More wives and children had been beaten in those cities during the past year than ever before.

"And as to alcohol in Fiji, it's an absolute necessity. How can you get up any sociability without it? And if we adopt prohibition, what will become of all the American tourist trade? And in conclusion" — he rose here to his greatest flight of eloquence — "without any liquor, how in hell can we ever entertain visiting royalty?"

There was appreciative laughter from the wets. The dries shouted, "Buncombe!"

And, finally, the supporting speaker on the affirmative side. He was a little, bald-headed clergyman, and he had brought at least sixteen impressive-looking books on his subject, from which he proceeded to read at considerable length. The chairman rapped vainly to indicate that his time was up. "Just one more thought to leave with you," persisted the speaker, some ten or twelve times, as he opened another book. The chairman finally quit. "Stop the blighter!" protested the wets. But he was not to be stopped, and the chairman knew it.

THE wets gathered afterwards for consolation at a near-by pub. "A put-up job!" they all agreed. "Those bloody sneaks put it over on us, same as the Anti-Saloon League put over prohibition in America!"

"You're right. That was a dinkum hoax! But nobody'll ever put over prohibition in Fiji!"

And they were very cheerful about it — just a bit too cheerful to be convincing.

They Ain't Done Right by Our Nell

By Elizabeth Dickens

THERE is a tradition of the household magazines that I should like to upset; a sacred cow of theirs that I should like to dehorn. It is the theory that a mother is depriving her daughter of an inherent right unless she "trains her in the profession of home making."

This training, as nearly as I have been able to learn from the women's magazines and the experience of acquaintances, consists in doing a substantial share of the housework. There is an insistence abroad that housekeeping is daily growing a simpler, happier task. But it is an insistence that goes, contrarily enough, hand in hand with an assumption that only by ten or fifteen years of apprenticeship can one master the domestic routine.

There are excellent books concerning household processes. There are books that go into detail about the best methods of everything from scaring moths out of the winter clothing to the art of keeping the lavatory drainpipe clear. A literate woman might learn much from them within a few weeks or months, it would seem. But, so the tradition goes, it is not good to keep house by books alone. One must be apprenticed.

If it is possible to be heard above the din, I should like to make the impious suggestion that much of this furore about training the daughter to be a good housekeeper is mere laziness — on the part of the mother. Suffering from lassitude after a hearty meal it is easy to convince oneself that daughter should be learning to wash the dishes.

Another theory I hold, though it really should be left to the psychologist, is that in some cases the mother is jealous of the daughter. Daughter is not tied down to the home routine of her mother's day. She can earn money in a variety of ways for which her mother is not prepared. She can afford to be more wary than her mother could be of marriage. She can, as the saying goes, take it or leave it. Her mother resents this. Sometimes, undoubtedly, a mother genuinely fears that her daughter cannot find happiness in modern theories of love and feminine independence. Again, the mother merely is envious of an opportunity that she never knew offered to women in a day that is not hers.

My own feeling in the matter is that the woman who has built up for herself a barrier of outside interests, of mental reserves, has a better preparation for marriage than the girl who has mastered the technique of laundry and dishwashing. Then, if she is clever enough, perhaps she need never do the laundry or the dishwashing. It is easier for many of us to make extradomestic activities pay

the laundry and dishwashing bills than it is to cultivate any pulsing interest in these domesticated forms of manual labor.

For my own ability to escape the kitchen I owe a debt to my mother. She, perhaps because she had been rather ahead of her generation in the choice of a career, did not hold to the theory of training her daughter to be a home maker. The housework that I was required to do was negligible. I hated it then, as I hate it now. And I cannot hold with those who argue that had I been forced to do housework every day of my youth I should be inured to it. Rather, I think, I should hate it a bit more thoroughly and consistently. Now, my hatred of housework is theoretical because I can pay someone else to do it. With thorough domestic training it might have become a sour horror capable of warping my life.

During my summer vacations, when other girls were busy with home tasks, I was working downtown, laying a foundation for the work which enables me to keep out of the kitchen and yet, as they say, "have a home." Other girls I knew worked downtown, too, but they were not as free as I. Washing the dinner dishes or some other task was regularly assigned them. Their mothers were properly virtuous over this; they were rearing their daughters to be good wives and good home makers. They are the ones whom I accuse of laziness and envy.

My mother, I know, encountered considerable criticism. She wasn't "doing right by her daughter," people thought. They blamed her, they said, because she knew, as a mere girl never could, the final destination of woman. She should prepare me for such a destiny whether I would or no. But she persisted in keeping me free from household duties. It made it harder for her. But she knew, as mothers who have never worked outside the home seem not to know and try not to suspect, that outside work is not a mere matter of putting in time to a pleasant accompaniment of pin money. I owe to my mother the fact that Melissa is in the kitchen instead of me.

IF you ask me to carry my line of reasoning far enough I may get into difficulties; if you ask me, that is, to predict the outcome should — or perhaps when — too many of us decide to leave the kitchen. But, being an optimist, I am content to trust to each day the problems thereof. I believe that if such a day ever arrives there will be a remedy for the situation. The work will have to be done somewhere, of course. Community kitchens and nurseries — or what have you? (*Continued on page 216*)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

SO far as I know the only book in English on Flaubert is more than twenty years old, and a dreadful piece of ineffective bookmaking it was: "Gustave Flaubert as Seen in His Works and Correspondence," by J. Tarver, an English gentleman. Now Prof. Lewis Piaget Shanks of Johns Hopkins University offers "Flaubert's Youth" (Johns Hopkins Press), which is to be followed by "The Genius of Flaubert." Professor Shanks is the author of an excellent book on Anatole France, to which I have more than once referred when other more widely advertised works on the subject have appeared. As the university imprint would indicate, this study of Flaubert is of a less popular nature and is addressed to students and more serious readers. There is still room, therefore, for a good popular life of Flaubert.

Anything about Flaubert always interests me, and I have read Mr. Shanks with an interest in no wise diminished by the fact that he breaks no new ground, but weaves into a continuous narrative, interspersed with some critical comment, the story of Flaubert's life from 1821 to 1845 as it may be read in the works of the authorities to whom he acknowledges his indebtedness. As I laid the book aside, I asked myself if almost every person likely to read it would not be in the same position as myself. Either they have read, or can at any time read, in the original French the books which are so carefully cited as his authorities.

I ask the question out of no disrespect for the publications of university presses, for I have always procured them when the subject was within my range of interests, and I have frequently drawn favorable attention to them in this place. But in this instance, several circumstances prompt me to dwell on the subject. In the first place, the lack of a good book in English on Flaubert might have prompted Mr. Shanks to write a volume more in the manner of his Anatole France, which is not overloaded with notes and gives all classes of readers an intelligent account of the author. In the second place, there has been of late some rather acrimonious comment in academic circles on the impudence of publishers who ask laymen, rather than professors, to edit and comment upon classical and foreign literature.

IF one says that Flaubert wrote to Maupassant's mother and quotes the letter, how does that reference become more authentic by listing the volume and page in Flaubert's correspondence?

The general reader will not suspect one of having invented the letter, and the specialist can easily consult the published letters and use the index to find what he wants. Many volumes in so famous a series as the "English Men of Letters" are without notes and bibliographies. Do they escape the censure of these irate

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes). Reviewed on page 212.

The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott (Harper).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn. (Simon and Schuster).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

professors because some of the writers were well known in the academic world?

HAD Professor Shanks omitted the innumerable references with which his statements are so conscientiously supported, his book would be none the less a useful and scholarly work: useful in that it brings together in compact form what is scattered through many volumes; scholarly in that it shows prolonged, attentive, and intelligent reading of Flaubert. My only regret is that the time thus expended could not have been employed in writing a book which would bring the life of Flaubert vividly before the many casual readers who like him, and would by critical comment and exposition send them to those of his works which have been unjustly eclipsed by "Madame Bovary." In a rather cryptic phrase Professor Shanks apologizes for the present work by saying: "The importance of the subject should therefore excuse the prolixity of this study, undertaken in view of a popular biography now under way." Does this mean that he himself is writing a "popular biography"?

Richly documented, "Flaubert's Youth" describes in detail the first

twenty-three years of Flaubert's life, up to the completion of the first version of "L'Education Sentimentale," the most important production of his apprentice years. It has frequently been charged against Flaubert that he was too exclusively a literary man, too much preoccupied with the technical problems of writing to be a really great author. Mr. Shanks quotes a letter which shows "at nine the same absorption in literature that he will manifest at fifty," but sees in this precocity evidence of the man of genius.

"I'll send you some of my Liberal-constitutional political speeches. . . . I'll also send you some of my comedies," writes the child Flaubert, and a hint of the future author of "Bouvard et Pécuchet" is seen in his statement "as there is a lady who comes to Dad's office and who is always saying silly things, I'll write them down, too." At this ripe age of nine, and for the greater part of the period covered by this book, Flaubert was a full-blooded romantic, writing plays and acting them on his father's billiard table, scribbling away for dear life at tales of love and adventure which gave little promise of the kind of work with which he was to become famous. He began as a neophyte in the tradition of Balzac, Hugo, and George Sand. Yet, at the age of thirty-five he established his own name and founded French realism with "Madame Bovary."

THROUGH the letters and early works of Flaubert, Mr. Shanks traces the evolution of the wild romanticist, showing how his youthful temperament satisfied itself in "Salammbô," and how the author attained to the serenity and ironic detachment which enabled him to pillory his own romantic weaknesses in the person of Emma Bovary, and to satirize his adolescent ambitions and enthusiasms in "Bouvard and Pécuchet." Flaubert's martyrdom to letters consisted in the bitter struggle he waged with himself in order to achieve perfection of phrase and temperamental equanimity. The realist and the romanticist in him fought for possession of his artistic soul. As Mr. Shanks says, "The way to an impersonal irony is long and thorny. So, too, is the way of Art. To know Flaubert's wanderings through a youth in which these paths find their beginnings is to know Flaubert the man and the mystic, while to study his self-education through his early pages is to realize the power in the books that made him great."

Mr. Bromfield's Pious Hell-Cat

A Review by Charles R. Walker

A GOOD WOMAN. By Louis Bromfield.
New York: Frederick A. Stokes and
Company. \$2.50.

HENNESY, the saloon keeper, described respectable Mrs. Downes, the pious protagonist of Mr. Bromfield's latest novel, as a "hell-cat." But to the God-fearing part of the town she was approvingly known as "a good woman." A prodigious opportunity lay before Mr. Bromfield when he chose to portray Emma Downes. She is found, I am certain, in every middle-sized American community, the woman whose immense moral energy forces her always to do what she deems right, flails her into making all her kin and neighbors do the same, and wrecks them all in the end through lack of understanding. The irony of the title and its fictional possibilities suggest an Edith Wharton novel. For this is eminently the stuff of an absorbing book. Unfortunately for the success of his study, Mr. Bromfield made up his mind too dogmatically beforehand upon the repulsiveness of his chief character. A very interesting play, "The Silver Cord," by Sidney Howard, was produced in New York last winter. It dealt with the same theme, the destructive powers of a woman in whom righteousness and motherhood are seen at bottom to be the masks of a colossal egotism. Howard and Bromfield have made the same mistake. Both underscore *monster* all through; both prove the point that either piety or motherhood can be fearfully destructive of human happiness. Most of the separate threads of story in "A Good Woman" end in mature and thoroughgoing tragedies, but the novel would have been bigger if we had felt somewhat the tragedy of Emma Downes; as it is, we hate her so much that we are elated at her misfortunes and sorry only for the tragic fall of her son.

Perhaps this is only one way of saying that despite its air of a bold grappling with new and dangerous themes, "A Good Woman" is written after the old model, wherein we hate unreservedly the villain and love unreservedly the hero, especially if he is brought to a tragic and romantic destruction by the villain. This underlying emotional simplicity, of course, is aid rather than hindrance to the sweep of the story, and the story is a good one. It never halts, it is well knit, it moves with heightening interest to the last page. Consider these elements and judge if they are not admirable ready-to-write materials for any novelist: An energetic, handsome widow with all the

small-town virtues, deserted many years back by a rakish husband, has brought up her only son to be a minister of the gospel, married him off to a missionary, won the respect of the community, and the attention of a Congressman whom she is about to marry. Shift. Africa, a missionary outpost at Megambo, where Philip, immature and sensitive, with his wife Naomi, homely and fanatic, labors to bring the blacks to God. Throw in the fact that Philip, though ceremonially married to Naomi, has never consummated the marriage. By pious agreement with his mother and Naomi, they live together "like brother and sister." Even with this much the novel is already off to a flying start. Add an attack by the natives, ending both Philip's faith and the military outpost, and you have the contact point of the two broad strands of the story. In the town to which Philip and his missionary wife return the stage is set for a great conflict, in which his mother's egotism is pitted against the will to live, love, and paint on the part of the son. A strike in the mills of the town, an early love of Philip's, the return of Mrs. Downes' husband, the birth of undesired twins to Naomi help matters on, and serve to bring out the diabolical in Emma Downes' motherhood as well as the pitiful and tragic in Philip.

IN the arrangement of this material to the best advantage, in keeping at least three separate dramas playing throughout the book with high interest in each and all interwoven, the utmost praise is due to Bromfield as a working craftsman; but, strangely enough, almost never does he give any illusion of life. Repeatedly one finds oneself following Mr. Bromfield's story with the greatest interest, dispensing quite willingly at times with the illusion of reality, but always in the end missing it badly. I believe the reason why that realistic hypnosis which some writers cast so easily over their work is absent from Mr. Bromfield is quite clear. He is never really interested in making a vivid, sensuous impression for its own sake. He observes facts about men and women and environment, but they are usually general facts. He is less apt to tell the precise features of a landscape than the general emotional impression which it is making on Philip or Naomi or somebody else. Nor does he even give precise individuality to these inward impressions; he is content with such words as "dreary" and "repulsive."

Two notable scenes are used in "A Good Woman" to lend emotional color

and motive to the story—one the African jungle, the other the roaring steel mills in "the town." Yet one never for an instant has the illusion of sensuous contact with either, with one exception: the pages wherein Philip, wandering away from the missionary post into the jungle, comes upon a procession of black women in the act of performing a native rite over their wooden idol. This scene ripened and glowed in Bromfield's imagination before he put it down, but as for the other jungle scenes, in their lack of color they do not exist save as words necessary to the plot.

BROMFIELD has a reputation for understanding and representing women with psychological accuracy in his novels. It is a well-earned reputation, sustained in "Early Autumn," and carried on in "A Good Woman," yet here, as with landscapes, his general observations have clearly been keener than his seeing vision. In the matter of dialogue, he portrays the same trait of writing a plausible speech which explains things to the reader but lacks the absolutely individual accent necessary to perfect dialogue. Especially is this true of his minor characters, or of his attempts at an approach to dialect. The remarks that fall from Hennesy's or Krylenko's lips are wholly artificial.

Mr. Bromfield will receive a few volleys of criticism, I believe, from those happy-ending addicts who will object to sending Philip back to Africa in the last few pages to die. There can really be no true objection to this *dénouement*; it is the logical outcome of his mixed character, derived as it is from his "pious" mother and his rakish father. But Bromfield hardly makes this clear enough, and the reader is justified in wondering through a good many pages why Philip after he marries the sweetheart of his childhood isn't able to live happily ever after. The answer of course lies in his character, but it would have added to the plausibility and strength of the book if this had been indicated—though not stressed—upon an earlier page.

Despite these adverse criticisms it should be said that this novel, like Bromfield's other work, shows great zest for character and a fine sweeping story. The sense of dramatic contrast is strong in him, and there are unforgettable moments in the adventures of Philip and his mother. If there is a feeling of disappointment it is not in the richness of his materials, but in his failure to plumb fully the whole depth of the characters he has created.

New Books in Brief Review

There Was Once a City. By Godfrey E. Turton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IT would be praise indeed for Mr. Turton and not too unkind to James Elroy Flecker to compare the two men in commenting upon this book. Before his death in 1915, Flecker had written a tale called "The King of Alsander." It created little stir then, and even less when it was reissued a short time ago. But anyone who knew the man well found it typical of him — and typically charming. In the present instance, Mr. Turton mixes similarly a definite and relieving earthiness with the figment of unbridled fancy. And similarly, his setting is an imagined city in Europe, sufficient unto itself, and having — for the sake of the author's peace of mind — no connection whatever with the known world. Here a superstitious and downtrodden citizenry revolt against a dying nobility, and the last queen brings their walls and towers tumbling about their ears in a triumph of destruction. The book is charmingly written, knowingly phrased. And in that last hour before "night's candles are burnt out," one need not care whether there really was once such a city or not.

Anabel at Sea. By Samuel Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

ONE will have to hurry if this book is to be read before the season's straw hats are called in, for the tale of Anabel's search about the world for a husband will be cried down by the souging of autumnal winds. But for what it is at the present moment, Mr. Merwin's vaguely connected series of episodes merits at least a brief note of acclaim. Beyond that there is nothing to be done. Of course it might be added that the lady searches almost but not quite in vain, and that Wellesley graduates will no doubt take great interest in the marital and maritime vicissitudes of one of their sister alumnae.

Manchu Blood. By Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

HUGH WILEY is a globe trotter. Like Wildcat, child of his brain, he obeys the promptings of an insatiable wanderlust, paying his way with receipts from tales and stories. Fortunately he generally ends his many trips at San Francisco, where he turns his observing faculties upon Chinatown, spins delightful yarns about the Orientals, and accumulates money for another jaunt. "Manchu Blood" is a collection of Chinese stories

all set in San Francisco. Several of them detail the thoughts and experiences of Jim Sin, cook, philosopher, and handy man in a pinch. Wiley is a versatile chap. Unless we knew it for a fact, we should never dream that the author of the Wildcat stories could also pen such yarns as move through the pages of "Jade" and "Manchu Blood." We trust that Mr. Wiley will continue his wanderings; there are places on many a library shelf for more tales about Jim Sin.

Motber and Son. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50.

THIS is Volume IV in the four-volume sequence of "The Soul Enchained." There is another volume in preparation. There would be. Remember that the Jean Christophe series reached the impressive total of eleven. Romain Rolland has many admirers; aside from those liberals who sympathize with his ideas, there are critics aplenty who praise him as a man of letters. Having been unable to read more than three of the Jean Christophe series, and regretting the time lost in that exercise, I am unable to judge the quality of the greater part of his work. But this present volume bears out the unhappy impression of "Dawn" and "Morning." It is, to me at least, tedious, windy, empty of real inspiration. Neither Mr. Rolland's sophomoric cries and wails for a better world, nor his long-drawn-out scenes of sentiment and nobility, nor the actions of his characters, rouse any feeling that the tragedy is real or the actors human beings. A sickliness of sentiment pervades the whole thing. I venture the thought that Mr. Romain Rolland is perhaps the most overrated writer of our day.

A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

THE enthusiasm which greeted "The Little French Girl" and more recently "The Old Countess" was doubtless a factor in the publishers' decision to re-issue this delightful bit of biography which first appeared in 1919. The host of Miss Sedgwick's admirers has grown mightily through her latest books; late devotees will be grateful for having the memoir called to their attention. A note explains that the book has been pieced together from many talks with an old French friend of the author, but under Miss Sedgwick's skillful hand the "piecing" process entirely disappears, and the memoir emerges more as a well-seasoned

autobiography than as the work of an observer. Through the eyes of a child, the book records and preserves the everyday happenings of a pleasant aristocratic Breton family, but they are events so carefully selected, so colorfully presented by the author, that they form an authentic, cumulative picture of life in quaint old Brittany. This is just the book for an afternoon under the trees or an evening before an early autumn fire.

Wolf Song. By Harvey Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

A STRONG, well-told story of the old West and its men and women. Mr. Fergusson has presented his characters vividly against a convincing background. The mountain hunter and trapper, the Spanish, Mexican, Indian natives of New Mexico, the pushing, confident Americans; these are real, convincing figures. The story moves with effortless inevitability. It is a very fine piece of work and, what is more, a novel you will not put down until you have finished it.

The Crook's Game. By George Dilnot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

THE crook's game proves an appropriately exciting one. The crook himself has reformed his ways, but his efforts to shake off bad company are less than successful. Besides, the crook has grown honorably rich. As a result, there are mysterious doings in a London night club and on Westminster Bridge. Various unsavory persons indulge their natural bent for blackmail, murder, arson, abduction, and similarly provocative misdeeds. It becomes necessary for Scotland Yard to intervene. So much belongs with the usual paraphernalia of detective stories. Even Sergeant-Inspector Strickland, despite a certain bluff common sense, is not very far removed from the usual snooper of fiction. But Mr. Dilnot has a method of his own for revitalizing conventional plots and counterplots. He makes no bones about letting his readers know at page 55 who really fired the fatal shot. From that moment, as narrator, he plays the crook's game from both sides of the field. The outcome is never really in doubt, and the onlooker finds his principal interest centering upon the precise turning by which the law — meaning Sergeant-Inspector Strickland — will ultimately down the lawbreaker. And, of course, there is a love story intertwined — less rapidly than in the ordinary thriller.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

AT 6.53.33 eastern daylight time, the monoplane *Woolaroc*, piloted by ARTHUR C. GOEBEL, Hollywood stunt aviator, and navigated by Lieut.

Transpacific Air Derby W. C. DAVIS, dropped down on Wheeler Field, Honolulu, winner of the \$25,000 prize offered by JAMES C. DOLE. Two hours later the *Aloha*, with MARTIN JENSEN as pilot and PAUL SCHLUTER as navigator, zoomed down to take second place and \$10,000 prize money. Two 'planes are missing as this goes to press, the *Miss Doran*, piloted by J. A. PEDLAR, in which Miss MILDRED DORAN of Flint, Michigan, was a passenger, and the *Golden Eagle*, whose pilot and navigator were JACK FROST and GORDON SCOTT.

Five ships failed to get away in the transpacific derby. The *El Encanto*, a home-built monoplane piloted by Lieut. NORMAN A. GODDARD of San Diego and navigated by Lieut. K. C.

Left Behind HAWKINS, and the little orange and black monoplane, the *Pabco Flyer*, Maj. LIVINGSTON IRVING of Berkeley, pilot, crashed to the ground when their wings were unable to lift the heavy cargoes of gasoline which had been put aboard. None of the aviators was injured. The *Dallas Spirit*, piloted by Capt. W. P. ERWIN of Dallas, and the *Oklahoma*, with BERNETT GRIFFIN of Oklahoma City at the stick, got away nicely from the runway, but were forced by mechanical troubles to return to the field. The *Air King* with C. W. PARKHURST and R. C. LOWES, JR., as pilot and navigator, respectively, was ruled out by the judges when it was declared by government experts that the ship could not carry enough fuel to last as far as Hawaii.

Just before the Pacific air sweepstakes attracted world-wide attention, two German 'planes failed in attempts to accomplish the east-west passage over the

East-West Passage Atlantic. Both 'planes took off in the teeth of storms, and fear for their safety was expressed by weather experts and aviators on both sides of the Atlantic. The *Europa*, piloted by CORNELIUS EDZARD and navigated by JOHANN RISTICZ, was first to turn back. Ascending from Dessau, Germany, the 'plane fought North Sea storms and fog in vain. The aviators swung homeward after five hours of difficult flying.

The *Bremen*, with Pilots HERMAN KOEHLER and FRIEDRICH LOOSE aboard, roared from the ground five minutes before the *Europa*, but returned to Dessau twenty-two hours later, after having reached Ireland. During

the flight the 'plane was threatened by lightning and buffeted by wind and rain. Despite the elements the two aviators made heroic attempts to continue the flight and turned back only after strong winds had successively hurled the ship to great heights and driven it downward to dangerously low altitudes.

The Week

¶A race across the Pacific. Dole air derby from San Francisco to Honolulu. ¶Germany sends out the first European contenders for transatlantic honors. But they are forced to turn back. ¶A captain of industry dies. Judge Gary and United States Steel. A publicity pioneer. ¶Political storm in Ireland. But President Cosgrave weathers it. And adjourns the Dail. ¶Mr. Hoover sees tax-reduction possibilities. But Mr. Coolidge puts it up to Congress, and hopes the legislators will not indulge in a money-spending orgy. ¶A Sacco-Vanzetti juror's house is bombed. But no one is seriously injured. Massachusetts' Supreme Court hears final pleas for the defense. ¶Revolution in Bolivia. Incas on the warpath. ¶A Nationalist leader resigns in China. ¶Admiral Jones has a word on disarmament.

Only a few hours before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts was ready to sit in special session to hear pleadings of defense counsel for SACCO and VAN-

Reprisal ZETTI, a bomb exploded under the home of LEWIS McHARDY, juror in the SACCO-VANZETTI murder trial six years ago. The house was almost completely wrecked and glass was shattered in buildings over a wide radius in East Milton, Massachusetts. None of the five members of the McHARDY family who were sleeping when the blast occurred was seriously injured, however.

In a letter to Mr. McHARDY, Governor FULLER of Massachusetts declared he believed the former juror would "be reimbursed for the loss of his home."

Governor Fuller's Comment The governor stated that "every right-thinking person must be astounded to realize that it was possible in our community for a citizen who has served as a jurymen and who has done his duty as he saw it to be penalized

apparently for that reason alone by having his home blown up and the lives of himself and his loved ones put in danger."

On August 16 the Massachusetts Supreme Court heard arguments of defense counsel in a final attempt to save the convicted men from the electric chair.

Final Appeals Summoned from their vacations by Governor FULLER, four justices listened to

ARTHUR D. HILL, defense counsel, and Attorney-General ARTHUR K. READING argue the defense contention of prejudice against Judge WEBSTER THAYER who presided at the SACCO-VANZETTI trial and who has heard and denied eight motions for a new trial for the two men. On the basis of this contention the defense asked for a stay of execution and a revocation of the sentence.

Judge ELBERT H. GARY, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation and one of the most prominent men in American industry, died at his New York home early in the morning of August 15. He had been failing in

Industrial Giant health for a number of months and succumbed to chronic myocardiitis. He was eighty years old. The career of Judge GARY was inevitably bound up in the Twentieth Century story of American industry. An exponent of big business mergers, he succeeded where others failed in satisfying the courts that large industrial combinations do not necessarily operate in restraint of trade.

Born on an Illinois farm to parents of old New England stock, Judge GARY was educated in the public schools, Wheaton College, and at the University

Judge Gary's Career of Chicago. As a lawyer, he entered politics and was later elected circuit judge of Dupage County,

Illinois. Later he practiced law in Chicago for twenty-five years, where he won eminence as a corporation counsel. As general counsel of the Illinois Steel Company in 1899 he was in charge of the organization of the Federal Steel Company, a merger of several corporations. In negotiating for this amalgamation he attracted the attention of J. P. MORGAN, the elder, who, having financed the combination, insisted that Judge GARY head the merger. After the Federal Company got under way Judge GARY's vision compassed a great steel combination, and he succeeded in convincing MORGAN of the wisdom of such a plan. When ANDREW CARNEGIE decided to retire from the steel business GARY planned and MORGAN financed the

United States Steel Corporation in 1901. The undertaking was the largest that the industrial world had ever known. Financiers were astounded when it was announced that the capital of the corporation would stand at \$1,100,000,000 with bonds to the extent of \$304,000,000.

Unlike most captains of industry Judge GARY never feared publicity. In fact, he was free with his statements to the press, and over the objections of his board of directors he initiated a plan whereby affairs of the company, including data on unfilled orders, profits, and surpluses, were regularly announced through the newspapers.

By the narrow margin of one vote President WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE's Government remains the power in the Irish Free State. On a vote of censure against the Government on August

Cosgrave Stays On 16 the Laborites and supporters of the régime were tied with seventy-one votes each. The deciding ballot in favor of the Government was cast by the speaker of the Dail. The crisis was reached when EAMON DE VALERA and his forty-four recalcitrant adherents suddenly decided that they would take the oath of allegiance to the British crown necessary before one may be seated in the Dail. Having taken their places they immediately moved a vote of censure against the Government. Capt. WILLIAM REDMOND, leader of national league deputies, announced that his party would vote against COSGRAVE. Had all of his followers done so the Government would have been unseated. One, however, failed to cast a ballot and the tie resulted. President COSGRAVE immediately moved adjournment of the Dail until October 11, which means that the reins of Government will remain in his hands, at least until then. The debate which preceded the voting was spirited but orderly. President COSGRAVE defended his administration with a short but pointed speech which ended with the bristling question: "Will the assassins feel easier if this motion passes?"

On successive days Secretary HOOVER and President COOLIDGE made public their respective views on the prospect of Federal tax reduction by the next Congress. On August 15

Mr. Hoover and Taxes Mr. HOOVER, sojourning in Los Angeles, declared that despite seven great engineering problems contemplated by the Government, including flood control, development of the Colorado River, and waterways plans, taxes may be substantially reduced. None of the projects, according to the Secretary of Commerce, will necessitate large appropriations during the impending session and should not swallow up the surplus which now bulges the sides of Uncle Sam's coffers. Mr. HOOVER said

that only about \$30,000,000 annually will be required to carry out plans for Mississippi flood control and development of the Colorado. This, he said, "is a relatively small sum . . . and will in no way offset the tax-reduction plan proposed by Secretary MELLON."

On the following day President COOLIDGE put the problem of tax reduction squarely up to Congress, and his remarks concerning the flair of Congress for spending money were not altogether complimentary. Tax reduction, according to the President, will be possible only if Congress holds appropriations within the budget and does not indulge in a riot of spending. He vouchsafed the opinion that a surplus would be available next year and that if tax revisions were left in his hands he could effect a satisfactory reduction.

The President advised that Congress hold itself to necessities. He recommended reasonable appropriations for Mississippi flood control and farm relief, but said nothing about the Colorado River. Mr. COOLIDGE is reported to have exhibited an anxious attitude toward proposals of some members of Congress that the United States should quickly build a Navy equal in strength to that of Great Britain. An expansion of the five-year aviation program authorized in the 1925-1926 session will not be approved by the Administration, according to the President.

After several weeks of outward lull in China, a change seems imminent with the sudden retirement of Marshal CHIANG KAI-SHEK, thirty-nine-year-old military leader of the Nationalist forces, whose resignation was tendered on August 8 and announced six days later. With his withdrawal is seen the end of the Nanking Government which was set up by CHIANG shortly after the capture of Shanghai. Civil leaders of the Nationalist cause, quartered at Hankow, had taken on too much of a Communist tinge to suit the ideas of CHIANG KAI-SHEK, and he forthwith repudiated them, making Nanking, just up the river from Shanghai, his capital. Since those exciting days of last spring, there have been many moves and counter-moves. FENG YU-HSIANG, the "Christian general," stepped into the picture as head of the Hankow Government's military arm, but after a brief period, he gained the upper hand there and ordered out the Reds. Subsequently, it was reported that he and CHIANG KAI-SHEK had reached an agreement and would drive north upon Peking with their respective armies. CHIANG actually entered vigorously upon his offensive. FENG, playing a waiting game, seems to have aided him only half-heartedly, if at all.

In any case, the Northern drive was a failure, and there has been a lull in the fighting for some time.

The stage of the world's latest revolution is in Bolivia, where 80,000 Incas have taken to the warpath. Reports from La Paz, capital of this South American republic, declare that the depredations of the Indians have terrorized residents of interior states for several days and that the uprising is spreading rapidly throughout the country. Hundreds of white owners of haciendas have fled their lands for the safer havens of large population centers. A whole division of the Bolivian army has been mobilized to quell the revolt. *El Pais*, official organ of the Government, charges that the revolution was instituted by Bolsheviki, who stirred up racial hatred among the Incas.

The revolt is particularly dangerous, according to South American dispatches, because the whites are in the minority. Fears have been voiced by officials that if the uprising should reach La Paz it might assume the proportions of a catastrophe. One alleged Communist has been arrested on a charge of inciting the Indians to riot. Many white persons have been slain and their homes burned by the Indians, who are said to be intent on destroying every vestige of white civilization. Latest reports say that the Indians are acquiring firearms to replace the primitive bludgeons and slingshots with which many of them were armed when the revolt began.

Returning to the United States from the Geneva naval limitations conference, Rear Admiral HILARY P. JONES declared that the United States should maintain a

Our Navy Navy adequate to protect its foreign commerce and a substantial merchant marine capable of use as an auxiliary in time of war. The admiral said that Great Britain was justified in demanding a navy strong enough and large enough to "protect her bread line." "When they went still further," he added, "and talked of the wide-flung coast line of the British Empire, then I told them that was protecting trade and commerce, and the United States had her far-off interests to guard, also." The admiral voiced the conviction that no "tangible results will be obtained by these limitations of arms parleys." He charged that "when the pacifists start clamoring for disarmament to prevent war the manufacturers of arms

Disarmament Parleys immediately begin to receive large orders and make a lot of money. No Government will scrap good material in the future, whether it is warships or guns. I know of one big arms factory that owes the commencement of its prosperity to the holding of the first peace conference at The Hague."

The Editor Steps Down

SEVEN years have seen the gradual heaping of fuel upon the legal fires which have been endeavoring — so far in vain — to consume two supposed murderers. It looks at last as though the law was having its innings. But it is safe to say that many more than seven years will elapse before the Sacco-Vanzetti case will be ruled out of drawing-room conversations, let alone be forgotten. And every day the desperate struggle continues must add at least a year to the eventual life of the discussion. Just at the present moment the controversy is at its height; everyone has an opinion, and everyone is willing to express it. Here is one which strikes us as particularly interesting from a correspondent in Bremen, Maine:

DEAR SIR:

Your editorial comment on "The Governor's Verdict" inspires a protest. I am "more interested in the sanctity of the courts" than in the fate of any anarchists or the reputation of any officeholder. A paymaster was murdered and robbed in broad daylight in the sight of several persons. Two men were eventually arrested, charged with the crime, and found guilty. All this happened six years or more ago. These men have been in custody during that time. The task of convincing the world that the practice and procedure used and the persons identified with the arrest and conviction of these two men were faultless and blameless has been undertaken. The task is hopelessly impossible. No one can review the case and believe that honesty, fairness, and efficiency could have left such an uncertainty as still exists and always will exist.

¶Six years! There is a good reason why actions at law cannot be maintained if commenced more than six years after the cause of the action occurred. Every intelligent citizen knows why a statute of limitations is a necessity in any civilized state. Yet the mummery of solemnly retrying this case more than six years after the events which government officials could not reconstruct and prove beyond a reasonable doubt has resulted in two more verdicts against the accused men. And THE INDEPENDENT accepts the results of these belated if not outlawed verdicts even after refusing to accept the same verdict when the events were fresh in the memory of witnesses — before opinion had hardened into purpose.

¶Personally I am not interested in saving the lives of these two men, but I yearn for confidence in and respect for the courts. I am disappointed that Governor Fuller did not utilize an exceptional opportunity to launch a movement for verdicts not actively inconsistent with "abstract justice," instead of attempting to retry a case already more than six years old.

RALPH W. BARTLETT.

PERHAPS a reasonable objection to "A Protest from the Big Congregation," which was published in our issue of August 6, is this one from a reader in Essex, Massachusetts, which needs no additional comment.

DEAR SIR:

Why should Emily Newell Blair "take time from a busy life" and four pages of THE INDEPENDENT to tell us that she and her husband have quit the church and that she is weary of the controversy between the Sinclair Lewises and the H. L. Menckens on the one side and the Billy Sundays and the John Roach Stratons on the other? There are millions of people in the "big congregation" who keep their faith in God and who look upon the church as the greatest instrumentality for the uplift of society, but who do not bother their heads over the wordy wrangling of the Menckens and the Stratons — or even care to read "Elmer Gantry."

NEWTON B. HOBART.

JUST for the sake of keeping a worthy and venerable cat from dying, we take much pleasure in publishing a letter from the editor of the *North American Register* of Chicago. It concerns the controversy which arose not long ago over a slightly rash statement in one of our editorials juggling the geographical position of the Mohave Desert. We sincerely trust that at least a modicum of truth has now been arrived at.

DEAR SIR:

On page 167 of your issue for August 13 you print a letter from a correspondent in Globe, Arizona, who takes you to task for what he regards as New England inaccuracy concerning matters Western. He states that the Mohave Desert is in Los Angeles County, California, "just a short distance from Angelus Temple." Since when is a New England editor less likely to be correct about such a matter than a resident of Arizona? If one will submit the question to a good map he will find that well over ninety-five per cent of the Mohave Desert lies in San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, California, and that part of the remaining five per cent is in the northeast corner of Los Angeles County. Thus the Mohave is "in" Los Angeles County, but in rather a small way. Your readers should not be misled by the statement that it is but a "short distance" from Angelus Temple. Driving from Los Angeles about the shortest distance to the Mohave Desert is sixty miles if one goes by way of what may be called an all-Los Angeles-County route. This would bring one to the neighborhood of Palmdale. By driving from Los Angeles through the city of San Bernardino one can reach the Mohave in about seventy or seventy-five miles, finding himself on the desert a few

miles south of Victorville, in San Bernardino County. Of course sixty or seventy miles out there is a "short distance," as Far Westerners speak of distance. Having traveled those particular roads dozens of times, I chance to know whereof I speak. More power to you, and "may your shadow never grow less!"

C. W. SHUMWAY.

STRICTLY *ex sancto* we wish to call particular attention to the article in this issue by Miss Elizabeth Dickens, "They Ain't Done Right by Our Nell," and to suggest that there is a great deal more in it than perhaps meets the eye. With a fine air of legerdemain Miss Dickens produces her arguments as she might rabbits from a hat, apparently considering them part of the act and of no further import. But we think she means every word she says, and with reason. The subject of the modern girl and her rearing has been argued this way and that to such an extent and by those so qualified that we hesitate to join, but we commend the battle to our readers with all sincerity. There must be fresh evidence to uncover.

And while we are about it, what about our sons? What has become of the woodshed as a family accessory? How many of our boys spend their summers between layers of the educational sandwich apprenticed to some merchant or manufacturer? Where, to come to the point, is the youth of yesteryear?

They Ain't Done Right by Our Nell

(Continued from page 210)

To me there is a ray of light in every new masculine boast that the most skilled chefs are of the male persuasion. I am glad. I speed them on their way. And may their tribe increase! And it cheers me, too, every time I watch nearsighted old Mr. Cox, my grocer, puttering about his orderly shelves. I think how much satisfaction he could derive from bringing order to the chaos that is my clothes closet. And I hope that he has many brothers in spirit. Perhaps they offer a solution.

Then, too, there always will be a considerable number of women to whom the unvarying trivialities of domesticity are as grateful as they might be to many men.

In the meantime, why worry? Melissa is in the kitchen. Dour-faced, middle-aged Melissa. And I am earning enough to pay her wages. That, if not a solution, is a good working compromise — for me.

Just what it is for Melissa I cannot say. She is efficient, heaven knows. Domestic routine has been drilled into her as though it were a multiplication table. Middle-aged, efficient, hopeless-eyed Melissa. Her mother, I suspect, trained her to be a home maker.

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A Life for a Life

(Continued from page 202)

has ever been produced save the usual life imprisonment. And after all, this is the ultimate issue of the whole proposition: *Is life imprisonment an effective substitute for capital punishment?* "Life imprisonment," say some opponents of capital punishment, "is more terrible than murder. Prisoners fear it more." Indeed, all opponents of the death penalty must tacitly assume this position whether they will or no—for there is no other ground upon which to stand. Let us test the strength of that assertion. If criminals actually fear life imprisonment more than the death penalty, why does a rigid enactment of the death penalty as inflicted in Canada and England cut their murder rate below that of other countries where there is no death penalty, or where—as in the United States—the penalty is not rigidly inflicted? But of course Mr. Darrow says that statistics mean nothing. And since the overwhelming weight of this evidence compels some answer, I suppose that this retort extraordinary is about as good as can be made. But why, if life imprisonment is more feared than death, were hundreds of thousands of dollars spent to save Loeb and Leopold from death after they had pleaded guilty and when the only other alternative was life imprisonment? And why are governors annually besieged by lawyers and relatives of convicted murderers to commute death sentences to life imprisonment?

The cold fact is that death, not life imprisonment, is the greater deterrent to murder. The desire for life is rooted in the biological law of self-preservation and as deep-seated as life itself, whereas the fear of life imprisonment is a newer, weaker fear acquired with the veneer of civilization. After all, why should murderers fear life imprisonment when it means nothing to a genial pardoning board or a hearty well-met governor? By a stroke of the pen a murderer who has snuffed out the life of a law-abiding citizen, who was caught only through high risk by officials of the law, who was convicted only after an expensive trial, is turned loose to prey once more upon his fellow men. The big-hearted Cole Blease released 3,165 criminals, including over a hundred murderers, during his term as governor of South Carolina; the womanly heart of "Ma" Ferguson led her to liberate 3,500 criminals in the Lone Star State; while the pardoning career of Len Small of Illinois is still in its prime. As yet the State of Ohio holds the record of having her average life sentence amount to seven and one half years.

Capital punishment at least guarantees an unpardonable murderer, but life imprisonment has become a jolly legal farce which might well be entitled "The Comedy of Errors."

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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THE INDEPENDENT is not edited or published in the interest of any one of these United States, nor are its readers grouped in any particular locality. We have more subscribers in four States of the Middle West, for example, than in the whole of New England. It is not, therefore, our function or our purpose to take a local, parochial view of a case whose echoes have been heard around the world. Yet the fact remains that our magazine is produced and created in New England, its editors are citizens of Massachusetts, its corporate, intangible spirit is necessarily responsive to the sentiment and feeling of the community of which it is a part. For this reason, and because we are and have been physically so close to the sustained hysteria of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, we conceive that our readers elsewhere may be interested in knowing something about the way in which the community which executed Sacco and Vanzetti feels about this grossly misrepresented affair.

In the first place, it should be clearly understood that to be a foreigner, a radical, a Socialist, a Communist, an agitator, or an anarchist, is not now, and never has been, and never will be punished by a death warrant in Massachusetts. The Common-

wealth where our Revolution was born, where Abolition took root and grew, has never been fearful of change in the existing order. No sane man, of course, believes that the ideal of anarchy is anything but an abomination and perversion, but anarchists rave and spout on Boston Common with the same freedom as in Hyde Park or Central Park, provided they keep the peace and refrain from practicing their dreary doctrines.

In the second place, there are few communities where the silly phrase, "the class war," is sillier than here: There are slums in Boston and in other Massachusetts cities; there are discontented workers in the mill towns and elsewhere, but on the whole Massachusetts is contented and prosperous. Its wealth is widely distributed, it has few idlers, it believes in hard work and thrift. When, therefore, our esteemed contemporary, the *New Republic*, refers to those who are "for" or "against" Sacco and Vanzetti "because they are anarchists or *because they are workers*" (our italics) it is employing a language and a mentality familiar in Russia but fantastic in New England.

In the third place, this community is willing to admit that its system of criminal law is imperfect

both in theory and practice. The system which allows and intends a trial judge to hear and pass on appeals concerning his own prejudice is not ideal if the judiciary be corrupt or unconscientious. We may remark that the system has worked heretofore as well as, or better than, most systems, and that the conduct of murder trials in this State has never been seriously questioned until the Sacco-Vanzetti case, when a well-financed group seized on it for the purposes of propaganda. What Massachusetts finds chiefly unsatisfactory in its criminal law, however, are the possibilities of delay which were so elaborately exploited by the defense in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

We pause here to enlarge for a moment on this matter of delay in the processes of justice. Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested in May, 1920, charged with a crime committed in April of that year. They were convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death on July 14, 1921. They were executed in Charlestown prison on August 22, 1927. The six years and one month intervening between their sentence and their death were used by the defense in a constant effort to upset the original verdict, to appeal from it by every possible conceivable legal procedure, to delay and avert its execution by every legal technicality and every plausible manoeuvre outside the law, to agitate, to create a sentiment favorable to the accused, to appeal to the public, to try the case over in the newspapers. They had recourse to every State and Federal court which by any stretch of legal imagination could take the case in its jurisdiction. In addition they were granted the extraordinary favor of two extralegal reviews of the evidence by Governor Fuller and by his advisory committee. Every individual who has tried this case or any part of it, either in the capacity of jurymen or of judge, has agreed in the findings of the first court either on the grounds of evidence or as a matter of legal procedure. In other words, these unhappy men received every hearing possible under the law and others which the law in this State has never contemplated before.

Now, however, Massachusetts finds itself bitterly and venomously assailed because it inflicted torture on these prisoners by keeping them alive for seven years while their defenders attempted to establish their innocence. The *Nation*, for example, mildly asserts: "No one can deny that these men have lain under the shadow of death for seven years. *It makes no difference what percentage of the responsibility for these delays is due to the defense and what to the prosecution* (our italics). The damning fact is there; everybody who has read of the case knows it. Every intelligent European is aware, moreover, that this could happen in no civilized country save the United States."

The French and British and Italian press are very severe on Massachusetts for torturing these prisoners. The Paris *Temps* says, "We wish to see the lives of

these men spared, whether innocent or guilty, because we think that they have suffered enough in these seven years of nightmare." The London *Daily News* says, "No one whatever ought to be treated as these men, whatever they have done." Mr. Wells, Mr. Chesterton, even Mr. Galsworthy, have expressed their abhorrence of vindictive Massachusetts. It remains for Americans, however, to speak more bitterly. One may quote so promising a young novelist as Mr. John Dos Passos who refers in passing to "the slow torture by the spiteful and soulless mechanism of the law," or that excited Quixote, Mr. Upton Sinclair, who telegraphed, before the execution of the two murderers, "If Sacco Vanzetti executed urge Boston committee summon grand jury of liberal citizens bring formal indictment against Commonwealth of Massachusetts for first degree murder," or so accomplished a lyricist as Miss Babette Deutsch who refers prettily to Massachusetts jurisprudence as:

Like a beast fondling what it devours,
Law slobbers justice cold upon the plate.

One might quote indefinitely, but to little purpose. All these quotations demonstrate the same extraordinary paradox that Massachusetts is now violently assailed by Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers for granting the delays which those same sympathizers sought so eagerly and persistently.

We are accused as a community of sacrificing two innocent men to a blind idol called The Law, of bringing to martyrdom two symbols of radicalism as an offering on the altar of the existing social order. This accusation has been repeated so often, so widely, and so excitedly that millions of people all over the world believe it to be true. Massachusetts, not possessing the priceless services of a defense committee, has not troubled to broadcast its denial. To us here, the accusation seems mere foolishness and empty, crooked words. We do not believe these men innocent. We believe them guilty. A very good jury was unanimous in that conviction. It thoroughly distrusted the cohorts of witnesses for the defense. So did Governor Fuller; so did his advisory board. A Massachusetts jury did not condemn them as symbols of radicalism; it condemned them as murderers. We did not make symbols of them; that was the work of their defenders. The State claimed, and proved in a court of law, that these men were murderers; the defense claimed that they were anarchists and that in punishing them, the State was attacking brutally and cynically every phase of liberal thought and progressive freedom. A more vicious perversion of truth was never publicly proclaimed or upheld.

Here in Massachusetts we have a rather definite opinion as to the personnel and activities of the so-called Defense Committee and its adherents. We recognize that a few honest men and women have

interested themselves in this case because they sincerely believed injustice was being done to two poor and friendless Italians. They gave their time, their devotion, and their money to the cause of justice as they saw it, and we honor them for doing so. Their honest and intelligent analyses of the case raised many reasonable doubts as to the guilt of the accused. Indeed, until the publication of Governor Fuller's report and that of his committee, the Editors of *THE INDEPENDENT* urged a new hearing and doubted the propriety of the death penalty. But these men were exploited cruelly by various interested groups: first that group of querulous, discontented spirits so quick to believe the worst of the powers that be, so averse to align themselves with any attack on things as they are. Then came the professional propagandists, the prophets and high priests of revolt. Quick to seize on the plausible opportunities of this case, they collected enormous sums from the devout and the hysterical believers; they organized a propaganda which swept around the world; they either deliberately or tacitly encouraged those "demonstrations," continued during years, whose end is not yet, which in all the countries of the world have expressed themselves in the killing of persons and the destruction of property. They misrepresented facts every time they spoke. They aroused the passions of millions by false and impudent assertions; they twisted the story of a trial to their own ends and purposes. One can only believe that they cared less for the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti than for their usefulness as propaganda, as symbols in the attack on civilization.

Last came and last did go the lunatic fringe, the crack-brained near idealists, the kitchen poets of Greenwich Village, the extravagants, the publicity seekers, the willing, wild-eyed martyrs, and in the sorry comedy of their posturings the tragic drama drew on to its dreadful end. No crazier hysteria has swept this country or others; no more fantastic dream has ever obscured reality.

Many of us hoped that, guilty as we believed the prisoners to be, mercy could and would be shown them, at least that the death penalty would be commuted to life imprisonment. Such discretion lay in the hands of the governor and his council. Only time will show the wisdom of their decision.

In Massachusetts we feel that if these murderers had been Yankee carpenters or farmers or brakemen, no voice except the voice of counsel would have been raised in their defense, that they would have paid the penalty five years ago. Because they were foreign anarchists the processes of the law were extended over seven years, hundreds of thousands of dollars were collected in their defense, and their names have become household words among the ignorant and the disaffected all over the world. We are proud that Massachusetts has listened not at all to lying propaganda nor to the counselings of

fear, that the Commonwealth has given every protection in its power to two criminals, and in the end has executed justice in accordance with the law as justice must be executed if civilization is to endure, regardless of public clamor or private threats.

When Democrats Assemble

WHAT with the President's voluntary relinquishment of next year's Republican nomination and all the speculation to which his choice gave rise, everyone had forgotten all about the Democrats. But you can't keep the Bourbons out of the spotlight forever. You may smother the record of their activities under an avalanche of hot Republican news, but they are sure to dig themselves out — and to do it where a crowd is watching. For fight news has high value, and Democrats are always fighting.

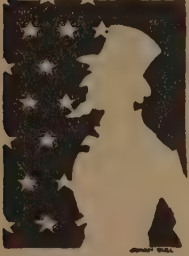
Take the Institute of Politics at Charlottesville, Virginia, for example. Curiously enough, optimists in charge of assembling a bevy of Democratic belligerents for a nice, dull discussion of abstract politics seem to have fondly imagined that practical issues could be avoided. It was William Gibbs McAdoo who taught them otherwise. The Institute had droned along circumspectly sticking to its academics until Mr. McAdoo, innocently enough, it appears, branched off upon the clash between public authority and private rights. It was the battle cry. Other speakers stung the assembly by pointing out that the "rights" of which the arid Mr. McAdoo spoke so glibly were involved in prohibition. Governor Ritchie of Maryland Free State fired a whole bandoleer of invective at the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act and all who supported them. Senator Carter Glass leaped to the counterattack upon a front which he has somewhat neglected of late. The fight was going beautifully and newspaper wires sizzled with the news until Mr. McAdoo blew recall with the hilarious declaration — seriously made — that when he spoke of "rights" he wasn't thinking of prohibition at all!

During a calmer moment of the fracas, Senator Glass declared that it would be suicidal for the party even to discuss prohibition as an issue, and in the next breath began discussing it vigorously. When he and Ritchie and McAdoo cannot meet without scrapping over prohibition what does he expect to happen when a whole auditorium of hot-blooded delegates meet at convention? The set-to in Virginia is simply prophetic of what may happen next summer when the Democrats assemble, to the delight of all who like a fight, but to the serious detriment of whatever contestant emerges scarred but victorious from the fray.



The Federal Book of Etiquette

THE Federal Trade Commission recently served notice on an Ohio manufacturing concern to cease "employing . . . any system of espionage . . . to obtain information as to the facilities, capacities,



operations or customers of any competitor." It went further, and ordered the manufacturer to desist from circulating false or misleading statements concerning any competitor's business methods, financial standing, or ability to fill orders. And with this rather surprising mandate, the Government stepped forward in a new rôle as arbiter

of business ethics. Authority for its action is to be found in provisions of the Clayton Act which empower the Commission to take action against "unfair practices" in competition. Heretofore, these clauses have served only as the basis for shielding business from death-dealing monopolies. Now an ægis is planted upon them to which any company may fly for protection when harried by spying or lying competitors. Although the entrance of government into the realm of sheer ethics may be regarded by many as too paternalistic, it will do little harm and should have a healthy moral effect.

For some years the conviction has been taking root in American industry and trade that unfair dealing and dishonest statements about competitors are unprofitable. "Better Business Bureaus" are functioning with wholesome results; the "Truth-in-Advertising" campaign has been fruitful. Large corporations are laying down ironclad rules of ethical conduct for salesmen, employees, and agents. Almost any business man of standing will admit that it never pays and always hurts to lie about a competitor or to compete unfairly. In many quarters the theory has been honored by practice. Now to the ledger-book considerations which make for just and decent dealing the Government adds a threat to expose and censure any company that skulks as a spy in a competitor's private domain or falsifies about his affairs. Dishonest practice in business therefore becomes doubly unprofitable. Not only will the chickens of dishonor come home to roost, but the coop will be thrown open to the public gaze.

The Wages of Brawn

THE Department of Labor is worried over the fact that there are several millions of common laborers in the United States "whose earnings under the best of conditions are far below the requirements of healthful living and good citizenship." Secretary Davis in a report issued by the Department ventures the statement that "taken together

with their families and dependents, the number of hard-working, but underpaid" laborers is from ten to twenty millions. President Coolidge, speaking at Hammond, Indiana, on June 14 said, "While we have reached the highest point in material prosperity ever achieved, there is a considerable class of unskilled workers who have not yet come into the full participation in the wealth of the nation."

The Department of Labor's report reveals that hundreds of thousands of laborers receive \$17 a week, many more struggle along on \$22, and that employment for the unskilled is by no means steady. Secretary Davis declares that "morally, economically, and on the grounds of simple humanity, this inequality should not be allowed to exist in the richest nation of history." But we should very much like to know what Secretary Davis or anyone else proposes to do about it.

Always, everywhere, even in the most golden days of history's most golden empires, a vast army has scraped along on the brink of starvation. The reason is that its members have nothing to offer society but brawn. When the world needs strong backs they are well paid. When there is an over-supply of common labor they go without work. There is nothing that the Government can do for them, except, as has been repeatedly suggested, to perform public work during periods of unemployment and not to compete for common labor when industry needs it.

The picture drawn by the Department of Labor, depressing at first glance, is not so saddening on close examination. In most families to which the margin of existence is narrow, everybody works and contributes his share to the common purse. The father's wages are often matched and even exceeded by the contributions of wife, sons, and daughters. The number of families that actually must struggle along on \$17 or \$22 a week is probably much smaller than the Department of Labor's report would seem to reveal, and even in proportion to the total national income much smaller than the same group in any other nation.

Newspapers "Strings"

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST and Paul Block have made two newspapers bloom in Pittsburgh where four had blossomed before. They have purchased four dailies in the Pennsylvania city and merged them into two — one morning and one evening paper. Their only competitor will be the *Pittsburgh Press*, owned by the Scripps-Howard syndicate. All of which is rather grievous news for intelligent readers in the steel center.

The individuality of newspapers has sorely declined with the popularity of syndicated editorials, news features, cartoons, and pictures, until now, with some exceptions, the small-town dailies are

becoming alike as two peas. The growth of journalistic "chains" encourages this deterioration. More unsatisfactory still from the social standpoint is the political and propagandist power which a phalanx of dailies under unified command gives to the owners. National newspaper chains exert more and more influence on American opinion. In Michigan it has become legend that the strongest political power in the State is vested in the seven prosperous dailies of the Booth chain. Like situations are increasingly prevalent in other States.

This is a deplorable situation. Newspapers should be more than mere business enterprises. When a city like Pittsburgh has not a single paper left which is not owned or controlled by outsiders with little local pride or interest, journalism is fast falling from a profession to a hard-boiled business.

Spain Tries to Come Back

SPAIN is making a strong bid to win back some of the glory of her bygone days. Unburdened by vast war debts which trouble other European nations, she has fashioned a domestic and foreign purpose to regain a position among the first nations of the world. "Spain for the Spaniards" is the motive underlying the policy of the Primo de Rivera dictatorship as regards home industry. Enticing tax exemptions and subsidies are offered to industries owned by Spaniards and operating in Spain. The Government is assisting Spanish capitalists in financing the purchase of Spanish factories owned by foreigners and hopes by tax exemptions for home-owned industries to force foreigners to sell. To provide some of the money essential to such an ambitious program, the Government has created a state monopoly on petroleum and its products.

Foreign markets for Spanish goods are being prepared by treaties, diplomacy, and finance. During the past year Spain has made substantial loans to several Spanish-speaking South American republics. In addition a number of reciprocal trade conventions have been negotiated in Latin America. For the first time in years Spain is at peace in Africa where her turbulent subjects have been at least temporarily subdued. She has strengthened her position in the Mediterranean by a bond of friendship with Italy and is constructing a navy of no mean proportions. In fact, her *rapprochement* with Italy and her naval program in which submarines play a prominent part have caused no little concern to Great Britain and France. Spain's navy is now fourth in Europe and growing rapidly.

Following the example of Mussolini, Primo de Rivera has worked actively on the patriotic pride of his people. The response has been a wave of intense nationalism. We would view this result more sympathetically if it were not similar to the Italian model — in kind if not in degree. Everyone

wishes Spain to be prosperous and happy, but there are those who doubt the ultimate wisdom of stirring up an aggressive militaristic nationalism in a country so proud, so poor, and so hungry. Two allied dictatorships are a menace to the peace of Europe. Let the Spanish Government stick to its economic program and leave naval expansion to countries which need and can afford it.

The Sexes in Industry

WOMEN own more stock in America's leading corporations than men. The *Wall Street Journal* recently completed an investigation which reveals that in nine out of ten large corporations whose shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange women owners outrank men from one to fifteen per cent. The ratios in the ten companies which answered the questionnaire are as follows:

Corporation	Stockholders	
	Women Pct.	Men Pct.
Westinghouse Air Brake	52	41
United States Steel	37.42	56.80
Southern Pacific Company	45.53	44.99
Pullman Company	46	39
Pennsylvania Railroad	50.38	47
Norfolk and Western Railroad	48	45
National Biscuit Company	50	45
General Electric	47	42
American Sugar	47	43
American Tel. and Tel.	54	39

The balance of the stock in each corporation, making 100 per cent, is held in the treasury or by other corporations, estates, or trustees.

Unfortunately, it has not been ascertained how much of the stock held by women was acquired in their own right. Many of the shares must represent legacies, or stock signed over to wives by husbands for the reasons which generally dictate such transfers. However, it is significant that stock held by women has increased substantially since the recently accelerated movement of the fair sex into business and trade. In ten years United States Steel Corporation stock held by women has increased 25.4 per cent, while the increase in shares owned by men has been only 10.6 per cent. Other corporations not listed in the table reported substantial acquisitions of shares by women during the past few years.

We commend a further study of the matter so that more complete data may be subjected to analysis. The revelations of the *Journal* are of social import. Women are much more sentimental than men. Conscious of their control of American industry they might effect some interesting changes in the relationship of capital and labor. The hand that rocks the cradle now indorses a majority of the dividend checks. What might happen if it also marked most of the ballots at annual stockholders' meetings? Nobody knows.

Joffre and Plan XVII

By T. H. Thomas

"PLAN XVII" is the general scheme on which was based the opening French campaign of the war. The French lost the campaign, and ever since the plan has been blamed as a piece of hopeless folly. Mr. Winston Churchill has gathered together in impressive paraphrases all the most savage taunts of Joffre's various critics and enemies during the past ten years, and exhibited to English readers the best bits of a lively French controversy. "The French staff," we are told, "did not believe that the Germans would make a turning movement through Belgium," and on the strength of this hallucination plunged the French army forward in a blind attack, inspired by "the doctrine of the offensive, raised to the height of a religious frenzy." As regards Joffre, who decided upon the plan, this seems a little out of character; never before or since has he revealed any inclination to indulge in frenzies — religious or otherwise. If it had been Mr. Churchill instead —

Joffre himself has not taken part in the controversy, and without him a certain element of substance has been noticeably lacking. Without him, too, it will always be impossible to explain all the whys and wherefores; but it is at least possible to learn what the plan was. The French official history has printed the text of the instructions he issued and the main outlines of the various plans which preceded this one; and from this matter-of-fact summary, Plan XVII becomes strangely different from what it is commonly represented.

First of all, Plan XVII was not primarily a plan of operations, and the French had no plan of campaign with all its moves carefully worked out beforehand, like the German. Its formal title, "plan de mobilisation et de concentration," offers a fairly accurate description; it had to gather some millions of reservists at their proper depots, fit them out with arms and equipment, organize them into units on a war footing, and deliver them in their proper places along the frontier. This vast process, moreover, had to be carried out in about a fortnight; by then the German advance would be ready, and the French armies had to be in place ready to move against it. Any such result could be accomplished only by a schedule perfectly worked out beforehand,

and at the best the task would tax to the utmost the railway facilities of the country — there were not trains enough in Europe to be assembling these vast forces and simultaneously to be shifting them elsewhere along the front.

The concentration determined on thus had to be a definite result and not a question mark, so that on both sides of the line the arrangement adopted shaped to a certain extent the operations to follow.

Ever since 1870, accordingly, the successive plans of concentration

adopted by both French and Germans attempted to put each army promptly in position, and at the same time to counter as well as possible the deployment expected of the enemy. During the first few years the French mobilization was far slower than the German; and Plan I, adopted in 1875, did not attempt to meet the enemy along the frontier: the army was to assemble far back and accept battle where the best opportunity offered. But within a few years the French had speeded up their mobilization arrangements and built strong fortifications along the frontier; their concentration areas were presently moved forward to permit giving battle in strong positions of their own choosing. The Germans countered this by reaching out to the north of the fortified frontier, and from 1894 onward their plans provided for turning the French flank by a movement through Luxemburg and Belgium. This movement gradually extended until in 1905 von Schlieffen arranged to swing his right wing forward through Holland as well, across the Maastricht appendix — Moltke later cut this down to a drive through the Liège gateway. This project was disclosed to the world at large by the construction of railway sidings and terminals opposite Liège just within the German frontier. Ever since 1878 the French staff had considered the turning movement through Belgium as a theoretical possibility; and it was now accepted without question.

BUT this left a still more perplexing dilemma. Around Metz, one hundred miles to the southward, there went forward a similar development of railway facilities, and the preparations in front of Liège did not prove that the main German advance would not be made from Metz. The Metz

France's campaign in the opening days of the war, worked out by Marshal Joffre, has been criticized bitterly, among others, by Winston Churchill, who regards it as little more than a piece of folly. Major Thomas dissents sharply from this point of view. His position is based upon a close study of the predecessors of Plan XVII and upon the revelations made since the war by a host of writers. This is the fourth of his authoritative articles upon the early campaigns of the war. The two concluding articles will deal with the Battle of the Marne

area was the classic sally port against the French frontier, and had been retained largely for this very reason by the elder Moltke in 1870. Behind the fortifications here large forces could be concentrated in perfect security and strike out at point-blank range — almost without warning — toward either Verdun or Nancy. A break through in either place might mean the collapse of the whole eastern frontier, and the French themselves knew that their "fortified barrier" was anything but impregnable. All in all, from the French standpoint the Metz corner was inherently the point of greatest danger, whatever the strength of the turning movement. The latter in any case would have to concentrate behind the German frontier and then march out across the breadth of Luxembourg and Belgium — and some warning would be given.

Accordingly, in the French plans of concentration of this period (Nos. XV and XVI), the left wing was gradually extended north and forces were held back in reserve, in order to meet this threatened movement through Belgium; but the bulk of the army was still to be assembled in the east; that is, south or east of Saint-Mihiel. In 1911, the new head of the army, General Michel, suddenly proposed to go to the opposite extreme. Deciding that the Germans had dropped the rest of the front in order to send their main forces straight west from Liège, he put all his eggs in this one basket, and made a plan for concentrating the French army on this far northern wing. More than half his divisions, not counting those tied to Paris, were to gather on the short stretch from Hirson to Dunkirk — and from there *attack straight east through Belgium*; the rest were to be spread out in a thin line across the rest of the frontier. As the Germans drove through in 1914 across this sector that Michel feared, his plan ever since has been hailed by Joffre's critics as the stroke of genius that would have saved the day — Mr.

Churchill praises "the profound and penetrating justice of his ideas," and Lord Sydenham calls it an "inspired plan." One glance at the map in the French official history sheds a good deal of light on the inspiration. Had the Michel plan been in force in 1914 the armies of von Kluck and von Bülow would have been checked and possibly defeated, but from Mézières to

Alsace the Germans would have swept forward irresistibly, straight to Paris. The British, at least, would not have been involved in the disaster; by the French army's being committed in advance to an attack through Belgium, the British presumably would have had to defend the neutrality of that gallant nation by fighting the French and Germans together. Actually, of course, so radical a change in the French plans could not have been kept secret, and the Germans could have side-stepped it by attacking further southward. General Michel's project, in any case, was at once turned down and he was removed from his appointment.

IN 1911, Joffre became head of the army. Finding Plan XVI inadequate to meet the situation on either flank, he soon revised it, and then set to work on a new plan — XVII — which was put in force early in 1914. This carried one step further the steady tendency to shift the center of gravity to the northward, and now for the first time more than half of the French forces were assembled behind the northern wing — that is, northwest of the Saint-Mihiel corner — where they could be brought to bear against a turning movement through Belgium. The sector in the north opposite the Belgian plain was still left unguarded, but to have strung out his forces in a thin line along the whole frontier would have been suicidal. Instead of guessing where the attack was coming and standing there patiently awaiting it, Joffre determined to hit out first — to "crimp" the German campaign by bringing his own attack to bear against it at the outset. He and the French staff believed that the Germans intended to strike with full force as quickly as possible, and that hence their main attack would come from Metz rather than by way of northern Belgium; also, that they would not have forces enough ready to attack from both these directions *at the outset*. Both these

estimates proved mistaken, but their plan was not based on a mere calculation of chances. Even if the Germans were to move through Belgium in a much wider swing than was expected, the French attacks should force them to hurry troops down to the threatened region.

This result was not accomplished in 1914 because the French attacks themselves were

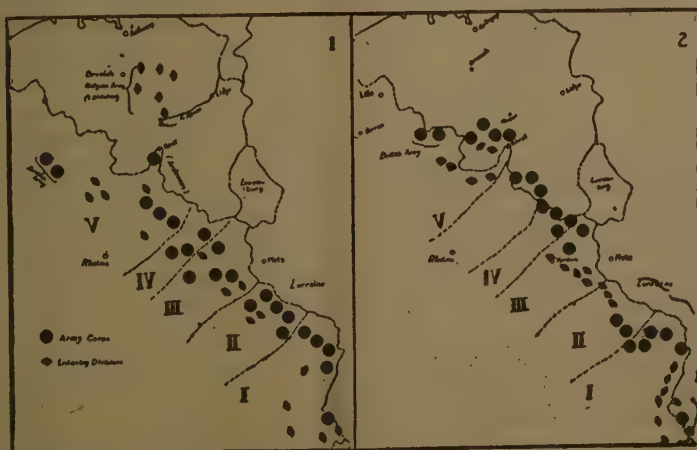


Diagram I shows the situation of the French armies on August 13-14, 1914. Diagram II shows the concentration of the French armies on August 22 for the main offensive along the frontier. First and second armies are withdrawn back of the frontier after the battles of Morhange and Sarrebourg, August 20. Heavy lines east of the frontier show limits of the advance in Lorraine and Alsace

unsuccessful; and ever since then critics have jeered at the project as fantastic. The German official history brought out the fact that merely the threat of this blow had for a time precisely the effect intended. The supreme command decided that the French had concentrated their main forces in Lorraine and "would attempt to seek a decision between Metz and the Vosges." Moltke came to the conclusion that his great advance through Belgium "had lost importance;" he suddenly abandoned the Schlieffen manoeuvre and ordered two of the armies in Belgium to wheel south against this attack in Lorraine. Had Joffre struck forward at once in the blind and bullheaded fashion he is accused of, the decisive battle would have been fought out then and there, east and north of Metz, as he had planned. Actually, he was then cautiously shifting the weight on his left further northward; puzzled by this, Moltke wavered and then returned to his original plan. His three-day shift of plan had no influence on the result, but it bears out an essential point of our interpretation. Joffre's determination to attack was inspired, perhaps, not by "the doctrine of the offensive raised to the height of a religious frenzy," but rather by a clear strategical purpose — as the best way of meeting the peculiar combination of dangers held out by the alternatives open to the enemy.

Joffre's offensive, moreover, was not bound down to a fixed plan; and least of all did he commit all his armies to a single great battle in Lorraine. Slightly less than half his forces were assembled on this wing, and his offensive was to be made with not one but two main bodies. One was to attack northeastward from the Lorraine frontier beyond Metz, just as Moltke anticipated. The other, based on Verdun and the Meuse heights to the north, was to act as circumstances required: to strike east against a German offensive from Metz, or northeast against the flank of a turning movement through Belgium. Both, thus, were to attack at the outset in any case; but the direction of one would depend upon the way the German advance developed, and the general deployment of force was so arranged that the balance could be thrown in either direction. In 1914, *before either attack was made*, this balance was thrown to the northern wing and a still further reënforcement of 100,000 men was dispatched there from Lorraine. The Lorraine battle became the strategic diversion, and the decisive effort was to be made across the Meuse, on Belgian soil.

THE much abused "sentimental offensive" in Alsace proves to have been planned as a one-corps operation — a subsidiary attack with a useful military objective. A small force advancing rapidly from Belfort before the German concentration was completed was to take Mulhouse, occupy upper Alsace, and stand pat on a defensive front across the Alsatian plain — from the Vosges to the Rhine.

The German railway on the east bank of the Rhine would thus have been knocked out, and the French would have had a much easier and safer front to hold on their extreme right flank. The objective was quite worth while, and the operation failed; not because the plan was foolish, but because the French general on the spot was beaten by the German.

JOFFRE'S two main offensives came to grief in the opening battles of the sharp series known as the Battles of the Frontier; and there followed, *subsequently*, the strategic surprise of von Kluck and von Bülow driving through northern Belgium. Ordinarily, in this depressing story, the cart is put before the horse, and it is assumed that some mystic note of failure in the plan caused the loss of the battles. Mr. Churchill thus affirms: "The Germans outnumbered the French at the outbreak by *three to two* along the whole line of battle. . . . The four decisive days of the Marne, September 6 to 9, inclusive, involved approximately the same numbers." General von Bernhardt, in one of his later effusions, complains bitterly that his countrymen were outnumbered at the Marne by six to one. This broad manner of dealing with facts and figures is the essence of the literary triumphs of both Churchill and Bernhardt. Humdrum military writers in both France and Germany have been content to regard this point as a matter not of opinion, but of arithmetic, and merely to count up the units engaged. This tame method discloses the fact that the French armies which attacked in Lorraine had, like the two which made the main attack across the Meuse, the same number of army corps at their disposal as their opponents; and in each case they fought and lost their battles without any "strategic" interference from neighboring German armies.

The main attacks having failed, the French flank was suddenly turned by the appearance of von Kluck and von Bülow: having stopped the French along the whole front, the German flanking movement went ahead as the decisive factor. It has often been argued that it would have turned the scale in any case, and the point is at least arguable. By the map alone nothing could have stopped it, but a smashing defeat along the center of his line would almost certainly have stopped Moltke. In the last days of the opening phase, the Crown Prince's army bungled into a false position and narrowly escaped a disaster; and the turmoil and confusion produced by this near shave open up interesting reflections as to what might have happened to the German plan of campaign had at least one of the two main French attacks succeeded. Joffre, it seems, sticks to the conviction that with tactical successes instead of tactical failures his strategy would have succeeded. He is perhaps a prejudiced expert, but after these opening battles his infantry steadied down and held their own, and he won the campaign that followed.

The Wilson Warbler

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

IT was a day of mist and snow. Down through a forgotten part of Philadelphia I picked my way by courts and streets where no English was spoken. Side-walks were crowded with booths on which raw squid, black cheeses, and other strange foods were being sold. I passed Carpenter's Corner where six streets of roaring traffic meet, and a gaunt, brick shot tower of another century, coming at last to where Old Swede's Church with shingled spire and triple-pointed arrow peers out from among its graves. The broken windows of a deserted factory stared down at the little churchyard like the empty eyeholes of a skull, and a mass of dead vines hung from the brick walls and trailed across the ancient boxwood.

Surrounded by sagging tombstones, I finally found the grave which I sought. It was marked by a box-shaped monument of crumbling stone, and the falling snow covered the inscription as fast as I could brush it off. Yet I made out that it marked the last resting place of that unrelenting one, Alexander Wilson, the father of American ornithology, who "died of a dysentery in his forty-seventh year." The snow came down so fast that I could only make out the first and last words of a long Latin inscription which began with *ingenio* and ended with *doctis*.

The epitaph failed to set forth that Wilson, without money, education, or friends, in ten years' time collected, described, and painted nearly all of the birds of Eastern America. That, toiling terribly, he raised the money to publish the fruit of his labors in nine volumes before he died as a result of swimming a river with his clothes on to collect his last rare bird.

I was mistaken when I said that he had no friends. Before his death he had made two hundred and sixty-five friends, little brothers of the air, whose lives he studied and with whom he lived for long years in the wilderness. Some of these bear his name to this day, such as the Wilson petrel, snipe, tern, plover, phalarope, and the veery, or Wilson thrush, whose heartstrings are a lute. Of them all, however, there was one whom he loved beyond the rest, that tiny, brilliant bird still known to the world as the Wilson warbler.

It was on a day in May after I had visited Wilson's grave that I first met his best friend. Three other bird lovers and myself were engaged in our

Alexander Wilson, pioneer of American ornithology, loved one bird above all others—the warbler which bears his name. Mr. Scoville needs little introduction to "Independent" readers. This article records a day spent in the quiet Pennsylvania woods to which the Wilson warbler added his meed of considerable pleasure

favorite game of trying to break our record of birds seen and heard in one day between dawn and dark. That day we met in the dawn dusk on the campus of a little college where, in the shrubbery and among the great trees, we were accustomed to

find great treasure among the birds before any of the students were up. As we followed a path bordered by viburnum bushes, on whose flat, blue berries the birds feed in winter, we heard a loud song: "Chip, chip, chippy-chippy-chippy." A moment later we saw the singer, a bird with a gray crown that looked much like a red-eyed vireo. No vireo, however, could sing such a song nor open its beak so wide. For a moment we all stared at the newcomer perplexedly. Then the dean of our quartette suddenly announced reverently, "The Tennessee warbler," and sure enough it was.

It was the first time that any of us had ever met that rare, quiet-colored bird so often overlooked in migration and about whose breeding and nesting habits at that time very little was known, and we spent a long, delightful quarter hour in studying every detail of his appearance and song. The Tennessee was the first of a fine list. One after another we identified bird after bird of the more common varieties, picking up a humming bird at the usual station, a pink horse-chestnut tree, and finding a little wave of flycatchers in a pin oak from which we identified the least and the Acadian, or green-crested, distinguishable only by the ashy white wing bars of the former and the buffy ones of the latter.

ONE by one we picked up the vireos: the red-eyed everywhere; a late solitary with his blue head, passing silently through the top of a great tree; the warbling vireo singing his machinelike little song, which so resembles that of the purple finch, from the top of a willow; the white-eyed saying explosively, "chip, whee-oo," in a swampy thicket; and the yellow-throated singing his alto notes in a huge white-oak tree.

That tree, with a spread of a hundred feet, stood by itself near a little lane which led to the old Quaker Meeting House and, as always, was a treasure tree for bird lovers. In its branches that day we found a cardinal grosbeak, his crest and breast all crimson, while near him was his northern

brother, the rose-breasted, black and white with the rose-red stain which has given him his name, singing his soft warble. Near by a scarlet tanager, a flaming coal among the green leaves, sang like a hoarse robin. Then to add to the riot of color in that tree, an orange-and-black oriole called down his contralto joy notes from the upper branches; while on one of the topmost twigs an indigo bird, deep blue all over, sang his silly little song, and a sunshine yellow goldfinch with velvet-black wings gave his sweet, canarylike call.

WHEN we left the campus and that magic tree we had a list of sixty different birds, and the morning was still young. On the way to Fox Valley we heard the hollow notes of the yellow-billed cuckoo, and in the little valley itself caught a glimpse of one whose tail feathers ended in small white spots instead of the large blotches which are the field mark of the yellow-billed; and with great joy we scored the first black-billed cuckoo which any of us had ever seen in Haverford. Passing through Fern Valley, a large chestnut-brown bird sprang up from beside the brook with a hoarse cry and flapped off with slow strokes of its broad yellowish brown wings, and we scored the American bittern, who likes to thrust his yellow bill straight skyward and pretend to be a stake among the long grasses. Later in the day we heard him give his bubbling, subterranean boom like water pouring out of a great cask underground.

When we came to the abandoned railroad which makes a convenient path for us through good bird country, we saw on a bare patch of ground a little flock of sparrows feeding. Most of them were white-throats with the white stripes across their heads, but one seemed different from all the others. His head did not slope back like the rest, and the stripe across it was of a broader white and there was no yellow line above his eye. "White-crowned sparrow," we shouted with one accord, and so it was, the first and last which I have ever seen, for although not a rare bird in other places its migration lanes do not pass near Philadelphia. For a long time we watched this straggler with the utmost interest and delight. Out of the sixteen million or so minutes which go to make up a long life, those marked with a new bird will always stand out in my memory.

We crossed Darby Creek on a railroad trestle fifty feet above the stream, wondering, as always, how we should feel if we suddenly saw an engine coming around the curve. Fortunately for us no trains have run on that road for many a long year, and we

reached the further bank in safety. There we met the great warbler wave of the day. The trees overhanging the creek were filled with flashing, many-colored little birds, and everywhere sounded their tiny songs. There were parulas, myrtles, black-throated blues and greens, yellow warblers, magnolias, Canadas, black-and-whites, and black-polls, with their high glassy notes, chestnut-sided, with their white cheeks — altogether we identified no less than fourteen varieties in a half-mile stretch. Among them were two that always stand out from the others. The first was the Blackburnian with his red-orange breast gleaming like a coal of fire as he flitted among the leaves giving his wire-thin notes. The other was the rare Cape May, that brilliant, beautiful little warbler who has a black crown, an orange-brown patch back of his eye, and a brilliant yellow-and-black breast. The Cape May was not new to any of us, but his coming is always an event. With the Tennessee and the Cape May on our list we felt that already the day was a red-letter one. The best, however, was yet to come.

We were following a tiny, hidden valley with a deep spring at its upper end from which trickled a little stream bordered by willow bushes. Among these, moving quickly among the feathery green leaves, passed a bird of burnished gold. He was about the size of the Cape May, which we had just seen, and, as he moved his head, I saw the little black cap which Wilson so liked to paint, and recognized the stranger as the Wilson warbler. Once he stopped to sing, and his song was like that of the yellow warbler but shorter, ending in a spray of rapid notes hard to describe. The whole personality of the bird was so lively, engaging, and debonair that on the spot I conceived an affection for him which has lasted me ever since, and I could easily see why even the sombre Scotchman cared more for that bird than any other. After lunch, with a list of eighty each, we separated. Two went home but two of us elected to stay out all day. During the afternoon I added a kingfisher, a black duck, a broad-winged hawk, and a bay-breasted warbler — that sombre, beautiful bird whose colors are black and buff and bay — to my list, bringing it up to eighty-four. My friend found a hooded warbler, a chickadee, and a cowbird, which gave him an eighty-three. Another rival, who had spent the day in a canoe on the

Rancocas, turned in an eighty-two, and my eighty-four turned out to be the best score recorded around Philadelphia for that year. The high light of the list to me, however, was the green and gold, black-capped little friend of Alexander Wilson.

The last issue of this month, September 24, will be given over to the new fall books. A particularly interesting group of articles on literary subjects is being prepared for this issue, and besides all of the regular departments, there will be reviews of the outstanding fall books. If you are not already a subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, a coupon in another part of the magazine is reserved for your use



THERE ARE COMPARATIVELY FEW MEN ENGAGED IN PILOTING THE AIR-MAIL 'PLANES, BUT IT IS SAFE TO SAY THAT THEY WILL ALL BE ON THE JOB ON LABOR DAY

THEY WHO LABOR



All photographs from Ewing Galloway

PROBABLY MORE PEOPLE ARE AT WORK IN THE VICINITY OF TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, ON A HOLIDAY THAN IN ANY SIMILAR AREA IN THE COUNTRY EVEN ON THE BUSIEST WEEK DAY



Hine

LABOR DAY MUST BE OBSERVED LITERALLY BY THIS TRACKWALKER ON THE ERIE RAILROAD. THERE MUST BE NO WEAK SPOTS ON THE ROADBEDS THAT ARE TO BEAR HOME-COMING VACATIONISTS



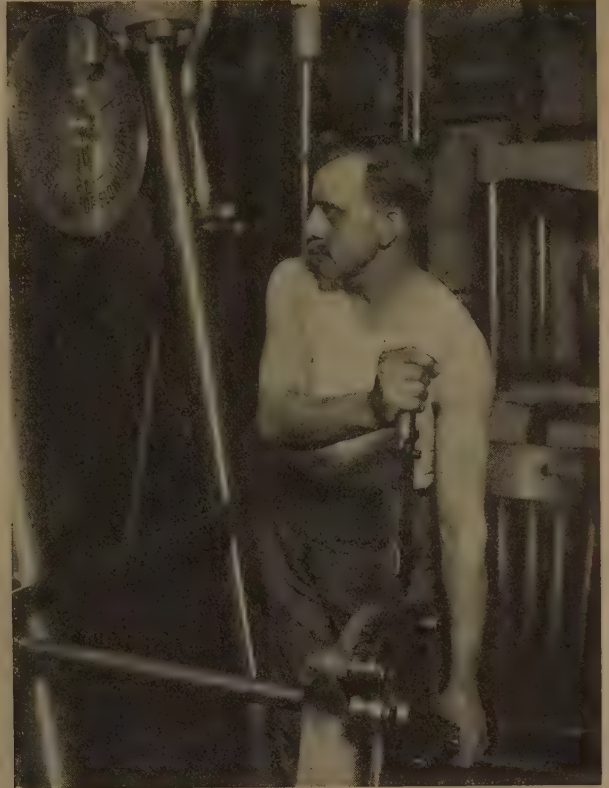
EVEN THE TELEPHONE OPERATORS WHO HANDLE THE SWITCHBOARD CONNECTING NEW YORK WITH LONDON MUST REMAIN AT THEIR POSTS. THE WORLD'S BUSINESS MAY NOT REST EVEN IF ITS BUSINESS MEN MAY



THERE'S NO DISCHARGE IN *THIS* WAR! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, ASK THE WARDEN



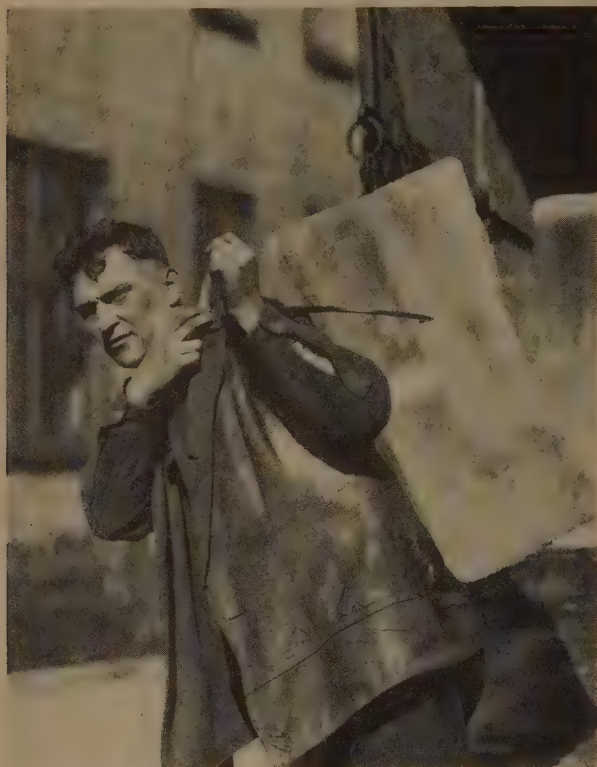
WHEN A PROSPECTIVE HEIR TO THIS WORLD'S ILLS COMES "OUT OF THE NOWHERE INTO THE HERE" HE STAYS NOT UPON THE ORDER OF HIS COMING NOR THE EXISTENCE OF A MERE HOLIDAY



Hine
CONSIDER THE MARINE ENGINEER, WHO SPENDS HIS LABOR DAY WITH EYE GLUED TO THE ENGINE-ROOM TELEGRAPH AND HAND UPON THE THROTTLES THAT HOLD HIS TURBINES IN LEASH



Hine
CERTAINLY MAN MUST HAVE ELECTRICITY FOR HIS BREAKFAST TOAST, EVEN IF HE DOES NOT GO TO THE OFFICE; AND HE MUST HAVE LIGHTS TO SHOW HIM THE WAY TO BED AT NIGHT. SOMEBODY MUST KEEP THE GENERATORS TURNING AND THE CURRENT IN THE WIRES



THIS ICEMAN DOESN'T LOOK PARTICULARLY HAPPY ABOUT IT, BUT THAT CAN'T BE HELPED. A NATION'S BUTTER AND CREAM MUST BE KEPT FRESH, AND ICED TEA MUST SURELY HAVE ITS ICE



Hine

THERE IS A KEEN GLINT IN THE EYE OF THIS RAILROAD TOWERMAN. THERE NEEDS TO BE IF THE OUTBOUND EXPRESS IS TO BE PREVENTED FROM REDUCING THE IN-TOWN LOCAL TO A MASS OF JUNK



THE MILKMAN, IN THIS PICTURE, AT LEAST, SEEMS TO BE IN A JOVIAL FRAME OF MIND, DESPITE THE FACT THAT NO HOLIDAY IS HIS



Hine

THIS BAGGAGE SMASHER WEARS A PHILOSOPHICAL EXPRESSION. DOUBTLESS HE HAS COME TO RECOGNIZE THE INEVITABILITY OF THE ADAGE TO THE EFFECT THAT WHAT IS ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON

The Next Move in Ireland

De Valera and the Republicans Begin to Play Ball

By T. J. C. Martyn

THE narrow victory of President William T. Cosgrave of the Irish Free State in the Dail Eireann has either postponed his defeat or made new general elections in the fall certain; for no government, especially one dependent on the support of a coalition, can be expected to exist long on a majority of one. In other words, a Deputy Jinks — the Nationalist who saved the Government by his abstention — may next time prove a jinks to Cosgrave. In any case, it would appear likely that De Valera and his Republicans will hold the balance of power in the Dail for some time to come.

The advent of the Republicans to the Irish Chamber of Deputies seems to have given certain politicians in Ireland and England a strange political nausea. There is talk of civil war ensuing and considerable anticipatory persiflage over a long series of major and minor troubles, all of which seems to argue that

Ireland is going to the dogs — a matter of tremendous moment since she has been doing it for the past seven hundred years. It is the opinion of the writer, however, that more good than harm, from whichever way it is viewed, is likely to accrue to Ireland from Republican representation in the Dail and the prerequisite taking of the oath of allegiance.

In a large sense there has been no political issue of any importance since the boundary between Northern Ireland and the Free State was fixed, except that of the oath of allegiance. The other issues at stake have been mostly economic. But the oath has been an excellent subject for debate and platform demagoguery. It has been praised, condemned, and tolerated, and each of these various moods has found its echo across the Irish Sea. As a matter of fact, it is of little political importance and no practical consequence, as evidenced by the Republicans, after nearly six years of procrastination, swearing their allegiance "as a matter of form without binding significance in conscience or law." What they had to swear to was precisely this:

I . . . do solemnly swear true faith and allegiance to the constitution of the Irish Free State as by law

established, and that I will be faithful to H. M. King George V., his heirs and successors by law, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to and membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations.

As the constitution itself now recognizes George V as the king of Ireland, in virtue of the decision of the last Imperial Conference, it becomes almost impossible to reconcile Eamon De Valera's objections and reservations with actual facts; for it has the effect of robbing them of their point — that the oath involves Ireland "in obligations of loyalty to the English Crown." The wisdom of changing the king's title is thus manifest. In reality it effectively destroys Republican opposition to the Free State; for not only does it meet the terms of the famous Document No. Two, written by that moderating influence

Ever since a single vote saved President Cosgrave from losing the Government of the Irish Free State on August 15, conservatives have been predicting revolution and other dire events when the Dail Eireann meets again in October. But Mr. Martyn of the *New York Times* is not worried. "The situation that seems almost certain to develop . . . contains not a single element of danger to the peace of Ireland," he predicts decisively. His article analyzes the situation which arose in the Free State when Eamon De Valera and his Republican compatriots took their seats in the Dail

on Mr. De Valera, the late Erskine Childers, which concerned "external association" with Britain, but it virtually makes the Free State a republic within the British Empire in everything but form. Southern Irishmen toast George V only as the king of Ireland; treaties are made in the name of the Irish monarch; and the Government of the Free State is conducted in the name of the Irish sovereign. In reality the question is only of doctrinaire significance. The one remaining grievance is that the Privy Council in London remains the highest court of appeal for all the dominions, a fact which had much to do with French Canadian opposition to changing the status of the treaty of 1763, which safeguards their linguistic and religious freedom.

IN practice, however, a great deal of capital has been made by the Republicans out of the oath question. The idea that Ireland, through the pressure of Britain, should be compelled to sign a treaty defining her present status is held by the De Valeraites to contradict the very essence of freedom; for it is equally held that the Free State treaty is in no sense a free expression of the will of the Irish people.

But it remains a fact that a majority has since upheld that treaty, and no particular pressure has admittedly been brought to bear. However, such arguments, apart from being specious, beg the real problem of the oath's importance. Britain, it may safely be asserted, has no intention of going to war over it, if at some future date it should be decided to make it optional instead of obligatory, for the simple reason that neither country can afford a new Irish upheaval, particularly the Free State, which is economically dependent on Britain. And of greater importance is the fixed objective of complete Irish union, which all parties in the Free State approve, even the Republicans. So long as there is talk of modifying or abrogating the treaty so much farther away will be a political accord with Ulster.

THE tie that binds, and will continue to bind, Ireland to Britain is economic. The Free State's first need is economic reconstruction, as yet only beginning. The urgency of this problem is borne out by the fact that this year a whole family of Irish-speaking Gaels was exterminated by starvation and that a state of near starvation exists in many counties, notably at Adrigole. It is witnessed, moreover, by the annual emigration of some 30,000 Irish men and women. Ireland, particularly the Free State, is predominantly an agricultural country; England is primarily industrial. The one is therefore a complement to the other. Figures for last year show that the Free State exported ninety-seven per cent of her produce to Britain and Northern Ireland, most of which was in live stock, bacon, butter, and eggs, while she imported from the same source eighty-one per cent of her raw materials and manufactured goods. This means that the rest of her foreign trade is negligible. The Republicans argue, of course, that the establishment of a republic would in no wise upset trade relations with Britain. In the long run this may be so, but Mr. De Valera appears to forget that there is a big butter-and-egg market on the Continent to the east, that business is essentially a human affair, and that Irish Republicanism is therefore likely to damage Irish credit at a time when it can least afford to suffer any setbacks. To sing an old refrain, the price of "Butter and Eggs and a Pound of Cheese" is the reason why the Irish are much more concerned with their economic difficulties than with their political vexations.

Nobody can reasonably deny that the Cosgrave Government has done a remarkably fine job in steering the Free State out of the chaos of the revolution into the relative prosperity of the present time. It is true that money is tight and taxation higher even than in England, but the Free State is a going concern. The Shannon electricity scheme is well under way, so much so that there is a fierce controversy over whether the power shall be distributed by state or private enterprise. Foreigners are helping despite

considerable criticism. A Belgian syndicate, for example, is growing sugar beets and is subsidized by the Government to the extent of \$5,000,000. All this is to the good, but its realization has been typified by a certain amount of despotism, which is chiefly due to the lack of a strong and healthy opposition in the Dail.

Any government that is set the thankless task of clearing up the débris of a revolution is bound to engender political animosities and incur the hatred of a section of the populace. The people, indeed, are more prone to judge Cosgrave for his failures and his arbitrary methods than they are for his successes. That is only human. From the shooting of Rory O'Connor at the end of 1922 as a reprisal for the assassination of General Hales to the recent passage of the Public Safety Act, designed to suppress the Republican army and the Fianna Fail boy-scout organization as well as to force the surrender of the arms hidden in 1922 and after, the record of the Government has been one of almost continual repression. The assassination of Kevin O'Higgins and the storming last year of the police barracks with the consequent patrol of the country by the Civic Guards have played their inextricable parts in the cause and effect of trouble in Ireland. The arbitrary suppression of the corporations of Dublin and Cork, the abolition of the district councils, the increased power of the county councils, and the difficulties over the Gaelic language have all helped to make Cosgrave one of the most unpopular figures in present-day Ireland.

COSGRAVE'S trouble is that he has not gone far enough to please the Sinn Feiners — the large group of Nationalists who originally demanded and fought for the full independence of Ireland and who should not be confused with such organizations as De Valera's Fianna Fail and Mary MacSwiney's Sinn Fein party — and too far to please the Republicans. The Clann Eireann, for example, which represents the main body of the original Sinn Feiners who believe that the principles of Irish nationalism have been squandered by the Government, favors tariff protection, industrial rejuvenation, and control of foreign manufacturers on Irish soil as national remedies for the present economic depression, if such it can be called. It points out that Ireland would be less dependent upon Britain if the machinery in the linen, woolen, and poplin mills were modernized, and if coal, other minerals, and water power, particularly in regard to canal navigation, were scientifically exploited. In short, this group aims at a more rigid safeguarding of the cultural, economic, and political independence of the Free State, but it emphasizes the necessity of winning Ulster over by a frank recognition of the treaty and coöperation, consonant with national pride, with Britain.

The Farmers party, on the other hand, which does not represent many of the small farmers, — who are fervent Sinn Feiners or Laborites, — is opposed to protection on the score that it would increase the cost of agricultural machinery, imported mostly from Britain, and tend to aggravate the farming depression by hindering exports. The Labor party's stand on this question is not so well defined. This group is on the whole moderate, supports the treaty, and has done much good work for the workingman's lot. It is a growing party and includes some of the ablest men in the Free State, including Ton Johnson, the leader, who may be President of the Government before long. In general, it supports protection because it tends to solve the problem of unemployment. The National League, Captain Redmond's and Thomas O'Donnell's party, regards the Republican question in the light of that old Irish bugbear, the "Molly Maguires." It is undoubtedly the Government's most severe critic, particularly on economic questions. To Republican policy, of course, the Government is diametrically opposed.

IN steering a middle and sometimes entirely independent course Cosgrave naturally has earned a reputation for high-handedness and his régime has been characterized as expensive, bureaucratic, and dictatorial. On the other hand, the necessity for a strong government to restore order and to lay the foundations for economic peace was paramount, and still is, perhaps. To this extent the De Valeraites have aided Cosgrave and the Free State.

With the Fianna Fail, Mr. De Valera's party, now in the Dail and the prospect that it will be called upon in the fall to take its part in the Government either directly or indirectly, there is every likelihood that political fireworks will engage the attention of the country and of the outside world. But De Valera is now placed in an uncomfortable position, and in it he will find it almost impossible to advance his Republican theories; for the moment he tries to put a spoke in the Free State wheels he will have the whole Chamber of Deputies against him, and even if there is a new election a radical

change in the political alignment is not to be expected. If he works, as is most likely, to prevent the spread of what he calls imperialism, he will be sure to find a good deal of support. And in any case, functioning as the chief opposition party, he will be in a position to liberalize a too autocratic Government, whatever its political complexion, and that appears to be exactly what the Free State needs. And indirectly he will be able to have a lot of fun frightening the British Tories into fits of high-sounding, highly patriotic jingoism.

On the other hand, if he takes part in a Labor Government, the chances are, as in the case of General Hertzog and his Republican followers in South Africa, that circumstances will force him to recognize the limits of dominion responsibility. The burden of office almost always circumscribes political ambitions, as in the case of Ramsay MacDonald, who has been nowhere near radical enough to please the rank and file of the British Labor party. Perhaps, for this reason, Mr. De Valera will refuse to take office, but if he does not nobody need expect the Irish Free State to become a republic overnight. There is, on the contrary, every chance that he will yet become a good Free Stater, although it would be too much to expect him ever to acknowledge so radical a change of heart.

The situation that seems almost certain to develop when the Dail meets next October contains not a single element of danger to the peace of Ireland, all high Tory nonsense to the contrary. The era that allowed the irrepressible Tim Healy, the present governor-general, to refer to the opposition in his characteristic phraseology as a "number of persons whom we never heard of before except in connection with explosions and assassinations" is passing. There may be trouble, there is likely to be, in various quarters. It is too much to expect that violence, in a land which has harbored so much, will die by its own hand. But nobody need fear that the Free State, the symbol of the end of seven hundred years of English oppression, is going to sleep; it is only beginning to get down to the real task of working for its ideals.

Gray Hours

The wet little starling on the wire
Chirps like a squeaky hinge;
The crickets gather to the fire;
The rain-lashed cattle cringe.

Gray on the grass the long rain rolls
A solid silver smoke;
The gaunt mares whinny to their foals;
The thunders cough and choke.

Deep in my eyes and your eyes gray
As rain the hours quarry
A headstone for a bitter day,
A word we cannot bury.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER.

The Shadow Stage

Banana Oil on the Waters

By Perceval Reniers

IF report in the motion-picture world may be trusted—and sometimes it may—Mr. Will Hays has been given a renewal of contract for ten years at an annual stipend exactly twice that of the President of the United States. It is generally conceded that Mr. Hays is worth it to his employers. As film czar, counselor, internal censor, publicity factotum, and soothsayer extraordinary, he is by far the best investment that the Association of Motion Picture Producers has ever made. Under his expert eye a perfectly elegant façade of piety has been erected in front of the film industry, and week by week nice new resolutions are carved in its face, wicked stage plays and novels are forbidden entry, and those within the gate whom scandal has visited come tumbling out encouraged by the official boot. While these bans, resolutions, and excommunications may have no deleterious effect on the morals of the movie, mixed together and constantly stirred they make splendid whitewash.

The resolution that Mr. Hays' office is fondest of making is the one about drinking and drunkenness on the screen. In the early summer a bulletin was issued to the effect that drinking pictures would thenceforward be heavily frowned upon by the Associated Producers. The screen, at least, would honor Volstead. The cup was, if not to disappear, to be kept dimly in the background or off the set. That was the first of the Summer Series, 1927. The second came several weeks ago, sandwiched between the bimonthly promises to eliminate profanity from the titles and to refrain from baiting the clergy. According to this one, "all sneers at the Federal Constitution, particularly the Prohibition Amendment," were to be banned from films produced by the members of the Association. Some days later, Mr. Hays buttressed these pronouncements with a statement that scenes of conviviality or of undue effects of liquor would be strictly censored—when they are not necessary to the story.

This department is in no position at all to explain the varying degrees of stringency in these resolutions. Regarding its position to report that the Hays office is one of the beneficiaries of a famous Southern legislator named Buncombe, it was never better. Liquor as motivator of movie situations retains, up to the moment of writing, its traditional place in the ranks, second only to profane love. The road to ruin is still strewn with bottles and corks. Of the

particularly recent productions, "The Judgment of the Hills" flaunts a consistently bibulous hero; "Twelve Miles Out" is a fairly exciting melodrama by reason of its feud between two unregenerate rum runners; "Cradle Snatchers" by no means abandons the cocktail shaker of its legitimate original; "Adam and Evil" must of necessity include synthetic gin among its properties. Even that model of reverence, "The King of Kings," is not without its wine-filled goblets, and I do not refer to the Last Supper.

It is not only Mr. Hays' business to clean house. It is likewise his affair to prevent its becoming dirty. In the main this consists in banning the filming of such plays and novels as he feels are likely to blot the gleaming escutcheon in his care. Thus it has gone forward that whosoever shall produce "Rain," "An American Tragedy," "Desire Under the Elms," "The Green Hat," or "They Knew What They Wanted" shall so weaken his position in the brotherhood as to make it practically untenable.

But just in case Mr. Hays, as spanker, is one of those persons more likely to be hurt than a possible culprit, as spankee, a kind lady luminary of the films has devised a way out. I assume it is with his relieved approval. Miss Gloria Swanson, finding it increasingly painful to resist playing the trollop of "Rain," but forbidden to do so by order of the grand cham, decided that the only method of extricating all parties from a nasty situation was to produce, not "Rain," but "Miss Sadie Thompson," which, as all the world must know, is Mr. Somerset Maugham's original story from which the play was taken.

WHAT so eminently happy a solution was not discovered before no one seems to know, but now that it has been successfully employed in one case, ways and means should be found to apply it to others. The matter of "The Green Hat" should be simple. Mr. Arlen need only rewrite it again and supply a fresh title. Mr. Dreiser is said to have received \$90,000 for the film rights to "An American Tragedy." In the circumstances he will have to do some extra work digging up the press clippings of his original source material concerning the trial and in devising a new title as nearly like the present one as possible. He might even be prevailed upon to undertake the additional labor for the original price.

"Desire Under the Elms" and "They Knew What They Wanted" present more difficulties. I know of no originals. But that is the least of reasons for abandoning hope. Their authors may.

As far as swearing is concerned, the Hays office may strike every cuss word from every title and your correspondent will never miss them. Just possibly this is because I do not in all my experience remember having seen any flagrant displays of bad language—in titles. I do recall seeing some of the most unsavory words in the native argot explode vividly from the lips of characters in "What Price Glory?" and in "Tell It to the Marines." What with the speed and the duplicating powers of Mr. Eastman's celluloid, good cussing needs a title about as much as good wine needs a bush, so that prop of the Haysian piety is as wobbly as the rest.

ALTHOUGH the screen plays down to all classes, its spokesman plays up to just one—the class that thinks "better movies" means movies without cuss words in the titles and without ministers going wrong in Pagopago. It is questionable that the fourth industry of the country does any fundamental good by pouring out its solicitous paternalism on the purity leagues the while it increases its stock of soda siphons and one-piece bathing suits, but I do not think it does any great harm. If Mr. Hays enjoys the picture of himself dying on the barricades for the purely chimerical virtues of cinema, that is strictly his business and a part of his job. And if the organizations in question get any solace in doting on Mr. Hays as a white-robed angel with a scourging sword, hardly anyone will wish to deny them their pleasure.

It would be splendid if he could exorcise all the cheap naughtiness of the films. Lay the indignation of all the leagues together and the sum could not exceed the critical wrath against the perversions of a fine medium. Nothing but creative poverty is indicated when a scenarist waves a bottle under the noses of his characters. Four out of five times cooling plots are warmed up with alcohol. The illicit of all kinds, used according to recipe, becomes exceedingly tiresome. Still, even if the Hays promises meant anything, I am wondering if we should be any further along by gauging our films to the ideals of a class professionally interested in morals and not perceptibly concerned with truth and drama.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

WHEN a book is described as "a gay challenge to Christian inhibitions," and has for its title, "The Right to be Happy" (Harper), my instinctive movement is to challenge—gayly if possible—the assumption underlying that title. Mrs. Bertrand Russell apparently believes that the Western world is "intimidated by death and the forces of nature and the idea of God." We are the victims of an "absurd Judaic-Christian synthesis that is ideally adapted to produce the maximum of unhappiness."

Mrs. Russell quotes with indignation the statement of an ex-head master of Eton who said: "Children go to school impressed with the belief that they have a right to be happy, that God will give them a good time. This is the perversion of true religion, self-denial and obedience." The Hon. and Rev. E. Lyttelton very naturally couches his point of view in language appropriate to his cloth, but, irrespective of its theological implications, I am not so sure that his statement is as preposterous as Mrs. Bertrand Russell would have us believe. Christianity, like the other great systems of religion, necessarily regards this world as a place of transition to a better and happier state. It is not, therefore, a peculiarly "Christian inhibition" which prompts millions of people to conclude that we were not sent into this life to have "a good time."

"The great and fundamental unhappiness of man," the author writes, "the falsity of his attempts at civilization, spring from his inability to harmonize the life of instinct with his new developed life of reason." And she defines the secret of happiness as "the fusion of mental and bodily life both in the individual and the community." To her mind "the work of Galileo and Newton has more influence on the happiness and unhappiness of modern people than the teaching of Christ or the ethical precepts of Greek and Chinese philosophers." In view of the fact that Mrs. Russell is challenging current moral standards, which are specifically the result of the teaching of Christ, I am left wondering how she can simultaneously argue that such teaching is all powerful, yet has less influence than the work of Galileo and Newton. As a matter of fact, most of us are as unaffected by those eminent scientists as we are undisturbed by Einstein's theory of relativity. We derive our notions of happiness, as well as our inhibitions, from more human sources.

Indeed, I am tempted to argue that most of our conflicts of instinct and reason are due precisely to the scientists whom

Mrs. Russell honors with her confidence and approval. That is certainly as plausible a theory of our "unhappiness" as hers, for the illusion of our "right" to be happy is assuredly a modern, rational, scientific concept unknown to the founders of the religions and philosophies of prescientific times. Is it not characteristic

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott (Harper).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Works of Alfred Aloysius Horn. (Simon and Schuster).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

that the last addition to the Christian sects should be the Christian Scientists, with their denial of sickness and pain—"the right to be painless," so to speak?

FURTHER, what evidence is there that communities unaffected by our civilized conflicts between instinct and reason are happy? Are there any such communities? The historians and anthropologists have failed to produce them, for the most primitive and savage peoples, living in as untrammelled a state of nature as we can imagine, have their fears, taboos, and religious ideas. They follow most of their instincts in the manner approved of by Mrs. Russell, but they are as far from achieving the good life as those who live under the blessed dispensation of Newton and Galileo. In brief, they are neither more nor less happy in their freedom from "Christian inhibitions." If the path to our regeneration and happiness "lies through our animal nature," I wish Mrs. Russell would explain why the primitive races, whose animal nature is comparatively little thwarted, do not present a spectacle approximating to her utopia.

I need hardly say that this debate of "the right to happiness" inevitably

becomes a discussion of sex, marriage, and children. Mrs. Russell writes in the usual manner of those who see in the frustration of our sexual instincts the key to most of our problems. She hopes for a golden age when "pre-marital experience will no longer be regarded as a crime," and when "a few years of agreed sexual fidelity" will serve the purpose of couples who have the instinct of parenthood. But can anyone say honestly that the people of today who have anticipated this forecast—and they are more numerous than is generally admitted—are any happier in their sexual or domestic relations than their grandparents were? Divorce laws have made the agreed period of fidelity a practical reality, and Judge Lindsey is a witness to the illusory nature of the belief that "pre-marital experience" is a stage to which we have not yet attained.

SOCIETY would be transformed if "men and women should love one another without stint or fear and unashamedly yield to the physical tenderness they feel for each other and their children." In certain circles of life today this condition exists, more or less, but the transformation has not, to my knowledge, produced happiness on any grander scale than that known to more conventional folk. In other words, some people are, on the whole, happy, while others are not. Just as some devout and ascetic Christians are as happy as any pagan in ancient or modern times. "Poverty of instinctive experience" is Mrs. Russell's term for the fate of people who live under a social system which has not been built so as "not merely to condone but explicitly to allow sexual freedom to all men and women." All I can say is that people who "explicitly" allow each other sexual freedom are not thereby rendered happy. Frequently they are more miserable than if they had resigned themselves to "poverty of instinctive experience."

Far be it from me to deny that if a person's unhappiness is largely determined by one specific cause, the removal of that cause will bring him much relief. But happiness is a purely negative condition, and consequently most of us fail to recognize it as "the absence of pain," to quote Schopenhauer's famous definition. In our more homely way we express the idea by saying that if a person is not worrying about one thing, he will worry about another, if that be his temperament. We have, in fine, no basic belief in our "right" to be happy, because we know that state to be purely subjective, accidental, transitory, and negative in character.

The War about War Origins

A Review by John Bakeless*

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR.

By Harry Elmer Barnes (Second Edition).
New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

IMPENITENT and wholly unabashed, Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes sallies forth once more against a prejudiced world with the second edition of his illusion-smashing "Genesis of the World War." The probable wrath—as they read and discover no change of heart—among the conservative historians, who cling to the war-time ideology and accordingly find it necessary to belabor Professor Barnes, is painful to imagine.

A second edition is a chance for second thoughts. Professor Barnes has reconsidered, has incorporated new material, and has brought his sources down to date; but in essentials he stands stoutly, even pugnaciously, by his guns. To the modern query, "Who killed Cock Robin?" he still makes answer that pretty nearly everybody had a hand in it and that it was at best a very dirty piece of business. If he had been content to make that statement and go no further, he would have spared himself a very pretty rumpus, which he has quite probably stirred up afresh by publishing this second edition. But no! Professor Barnes is not a person given to compromise. He goes on to assign the major share of war guilt to our late Allies, Serbia, France, Russia; to place Austria next in that bad eminence; and to allow Germany and Britain to tie for final position, which is here, of course, the place of honor.

It is regrettable that among so many views which are important and justified he should retain his comparison of Ambassador Page to Benedict Arnold, which is silly, besides being cruel. After all, Page was a great editor and a great gentleman. His error consisted in holding, during the war, views that his critic at that time also held, and in dying before the new truths had come to light.

Ironically enough, not only did Professor Barnes accept in 1917-18 what he now styles "the conventional mythology in the Entente epic," but he even went so far in those days as to collaborate in a pamphlet for the National Security League. For this human fallibility it is the easier to forgive him, seeing that he had, roughly speaking, a hundred million other Americans for company. Besides, in those brave days all signs pointed damnably in one direction—a circumstance

partly due to the adroit propaganda service of the Allies, partly to the censorship which coöperated with it, and partly to the fact that the great mass of documents since revealed was then still buried in various archives. The Bolsheviks had, to be sure, published a succession of important papers, and the invading Germans had published everything they could find in the Belgian archives that favored their cause. But both Germans and Bolsheviks were at that time well known to be in league with the devil; their publications were plainly designed as propaganda; and in the heat of war there was no opportunity for the adequate evaluation of documents which have since been shown to be entirely genuine and probably in the main veracious.

Today, however, as Professor Barnes observes, "we are able to construct a relatively objective and definitive estimate of the causes of and responsibilities for the great calamity of 1914-18 and its aftermath." And he adds, "It is quite evident that if any account written prior to 1919 possesses any validity whatever or any approximation to the true picture of events, this is due solely to superior guessing power or good luck on the part of the writer, and in no sense to the possession of reliable or pertinent documentary evidence." This is, in the main, true even if it is not quite fair to writers like the plucky Englishman, E. D. Morel, whose embarrassingly close approximation of the truth certainly was not based upon "reliable or pertinent documentary evidence," but which was based upon something more than "guessing power or good luck"; namely, a thorough knowledge of the motives and methods of previous Entente diplomacy and acquaintance with the simple fact that the means and ends of Governments are likely to be very much the same today as they were yesterday.

IN his second edition, as in his first, Professor Barnes doesn't quite succeed in maintaining the impartial attitude one might hope for from the writer of a paragraph like that above. One would think that after once completely reversing his opinions, he would thereafter be perpetually haunted by a saving sense of his own capacity for error, a most engaging and important quality which promotes courtesy and tolerance. But Professor Barnes writes throughout as a partisan, even though he also writes as a scholar. In other words, although his facts are in the main correct, though his documentation appears to be unimpeachable, and

though it is ridiculous to question his sincerity, it is impossible to feel that he writes with intellectual detachment, even now. And frequently it is hard to believe that he has weighed the facts quite correctly. He is, in short, a polemist—he has a case to prove. There is a vast deal to be said for that case, and he says it with extraordinary pungency; yet in the long run one is forced to regard him as an advocate rather than a judge, and to hear him in the appropriate spirit.

MORE than a year ago, when his first edition appeared, I ventured in the *New York Herald Tribune* the opinion that the revelations of succeeding years would not invalidate Professor Barnes' main thesis; namely, that war guilt was pretty generally distributed; that idealistic motives were at a discount among all Governments in 1914; and that talk of the exclusive responsibility of the Central Powers is absurd and dishonest. Looking back over the new work that has appeared in the intervening period, I see no reason to change that view. There are still plenty of new facts to come; but the publication of the British documents now in progress has so far not upset Professor Barnes' ideas. And though there is as yet no prospect of a frank and complete opening of the French, Italian, and Serbian archives, that fact in itself suggests that they would not, if opened, refute the essential charges of the revisionists.

It is true that Professor Barnes' book is the work of an advocate, but it is the work of a brilliant and honest advocate. Such men are rare; and when we find them, they are worth listening to—especially in second editions. By virtue of its fire and vigor this one book is likely to do more to awaken the American public to the new ideas of war guilt than any other single volume. It has not the temperate mood of G. Lowes Dickinson's "International Anarchy," which Professor Barnes himself describes as "the most competent and up-to-date book which has been written in England on the responsibility for the World War." But the very passion with which Professor Barnes writes is likely to give him a wider popular audience than Mr. Dickinson can hope for. And a popular audience is most important in this particular question, for it is the populace that will fight the next war.

One need not indorse every paragraph in order to recognize the general value of "The Genesis of the World War," a value which is very great and about which there is no room for doubt.

*Mr. Bakeless, author of "The Economic Causes of Modern War" and "The Origin of the Next War," is managing editor of the *Forum*.

New Books in Brief Review

Let's Go. By Louis Felix Ranlett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

IT was a legend of the A. E. F. that shavetails were, like other perishables, highly expendable. Platoon leaders were generally regarded as having lifetime jobs—for a few days. Louis Felix Ranlett was a second lieutenant, commanding a platoon in one of the hottest fights of the American participation. This was the battle of Blanc Mont, early in October, 1918, when the American Second Division stormed the almost impregnable hill which dominated Rheims. In that bloody encounter among the chalk prominences of the Champagne, casualties set new records. Lieutenant Ranlett was in the thick of it. His first-hand story of the fight is one of the best bits of battle description that has been written by any American. The last half of the book whines with shrapnel and high explosive, hisses with machine-gun bullets, is pierced by the cries of wounded and dying men. Ranlett puts no heroics in his book. He does not even relate that he was cited for bravery. He tells a straightforward, unembellished story of one man's reactions under the bitterest fire that Americans were called upon to face. "Let's Go" pleads no cause. It is straight narrative of a high order. Yet to us it is an ugly, if at the same time unconscious, indictment of the human race—a powerful argument against war.

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. \$2.50.

A TOUGH, hard book, unnecessarily brutal, perhaps, but a vivid picture of the tough, hard, brutal life of a small traveling circus. The author has a power and a gift for descriptive story-telling, but the curse of the Jack London tradition is on him. He must have blood and brutality and he-men and she-women, lust and fighting. One does not dispute the veracity of the picture, but one does not particularly enjoy looking at it.

The Love-Child. By Edith Olivier. New York: The Viking Press. \$1.50.

EVERY reviewer will be annoyed at the publishers of this small volume for having quoted Mr. Frank Swinnerton upon its jacket. For in comparing "The Love-Child" to Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Lolly Willowes" Mr. Swinnerton is obviously saying exactly what every other reviewer will want to say of it. In fact, the style, the point of view, and the subject matter all suggest "Lolly Willowes" and Miss Warner's more recent "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" so strongly that

readers of those two books may turn to this one with complete assurance. To set the minds of tabloid readers at rest, "The Love-Child" concerns no major indiscretion. It is, in fact, merely an extension into middle life of the childhood game of creating a playmate whose presence may become, if the imagining power is great enough, quite real. Clarissa is such a child, created by lonely Agatha to relieve the dismal bareness of a house without companionship. It is a delightful story, whimsical, charmingly naïf and fresh.

The Dark Chamber. By Leonard Cline. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.00.

WE have our "stream-of-consciousness" protagonists and we have our J. S. Fletchers. Who would have believed the two types could be combined in one man? Mr. Cline has taken a plot which might have been ordinarily developed into almost any kind of problem novel, improperly so called, and by embellishing it with the trappings of polite mystery and a rather less than decent horror, has turned out a very fair thriller. Perhaps "bewilderer" would be a better word, however, for the author's vocabulary leaves the reader spent and gasping, not for the length or ponderousness of the words, but because of their consummate oddity. As a result, whether by deliberate intent or the mere accident of so personal a thing as style, "The Dark Chamber" becomes more and more macabre and crepuscular—Mr. Cline's influence—as the pages turn. For anyone who takes an academic interest in manic psychoses the book is a find. And for anyone who merely enjoys a good yarn, 'twill serve, and fairly at that. Mr. Cline, by the way, is responsible for the excellent translation of Thomas Raucat's "The Honorable Picnic."

Reforging America. By Lothrop Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

THIS rehash of everything else that Mr. Stoddard has previously penned divides the history of the United States into three periods. In the days of our national adolescence, he points out, we were a young braggart proclaiming to the world that "America is God's country." During the war we discovered with dismay that hyphenism was driving us to certain doom, that the Almighty's most favored treatment for America was being offset through national disintegration brought on by infiltration of nonassimilable dark-skinned European-Americans. These new realizations brought about an

awakening. Then opened the third period, inaugurated by the passage of the law restricting immigration. Now, we are happy to learn from Mr. Stoddard's book, the United States is unanimous in an ocean-to-ocean demand for national Nordic unity in thought, action, and aims. This is very heartening information. Many Americans, probably less sensitive to trends than the alarmist Mr. Stoddard, had always considered the United States too large, too often motivated by diverse sectional interests, to develop a solid national unity in the short period of a few years. But the miracle has taken place, it seems. After passing through the crucible of the war our country is being reformed. Only one really serious problem confronts us. It concerns negroes. Even that may be solved after a fashion by convincing both blacks and whites that neither race is superior to the other—and proving it by allotting so many political offices to negroes and so many to whites, and letting blacks vote only for blacks and whites only for whites.

Death of a Young Man. By W. L. River. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$2.00.

HOW would we act if the doctors had given us but a year to live? There are few imaginative souls who have not dwelt upon such a question as this; and among the more venturesome is the author of this fantastic novel. Were it not for Mr. River's very conscious cynicism, the reader would think more highly of his work—and justly so. For it is a safe assumption that a man so condemned to death as the central character of this book, however cynically he might react within himself, would outwardly bear himself with all the philosophical gentleness he could assume, whether sincere or not. David Block, hero in point, is too often strangely harsh in his relations not only with his acquaintances, but with the two women who love him, and whom, in a measure, he loves. There is a casualness in his attitude which may seem logical. But the majority of readers will find it unnatural: there must be an acutely personal quality in everything Block thinks and does, since thought and action are so soon to be denied him.

This will serve as an earnest of what awaits the thoughtful reader. And aside from this quasiphilosophical stimulus, he will find much to appreciate in the felicity of the author's style, the sympathy with which the story is told, and the rare delicacy of at least one of the women characters. "Death of a Young Man" has its frailties, but in the main it is a sound book.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

ALTHOUGH the famous case which has aroused the world was ostensibly closed for all time by the execution of NICOLA SACCO and BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI shortly after midnight of August 22, the Defense Committee which has worked for nearly seven years to prove the innocence of the two men promises to carry on its work. The focus now turns to the Department of Justice in whose files, so it is alleged, rests material which would help to establish the fact that the two men did not commit the murder in South Braintree, Massachusetts, for which they have now paid the supreme penalty. In brief, the alleged contention of the Defense Committee and others who believe that the two men were victims of prejudice, is that there was collusion between the Department of Justice and the Massachusetts authorities to convict the men of the South Braintree crime in order that they might be put out of the way. Both of them have frankly confessed their anarchistic political theories.

Frantic last-minute efforts were made by defense counsel to secure a further stay of execution. Visits were made to Supreme Court Justices LOUIS D. BRANDeis and HARLAN F. STONE, the latter at his distant summer home on Isle au Haut, thirty-five miles off the coast of Maine, in an attempt to secure a stay which would allow an opportunity of bringing the case before the Supreme Court of the United States. Both justices refused to intervene, however, and with their refusal, the last door seemed closed. Gov. ALVAN T. FULLER of Massachusetts, however, whose exhaustive review of the case, aided by an advisory board of three men, resulted in his refusal to intervene, remained in his office at the State House, hearing appeals until a few minutes after midnight, when the men were executed in the State prison at Charlestown. A heavy guard was thrown around the State House, and more than seven hundred policemen and State troopers guarded the prison to frustrate any attempts to rescue the prisoners. No violence was attempted in any part of the city.

Before the State House on August 22, however, successive groups of picketers appeared, marching silently and bearing placards denouncing the execution of the men. Police warned them to

Pickersets disperse and then arrested them, taking batch after batch to Joy Street police station where they were released on bail. Arraigned in municipal

court, most of them pleaded guilty and paid fines of \$5. Several of the picketers pleaded not guilty to the charge of "sauntering and loitering" and their cases have been continued. Among them was EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, poetess, and librettist of "The King's Henchman," an opera which won much success when it was produced at the Metropolitan

of damage was done, mostly in the breaking of plate-glass windows. Leipzig, Germany, was also the scene of rioting.

With the fate of seven aviators, six men and one woman, locked in the mysteries of the broad Pacific, the DOLE air derby from Oakland, California, to

Hawaii is being roundly criticized by aeronautical experts, press, and public. Two of the 'planes for which fleets of ships have vainly combed the bosom of the sea took off from Oakland at the start of the race to Honolulu. A third was lost when it started out in search of the other two. The *Miss Doran*, bearing Miss MILDRED DORAN, Michigan school-teacher, piloted by JOHN AUGGY PEDLAR and navigated by Lieut. V. R. KNOPE, left the Oakland airport against the advice of experts who cautioned a test of newly installed spark plugs before the flight. The *Golden Eagle*, with Pilot JACK FROST and Navigator GORDON SCOTT aboard, was also lost somewhere along the vast expanse between the mainland and Hawaii.

When the two ships had been missing for three days Capt. WILLIAM P. ERWIN of Dallas, Texas, and ALVIN H. EITCHWALT stepped into the *Dallas Spirit* to fly

over the sea in search of the missing men and woman.

The last word heard from these two was an S O S signal, sharply terminated. It was feared that their ship had plunged into the sea. Every available unit of the United States Navy and revenue service, and scores of privately owned vessels on the Pacific have been engaged in a search for the lost aviators. Rewards aggregating \$40,000 have been offered for the rescue of the flyers.

Neither of the two contesting 'planes which are missing was equipped with a radio, although a pneumatic raft was carried aboard each. Critics of the DOLE

race declare that trans-ocean air races should be discontinued as they contribute little to the science of aviation

and are apt to send daring flyers to their doom because of improperly inspected 'planes and lack of adequate preparation. Aviators have characterized the DOLE derby as "stunt flying," and experts assert that the DOLE race has proved that no land 'plane should attempt a long transocean flight and that all aircraft essaying trips over large bodies of water should be equipped with radio.

The giant United States Shipping Board liner, *Leviathan*, which was the scene of an experiment in returning mail from ship to shore by 'plane upon her

The Week

¶The Sacco-Vanzetti case closes grimly. But the Defense Committee will carry on. And will try to gain access to the Department of Justice files. A memorial to the two men. Last-minute efforts to save them. Riots abroad. But America takes the news in orderly fashion. ¶Tragic close of the Dole air derby. Three 'planes missing, two contestants and one rescue craft. Condemnation for the race. "Stunt flying." ¶A new use for airplanes. ¶Mail-dropping on the *Leviathan* fails because of fog. But the aviator will try again. ¶Commander Byrd reinforced by scientists of the National Geographic Society. ¶Gov. Gifford Pinchot attacks again. ¶Chief Leading Eagle has a word to say. The President at Yellowstone. No large merchant marine. ¶Egypt's "grand old man" dies.

Opera House, New York, last year. ELLEN HAYES, former professor of mathematics at Wellesley College, was another of those who appealed, as was JOHN HOWARD LAWSON, playwright.

In the United States no scenes of violence greeted the execution of the two men, who were preceded to the chair by CELESTINO MADEIRO, murderer of a

Rioting
Abroad

Wrentham bank cashier, and mixed up with the case through his statement that he was a member of the gang which committed the South Braintree murders and that neither SACCO nor VANZETTI was present. In Europe, however, violent riots forced strong police action. Geneva, Switzerland, and Paris, France, afforded scenes of anti-American feeling. In both cities, mobs numbering several thousands were dispersed by police only after numbers had been injured and many arrests made. In Geneva, according to the *New York Times* correspondent, \$40,000 worth

ast outward voyage, failed to take part in a further experiment on August 21.

Air-Mail at Sea It had been arranged with the Post Office and Navy Departments to send a plane out when the liner was more than a hundred miles at sea to drop mail. Lieut. C. H. SCHILDHAUER, U. S. N., took off from Squantum, Massachusetts, Naval Air Base at dawn on August 21, carrying four sacks of mail weighing 100 pounds. The *Leviathan* left New York on August 20. But fog and a drizzle of rain prevented him from catching sight of the liner, and after a short hunt, he turned back rather than risk a long search in the mist. The experiment will be tried again when the *Leviathan* makes her next trip from New York to Southampton.

Commander RICHARD E. BYRD and his party of explorers and scientists will have the assistance of the National Geographic Society when they set out in September, 1928, for Antarctic exploration and the proposed airplane flight to the South Pole. Scientists from the society accompanying the expedition will collect data about the Antarctic continent which is little known and is believed to be much larger than Australia. The society will appropriate \$25,000 toward the cost of scientific equipment.

An experiment at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, on August 23 proved that airplanes high in the air may turn on flood lights at landing fields below. The roar of the motor in a plane piloted by MERLE NORTHROP closed a switch at Bettis Field a thousand feet below and bathed the landing area in bright light. The sensitive apparatus which responds to sound from above was invented by T. SPOONER, research engineer for the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. The device uses sound vibrations to set up a tiny electric current, which is automatically increased in power by amplifiers until it is strong enough to throw a switch. A loud-speaker, operating reversely, catches sounds from above. As the current is amplified it enters a time-limit relay. This device prevents a throwing of the switch by any single sharp sound. Only such vibrations as those emanating from the continuous drone of an airplane motor will turn on the field lights.

To newspaper correspondents at Rapid City, South Dakota, where he is spending his summer vacation, President COOLIDGE on August 20 emphatically voiced opposition to further expenditures by the Government for a merchant marine and declared himself in favor of selling government-owned ships to private companies which would guarantee their continued operation. The President's statements were called forth by recommendations

of Rear Admiral HILARY P. JONES, delegate to the Geneva conference just closed, and Representative MARTIN B. MADDEN, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, both of whom have publicly advocated a large government-owned merchant marine. The President recalled that the United States expended \$3,500,000,000 during and after the war to put ships on the ocean, and that of this amount \$3,000,000,000 has been set down as loss. The President believes that the Government cannot operate a ship at a profit, if the capital outlay it represents is taken into consideration. He favors keeping the Navy independent of the merchant marine.

Before setting out for a tour of Yellowstone National Park, President COOLIDGE addressed the largest gathering of Indians convened in many years. Ten thousand members of the Sioux tribe assembled at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, to hear their supreme chief, Leading Eagle (Wamblee-Tokaha), extol the endeavors of the Government to protect the red men from whites who would have robbed the Indians of the mineral riches in their lands. During his visit, the President was asked by the national council of the Sioux to obtain redress for the Government's confiscation of the Black Hills and other treaty lands. The Indians' claims aggregate \$850,000,000 and have been before Congress for many years.

On August 22 the President reached Yellowstone Park in Wyoming and began a tour through the scenic wonders of the Government's great preserve. He is the fourth President to visit the park during tenure of office. Other Chief Executives who enjoyed the majesties of the Rocky Mountain preserve were Presidents ARTHUR, ROOSEVELT, and HARDING. On August 23 the President, who was accompanied by Mrs. COOLIDGE and their son, JOHN, watched Old Faithful geyser spouting with its incessant regularity. On his several trips by automobile through the huge park President COOLIDGE was greeted by throngs of tourists from all States of the Union, the season being at its peak just at this time. Roads in the Yellowstone were thronged with cars and one sight which greeted the eye of the President was a small automobile of popular make decorated with: "I do not choose to run in 1928."

SAID ZAGHLOUL Pasha, President of the Egyptian Chamber of Deputies, and popularly known as "the Grand Old Man of Egypt," who has fought since 1888 for the freedom of his country from British domination, died in Cairo on August 22.

In the recent clash between native and British interests ZAGHLOUL Pasha was an outstanding figure. Despite his seventy-six years, he led the Egyptian elements which precipitated a crisis when Great

Britain announced reforms in the Egyptian Army that would have stripped native leaders of military authority. His death removes from Egypt one of the most staunch enemies of British overlordship. He rose to his position of prominence from a peasant family, and a large part of his popular support came from the agricultural elements.

Gov. GIFFORD PINCHOT of Pennsylvania loosed another of his attacks against Secretary ANDREW J. MELLON on August 21. The scene was the Congress of the

Pinchot Attacks World League Against Alcoholism at Winona Lake, Indiana, and the occasion,

a speech by Governor PINCHOT on his experiences in enforcing the dry law in Pennsylvania. "The chief obstacle against which I had to contend," he said, "... was the Federal Government in Washington. The thing which hampered me beyond all else was the refusal of Mr. MELLON to have the law enforced. . . . For many reasons, Secretary MELLON is utterly unfit to have charge of the enforcement of the prohibition law. First, he is a wet." Governor PINCHOT's comments did not stop with Mr. MELLON. "There is a power in Washington that could have made even MELLON enforce the law," he is reported to have said. "I mean the President of the United States. The trouble with the COOLIDGE Administration is that it has talked in favor of the dries but acted in favor of the wets."

Red tape at Washington has delayed much-needed relief work in the flooded area of the southern Mississippi. Great areas in Louisiana are still under water as

Red Tape and Relief a result of the refusal of Comptroller of the Currency JOHN R. McCARL to

transfer \$2,000,000 from one fund to another so that Federal engineers' work in the inundated district may proceed. The transfer had been approved by President COOLIDGE and the Secretary of War. Engineers had planned to close gaps made by the released waters of the river, so that flooded lands might quickly be reclaimed. Contracts for the work had been let. The repairs would have cost \$8,000,000, of which the Mississippi River Commission had \$6,000,000. The emergency prompted high Government officials to cut red tape at Washington and permit a transfer of funds to supply the balance. But the refusal of the Comptroller to sanction the transfer will leave two large crevasses open and water is still flowing through them at a tremendous rate, it is reported. Residents of the territory affected tried to raise the necessary money themselves, but they are all so destitute as a result of the flood that their attempt failed. Meanwhile, Government officials are seeking a means of contraverting the Comptroller's stand.

The Editor Steps Down

A MONTH ago we issued in the form of a letter an announcement concerning our plan to publish several articles on the Fundamentalist war during the early autumn. Among the reactions comes this letter from the assistant superintendent of the San Diego, California, city schools:

DEAR SIR:

I have your letter that you are about to declare "openseason" on Fundamentalists, and with heavy calibre "guns" like Diefenbach and Shipley you are soon to launch an exterminating war to end "anti-evolution war." You take it for granted that the Fundamentalists are out for the diabolical purpose of stifling "intellectual independence" and reestablishing the reign of the Inquisition.

¶I ask you in all seriousness, as man to man, how do you get that way? You discredit the intellectual and moral balance that we have a right to expect of the editor of a great national weekly like THE INDEPENDENT. It so happens that I am a Fundamentalist — bone and sinew, body and spirit — and I can tell you straight from the shoulder as an American citizen, free born as yourself, that my convictions are arrived at as honestly and as intelligently as yours have been.

¶Why do you think the Fundamentalists are any less tolerant or less "American" than you of the "evolution" stripe? Aren't you setting up invidious comparisons and perilously trampling your own modesty in this letter you write me? Have evolutionists anything *new* to give the world, anything scientifically proven, anything calculated to make the world better or happier? Personally, I elect to stand on the "faith of my fathers" in preference to the doubtful disputations of scientific investigators whose conclusions will be discredited by the guesses of scientific men a generation hence.

¶Granting, for the sake of argument, your theory of "evolution" as having been a determining principle in creative life of the past, how do you account for the fact that the sum total of human intellect and experience during almost four thousand years has not added one precept to the moral law, or contributed one original line to human jurisprudence since the days of Moses? If you admit, as you certainly must, that this shepherd lawgiver of thirty-five centuries ago had a monopoly on the original "legal wisdom of the ages," what becomes of your evolutionary theory of man's advancement?

¶But, I take it, your zeal is not so much to discover the real merit of the facts involved in this controversy as to "show up" the Fundamentalists as a minority group diabolically bent on declaring uncompromising warfare on all who disagree. How else can I interpret your uttering such ominous words as "intolerance," "menace," and "no quarter," as you do in this letter addressed to me? The overwhelming

majority of Fundamentalists are not interested in the passage of, or opposition to, anti-evolution laws. Holding as we do that the tenets and conclusions of evolutionary theory are, under present interpretation, diametrically opposed to the truths of inspired revelation, we naturally are not zealous in seeing them promulgated. And since we do not as a rule favor the use and interpretation of the Bible as part of the school curriculum, believing religious training to be the peculiar province of the church and the home, by the same token we are in logical position to oppose with no less vigor the propagating of evolution doctrines among the immature minds of our children. But this is a million miles removed from the picture you paint of "militant Fundamentalists" hurling a "defiant challenge in their fight for anti-evolution laws."

EDWIN B. TILTON.

Quite frankly, this whole war between Fundamentalist and evolutionist sickens us just a bit. That it should have become, as it has, a holy war in which the Fundamentalists set themselves up as champions of Christianity and brand all those who believe in the theory of evolution heretics attempting to destroy belief in the Bible, strikes us as being utterly silly, and we have the veriest suspicion, from reading the remarks of a goodly number of Fundamentalist leaders, that few of them have troubled to find out what the theory of evolution attempts to teach. Most of them refute it by stating vehemently that they are in no sense willing to believe themselves descended from monkeys. If they would trouble to read scientific works upon evolution, they would find — doubtless to their surprise — that scientists are quite as firm in denying their descent from monkeys. Given two persons who understand equally well the teachings of the Bible and of evolution, we believe that they would find themselves standing on not widely separated ground, after all.

The whole thing would be hardly worth mentioning were it not for the consistent attempts of Fundamentalists to forbid by statute the teaching of evolution in public schools, and it is only for this reason that THE INDEPENDENT has given publicity to the discussion. We have no desire to force belief in the theory of evolution upon the Fundamentalists, nor upon anyone else who does not desire to believe it. But we do believe that to deny our children the right to learn of a theory which is supported by the best scientific minds of the day is subversive of the whole theory of democracy. We cannot see why such a position is intolerant. To our minds, it is the essence of the principles upon which our nation is founded.

HERE is a brief note from a reader in Dartmouth, Maine, commenting upon our lead editorial of August 20 on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. What the writer sacrifices in length he makes up in directness:

DEAR SIR:

Permit me to congratulate you on your Sacco-Vanzetti editorial. It is far and away the best and most succinct statement of the case I have seen. And a leading New York lawyer to whom I showed it yesterday agrees.

¶The presumption of the multitude of those who have passed judgment on the case, one way or another, is beyond belief and a discredit to Homo Sapiens.

F. C. SHATTUCK.

LAST week we published a succinct comment on Emily Newell Blair's article, which appeared in THE INDEPENDENT for August 6. Since then another protest from the opposing congregation has come into our hands, this time from a writer in Omaha, Nebraska:

DEAR SIR:

"A Protest from the Big Congregation," by Emily Newell Blair, interested me to such an extent that I must comment on some of the thoughts expressed in the article.

¶"What the rest of us do — we bystanders — is seek a God." I am trying to place "we bystanders. Do we belong to that 62,000,000 without any religion, that is, without the church, or are we the inarticulate portion of the 48,000,000 who have to listen to the Mencken-Straton war of words? Anyway, what sort of a God are we seeking? I would be greatly pleased to hear the author describe the kind of God she prefers. She says, "But this reviewer did not know. For, like other religionists, he had his eye fixed on the word and not on the thing. Such a one does not understand — the pulpit demagogue no more than the religious fanatic — that religion is man's explanation of what he experiences, that one kind of intelligence makes one kind of explanation and another one another."

¶Right here is where she resembles the people she is raking over the coals: playing with words. "Man's religion" is the explanation of his experiences. A man about to be hung for murder, although innocent, and suddenly saved from a horrible death by the confession of the real criminal, would no doubt have a very terrible experience, but that experience would not be his religion. I suppose what she means is that man's experience with churchly doings is his religion, whatever it is, just as hers is. In that case I agree. ¶Just what sort of ideas on Bible religion could the Stratons or the Menckens evolve that would have any more foundation than the present forms? Neither fac-

tion believes in evolution. One faction believes in the Bible God, the other believes in no God at all. Agnostics do not believe in the devil any more than they do God. They do not bother about either one; they are content to let the religionists do the worrying. "Saved by the Blood of the Lamb" probably means something to many, but what does it actually mean? Nothing — just a play on words. The same goes for "Hell-and-Damnation." There

are hundreds of thousands, I suppose, who still believe in hell and the devil.

FRED MASON.

FROM a professor in the department of social and political science at Yale University comes the following criticism of THE INDEPENDENT not only in regard to its editorials, but its special departments as well. We confess to mixed feelings as we read it, but we appreciate the spirit of fairness in which it is written even if we cannot entirely share the writer's point of view.

DEAR SIR:

I cannot refrain from expressing my pleasure at your last week's editorial on the Sacco case. It is very seldom that editors dare to change their attitude publicly, and you have shown that the truth of the matter is more to you than consistency. That action of yours inspires confidence. This is irrespective of my own opinion on the case.

As a matter of fact, now that I am at it, I might say that, as I grow older, though I am not conscious of becoming more conservative, I am increasingly irritated by a class of people who deprecate everything that looks like discipline. They rave against war, for whatever cause; seek to minimize the immense effects on civilization which the late war has had and will have; are horrified at the death penalty; talk loosely of rights to life and of society having no right to take life; seem to admire a cold-blooded murderer as a hero; enlarge upon the crime of executing an innocent man now and then, as if human institutions could ever be infallible without a margin of error; keep saying that punishment does nothing to deter further crime; lug in a bastard "psychology" to show that no criminal is at fault, but that it is "society's" fault, that is, the fault of the law-abiding forgotten man; and so on. You will recognize the type. The worst of this crowd worship Bolshevism, and the weaker sisters admire it. Any slightest leaning in this direction offends me to the verge of nausea. For a time I feared that you were moving in that direction. This last editorial restores my confidence.

If I might say so, I think the weakest parts of your paper are: The somewhat tiresome quotations on the back of the first sheet — there are not enough epigrams to keep that up; The Sunday-school questions at the end, which strike me as beneath your dignity; The consistently hyperæsthetic and even esoteric nature of the books reviewed by your specialist; he sounds like the self-conscious English instructor, full of allusions to what most of us do not know about or care about. I generally skip that page, and think it a pity, inasmuch as you have a discriminating writer there, who could probably do something of the sort that Stuart Sherman used to do.

I read most of the rest of your paper with great interest, each week; and this is the first experience of the kind since the old Nation, under Garrison, Lamont, and More.

A. G. KELLER.

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THE President still "chooses" to refuse to amplify his statement anent 1928. His good friend ex-Senator Butler of Massachusetts, however, has taken it on himself to advise various and sundry gentlemen that the President is still in the ring and will accept the nomination if tendered him. The ex-Senator's action is entirely plausible when viewed from a Bostonian angle, for were the President not to run Mr. Butler might just as well kiss his own chances for reaching the Senate good-by. But no surer way than this of forcing the President to some further

word on the subject of a third term could be devised, and Mr. Butler could hardly be called a friend unless his intent and purpose is to shove Coolidge into the discard with full Coolidge consent, hardly a reasonable supposition.

As long as the word "choose" remains ambiguous, for so politicians must still view it, candidates can do naught else but deny that they are candidates. Both Hoover and Dawes, standing in a class by

themselves head and shoulders above other prospects, have done this. Quite rightly, too. In their official positions neither could do otherwise. Lowden alone continues as an active contender, with Fred Starck as his manager and a score of headquarters throughout the land. But already the politicians of real account, that bare score or so who work quietly, constantly, and effectively, have discounted his strength and relegated him to the position of stalking horse for Dawes. So now the field is narrowed: Hoover, Dawes, a few favorite sons, such as Hughes, Mellon, and Capper, and several lesser lights, such as Longworth and Willis, who hope to inherit. They may scramble; they may cause dissension within the ranks of the party, but hidden wounds are more dangerous than open ones, and the sooner the President makes his position unmistakably clear, the better will fare the G. O. P.

McNary-Haugenism's New Garb

THE so-called Administration farm-relief bill looks very much like McNary-Haugenism in a new pair of overalls. Its aims are the same; it differs only in the methods by which the law of supply



and demand would be arbitrarily subverted. Under the provisions of the McNary-Haugen bill the Government itself would have adjusted supply to demand through the purchase of surplus and the levying of objectionable equalization fees. Under the substitute bill crop surpluses would be purchased by farmer-owned corporations financed out of Federal coffers. A revolving fund of \$300,000,000 would be set up for the assistance of agrarian co-operative associations in buying farm overstocks. After such surpluses had been purchased Government experts would "advise" growers how much to plant for the succeeding harvest. The proposal does not guarantee, however, that the farmers would abide by this advice, particularly if they were assured that any surplus the next year would be bought by funds out of the Government treasury.

The substitute measure was drafted in Washington and released for publication by President Coolidge as a feeler. It is not correctly termed the "Administration" bill, for the President has not officially indorsed it. He probably made it public as a midsummer move to draw fire and secure for him in advance of the next session of Congress a useful line on public sentiment. We cannot believe that this latest prescription for farmer ills is in any shape as yet to be thrown to the wolves of Congress, but as an early trial balloon it should prove useful.

Discouragement of a Great Internationalist

THE resignation of Viscount Cecil from both the British Cabinet and from his post at the League of Nations is not surprising. Of all European statesmen who have remained in the public eye during

the last ten years we are convinced that he kept fixed in his heart most firmly the horror of war and the steadfast determination to devote his energies toward some better international order. With the public trend constantly whetting nationalism, the ideals which Woodrow Wilson crystallized at Paris into the League Coven-

enant have had hard sledding and would have had still harder but for Lord Robert's hold in England and the conversion of Briand in France. Now Lord Robert has been swept away by the inexorable tide, and hard-headed realists who admire the Winston Churchills and the Lord Birkenheads can rejoice that a constant irritant to their consciences has returned to private life.

There is no need to rehearse the dismal arms conference at Geneva to find full justification for Lord Robert's resignation. Throughout his admirers on this side of the water were aghast at his cham-

pionship of the swollen British program, and they can now appreciate that he must have been playing a most distasteful rôle under orders, confident perhaps that as a soldier in the ranks he could be more effective toward gaining his ideal than as an outside critic. It is comforting to find that he still follows his light.

In this connection one thought constantly intrudes. The men who constitute the British Cabinet, the men who sit at conferences in Geneva, the men in fact who govern every nation in Europe today except Russia, are the same men in type, education, intellect, and habit of thought who brought on the war of 1914. They sent ten million men to their graves. They would do so again tomorrow, not consciously perhaps, but through their blind stubbornness in being unwilling to relinquish the tools of nationalism which brought on the wholesale slaughter. Lord Robert was of another type, and it bodes no good for mankind to see him shorn of official position and power.

Italy, My Italy!

THE Cast Iron Duke, Benito Mussolini, has sent another thrill around the world. With the promulgation of the new "Mussolini Code," something new, something unique in jurisprudence has swum into the ken of students of the law. Eminent jurists all over the world are wringing their hands, weeping bitterly, or throwing their law libraries out of the window. For, according to the Duke's latest bright idea, Italians or foreigners who commit on foreign territory any of the long list of political, social, or common crimes detailed in the code are subject to Italian law. Everybody, everywhere, thus becomes a kind of Italian subject. If you throw a brick through the window of the Italian consulate in New York City and are arrested and tried and convicted and fined and sent to jail for six months; and if you pay the fine and serve your sentence and are discharged, you might be justified in regarding the incident as closed. Not so, according to Benito. Of course he will probably not attempt to extradite you, but wait till he catches you in Italy! The first thing you know you will be explaining to the judge that while it is true that you did, in a moment of pique, make the regrettable gesture in question, yet you have been fully punished for it, and you want to apologize here and now for it, and let bygones be bygones. When the judge has finished wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes he will point with pride to Article 10 of the new code, which provides that foreigners who have committed crime on foreign territory may be retried by the Italian courts even if they have been acquitted or convicted and served sentence in the country where the crime was committed.

Italy is going to lose a good deal of tourist trade,



ne fears. No more can the editors of THE INDEPENDENT look forward to lolling on the Lido sands or to rendering "O Sole Mio" from a gondola on the Grand Canal; no more will the Forum echo with our tread or the Pitti Palace reveal to us its treasures. Our references to the Duce have been more than impertinent. They have risen to the grave altitude of lese majesty. Italy will see us no more.

In the meantime, one wonders just how the code will work in practice. Will all the other Governments of the world reciprocate and pass similar laws? If so, chaos yawns. The prospect is pleasing only to morticians.

The Dogwatch on the Rhine

BRITISH and French bugles still blow reveille in the Rhineland, and while the calls may be somewhat muted by plans of the two nations to reduce materially their respective armies of occupation within the next few weeks, there is no sign that either intends to give the order for recall. Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, is still bent upon carrying out the stern letter of the Versailles Treaty which will keep Tommies in Germany until 1935, but he has, at the same time, removed some of the sting from

their presence by his statement that they are acting simply as a guarantee of reparations payments under the Dawes Plan. In no sense are they to be considered as security against an armed attack by Germany against France or any of the former Allies. Much thunder is thus removed from the bristling German Nationalists' wail that the troops indicate the emptiness of the Locarno treaties. Even though Sir Austen's pronouncement fails to remove the obvious thorn and withdraw the army of occupation, it still acts as a conciliating definition. And, upon the surface, it appears that it was he who strengthened Briand's hand sufficiently to wring from a stubbornly Nationalistic Cabinet the promise that France's Rhineland army would be reduced. Premier Poincaré still retains the recalcitrant spirit which led him into the Ruhr, and the majority of his Cabinet sides with him in viewing Germany suspiciously. Briand represents the newer school of conciliation. With a definite promise that there will be fewer evidences of French army blue in Germany before many weeks have passed, Briand stands in a far easier position at this month's League Assembly where Stresemann is sure to make new demands for reducing the Rhineland troops and shortening the period of occupation.

No doubt the chorus of German irreconcilables

will now turn with renewed vigor to the drive for an official revision of the war-guilt clause. Before the ink was dry upon the Versailles Treaty, Germans had begun their effort to remove the badge of sole guilt which the treaty placed upon them. Foreign Minister Stresemann made it the subject of representations before the League almost as soon as Germany was admitted; within the past week German delegates to the Interparliamentary Union congress in Paris have brought it up again. For the former Allies, it is an embarrassing discussion — one which they may well not "choose" to take up. For to admit that Germany was not solely responsible for bringing on the war is to destroy a fond tradition which propaganda carefully built up and sustained throughout the four years of the conflict. In the end, it will undoubtedly be the pressure of truth as revealed in the many memoirs and revaluations of prewar diplomacy which will force the revision, rather than any demands by Germany. Publication of foreign office and private correspondence from the files of most of the combatants, together with estimates of historians, are gradually bringing the world to the judgment that responsibility for the conflict cannot be hung upon any one of the nations involved. Each nation disclaims all desire to foment a new war. It is a claim which could not be better grounded than upon a frank admission of the diplomatic errors which collectively brought on the last one.

Paying the Cost of Crashes

PRESUMABLY an aviator has a perfect right to try any kind of adventurous flight across ocean or wilderness that he likes. The Fool Killer unfortunately is only an imaginary institution and no machinery exists to prevent a young man from hopping off any fine morning for Kamchatka or the Desolation Islands. When, however, he gets into trouble or is reported missing, the humane instincts of the public demand that he shall be searched for — and damn the expense! Consequently, the Navy sends destroyers, submarines, airplanes; the Treasury Department sends

Coast Guard rum hunters; the Army sends flying colonels; liners and merchantmen are pulled this way and that by wireless — all because a rattle-headed or too adventurous young man has bitten off more than he can chew.

This seems to us unfair to the Government and to taxpayers in general. If the Navy will have to look for missing flyers, it should have the right to pass on the qualifications of 'plane and pilot before the flight begins. During the past six months eleven



aviators have been definitely lost in ambitious ocean flights, and Redfern at this writing is unaccounted for. The most glaring instance, of course, was the ill-advised Dole air derby from California to the Hawaiian Islands in which six men and one woman lost their lives. It would be interesting to know how large a bill the taxpayers of the country will have to meet for the privilege of searching for these unwise and unfortunate individuals.

We do not say this in disparagement of the heroism of those flyers who failed, nor do we wish to discourage the pioneering spirit of pilots today, but we feel that such flights should be subject to governmental control if the Government is to be called on in case of failure.

Side-stepping a Party Issue

IT would take tractors and wild horses dragging in front and bayonets and scythes prodding behind to get either of the great political parties into a debate on the question of prohibition. All they want

to do with it is to leave it alone. It is a vote loser no matter which side you espouse. Economy and tax reduction are nicer issues; everybody likes them. Farm relief is rather thorny, but something has to be said about it, anyhow. Flood control, tariff, prosperity, those are fine issues, too, but as for this prohibition baby — let

someone else hold it while its ma goes shopping.

The *New York Herald Tribune* has no hesitation in turning down the mean, spiteful suggestion of the *New York Evening World*, that it should urge the Republican party frankly to state its position in this great subject. Not at all, says the *Herald Tribune*; prohibition is bigger than party.

We believe that the present situation is intolerable, that enforcement is a joke and that the law should be modified, if for no other reason than to end the period of hypocrisy created by the law. The question of prohibition is bigger than Democratic or Republican party politics. It will never be answered satisfactorily until it is regarded as a national issue, a subject in which all Americans, regardless of party allegiances, are vitally interested.

And there you are, just where you were before.

The Real Service for Heflin

THE movement in the Alabama Legislature to make Senator Heflin an admiral in order to defend this country from the impending attack of the Pope of Rome has been received with great favor

in all quarters except Alabama and the Navy. The burghers of the larger Alabama cities, the *savants* of her universities and academies, the intelligentsia of her *salons*, may be fed up with Mr. Heflin, but in the Saharas of the Bible Belt they like their loud-speakers loud. Of course, the Navy views the proposal with alarm, if not with horror, but one feels that its reactions are selfish and lacking in consideration for the public weal. Perhaps the most useful place to put Mr. Heflin would be in the lighthouse service. Anchored, let us say, at Nantucket Shoals, Mr. Heflin, on foggy days and nights, would render priceless service to navigation. As he hurled defiance at the Pope or *THE INDEPENDENT* or the "money power," sailors miles distant would hear and sheer away from his shallows.

This is a really high-class suggestion and we endorse it heartily. Soon we expect to announce a national "Heflin-as-Foghorn Week."

Vale to an Editorial Friend

MR. J. ST. LOE STRACHEY, who died recently in England after a long illness, will be mourned by the many Americans who knew him personally and by the larger audience who knew him as an editor and author. By none is his loss more deeply felt than by the Editors of *THE INDEPENDENT*. One of our first tasks when we took over this magazine from its former proprietors was to find the ideal London correspondent, and we found him in Mr. Strachey. From that time until his retirement on account of ill health he sent us monthly articles of delightful quality, wise, temperate, kindly, urbane, typical of the journalism he represented so nobly.

As editor of the London *Spectator* for many years, Mr. Strachey made his influence felt wherever English was spoken and his influence was always on the good side. A gentleman in every true and fine sense, he considered always the other man's point of view, the excuses for his errors, but for himself he held fast to the ideals of honor and fair conduct and good faith which governed his every action. One felt immediately and instinctively his transparent fair-mindedness. He never upheld a false cause because it was popular or decried a true one because his public disapproved it. Such journalism as that of the *Spectator* was and is one of the glories of England, a justification of an aristocracy in public affairs.

He was peculiarly appreciative of the American point of view and responsive to the tempo of life here. Indeed, he often said that he felt himself American-minded. Emerson and Walt Whitman he knew, as it seemed, by heart. For Washington and Lincoln and Lee he had an almost reverent admiration. He saw the best in us, and if he saw the worst, he never admitted it.

A good and noble spirit, a brave defender of the faith, and a great gentleman has gone to his reward.

Will the Negro Suffrage Issue Seat Vare?

WHEN the "most august deliberative body in the world" settles down to business at the opening of the next Congress, the country will be treated to some of the most engaging political manoeuvres set in motion for a number of years. At the outset—with party lines drawn taut—the contest over the seating of Senators-elect Vare of Pennsylvania and Smith of Illinois should be tremendously amusing to the student of practical politics. Furthermore, the very real question as to whether the Federal Government shall dictate the manner in which States

conduct primary elections will be thrashed out.

Hints of what may be expected were uncovered in the closing days of the last session, and it is not an overbold venture to suggest—as a result of those hints—that many Democrats may not be so enthusiastic as one would suppose to press the issue against the would-be Senators from Pennsylvania and Illinois. The reasons are plain: If the Democrats insist on branding Vare and Smith with the mark of fraud, it is quite certain that the Republicans will set in motion sweeping investigations into the unconstitutional disfranchisement of negroes throughout the South—not the laws of the Southern States, mind, but the practices of white Southerners. Indeed, it has been broadly stated that if Vare and Smith are denied their seats, full many a Democratic Senator from Dixie chosen in elections at which many citizens were denied the right to vote may find his own chair trembling under fulminations of fraud. In short, the precedent which the Senate would establish by tampering with primary election affairs in two Northern States would open the way for similar meddlings south of Mason and Dixon's line.

In the final days of the last session, the Senate Judiciary Committee reported a resolution for a recess investigation of the barter and sale of Federal offices in the South. These practices were fully reported in *THE INDEPENDENT* in a series of articles by Samuel Taylor Moore, and from any standard of ethical judgment were certainly meat for investigation. Senator Ernst, Republican, of Kentucky at once countered with another resolution calling for examination of charges that "in some of the States where such practices [sale of offices] are reported, there is a denial to many citizens of their right to vote . . ."

Action on both of these resolutions was prevented by a filibuster under the leadership of

Senator Reed (Republican) of Pennsylvania. In the course of his speech making Senator Reed declared that unless Vare and Smith were seated in the next session, the right of various Democratic Senators to hold their seats would be challenged on the grounds that they were chosen at elections in which the vote of a part of the electorate had been suppressed. His remarks were so effective as to prompt several Southern Senators to announce their conviction that practices in primaries were not a proper subject for Congressional investigation.

Stalwart among the Southern gentlemen who do not wish to meddle with Northern primaries is Senator Cole Blease of South Carolina. He opposed the Smith-Vare investigation from the outset. This fiery Solon declared frankly that laws of his State prohibited Republican negroes from voting at Democratic primaries. Asked if the laws had been upheld by court decisions, he shot back the retort, "I do not know, and I do not care. They are on the statute books and in the constitution [of his State], and the white people of South Carolina have been following them, and they are going to continue to follow them. If that be defiance, make the most of it." And perhaps the Senate will.

Another weapon which Republicans of the Old Guard hold over the heads of their Democratic colleagues in this connection is the threat of reapportionment. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution reads:

When the right to vote at any election [general] . . . is denied to any male . . . citizens of the United States . . . the basis of representation [in the State where the offense is committed] . . . shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of said male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens . . . in such State.

Three years ago Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts introduced a resolution calling upon the Committee of the Census, which was then considering reapportionment, to study the disfranchisement of negroes in the South with a view to reducing Southern representations if suffrage suppression were established. When the whole matter of reapportionment was sidetracked, the investigation went by the boards.

It is natural that sober-minded Senators and Congressmen will do their utmost to prevent a sectional struggle in Congress over the negro question. But there is little doubt that the issue will be forced if Vare and Smith are not seated. We should regret a general muckraking campaign, but we nevertheless feel that the methods of electing representatives who shall legislate for the whole nation is the business of the nation and not alone that of the separate States. In other words, the Senate should have full rights to investigate Senatorial primaries regardless of how the States may howl.



Hands Around the Pacific

By Stephen P. Duggan

SOME publicists maintain that, just as the transfer of human interest and activity from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic was the chief achievement of the Fifteenth Century, so a similar transfer from the Atlantic to the Pacific will be the most important accomplishment of the Twentieth Century. Whether this will turn out to be true, there can be no question of the conviction on the part of the members of the Institute of Pacific Relations, which closed its sessions at Honolulu a month ago, of the great importance to mankind generally of a wise solution of the problems which confront the nations whose borders touch the Pacific Ocean.

The members of the Institute represented Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, China, Japan, Korea, Canada, and the United States, and each national unit contained representatives of its most important vocational and cultural groups. In the American group, banking and finance were represented by men like Jerome Greene of Lee Higginson & Co.; education, by President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Leland Stanford University; labor, by Paul Sharrenberg, secretary of the California State Federation of Labor; commerce, by Wallace M. Alexander of San Francisco; religion and missions, by Archbishop Hanna of California and Professor Fleming of Union Theological Seminary; the press, by Herbert Croly, editor of the *New Republic*, and Chester H. Rowell of Berkeley; women's organizations, by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt of New York and Miss Grace Abbott of Washington. The British group was led by Sir Frederick Whyte, recently president of the National Indian Legislative Assembly, and Lionel Curtis of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London. The chairman of the Canadian group was General Sir Arthur Currie, president of McGill University, and the other nations were represented by men of similar calibre. In addition they were accompanied by experts in the fields of communications, food supply, population, immigration, international law, economics, diplomacy, and Far Eastern history and politics.

It is sometimes stated that the League of Nations did not begin to appeal to the people as a power until its conferences were attended by high-ranking

ministers like Ramsay MacDonald and Edouard Herriot and later by Briand, Chamberlain, Stresemann. It is true that, because of their prominence, these men gave the sessions of the League great news value. But it is equally true that the foundations upon which these men built had been laid by less prominent but equally capable men in previous years. The Institute of Pacific Relations deliberately refrained from including in its membership cabinet members or government officials in the belief that their presence would embarrass the free expression of opinions. The conference was wholly unofficial in character. The

members represented no one but themselves. They made no decisions and drew up no resolutions. What, then, did they accomplish?

THE 140 men and women who gathered at Honolulu from July 12 to 30 did not assemble there in the belief that they would solve any of the problems of the Pacific area which are causing international friction and ill will. They did believe, however, that the conference would provide the opportunity for securing a sympathetic understanding of opposed views and an appreciation of those who hold them; that besides providing a clearing house for ideas it would probably discover gaps in the relevant knowledge concerning problems which would demand research not only with reference to immediate political problems, but with reference to the underlying factors—biologic, economic, and psychologic—that condition these political problems. They believed, moreover, that their aims could best be accomplished were their round tables and forums held in private and without undue publicity, because then discussion could be carried on with the greatest frankness. That the aims of the conference were well realized is the unanimous belief of those who attended. Let one illustration suffice. It is unquestionably true that, high-minded as they were, the Chinese members came to the conference suspicious of the British and harboring considerable bitterness of spirit toward them. Nor did they fail to make what they considered a full indictment of British policy in China. They left for home convinced of the good will of the intelligent and influential portion of the British public,

In Honolulu from July 12 to 30 a group of 140 men and women from all the countries bordering on the Pacific met to discuss the problems which are common to their area. The sessions were private and little has previously appeared concerning their scope and accomplishments. Dr. Duggan, director of the Institute of International Education and Professor of Government at the College of the City of New York, was one of the American members of the conference

convinced by the proofs which the British members offered of the new orientation of British policy in regard to China. Each of these national groups returned home satisfied that there were men and women in the other's country who could be relied upon to give a fair view of its side of a controversy between the two countries.

AT the opening of the new international bridge between Canada and the United States on August 8 Vice President Dawes said he believed the failure of the naval conference at Geneva was due to lack of adequate preparation before the conference convened. The Institute of Pacific Relations can testify to the need of such preparation. The first session was somewhat hurriedly called in the spring of 1925, and when the session was held at Honolulu in July of that year, the program had to be made from day to day. Much good spade work was accomplished, but it was soon evident that if constructive work was to be done, the next conference of July, 1927, would have to be planned with the greatest care. In the two years' interval distinguished experts in various fields carried on research for report to the conference. The executive committee of each national group considered most carefully the topics that ought to appear on the program and the men who ought to discuss them; and the committees on delegates tried to secure the men and women best qualified to realize the aim of the Institute — to discover, interpret, and disseminate the facts on Pacific matters so that the various peoples and responsible authorities would be led to better international relations in the Pacific.

What were the topics considered at the Institute, and how were they treated? The problem of China overshadowed all others, and certain things were quickly made evident to all present. Whether the Chinese members came from Peking, Shanghai, or Mukden, whether they were Christian or non-Christian, to whatever vocation they belonged, they were extreme Nationalists. It was impossible to listen to them or to the foreigners from China who attended the conference without being convinced that in the future, and, moreover, in the immediate future, China intends to be treated upon an equality with other nations. The so-called "unequal" treaties mean to them the treaties dating from that of Nanking in 1842, which they maintain were not only imposed upon them but the significance of which they did not appreciate owing to their ignorance of Western international relations. The existence of these treaties results today in three major problems which received full discussion at the conference, namely, tariff autonomy, extraterritoriality, and foreign concessions.

The unequal treaties permit China to collect a tariff of but five per cent on all imported goods whether necessities or luxuries. This, the Chinese

maintain, not only prevents an adequate support to a unified government, but also the development of their industries. The tariff conference which was held at Peking last winter in accordance with the Washington Treaty of 1921-22 did not solve the problem. The Chinese maintain that this was due to the most-favored-nation clause of the unequal treaties which permits even one foreign state to hold up a revision of the tariff duties when all the others agree to it. The foreigners maintain that the breakdown of both the tariff and extraterritoriality conferences of last winter was due to the divided condition of China and to the announcement of the Canton Government that it would honor no agreements made by the Peking Government. It was generally agreed, however, by the members of the conference, save, perhaps, by the Japanese, that tariff autonomy must come and come soon. It will be a difficult situation for Japan. Japan now furnishes China with the great majority of manufactured coarse goods of all kinds. The Chinese members admitted that tariff autonomy would unquestionably result in protection for home manufacture of these very kinds of goods. This would result in destroying the market for Japanese goods and in industrial depression in Japan. Whether China and Japan, when the former becomes stabilized, can negotiate a treaty which will permit of preferential rates for Japanese goods of the coarse kinds that will not conflict with the most-favored-nation clause of most tariff treaties is a deeply significant problem.

Despite the evidence presented by the Chinese members to the effect that the Germans, Austrians, and Russians, who no longer enjoy extraterritorial privileges, can carry on in China as well as formerly, the majority of the members were not convinced of the wisdom of immediately abolishing extraterritoriality. It is an exceedingly intricate problem requiring careful consideration of the vested interests that have arisen under the treaties and of the commitments that have been made. Nor were the majority of the members convinced that the Chinese courts were adequate in knowledge and experience to meet the situation at once. All were agreed that extraterritoriality would have to go, but the majority were of the belief that a stated time ought to be fixed to permit a gradual conforming to the new situation.

SOLVING the problem of the foreign settlements and concessions presents one great obstacle — Shanghai. The British have already returned their concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang and are negotiating for the return of the one at Tientsin. It will hardly be possible for other nations to retain theirs in face of the British precedent, once China becomes unified. But Shanghai presents a unique situation. The International Settlement there is

under the administration of a municipal council which has a majority of British delegates, but also includes representatives of other peoples, principally Americans and Japanese. Moreover, lying next to it and for all practical purposes a part of it is the French Concession. The municipal council does not hesitate to call upon the home Governments for assistance when Shanghai is endangered, but it does not hesitate to ignore the suggestions of the home Governments if it does not approve them. It is an *imperium in imperio*. The foreigners maintain that the magnificent city and port which has been developed upon the mud flat that was given them to dwell upon in 1842 are the product of their initiative and resourcefulness. The Chinese maintain that Shanghai is within their country, that ninety-five per cent of its inhabitants are Chinese, and eighty-five per cent of its taxes are paid by Chinese. They refuse to accept as a solution minority representation on the municipal council. But the Chinese members believe, as do all that were present, that wise solutions can only result from negotiation and not from unilateral action.

NO problem created a deeper impression than that of the food supply and population of Japan. Japan cannot raise enough food for her present population which increases at over half a million a year. Emigration is no solution. It merely creates a void at home which is filled up by an increase of births. Moreover, the countries to which the Japanese wish to go, Canada, the United States, and Australia, have exclusion laws or practices. Birth control, whether deliberate or arising from an improved standard of living, takes generations to produce an effect. Following the precedent of Germany in the last two decades of the Nineteenth Century, Japan transformed herself from an agricultural to an industrial economy in the Twentieth. Now she is informed that the Chinese expect to do the same thing and thereby deprive her of the chief market for her manufactured products. It is a dark outlook, and it is not alone Japan's problem. It is a world problem. The fact that three virile peoples, the British, the Italians, and the Japanese, are all faced with the same situation convinced the members of the Institute of the great need of education in the biologic and economic backgrounds of political problems, if constructive solutions rather than palliatives are to be forthcoming.

A discussion of the Japanese problem naturally led to that of Oriental immigration. It was made manifest by the members from Canada, Australia, and the United States that public opinion at home was adamant against a large influx of Oriental labor which would destroy the standard of living and result in the development of social, economic, and political problems of a most undesirable kind.

It was pointed out that the United States already has a black problem in its South and cannot afford to have a yellow problem in the West. The attitude taken by most of the members from Occidental countries was somewhat as follows: We have been trying to see ways whereby China's sovereignty and equality can be fully restored so that she can protect herself and her people from the bad results of a too rapid inrush of foreign investments, a too rapid industrialization. Similarly, we wish to protect ourselves from a too great influx of Orientals that would result in the lowering of our standard of living and in the disintegration of our social institutions. The Oriental members willingly admitted that contention and stated that no intelligent Oriental wanted or expected unrestricted immigration. What they objected to was discrimination. The Japanese members made it clear that the abrupt, harsh, and tactless manner whereby the gentlemen's agreement had been abrogated by unilateral action on the part of the United States in the passage of the exclusion clause still caused intense resentment. Though they made no such suggestion, it was clear that they would like Japan to be placed upon the quota basis. Two per cent of the number of Japanese here in 1890 would not amount to 150. But it cannot be overlooked that China would resent exclusion were any other Asiatic nation to be placed upon the quota. And two per cent of the 125,000 Chinese who were in the United States in 1890 is 2,500.

The manner in which the Chinese question obtruded itself into the discussion of almost all other questions was shown when the American members considered the Philippine problem. Attention was drawn to the fact that where the vigorous Chinese were permitted freely to settle among the Malay peoples of the Pacific, they soon controlled the situation. It is easy to imagine what unrestricted Chinese immigration would mean for the Filipinos. The Institute as a whole did not consider the Philippine problem. The American group did and went so far as to express the hope that a commission consisting of an equal number of Filipinos and Americans might be constituted to study the question in all its aspects, and to report a solution that would be acceptable to both Americans and Filipinos.

THESE, in brief, are a few of the vast subjects opened for discussion which will again attract the attention of the Institute at its next session in 1929. Perhaps some day in the future, high-ranking representatives of the countries bordering on the Pacific may meet in Honolulu to take practical advantage of this earlier foundational work. For that is exactly its nature; out of it we may hope will come a better understanding of the broad, international problems of the Pacific.

Education for the Student

By A. J. Hanna

AMONG American educators who do not repose complete faith in the infallibility of higher education today is Dr. Hamilton Holt, former editor of THE INDEPENDENT and now president of Rollins, Florida's oldest college, located at Winter Park. Presi-

dent Holt, whose editorial and educational policies have been featured by independence tempered with common sense and fearlessness, has a plan which he believes will save American institutions from intellectual barrenness. While it is true that colleges in general have glorified the lecture method of instruction, have overlooked quality for quantity, and have made into a routine the mass production of young people supposedly "educated" by the marking system, it is becoming evident that people everywhere are now giving more practical attention to educational matters than heretofore.

President Holt declares that all education is self-education, and that the important question before colleges, if they are to remain a factor in the development of citizenship, is the means by which students can best educate themselves. "I was profoundly impressed," he declares, "when I completed my studies at Yale and Columbia and entered my professional career on THE INDEPENDENT, to find that my colleagues in the editorial room, who never thought of teaching me anything, taught me everything, while my professors, who were paid to teach me, taught me virtually nothing. And yet both my professors at college and my colleagues on THE INDEPENDENT were all the same type of men. I concluded, therefore, that the fault lay in the system."

"It occurred to me then that the first duty of a college should be to bring the student and professor into the closest possible touch in the working hours of the day, my theory being that the student's mind is immature, that he frequently does not know how to study, that he more frequently has not the will to study, and that the time when he most needs the professor's advice, help, and supervision is when he is preparing his assignment and not after he has learned it or failed to learn it."

"The quiz or recitation system is not as bad as the lecture system, but as at present conducted it is almost a reversal of what the proper relation

The visionary H. G. Wells has foretold a day when our great universities will be nothing more than architectural curiosities. Hamilton Holt, a former editor of "The Independent" recently elected president of Rollins College, Florida, does not go so far as that, but he does find present educational trends pointing up a blind alley. The accompanying article explains in detail his revolutionary experiments in the field of higher education at Rollins

between professor and student should be. Under the recitation system the professor's ingenuity is largely exerted in finding out whether or not the student has learned his lesson. If the student is able to answer the questions put, he is given a good mark. If he is unable to

do so, he is given a poor mark. Marks, therefore, tend to become the end of the student's endeavor, and not the mastery of the subject. The whole marking system is based largely on the assumption — alas! too true in most cases — that the student is unfaithful. If, however, the student has been faithful and learned his lesson, then manifestly he has learned it without the aid of the teacher. If he has been unfaithful and has not learned his lesson, then it is too late to learn it in the recitation period. In either case the professor plays a minimum part in the student's mental progress."

One of his observations after fifteen years' study is that the chief fault of the American college today lies in "its insatiable impulse to expand materially," thus suppressing through mass production the individuality of the student. Another criticism is aimed at the waste of unsupervised time for which student life has become notorious as a direct result of the lecture and quiz system in vogue in the majority of colleges and universities today.

IN 1909 President Holt induced his colleague, Dr. Edwin Slosson, then literary editor of THE INDEPENDENT, to make a survey of the leading universities of the country and to write for the magazine his estimate of them. Dr. Slosson's disclosures, which during the following year appeared in book form as "The Great American Universities," so impressed President Holt that he then and there determined that should he ever have an opportunity — it never occurring to him that he should later be called to a college presidency — to do something in education, he would be committed to a policy that would so reorganize the methods of teaching that there would be a free exchange of thought between pupil and teacher in personal conference during which the student is helped over difficulties, shown how to study, and given an illustration of the scholarly attitude toward knowledge.

If the record of President Holt's first two years

at Rollins may serve as an indication of his future achievement there, then surely he is on the high road to a success that may deeply influence the educational system of the country and make a distinct contribution to the progress of America.

DURING his first year's administration a new policy was formulated by him and adopted by the board of trustees to make Rollins an ideal small college of liberal arts by restricting the student body to 400 men and 300 women, by calling only those professors who have the genuine gift of teaching and the nobility of character to inspire youth, and by making the most beautiful campus that Mediterranean architecture and landscape gardening could devise. For the launching of this program the alumni and friends of education in Florida responded with more than \$500,000 in cash, pledges, and land. The daughters of the late F. B. Knowles of Worcester, Massachusetts, a founder of Rollins, gave \$100,000 for a chapel, and the late Elbert H. Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation, established a loan fund of \$25,000 to help worthy and needy students. With this backing President Holt immediately called to the faculty a number of new teachers, increased faculty salaries by 124.5 per cent, and spent \$50,000 in reconditioning the grounds and buildings and providing teaching equipment to meet the requirements of the Southern Association of Colleges. He arranged a program of weekly addresses by celebrities for inspirational purposes; set up a public service department through which Rollins is serving the State of Florida by loaning its professors and experts for addresses and general community service to schools, churches, and civic organizations; organized a new system of entrance whereby students are selected on the basis of general preparation, moral fitness, and promise of becoming useful citizens, rather than mere information; and secured from the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching an allocation of equipment for the development of the art department. The outstanding achievement has been, however, a quickening of interest in higher education among the people of Florida and the focusing of national attention on the new "Two-Hour Conference Plan of Study" which was substituted last fall for the sixty-minute period of lecture and quiz.

The purpose of the Two-Hour Conference Plan is to put academic life on a more practical basis by placing class attendance on a par with the hours and duties of a business office or editorial room, where continuous consultation and coöperation between teacher and taught is possible and where the maximum impact of the professor's personality upon the student's mind will be made at a time when it is most needed, where companionship and teaching are united, and where the student learns to rely

on his own powers rather than on those of a group or on what he can absorb from lectures.

Under this system students register for courses in the usual manner, and during the two-hour period spend their time in study, in conferring with the professor, in holding discussions in small groups, in developing outlines, in writing class papers or the equivalent, and in other preparation incident to the mastery of the subject. At times the whole group may be called together for a conference on a common topic. As funds are provided President Holt is equipping each classroom with reference books, maps, and other apparatus necessary to make it a workshop in itself.

Rollins professors teach on the average ten semester hours each, whereas the average elsewhere is fifteen; and not more than twenty students are allowed in a class, a number which President Holt hopes later to reduce to ten. Both mornings and afternoons are divided into two two-hour periods. The morning periods are devoted to those subjects in which the student primarily improves his mind. Between the morning periods fifteen minutes is arranged for chapel. As far as possible the first period in the afternoon is devoted to laboratory or field work, rehearsals, debating, and such other less formal exercises as may be considered an important part of the day's work. The last period is given over to athletics and recreation.

CARRYING further the theory of the business office, it is assumed that the eight-hour program is sufficient mental labor for the student and, except for special assignments or voluntary work, the evenings are free. That this time may be profitably used rather than dissipated, considerable attention has been given to the planning of the extracurricular activities during the evening as a part of the year's offerings.

In enumerating the advantages of the Rollins plan, still admittedly in an experimental stage, President Holt declares:

"It insures faithfulness of study on the part of the student as the professor has little difficulty in detecting the shirk. It relieves the student of the whip continuously held over his head under the old system. When he has completed his daily periods, like workers in an office, he is through, unless he is ambitious to continue his work in leisure hours. It tends to make the professor, instead of a lecturer and coach, a 'guide, philosopher and friend.' It abolishes the 'lock-step' or mass system of education, permitting each student to go ahead as fast as his ability allows. The relation of the student is thus primarily to his professor and not to his fellow students. It permits the student and professor to meet, man to man, under such conditions of informality and coöperation as are found prevailing in after life.



A ROUMANIAN SHEPHERD BOY GUARDS HIS BLACK SHEEP

ROUMANIA OUT OF POLITICS

Aside from Her Frequent Political Turmoils, Typical of the Balkans, Roumania Is a Country of Peculiar Charm and Beauty



All photographs from Ewing Galloway

THE ATHENEUL ROMAN AT BUCHAREST IS A SUPERB BUILDING IN A FLAWLESS SETTING



THE POST OFFICE IN BUCHAREST IS OF A SPLENDOR TO MATCH THAT OF ANY IN EUROPE. AS IN ALL HER PUBLIC BUILDINGS, ROUMANIA HERE PRESERVES THAT ATMOSPHERE OF OLD-WORLD MAGNIFICENCE



THIS RATHER BIZARRE CASTLE AT SINAIA IN THE CARPATHIANS WAS BUILT FOR CARMEN SYLVA AND KING CAROL I OF ROUMANIA. IT WAS HERE THAT KING FERDINAND DIED LAST JULY AFTER A PROTRACTED ILLNESS



ONLY THE CONTINUED PRESENCE OF HORSE-DRAWN CARRIAGES SETS THE BUSINESS SECTION OF BUCHAREST APART FROM THE OTHER CAPITALS OF THE GREATER NATIONS OF EUROPE



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE YOUNGER MARRIED SET OF THE ROUMANIAN HINTERLANDS CARRY THEIR OWN PRODUCE TO THE MARKETS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BUCHAREST



UNTOUCHED BY THE MORE OBVIOUS MARKS OF THE CONFLICT, THE CALEA VICTORIEI, MAIN STREET OF BUCHAREST, REMAINS AS THIS PICTURE SHOWS IT BEFORE THE WAR



THERE IS AN AMAZING ALERTNESS AND INTELLIGENCE REVEALED IN THE FEATURES OF THIS LITTLE PEASANT GIRL OF A HILL-COUNTRY VILLAGE



THIS LAD MAY BE A PEASANT IN A CARPATHIAN VILLAGE, BUT HE IS NONE THE LESS A PROUD CITIZEN OF ROUMANIA



THE ADVANTAGES OF THE HORSE AS A DRAFT ANIMAL HAVE NOT EVEN BEEN INVESTIGATED BY THIS UNHURRIED FARMER OF THE BALKANS



THIS PICTURESQUE TEAMSTER REGARDS LIFE WITH MUCH THE SAME EQUANIMITY AS DO THE BEASTS OVER WHOSE DESTINIES HE PRESIDES

Checking Up the Taxpayer's Penny

The Facts on State and Local Finances

By Ernest Minor Patterson

IT is quite the fashion at present to contrast the management of the finances of our Federal Government with that of the States and cities — always to the disadvantage of the latter. It is argued that the annual expenditures of the Federal Government are declining and that the Federal debt is decreasing. At the same time, runs the allegation, both the annual expenditures and the debts of the State and local governments are advancing with alarming rapidity.

Now there are few close or necessary relations between these two groups of financial facts. In 1917 and 1918 war activities could and did place duties and burdens on the Federal Government that had

no close counterpart among either State or local governments. On the other hand, many problems might confront our cities, our school districts, and our States that are peculiarly local and involve them at times when the Federal Government is experiencing no comparable strain. Nevertheless the belief that the central Government is economical in the extreme while the others are wasteful and extravagant is so firmly fixed in the popular mind that a glance at certain facts is worth while.

In 1916, the last prewar year, the expenditures of the Federal Government chargeable against ordinary receipts were \$741,996,727. For 1925, the last year for which finally adjusted figures are available, the corresponding amount was \$2,930,706,980. This was almost exactly four times as much. In the interval much had happened. The war with its enormous outlays had cost the Government \$18,952,141,180 in 1919, an amount reduced promptly to \$6,141,745,240 in 1920, the last year of the Wilson Administration. Since then, during the Harding and Coolidge régimes, there has been a further decline until in 1925 the figure given above was reached. The war was well over; our war associates no longer asked for aid. The railroads, the Shipping Board, and the other war organizations rapidly curtailed their activities and their demand for funds ended. Together with certain widely heralded economies, the exact amount of which no layman and perhaps

no expert can accurately determine, this cessation of war and postwar functions sharply reduced our annual Federal outlays. Yet in 1925 the expenditures were still four times those of 1916.

What has been the growth of expenditures by the States in the same period? In 1916 the "governmental cost payments" for the forty-eight States amounted to \$510,134,299, and in 1925 they were \$1,614,562,000, or slightly more than three times as much.

Notice next the cities. In 1915 the net governmental cost payments of 146 cities were \$996,061,502, and in 1923 — the latest year for which complete data can be secured — the total was \$2,066,234,164, or a little more

than twice as much. Since the cities have grown more rapidly in population than has the country as a whole, it is advisable to give these figures on a *per capita* basis. They are \$34.53 and \$60.29, respectively, a gain of less than seventy-five per cent.

STATE and local debts are rapidly increasing, it is also argued. Let us record the facts. The interest bearing Federal debt on June 30, 1915, was \$971,562,590, and on June 30, 1925, it was \$2,021,906,251. Today it is lower, but still is nearly twenty times as much as in 1915. From 1915 to 1925 the combined net debts of the forty-eight States grew from \$424,155,000 to \$1,251,703,000. In the latter year this total was less than three times that of the former. The net debt of the 146 leading cities in 1915 was \$2,245,906,000, and in 1923 it was \$3,541,722,000, a gain of only fifty-seven per cent. Stated in *per capita* terms the increase was from \$77.86 to \$103.34, or only thirty-three per cent. Contrast these gains in debt with that of the Federal Government. As already pointed out, comparisons of Federal finances with those of State and local governments really mean little. Probably, as President Coolidge has observed, we need not look for further reduction in expenditures by the Federal Government; and if reductions are to come at all the States and cities must provide them.

There is no reason for arguing that because

So much has been written in praise of the Federal Government's economical operation and the comparative extravagance of State and local governments that the Editors take particular pleasure in publishing this authoritative comparison of the two. Dr. Patterson, Professor of Economics in the Wharton School of Finance, University of Pennsylvania, analyzes Federal and State expenditures in the introductory portion. In the concluding part of his article, to appear next week, he takes up more particularly State and local finances

changes occur in the one place they should be found in the other. Yet a realization that in spite of all impressions to the contrary the cost of Federal Government and its debts have both grown far more in the last ten years than have the corresponding figures for State and city governments should permit us to approach the problem more sanely.

Most writers and speakers refer to taxes as a burden. Taxes are compulsory contributions to a Government for general uses, but they are no more a burden than are the payments we make for shoes and sugar. If we are charged more than is proper for these commodities there is ground for complaint. If the growth of taxes to meet State and local expenditures is unduly high for what we receive, something should, if possible, be done about it. We have just noticed how much expenditures — and, of course, taxes — have increased. Are we getting nothing more for the expenditure or so little more that complaints are warranted? What explains the growth of Federal expenditures in the last ten years? Are we getting four times as much in some form of service? In 1925 the total Federal "expenditures chargeable against ordinary receipts" exceeded that for 1916 by \$2,188,710,253. Here are a few of the things we got in return:

Expenditures	1916	1925	Increase
War Department	\$182,139,305	\$357,957,420	\$175,818,115
Navy Department	155,029,426	326,365,467	171,336,041
Shipping Board		30,304,859	30,304,859
Interest on debt	22,900,313	882,014,950	859,114,637
Debt retirement		466,538,114	466,538,114
	\$360,069,044	\$2,063,180,810	\$1,703,111,766

These five items account for over seventy-seven per cent of the increase. A part — perhaps fifty per cent — of the growth is to be explained by the higher price level. Perhaps, too, the War and Navy Departments are rendering more service than ten years ago. We may allow the reader to speculate on the service rendered by the Shipping Board, and point out that after all the debt charges account for most of the increase. Interest on the debt and debt retirement account for \$1,325,652,751 more than was spent in 1916.

Attention should, of course, be called to the fact that not all of the expenditures of the War and Navy Departments are for military purposes. Moreover, there is no question raised here either as to the necessity or the propriety of any and all expenditures made. But emphasis is placed on the fact that most of the increase is an outgrowth of the late war and is not to be explained by an expansion in activities that are productive, either directly or indirectly. In the same connection we may note that the Federal debt has behind it no assets except the very doubtful claims on certain foreign Governments.

A similar analysis of the expenditures of State and municipal governments is most enlightening. Expenditures of the forty-eight States have just

about trebled in the period under discussion, or, if allowance is made for a fifty per cent rise in prices, they have doubled. A tabulation of the growth, as classified by the Bureau of the Census, shows what has been happening:

	Governmental-Cost Payments of 48 States in 1916 and 1925		Increase	Per cent
	1916	1925		
Operation and maintenance	\$405,818,000	\$1,043,876,000	\$638,058,000	157
Interest	19,254,000	67,662,000	48,408,000	249
Outlays	85,063,000	503,024,000	417,961,000	491
Totals	\$510,135,000	\$1,614,562,000	\$1,104,427,000	216

In this table "interest" is the cost to the State governments for the use of credit capital. "Outlays" are "the costs of land and other properties and public improvements more or less permanent in character, which are owned and used by States in the exercise of their State functions or in connection with the business undertakings conducted by them." First to attract attention is that the total has trebled in the period compared or about doubled if a rough allowance is made for the increase in the price level. Next to be noticed is that the percentage gains are greater in "interest" and "outlays" than for "operation and maintenance."

IN the table of governmental cost payments given above it is noticeable that the growth in interest charges has been 249 per cent in the period covered. Yet this is only slightly more than the increase in total payments which was 216 per cent. Moreover, in neither year was it a very large fraction of the total, being only 3.77 per cent in 1916 and but 4.19 per cent in 1925. Whether this is unduly large depends upon the reasons why it must be paid; that is, upon what we are receiving in exchange for the payment. Also, much depends upon our general attitude toward borrowing as contrasted with a pay-as-you-go policy in public financing.

Interest payments may be unduly large, and they may be increasing too rapidly, but they are still only about four per cent of the total. Far larger in absolute amount and as a percentage of the total is "outlays." From 1916 to 1925 this item grew from \$85,063,000 to \$503,024,000, or 491 per cent. In 1916 it was but 16.7 per cent of the total, but in 1925 it was 37.8 per cent. That this increase is large no one will deny but, as always, the pertinent question is not that of either absolute or relative size. Instead, the question should be — what are we receiving for these "outlays"? We know that they are for "land and other properties and public improvements more or less permanent in character, which are owned and used by States in the exercise of their State functions or in connection with the business undertakings conducted by them." What are these assets and are they of the sort that the States should acquire?

(To be concluded next week)

It's the Lure of the Million Mark

By Homer Joseph Dodge

THE word "millionaire" has long been one with which to conjure. In older countries than the United States the possession of a million units of the national monetary standard has been a condition undreamed of by all but a very few, while in America there are tens of thousands of million-dollar fortunes and the American millionaire is regarded by foreigners as the inevitable product of our industry.

It would appear to be the idea of the million which captivates. So far as terms of wealth are concerned, aside from the peculiar treasure of kings, the million fortune is relatively a new thing. So vast a figure has been required only in such exercises as the calculation of astronomical distances or the number of angels who can dance on the point of a pin. But, just as the population of the world has doubled in the more recent generations, so has wealth multiplied. Yet the million idea remains as a symbol, even though it is more often attained.

The difference between national monetary units does not seem to impair the romantic forcefulness of the great round number. With the exchanges at par a French millionaire is only one fifth as rich as an American millionaire and only one twenty-fifth as rich as an English one because the Frenchman has a million francs while the American has a million dollars and the Englishman a million pounds sterling. Yet each is a millionaire until he changes his nationality. Even in the days of the debased currencies following the Armistice, when the Russian ruble, for example, was worth less than the scrap value of the paper on which it was beautifully printed, there remained a certain fleeting vestige of dignity about the idea of a million rubles. It must be this curious ambition to be a millionaire which prompts so many Americans to apply themselves with such ardor to attain that goal. A study of the incomes of Americans reveals that the million mark is their goal — after that goal is reached, their efforts cease.

He who is diligent in business shall stand before kings, according to very old wisdom. And so the American is diligent in business until he possesses himself of the coveted \$1,000,000. Then he takes Mrs. Haddock and the grown daughters to Europe and stands before any kings he can find. After that he is likely to become more diligent at

Not only is the first million the hardest, but apparently the most desirable. For the great majority of American millionaires, when they have earned the title, retire and clip coupons. Of course there are exceptions. But more and more Americans are resting triumphant and tired just at the fringe of dollar aristocracy. Mr. Dodge is head of the Federal Trade Information Service

golf than in business. And why not? In this country where lordly titles are denied to the people by their old nurse, the Constitution, the commercial title of millionaire is the one most contended for. To

be sure, there are different ranks of millionaires. They have the same relative precedence that titles have in England. Almost any Englishman would rather be a nineteenth earl than a fifth marquis or a first or second duke. Almost any American born east of that vast Western land where the parking space begins and where, in the cities, the rattle of machine guns has supplanted the rattle of bead portières would rather have a simple million which had been in the family for five or ten generations than five millions which had been made only yesterday. And, among the new rich, the man with ten millions outranks the man with only two or three. But, nevertheless, all who can add six ciphers to the first figure, even though it be but the humble 1, belong to the club. They are millionaires.

The psychological effect of the million idea on the American business man is brought out eloquently by a study of incomes. It would be difficult to find a volume containing more human interest than the one entitled "The Statistics of Income" which is published by the Government of the United States. It is a cross section of American life so far as money is concerned, and who in this land of the free is not concerned with money? The book throws an X ray on the American purse. This guidebook to the individual treasure of the American citizen and taxpayer is available to anyone who has the modest sum of sixty-five cents and energy enough to send to the Superintendent of Documents at Washington for a copy.

VERY clearly, this book tells the story of the glamour that \$1,000,000 holds for the ambitious business or professional man. It tells how he struggles onward and upward — upward, that is, in class after income class — until at length he attains the goal and, joining the millionaires, sinks back to rest. It is reminiscent of the allegory of the bridge, this pursuit of the million. Many start across the bridge in the allegory, but as its course is traversed, some fall fatigued, some stumble into pits, some loiter, some pause to admire the view from midway, and finally but a few reach the end.

In presenting the figures which show this picture certain assumptions must be made. The great authority on these human affairs, "The Statistics of Income," does not state precisely what a given man's fortune is in its tables. It gives merely incomes by classes. Indeed, income tax returns are, by law, as secret as the grave — far more so than an Egyptian grave. But publication of impersonal figures by classes tells as eloquent a story as perusal of a personal return could tell.

IT is necessary, therefore, to assume arbitrarily that a given income represents a given fortune, on the average. There are indubitably many exceptions to this rule. Many persons obtain larger returns on their capital than others. Large numbers are content with a five-per-cent return while there are men who scorn to enter a deal which does not promise a return of one hundred per cent. Fortunes which are in bonds and fixed securities pay less income than those involved in going businesses, as a rule. Therefore, it will be assumed that most Americans who have been good enough business men to accumulate \$1,000,000 are getting an average return of ten per cent on their money as a minimum — on their money or for their services or both combined, often the latter. This means, then, that an income of \$100,000 a year or more presupposes a fortune of \$1,000,000.

Now let us see how they work for this goal and how they achieve it. Tax collectors are busy people, so "The Statistics of Income" is not precisely up to date. The very newest annual volume includes the year 1925 as the latest. The incomes are divided into classes, and the following table shows the number of returns, that is, the number of individuals having such incomes, in each of certain classes for 1925:

Income Class Income per year	Number of Individual Returns
\$ 50,000 to \$ 60,000	7,868
60,000 to 70,000	5,108
70,000 to 80,000	3,586
80,000 to 90,000	2,507
90,000 to 100,000	1,689
100,000 to 150,000	4,759
150,000 to 200,000	1,758
200,000 to 250,000	928

It will be noted immediately that at the \$100,000-a-year mark — where ten-per-cent return is assumed — the classes no longer are divided into groups progressing by tens of thousands. The classes go upward by fifty thousand steps. The next higher group shows those assured millionaires having incomes of \$100,000 and over up to \$150,000. It is a large group. The significance of its number lies in the size of the next precisely comparable group. The simple millionaires number 4,759. These are the ones who have reached the million mark and stopped. The next group numbers 1,758, only about

two fifths, and still the next, only about one fifth of the blue-lodge group. From the million point they dwindle rapidly. For the most it is enough to be a millionaire.

Retirement upon reaching the million-dollar milestone almost invariably means the investment of the accumulated fortune in sound bonds, tax exempt if possible, because when the man with the million-dollar ambition has reached his goal, he doesn't want to see the fruit of his labors interfered with by the mutations of tax rates. Before reaching the million mark he keeps his funds more actively employed, turning them over for profit with intent to go over the top. All this is revealed by noting how, before the million is reached, relatively few tax-exempt securities are held, or bonds of any sort, for that matter. The million-dollar group constitutes the big holders. See what the table for 1925 shows:

Income Class Income per year	Wholly Tax Exempt			Partially Tax Exempt
	State Munici- pal Bonds, Etc.	Farm Loan Bonds	Liberties	Liberties, U. S. Notes
\$ 90,000 to \$100,000	\$ 67,726,556	\$13,756,276	\$14,052,923	\$30,516,269
100,000 to 150,000	258,815,029	50,356,804	58,480,536	74,081,839
150,000 to 200,000	165,718,677	36,592,463	40,836,381	37,022,857

It is interesting to glean from our book of family fortunes how these fortunes are accumulated, how the coveted million is acquired, and then how the income is derived after admission to the millionaires club. The next table tells quite an explicit story:

Sources of Income in 1925			
Income Class	Wages and Salaries	Business	Partnerships
\$ 90,000 to \$100,000	\$ 30,100,634	\$ 9,905,306	\$ 21,885,676
100,000 to 150,000	86,168,225	24,337,037	68,041,057
150,000 to 200,000	36,017,646	8,867,344	43,003,022

Income Class	Profits from Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds, Capital Net Gain, etc.	Rents and Royalties	Interest & Investment Income
\$ 90,000 to \$100,000	\$24,370,652	\$ 6,409,564	\$14,205,635
100,000 to 150,000	71,168,929	17,468,064	41,867,619
150,000 to 200,000	37,658,993	7,313,407	21,803,135

Income Class	Interest on U. S. Tax Exempts	Dividends
\$ 90,000 to \$100,000	\$ 741,823	\$ 67,661,235
100,000 to 150,000	1,856,632	225,871,866
150,000 to 200,000	1,017,846	120,461,802

By examining this table studiously we observe that wages and salaries reach a peak when the taxpayer becomes a millionaire. He then is at the top of his bent with perhaps \$50,000 or more a year in salary. The goal is reached, so, as likely as not, he relinquishes the presidency of his concern and becomes chairman of the board, still at a fairly substantial salary, of course, but in a form of semi-retirement. The business column shows that he has made the final spurt which has put him over and the partnerships show the (Continued opp. page 264)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

ONLY a couple of weeks ago I mentioned a proposal which has been made in France to collect royalties on the "public consumption" of books. By analogy with the royalties paid on each public performance of a piece of music, it is suggested that royalties should be paid on books borrowed from libraries. Now Paris is engaged in discussing an extension of the same principle which is more than a mere academic proposal, for it has taken the form of a bill sponsored by M. Herriot. The aim of this bill is to abolish the system whereby a work which has fallen into the public domain may be reprinted without payment of royalties to the author's heirs or assigns.

The sponsors of this measure point out that it already functions in the theatre, where royalties are collected on every performance of a play, whether the author be living or dead. What they propose is that, fifty years after an author's death, when his copyright expires, his works shall pay a royalty to the state. The monies thus collected are to form a "National Fund for Literature, Art and Science." The fund will be administered by the Government and used to endow literary and artistic enterprises, including the publication of works which could not otherwise be profitably undertaken by private enterprise. The committee of administration will be presided over by the Minister of Fine Arts and will consist of government nominees, civil servants, Deputies, Senators, and representatives of the professional organizations whose members are affected by the fund.

It is argued that living writers are exposed to the unfair competition of the dead the moment the works of the latter come into the public domain. M. Herriot and his friends believe that by collecting royalties on works no longer copyright they are lessening the competition which favors the publication of noncopyright books rather than of new ones. The older publishers who possess valuable properties in the shape of editions of classical authors and writers who have been dead more than fifty years, of course, are fired with the noblest sentiments and are greatly opposed to what amounts, they say, to a tax on the diffusion of the classics and upon the education of the public. The publishers who have acquired copyrights vested in their heirs and assigns are equally determined to fight for what they regard as their property rights.

The publishers are in a very different situation. Fifty years after the death of the head of the firm, his heirs carry on the

business. They depend not on one author, but on many, and as one dies another replaces him. By careful merchandising it is possible to diminish greatly the possibilities of effective competition in works on which the copyright has expired. That fatal moment can be so anticipated that, by the time others are free to reprint,

classics and will concentrate on popular, best-selling works. They very justifiably invite the public to imagine what would happen to the national fund, once the bureaucrats and job hunters and politicians got their fingers into the pie. They feel that if the French Government wants to come forward as a patron of the arts it should obtain the money elsewhere than from the authors and artists themselves. The subsidies would be granted on the same electoral principle as the concessions to sell tobacco; the intellectual patrimony of France would be at the mercy of electioneering experts and political intriguers. M. Souday of the *Temps* would prefer, with Remy de Gourmont, that copyrights should lapse immediately on the author's death, rather than see any opening made for the interference of politicians in literary affairs.

It seems obvious to me that there is a great deal of exaggeration in these fears, for the royalty on a noncopyright work would inevitably be much lower than the lowest average paid to living authors. The classics would not all go out of print, and if they did, the first publisher to republish them would do a very profitable business. The national fund as the destination of the money so collected is, I admit, another question, and I share all of M. Souday's fears. The Government as a literary critic, deciding what to publish and what to subsidize, opens up horrible possibilities.

I FAVOR collecting royalties on books whose authors have been dead for more than fifty years. In the first place, because there is no reason in the world why one party to the publication of a book, namely, the publisher, should have a financial interest therein, without obligations to anyone, long after the other party to its publication has been deprived of his interest in it. An author's heirs have as much right surely to a perpetual interest in whatever he has created as the heirs of a man who happened to buy some land which subsequently increased immeasurably in value. If my great-grandfather happened to buy a piece of land on which coal was discovered, I should be living on the earnings of the coal which he did not create. If he happened merely to be the author of "Hamlet" or "The Origin of Species," neither producer nor publisher would owe me a cent. Why has our only attempt at Socialism, at expropriation, been made at the expense of authors? Even the Internal Revenue Department has officially declared that our royalties are not earned income.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Honorable Picnic. By Thomas Raucat (Viking Press).

Pretty Creatures. By William Gerhardt (Duffield).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott (Harper).

GENERAL

Trader Horn: Being the Life and Words of Alfred Aloysius Horn. (Simon and Schuster).

Disraeli. By D. L. Murray (Little, Brown).

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

the original holders of the copyright are in the market with an edition at a price which eliminates competitors who have not the advantage of all the previous profits plus the plates and material required for printing. If an author were wise he would arrange, on the publication of each of his books, that an infant should be named as joint author. Then, fifty years after his death, there would be still someone, other than the publisher, entitled to the profits earned by the work.

THE public, as usual, is unconcerned by these pleasant conflicts of interest between author and publisher. As soon as a copyright lapses, the average reader gains, in so far as he obtains the books at a cheaper cost. A French critic mentions the interesting fact that, after Musset's works fell into the public domain, forty-two different editions were issued in the space of three years. While Baudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal" were the monopoly of one publisher, four editions were published in fifty years. In the five years following the lapse of the copyright there were no less than twenty-two.

The opponents of M. Herriot's measure are eloquent and indignant. They claim that publishers will cease to reissue the

The Man Behind Czar Cannon

A Review by Stewart Beach

UNCLE JOE CANNON. THE STORY OF A PIONEER AMERICAN. As told to L. White Busbey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$5.00.

FROM his first speech in the House of Representatives, Joseph Gurney Cannon became a national figure. Together with other members from the Western States, the young Representative from Danville, Illinois, was looked upon with some amusement by his older associates from the East. It was William Walter Phelps of New Jersey who pushed him into the public gaze by suggesting at the end of his maiden speech that "the gentleman from Illinois must have oats in his pocket. There was a laugh and I retorted that I not only had oats in my pocket but hayseed in my hair." There was more to the short thrust and parry of that routine afternoon in 1873, but the men in the press gallery were already scribbling, the cartoonists had found a figure ready made to their tastes, and within the week the gentleman from Illinois was famous. Thus began a legislative career which lasted, with the exception of two defeats, from 1873 until 1923 — nearly fifty years of service in the House of Representatives, eight of them as Speaker.

L. White Busbey, who arranged the present biography, was secretary to Mr. Cannon from the time of his first Speakership in 1903 until his retirement twenty years later. No coercion nor coaxing could inveigle Uncle Joe into writing his own life story. "To write is foreign to all my tastes and inclinations," he says in a page-long foreword. "I never wrote a speech and held it in respect long enough to deliver it. . . . I have gone over the record of my span of life with Mr. Busbey in a reminiscent way, and he has sifted the grain from the chaff. It is my story, but his book." Before his work was finished, however, Mr. Busbey died — in 1925. His wife has brought the narrative into form for publication.

No one with the feel of America born in him can fail to find an overwhelming interest in the simple story which Mr. Busbey has pieced together. For in its essence it is the story of America, one with an hundred sagas of farmer boys, sprung from sturdy pioneer stock, who went into the West when it was young, dug deep into the soil, and later returned to Washington to shape the still youthful United States into a world power. Lincoln was such a man; Mr. Cannon reached Washington by a similar route. Born in North Carolina of Quaker

stock which had fled the harsh strictures of Nantucket Puritans, as a child he moved westward with his father and mother to set up a new home upon the banks of the Wabash in the early 'forties. His life there was repeated over and over again on the farms and in the villages which began to spring up near the prairies. The Cannons took their living from the soil and, from the time he was old enough to hold the handles of a plow, young Joseph Cannon was in the fields early and late, securing what schooling he could in the neighborhood, reading in the evening by the light of the fire — the Bible, Shakespeare, Ben Franklin, Bunyan, and the weekly newspaper, sometimes traveling forty miles to bring back that weekly digest of national affairs to the news-hungry countryside. It was a hard life, viewed through the spectacles of the Twentieth Century, yet Uncle Joe disclaims any gesture of heroics in recalling it. "Firelight was as good a light as we had, and I think it has not been much improved on for the individual blessed with good eyes and youthful enthusiasm, for there was comfort as well as convenience in lying on your stomach on the floor with a book open under your nose in front of a bright open fire. . . . It was good fortune rather than good judgment that placed standard literature in the way of the boys on the frontier. We were better off for our constant companionship with books that have lived through the ages than we should have been with many of the modern Best Sellers. Don't waste any sympathy on the boys who read by the firelight seventy years ago."

MR. CANNON came to Washington by a conventional route. He studied law, became a district attorney, and was finally placed in the way of a chance for Congress. The frankness for which he later became noted was with him early, for a friend recalls that while the other two candidates made the time-honored gesture of denying political ambition but expressing willingness to yield to the wishes of the voters, Uncle Joe adopted different tactics. From the soap box he announced, "You see that neither of them really wants the nomination, but, by God, I want it, and I want it damned bad, too." And he got it.

The days of "Czar Cannon" are those which stand out most prominently in the life of the man, and the reader is bound to mourn the absence of a more detailed record of the agitation which led to the final insurgent revolt in 1910. The movement which stripped the Speakership of

much of its arbitrary power is only briefly sketched in, although Uncle Joe records the final frantic days of the fight which ended in victory for the insurgents and his own characteristic opinion of the results achieved: that the insurgents "accomplished about as much as did that famous King of France who marched his forty thousand men up the hill and then marched them down again." Its treatment, however, is quite in keeping with the method followed throughout the biography. For this is essentially the somewhat gossipy reminiscence of an elder statesman, removed from the shock of battle and recalling in an armchair the events which impressed the long film of his memory.

ALTHOUGH he was a public figure for more than fifty years and never hesitated to express his own vigorous opinions, Uncle Joe dreaded the possibility that others might think him self-satisfied, and he was appalled at the thought of autobiography: "There's too much 'I' business these days," he once told Mr. Busbey. "Everybody says what 'I' did, as if there was nobody else in the world to do anything." It will remain, therefore, for another biographer to weigh judiciously the part which he played in the important issues which passed before him, and to fill in the gaps in this very personal narrative.

But because of its personal character, there is much in the present book which no future biographer can catch. There is, for example, Mr. Cannon's continued insistence upon the importance of party above the individual. "It's a damned good thing to remember in politics to stick to your party," is a refrain which runs through the book. And the insurgent's cry that "God and one are a majority," he refutes with "Did you ever stop to think that God is a majority without one?"

For all the intimacy of his portrait, of course, Mr. Busbey is directly responsible. It is a difficult matter to make a man live through his own words, and the biographer has been peculiarly successful in his attempt. In writing the story as Mr. Cannon's own, he loses a certain amount of the characterization and explanation of issues which the more detached method might have secured. But to do both would have been impossible, and the method Mr. Busbey has followed is so eminently valuable, that criticism of it upon the other score is hardly valid, particularly in the face of its warmth and veracity.

New Books in Brief Review

But—Is It Art. By Percy Hammond.
Garden City: Doubleday Page & Co.
\$2.50.

ONE of the best of the combined "best features" of the New York *Herald Tribune* is Percy Hammond; dramatic critic of that journal. And more than a critic, he is a philosopher of that charming and indeterminate type which would be the first to deny such a ponderous imputation. In a volume of essays on this and that touching the theatre in New York, he has set out quite frankly to enjoy himself. And in so doing he cannot fail to intrigue anyone who comes within range of his pages. Actors, actresses, managers, critics, audiences—they are all bundled into the vehicle of Mr. Hammond's humors and given a splendid ride. The author's style has all the ease of breathing with none of its monotony—and opinions like his are just as essential to the life of the drama in the feverish days of the most feverish of cities.

Vivanti. By Sidney Horler. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

PERHAPS just a shade better than the five-cent romances of Nick Carter, this trashy, pseudothriller is mentioned only as an example of the depths to which a reputable publisher will sink in an attempt to meet the demand for "mystery stories." It is quite the most worthless book that has come into this office for a long time.

Roman Summer. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

IN spite of title and jacket picture, "Roman Summer" uses Rome and summer merely as a hazy background for the characters of John Austin and Esther Azancot. In the latter—a Jewish girl whose pride and loyalty to her race, and her keen sense of its suffering, make an insurmountable though intangible barrier between her young lover and herself—the author has drawn an interesting and unusual personality. To our mind the story only begins after John starts his pilgrimage to Rome in search of the something he misses in the Middle West. The early pages make dull reading; incidents and minor characters fail to hold the interest because they do not ring true. Even in the clever portrait of John's mother, one feels that the author is more familiar with Jewish and foreign personalities than with the "typically American" he is sketching. But in John and Esther Mr. Lewisohn has carefully and successfully analyzed two modern

problems—that of the Jewish woman of sensitive imagination, and that of the young American of artistic temperament anxious to draw inspiration from the Old World.

O Rare Ben Jonson. By Byron Steel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

OF late there have come to be two kinds of biography: that for the enlightenment of the reader, and that for his delectation and that of the writer as well. Perhaps the so-called standard biographies have been dull affairs sometimes, but at least the best of them have succeeded in giving us a fairly objective portrait of their subjects. But the tendency of some of our modern biographical adolescents seems to be to present their subject in the light of their own individualized fancy, preferring to have us see an entertaining picture of the sitter rather than the sitter himself. Byron Steel must be classed with these last, although he ranks at least one cut higher than the gentlemen with dusters, the pen-pushing gossips, and the Barrington school.

"O Rare Ben Jonson" is fascinating fiction, once the reader has become accustomed to the somewhat precious mannerisms of the author. But it contains no conviction of authenticity. There are any quantity of verisimilitudinous details, any of which might be true, but nine tenths of which are probably not. As little is actually known about Jonson as about any great man of his time, but to read Steel's volume one would conclude that his life had been an open if a very dog's-eared book. By writing so well, Steel has done the reader a singular disservice—that is, if [the reader be credulous. But if he be properly skeptical, or better, know something about Jonson to begin with, he has a most pleasant evening ahead of him.

The Mid-Ocean Tragedy. By John Hawk. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

TWO men and five women all have perfectly sound reasons for wanting the villain out of the way. And when it is all over we find that the lady who had almost the best motive of any of them really had done the foul deed. This is but one of the good things about the book. In addition, there is a detective who is almost human, and an ending which leaves the lovely lady facing the uncertainties of a trial for first-degree murder. There is, too, of course, a romance, with

the party of the first part fainting all over the liner on which the tragedy takes place, and the party of the second part giving way to salty weeping during tea. Withal, the book is amusing provided the reader allows no more time than is absolutely necessary for its casual absorption.

Moon of Madness. By Sax Rohmer. Garden City: Doubleday Page & Co. \$2.00.

MAD Irishmen seem always to be splendid clay in the hands of the writers of adventure stories. Louis Joseph Vance has occasionally found this to be true; Harold McGrath almost always; and not infrequently Louis Tracy. And these men, none of them distinguished writers, are still to be reckoned with in their fields. Certainly their equal for roustabout fiction is Sax Rohmer, and with "the insidious Dr. Fu Manchu" he surpassed the lot of them. Now he gives us "The O'Shea," a bronzed and fate-bitten adventurer and a gentleman with an almost legendary past. There are many goings-on over a certain dispatch box with the contents of which Moscow seeks to undo the British Empire. There are other goings-on, scarcely less momentous, about the charming head of a young English girl. The publishers were over-enthusiastic when they announced the O'Shea as a character as intriguing as the cunning Oriental, but they may be forgiven. For the current son of Erin is an entertaining sort and the Madeira moon is indeed quite mad.



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CHAS. G. NORRIS
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DUTTON
New York

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

FOR the fifth time, the long sweep of the Atlantic has been successfully traversed by airplane. This time the pilots were EDWARD F. SCHLEE and WILLIAM S. BROCK, Detroit aviators who are out to beat the present globe-encircling record. EDWARD EVANS and LINTON WELLS established a new

low of twenty-eight days, fourteen hours, and thirty minutes last year, using steamer, railroad, airplane, and automobile. SCHLEE and BROCK expect to lower the record, flying the entire distance in their Stinson-Detroit monoplane, *Pride of Detroit*. Their total estimated route is 22,067 miles, and the itinerary leads them from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, to London, England, Munich, Germany, Belgrade, Yugoslavia, Constantinople, Turkey, Aleppo, Syria, Bagdad, Irak, Bender Abbas, Persia, Karachi, India, Allahabad, India, Calcutta, India, Tourane, French Indo-China, Hongkong, China, Tokyo, Japan, Sand Island of the Midway Islands group in the Pacific, Honolulu, San Francisco, Cheyenne, Chicago, Detroit, and back to the starting point at Harbor Grace. The longest hop is from Honolulu to the United States — 2,400 miles. If the men negotiate it successfully, they will probably be the first aviators to make the journey from the Islands to San Francisco although four 'planes have flown the course from East to West this summer.

The *Pride of Detroit* took off from Harbor Grace on August 27 at 6.14 A.M., Eastern Daylight time, and dropped down on the landing field of Croydon airdrome at 5.23 A.M., August 28.

First Hops The passage was negotiated in twenty-three hours and nine minutes. From Croydon, the aviators continued their flight to Munich and Belgrade.

Meanwhile, another aviator has been added to the other eleven adventurous flyers who have been lost this year. PAUL REDFERN left Brunswick, Georgia, on

August 25 to fly alone to Brazil. Unconfirmed reports from ships at sea have reported sighting him over the Caribbean;

beyond that nothing has been heard from him. The course which REDFERN had set for himself had either Pernambuco or Rio de Janeiro as its objective. He was to fly directly for Macapá on the northern estuary of the Amazon River and to decide at that place — where the equator crosses the river — whether to continue to Rio or turn east to Pernambuco.

A considerable flurry has been caused in Great Britain and in international

circles by the resignation of Viscount CECIL of Chelwood from the British Cabinet. He held the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. Reasons given for his action, which was made public on August 29, concerned various differences with the Cabinet over its peace moves, all growing out of the latter's rejection of the

The Week

¶Another transatlantic flight. And a bid for new globe-encircling honors. ¶The twelfth missing flyer. ¶Viscount Cecil resigns. Differences with the Cabinet over disarmament. Mr. Baldwin is optimistic. ¶Armaments and war guilt. ¶The watch on the Rhine. ¶The correspondents go international. ¶Two bandit raids in Mexico. And a tragic American death. ¶Nanking again. Marshal Sun attacks. And is victorious — or not. ¶Politics in Ireland. Mr. Cosgrave's outlook. ¶The second A. E. F. ¶Prohibition problems. America's bootleggers arouse protests from across the border.

Treaty of Mutual Assistance, the ministerial declaration against compulsory arbitration, rejection of the Geneva Protocol of 1924, the partial failure of the Preparatory Commission of the League to attain its object in further limitation of arms, and the breakdown of the Geneva Conference.

In his letter to Prime Minister STANLEY BALDWIN, Viscount CECIL says in part: "On the broad policy of disarmament the majority of the Cabinet and I are not

really agreed. I believe that general reduction and limitation of armament is essential to the peace of the world and that on that peace depends not only the existence of the British Empire, but even of European civilization itself. . . . I am convinced that no considerable limitation of armaments can be obtained except by international agreement. On the attainment of such an agreement, therefore, in my judgment, the chief energies of the Government ought to be concentrated. . . . It is of greater value than any other political object." Viscount CECIL intimates that the Cabinet is not in agreement with him in the paramount importance of this object. At the Geneva Preparatory

Conference, a year ago and last spring, "over and over again I was compelled by my instructions to maintain propositions in the Commission which were difficult to reconcile with any serious desire for the success of its labors." In speaking of the more recent three-power conference at Geneva, he says, "I found myself out of sympathy with the instructions I received; and I believe an agreement might have been reached on terms which would have sacrificed no essential British interest." Viscount CECIL was a delegate to the three-power conference, the chief British delegate being W. CLIVE BRIDGEMAN, First Lord of the Admiralty.

In reply, Prime Minister BALDWIN expresses the opinion that the Cabinet and Viscount CECIL are not greatly at variance in the ends they seek to attain. The difference he believes to be

only in method, and even that is not so wide as Viscount CECIL intimates. "As to the future," writes the Prime Minister, "I refuse to share your pessimism. It is true that no great progress has yet been made on the line of great world conferences to which you refer. . . . But . . . progress has been made by other if less ambitious methods. The Washington Conference, the Locarno Treaty, and the settlement with Turkey have all led to some measure of disarmament and indicate that progress can be made on the lines we are pursuing." Viscount CECIL has been one of the prime movers in the League since its inception and his resignation means that for the first time he will not be in his seat as Britain's representative at the Assembly meeting this month.

That the question of limiting armaments is still an extremely thorny problem was exemplified in the sessions of the Interparliamentary Union, which convened August 22 in Paris.

Resolutions have been introduced which would place the congress on record as favoring some particular method of arms limitation, but all of these have been rejected before being reported out of committee. The reasons given are the same which actuated the partial failure of the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations and the breakdown of the three-power conference: differences between the nations as to the basis for arms reduction. Other thorns, as well, have been pressing into the sides of the conferees. The German delegates have been vehement in their criticism of the former Allies for failing to carry out disarmament promises made at the Paris

Armaments and War Guilt

Another Transatlantic Flight

Another Lost Flyer

His Statement

Peace Conference, though insisting at the same time that Germany adhere strictly to her own condition of almost complete disarmament. War guilt has also inflamed the discussions of the Union, German delegates taking the opportunity to urge that Germany be relieved from sole responsibility for beginning the World War.

France and Great Britain seem closer at the present time toward an accord upon reducing the number of troops which each power has in the Rhineland. Between 8,000 and 10,000 British troops will probably be withdrawn shortly, according to a note from Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN to ARISTIDE BRIAND, French Foreign Minister. Sir AUSTEN defines the army of occupation as merely a guarantee of reparations payments under the Dawes Plan, and intimates that it is to be considered in no sense as a security measure against an inconceivable German attack upon France.

In a week of many parleys, Geneva was the scene of the first International Conference of Press Experts which adjourned on August 29 after five days of deliberation. The aim of the conference was to arrange for the establishment of uniform opportunities for journalists in all countries, removal of censorship in peace times, and the clearing up of various conditions which sometimes hamper correspondents in the collecting and dispatch of news. A series of resolutions was passed by the conferees which will be presented to the League Council in the hope that the member states of the League of Nations will adopt them. MIGUEL ASTURIAS of Guatemala added interest to the proceedings so far as this country is concerned by stating that United States' diplomatic representatives in Central America exerted a censorship over any dispatches which might be considered harmful to American interests in those republics. The conference also discussed the summary expulsion of journalists from countries where their professional activities had made them *persona non grata* to the authorities. It was urged that no such action be taken in the future until the alleged indiscretions of the correspondents be submitted to a committee of journalists for consideration.

Miss FLORENCE M. ANDERSON, Los Angeles, California, school-teacher, was fatally wounded during an attack by Mexican bandits upon a Southern Pacific train in the state of Nayarit, Mexico, on August 22. Although she was hurried as soon as possible to a hospital in Mazatlán, she died the following evening. No other Americans were reported as killed or wounded in the attack, though various casualties were suffered by Mexican passengers. The attack occurred about 4 A.M.

The Mexican state of Jalisco was the scene of what is termed by our State Department as a Red uprising on August 20. Full particulars are not known, and it was not until six days later that the first information was given out. Eighteen American and British citizens were said to have been barricaded in their homes in the vicinity of the Amparo Mining Company, whose works the bandits had seized. Federal troops were sent to the scene by the Mexican Government and no casualties have been reported. No particular reason is known for the outbreak; the Amparo Company is said to have maintained continued friendly relations with its Mexican employees, and to have lived through ten years of intermittent revolution without any serious interruption to its work.

The retirement of Marshal CHIANG KAI-SHEK from the chieftaincy of the Nanking Government was expected to provoke an attack from the Northern troops which he had expelled upon taking the city. Now, according to conflicting Associated Press reports, the attack has been made by Marshal SUN CHUAN-FANG, former governor of Chekiang Province, who fled from Shanghai at the approach of Marshal CHIANG and his Nationalist troops last March. From Peking comes the report that SUN's attack has succeeded; from Shanghai come assurances of the Nanking defenders that they have driven the invading host back across the Yangtze River. Nanking is situated on the south bank of the great river, above Shanghai. Whereabouts of the other leading military chiefs of China is clothed in mystery. Their activities and plans are unknown. Meanwhile, "business as usual" is the practice which continues in Chinese trade without regard to revolutions which interrupt only temporarily. This year's military campaigns have done more than previous efforts to hamper trade, however, particularly in the cities on the upper Yangtze.

After dissolving the Dail Eireann following his success in securing a vote of confidence by the slender margin of a single vote, President WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE has set September 15 as the date for a new election. Readers are referred to "The Next Move in Ireland," by T. J. C. MARTYN in THE INDEPENDENT of September 3, for an explanation of the political situation in the Free State. It is not expected that the September election will jeopardize President COSGRAVE's hold upon the Government. In fact, it is confidently expected that the Government may win a few seats from the opposing factions, thereby securely cementing itself at the helm.

Ship after ship is leaving these shores with its load of legionnaires bound for the

convention of the American Legion in Paris. The convention officially opens on September 19 and closes September 26, but many started across as early as the middle of August. Legion headquarters have been set up, and on August 27 the custom was inaugurated of placing fresh flowers each day upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier beneath the Arc de Triomphe. The action was partially inspired by the French Government's purification ceremonies on August 26 following the desecration of the grave by Communists the previous Tuesday. Communists have threatened to break up the sessions of the convention, and Premier RAYMOND POINCARÉ has announced that he will personally attend all sessions to demonstrate the sincere good feeling with which the Government regards the return of the soldiers who fought in France.

When members of the Royal Canadian Customs Commission sat down at the conference table in Washington on August 29 to confer with American officials about their mutual problems, it was found that the Canadians were much concerned with their own bootlegging problems. For while hard liquor and beer are transported out of Canada into the United States, alcohol is carried from this country into Canada where its presence in large quantities has formed a real competition with legal sales of alcohol. This was the first problem which the conferees were called upon to consider. Americans are interested in having the Canadians pass a law which would prohibit clearing vessels bound for American ports with liquor cargoes. At present, official notification is given of such clearances, but it is sometimes received too late for effective action to be taken. SEYMOUR M. LOWMAN, new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition enforcement, arranged the conference.

On August 31, the fiftieth annual meeting of the American Bar Association convened at Buffalo, New York. Its early sessions were marked by expressions of amity from England, France, and Canada. President CHARLES SEYMOUR WHITMAN, former governor of New York, in his opening address brought up two matters of greatest importance. The first was the belief that parleys between representatives of the American Bar Association and the American Federation of Labor will be successful in bringing about legislation to settle interstate commerce labor disputes. The other was Mr. WHITMAN's further indorsement of the move to change the date for the inauguration of the President and for the convening of Congress. This action is in line with the attempts of Senator NORRIS to have Congress and President take office in the January following their election.

Rhineland Army

News Men Gather

And Uprising

Nanking Again

The Legion Returns

Prohibition Problems

Lawyers Meet

Mexican Tragedy

The Editor Steps Down

NOT that we really needed any reminder ourselves, but the stacks of new books which have been climbing higher and higher in front of the office bookcases bring home to us all the more forcefully that our annual Fall Book Number will be on the presses in two weeks. And each day tremendous inroads are being made in the piles by the corps of reviewers whose business and pleasure it is to write our book notes. As in times past, there will be pages of shorter comments on the best works of fiction, history, biography, and travel by those who know how to read with the eyes of the intelligent reader and write with the background of the expert.

The array of articles with which the body of the issue is gradually taking shape includes, among others, one by John Farrar, until recently editor of the *Bookman*, on "Present-Day Criticism"; one by Prof. Percy Holmes Boynton on Emerson, about whom many new facts and opinions have been brought to light during the past season; one by Frederick L. Smith, Jr., of the *Detroit Saturday Night*, on women's magazines from *Godey's Lady's Book* down; and an appraisal by Wallace Thurman, editor of *Fire*, of

the work of the younger negro poets. There will be others, not yet in our hands, which we are confident will be just as interesting as these. And of course the usual editorials and feature pages, including a particularly appropriate picture section, will appear as well.

ONE of the pleasant things in the life of an editor is his privilege of reading articles before anyone else has a chance at them. We have just indulged ourselves to the extent of re-reading the two remaining essays in Mr. T. H. Thomas' series on the great battles of the World War, and we like them better than we ever did. "Gallieni and the Taxis of the Marne" will appear next week, and will be more eagerly read, we predict, than any of its predecessors. So gracefully and fairly does the author blow the Gallieni myth into small pieces that even those of us who have always regarded the episode as one of the minor miracles cannot object. The concluding piece, to be published in *THE INDEPENDENT* for October 18, lifts the back drop on the stage of the Marne and reveals what went on behind the German battle lines. Our regular subscribers will need no urging to watch for these concluding papers. To our more casual readers we make an urgent recommendation that they lay possessive hands on the issues in question as early as they may.

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DEAR SIR:

Permit me to call attention to an inaccuracy in an article contributed by Mr. William Norwood Brigrance in your issue of August 27 under the caption, "A Life for a Life." He says, on page 201, that Tennessee inflicts no capital punishment for murder.

¶The law of Tennessee imposes the death penalty for murder in the first degree, and provides for death by electrocution.

L. J. PARDEE.

HERE is a letter, sent from Newport News, Virginia, to Mr. Francis Terardi, editor of the *Weekly News*, a reprint of "What the World Is Doing" in Braille for blind readers, which speaks most eloquently. It needs such comments as this to bring home to those of us who take their eyes for granted what it means to be without them:

DEAR SIR:

I received your letter last week. Since that memorable event, I have been walking in a sort of dazzled dream. Words usually come to me easily, but with the thought that I no longer shall be shut in and shut out, unconscious of the mighty events that history has recorded while I slept, so to speak, I have been confused by a rush of words from which I am powerless to choose discreetly. You see, I have been deaf almost from babyhood, and I do not know how what I say sounds to those who can hear. The ability to make our words ring with the profound sincerity that we honestly feel is one of God's greatest gifts to mankind. And the stillness that the deaf hear is not the most awful side of deafness. I envy you editors for the occasional opportunities which are given you to do a big thing. All my life I have wanted to do a big thing, too. But, looking at men like you I now can see that to love God—that is doing the biggest thing that man ever did! You will receive the happiness you deserve.

NORA D. HORTON.

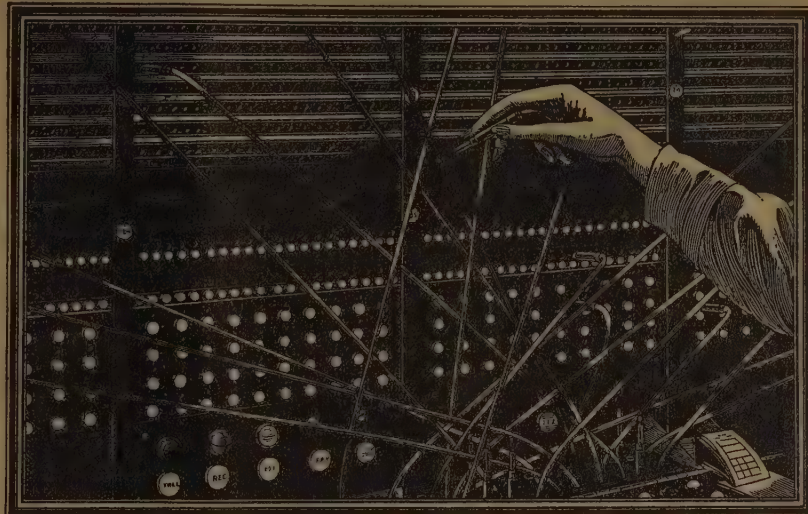
It's the Lure of the Million Mark

(Continued from page 258)

same thing. The partnership income holds up fairly well into the next higher income class for, of course, the head of a big firm of corporation lawyers, for instance, isn't going to withdraw his name or his participation in the partnership receipts, even though he acts as nothing more than an occasional juriconsult.

So it goes all through the several classes with the dividend class perhaps the most expressive of all. Here we see the effects of the conversion from keen business activity into the more sedentary pursuit of clipping coupons. The results of retirement from active business in which his capital has been required are evident, for now he has put that capital into solid investments; his dividend returns are more than three times what they had been.

To be sure, many Americans go on and on piling up money; some doubtless from the sheer love of making money and of exercising the power it brings and others merely because they cannot help it. Their investments have proved so fortunate that accumulations continue. Or perhaps they have worked so hard to gain that million that they have forgotten how to play and are at a loss to spend a millionaire's income. No doubt all these elements enter into the making of the supermillionaires.



The Switchboard

*An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

A WEB of cords plugged into numbered holes. A hand ready to answer signals which flash from tiny lamps. A mind alert for prompt and accurate performance of a vital service. A devotion to duty inspired by a sense of the public's reliance on that service.

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telephone service. Its cords link for instant speech those who are separated by a few miles or by a continent. Its guardian operators are of the telephone army—men and women vigilant to meet a nation's need for communications.

In plant and personnel, the Bell System is in effect a vast switchboard serving a nation that has been transformed into a neighborhood through telephone growth and development.

Theirs is another story and a fascinating one. It is one thing to have a fortune of a million dollars—and perhaps a very desirable thing, because such a fortune practically insures a comfortable income of \$100,000 a year. It is an entirely different thing to have an income of \$1,000,000 a year. So much money coming in regularly must be something of a nuisance to an individual, yet he does permit it or, at all events, fails to prevent it. In 1924 there were seventy-five individuals

in the United States with such incomes, and the following year this figure had jumped to 207. Each year something must be done to get rid of \$1,000,000 if one doesn't want a second million treading on its heels. The penalty for not getting the million spent this year is that one must spend just so much more the next year. Before one knows it, he gets so far behind that spending must be doubled and redoubled or the recipient will be completely swamped.

The Lost Leaders

Readers of THE INDEPENDENT will remember the articles, "Religious Liberty—the Great American Illusion," by Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach which appeared in January issues of THE INDEPENDENT

This series—amplified—will appear in book form early in October, but the September 17 issue of THE INDEPENDENT will contain a portion of one of the very best chapters, "The Lost Leaders"

Prominent figures in the world of religion are discussed in this new article with Dr. Dieffenbach's characteristic frankness

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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FORMER Secretary of State Hughes and President Coolidge are at the moment both in very much the same predicament. One has said that he was too old to seek or accept the Presidential nomination in 1928, the other has uttered a pronunciamiento on the subject of not "choosing" to run. No one is entirely clear as to whether either man means what he said, and political leaders are frantically trying, apparently in vain, to get some further light on the real desires of the two men. For our part we feel with Mr. Hughes as with Mr. Coolidge, that each meant what he said, meant it sincerely, and that to question his words is to accuse him of hypocrisy.

In so far as President Coolidge is concerned, we do not now feel nor have we ever felt that he should ignore the third-term issue. But in the case of Mr. Hughes there is no reason why he should not become a candidate unless he feels physically unfit to assume a strain of which he himself knows the full magnitude. Age is a relative thing, and sixty-odd

years in one man may well carry with them greater youth and strength than forty-five in another. Nor is one defeat any bar other than a superstition in the minds of politicians. Mr. Hughes is by character and mental equipment so far above the average office seeker that we should gladly see him given serious consideration. On the other hand, there is always the danger that the professional manipulators would welcome him into the race only to split the vote more completely between the leading candidates in order to put over once again a dummy of the type of President Harding. Mr. Hughes however, is no novice at politics, and we doubt if he would lend himself to any such manoeuvres.

Still On to Paris!

THE Chicago *Tribune*, in a cautious and somewhat belated moment, proposes that the American Legion abandon its plan for a Paris convention and convene in some other city. It points out that the Parisian frame of mind is not favorable at present to an American invasion, even though of a peaceful nature.

"There has been more rioting in Paris over the



execution of Sacco and Vanzetti than in any American city, and probably more rioting than in all American cities together," explains the *Tribune*. "The present plans should be dropped as a matter of common sense and courtesy. If the Legion had planned a meeting in Carson City, and had later learned that many citizens of Carson City and some of its newspapers were unfriendly, the meeting place would be changed. There is still time to choose another convention city." Meanwhile, a delegation of 350 legionnaires has sailed from Commonwealth Pier, Boston, amid cheering and the acclaim of sirens — whistles, of course.

The *Tribune* is undoubtedly right when it concludes that the Legion will encounter a measure of hostility from the French people. In addition to the sentiment against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, it will face a prejudice growing out of the failure of the debt settlement and the refusal of the United States Government to be wheedled into cancellation. But there are reasons why the American Legion cannot turn back. In the first place, its convention plans are laid. The brief period before the scheduled opening hardly leaves time for a removal to London or say Brussels. And it is a different matter changing from Paris to London than from Carson City to San Francisco. The arrangements of the Legion abroad must of necessity move more slowly than they would at home. Secondly, an abandonment of the Paris convention would leave Parisians and the French press in a more hostile position than ever. An inevitable remorse at the pecuniary loss would foment new hatred. Hostility, once recognized officially by the Legion, would be dragged into the open and redoubled. It is wiser by far to continue with the present plan.

At a time not out of mind Paris received an American Army with gratefulness and open arms. Granting reasonably good behavior on the part of the Legion, it is possible to hope that the convention in Paris from September 19 to 24 will not create new friction, but foster instead a new spirit of good will between the French people and America. Certainly a reconsideration on the part of the French people will not show them that the United States practiced open villainy in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, or even in the debt negotiations.

Hard Words for Dr. Butler

PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of Columbia University has just come in for an entirely undeserved panning by the conservative *New York Herald Tribune*. The occasion for this slap on the wrist was a comparatively mild suggestion on the part of the college president, made at Southampton, New York, that the United States would do well to conclude with France a security treaty along the lines of a draft made by Professor

Shotwell. Such a treaty the *Herald Tribune* apparently considers worse than useless, pointing out the obvious fact that France has consistently blocked any schemes for the reduction of land armaments, had refused to join the United States in the recent Geneva naval conference, would not conclude a debt agreement, and generally showed a disposition to be uncompromising. It likewise referred to the old Bryan Conciliation Treaty as entirely adequate to care for the peaceful solution of any disputes that might arise between the two nations — a curious compliment to a treaty whose value is undoubtedly great but the mention of which in print has for many years been carefully avoided by good Republican organs of opinion.

It seems to us that the *Herald Tribune* has missed the whole point of a treaty such as the one President Butler advocated. It can do no harm. It in no sense calls for even compulsory arbitration. Fears on this ground are absurd. It can do a great deal of good in that it offers a measure of that pledged security for which France has constantly asked, and without which France has had an alibi for avoiding arms reduction conferences. It is further in accord with the spirit which the United States should certainly foster — namely, the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means — but in which it is trailing almost every European country. True, the United States has a strong "will to peace," but it has not translated that will into a general treaty which might make it useful.

It is curious that at the same moment that President Butler was being berated, Sir Austen Chamberlain was being severely chided at Geneva by the spokesmen of many small nations for having adopted an attitude toward a general European security treaty exactly the opposite of Dr. Butler's. From late news dispatches he seems to have yielded ground, but his earlier attitude was symptomatic of British policy at Geneva without Viscount Cecil. Both the Chamberlain and the *Herald Tribune* points of view are throwbacks to the pre-1914 era, and bear but an absurd relation to the "will to peace" which each extols.

Aut Veritas Aut Nullus

IN his death Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler has received a kindlier treatment from his opponents than was his lot in life. He was always a fighter, and now that he is gone, even his enemies are inclined to forget his habit of hitting consistently below the belt and on the theory of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* remember only that he fought hard for his side.

So significant and important a figure should not, however, be dismissed so cavalierly simply because he has joined the great majority among the shades. Mr. Wheeler towered above his brother wowsers — to borrow Mr. Mencken's term. He improved on

their philosophy and he was — as they are not — a highly efficient person. In fact, he and the activities so successfully nursed to their conclusions by his fostering care are by way of being a portent and a sign in the historical development of American democracy.

His business was propaganda and its political application. Let us assume that he believed in the righteousness of prohibition. There is no reason to assume the contrary. Yet the salient fact remains that he believed not in righteousness but in prohibition. His whole career was stamped by the lowest of political methods, by political and personal blackmail, cruelty to opponents, and a consistent unfairness which ranged from general misstatement to particular slander. He was a realist and his doctrine was based on the very practical hypothesis that the end justified the means.

Mr. Wheeler is credited with being more responsible than any other individual, Andrew Volstead included, for the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. If the Amendment did not bear his name, it bore his stamp, and in the meanwhile his name had become as much a byword in American family life as that of Thomas Edison, Babe Ruth, or Irving Berlin. When the franchise was extended to women, Mr. Wheeler's position was immeasurably strengthened, and his women's organizations were marshaled with rare skill to keep legislators, regardless of character, scrupulously dry.

To certain students of the American drama it is an appalling thing that so shifty a fellow should have been supported by so vast a multitude of good and worthy men and women. They met on the common ground that rum was a demon and must be done away with. He did away with it — theoretically — and it never occurred to them to examine his methods or to question his ethics. In America we are ruled and governed by our desire to arrive at certain ends. We are the last people in the world fair-mindedly to examine the means we employ. We want to lick Germany and we allow Mr. Creel to lie his head off in arousing our passions. We want to kill Sacco and Vanzetti or to pardon them and we freeze immediately into prejudices which discount altogether the rights or wrongs of their case. Mr. Wheeler was the High Priest of a cause, and whatever he did was right in the eyes of the true believers.

We are not in agreement with this mental attitude. We believe that falseness and unfairness and corruption are weapons which no cause can justify; we feel that a crooked man is not made straight by the fact that he uses crooked means for an alleged good purpose. We are convinced that only in good faith, honesty, and fair dealing are any worth-while ends to be achieved, that it is more important to

conduct our public and private affairs with honor than to arrive at a social panacea through chicanery, corruption, and misrepresentation. These, however, are silly, idealistic convictions. Mr. Wheeler was, as ninety-nine per cent of his fellow countrymen are, a realist. It may be deplorable but it is so.

Borah Back-fires Again

WHEN Senator Borah in one of his more erratic moments wrote to Secretary Kellogg opposing a reported \$100,000,000 loan to France, he made himself ridiculous, not alone as a private

individual, but even more so as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. In the first place, the loan was to be a private one; in the second place, it did not represent new money to France but merely a refunding operation which would save France nearly two per cent a year in interest; and in the third place, there

is nothing either the Secretary of State or the Senate could have done about the situation had private bankers decided to go ahead anyway. France is now paying eight and seven per cent on money borrowed some years ago. Her improved financial position justifies her converting these expensive borrowings to six per cent or less. That is all she was trying to accomplish when the Senator broke in with his blast. Fortunately, the Senator was soon corrected in his facts by the press, but the unhappy impression remains that once again Mr. Borah went off half-cocked.

This incident would be trivial were it not for two facts. It demonstrates first that the Senator has no conception of the rôle played by the Government in relation to private foreign loans. Secondly, it shows how extremely sensitive the Senator and, we believe, the great majority of the Senate are on the subject of France's failure to ratify an extremely generous debt agreement. As for the first point, the Government never has had any legal basis for interfering in foreign loans. During President Harding's first year in office he reached a purely amicable agreement with a group of bankers that they would inform the Government of any contemplated loans to foreign nations in order that the latter might, if it wished, advise whether such loans appeared contrary to public policy or not. The arrangement was purely voluntary and at worst all the Government could ever do to prevent a loan was to express its disapproval publicly and make the sale of bonds to the public more difficult.

With all his brilliant qualities and his independence of spirit Senator Borah consistently negatives his own value by ill-advised statements such as this last outburst. If, now that he dominates the Senate



Foreign Relations Committee, he could only adopt a secretary or an assistant who has been beyond the boundaries of the United States and has some conception of facts, he could make himself a much more useful public servant.

The Sky Is the Limit

THERE are startling potentialities packed into the advertising scheme used recently by a tobacco company in a number of American cities. An airplane equipped with amplifiers which magnify sound to Gargantuan volume cruised above those cities at a great height, broadcasting singing and speeches by its occupants. The 'plane was lost to view behind cloud banks at times, but nevertheless music and voices from it descended into the streets in grotesque concert and discord, now loud, now faint, giving the effect of



a heavenly choir out for a care-free week-end. It was as though a platoon of angels and archangels had employed themselves suddenly in the unaccustomed work of popularizing a new brand of cigarettes — not a sneeze in a shipload.

If this scheme is to be employed extensively for advertising or other purposes, we are likely to have at last a fulfillment of the prophecy found in the tenth chapter of Ecclesiastes: "A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." Doubtless the Old Testament prophet would be surprised at the manner in which his prediction has been realized, and not altogether pleased with the outcome.

But imagine the value of such a scheme as a means of spreading news or propaganda, and consider the extent to which the public, already deafened by radio, phonographs, and what not, is likely to be plagued with messages from above. An office worker out for a stroll at the noon hour will hear a mystical voice advising him to wear Neverburn asbestos neckwear or to eat nothing but Spitzbergen ices and ice creams. A housewife pinning the wash to the line will be informed that Anderson's Asphalt Soap is best for lingerie, or that there will be a meeting at three o'clock in the Rialto Theatre of the Women's League for the Chastisement of Delinquent Husbands. There is no telling what the end will be.

The best we can do in the face of these possibilities is to keep our equanimity along with Longfellow, who wrote:

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

Another Paris.—Another Legend

AFTER every great war there grows up a set of traditions about military men and events. Some of these traditions are based on fact, others on legend. Many have as their soil a combination of



both. So it has been since the siege and sacking of Troy, and so it will continue to be, in our opinion, until war is outlawed from the planet or man comes face to face with the Judgment Day. From ancient times we receive the tradition of a wooden horse, of Greek heroes bearing gifts. From a much later period comes the tradition of the

Maid of Orleans and her achievements in the cause of France. Since 1914 there has developed in Paris a new tradition, devoid of mythology and detached from the supernatural, but none the less a tradition sprung from the same military source, and having to do, as in the case of Jeanne D'Arc, with the repulsion of invaders in France. It is the tradition of Gallieni and the taxis of the Marne, or a leader who with 5,000 taxicabs and trucks moved 50,000 men to the battle front and carried the day.

In the current issue we are publishing an article by Maj. T. H. Thomas, in which the supposed factual basis is swept from beneath the story of Gallieni and his taxicabs and the legendary character of the tradition exposed. From the official records of the French war office and Gallieni's own account of the Battle of the Marne, Major Thomas gathers evidence to show that the exploit is not what it has seemed to be, and that it depends essentially upon fictions originated by Gallieni himself to conceal a clash between Gallieni and Joffre over the matter of command. Major Thomas reduces the number of men who made the advance in taxicabs from 50,000 to 3,000. And in the face of his facts the affair becomes not a quickly executed movement, but a muddled advance in which it required twenty-four hours to accomplish a twenty-mile journey.

Since the legend has gained wide credence, it is hardly probable that any reviewing of facts will result in its dissipation, or in the removal of the taxicab enshrined today in Paris. Probably the tradition of Gallieni and his taxicabs will go down in history along with other guesses, other conjectures, other opinions, and will remain some day as one of the outstanding traditions of the World War. It is interesting, nevertheless, to consider that tradition for a moment in the light of our thirteen-year perspective, just as it was interesting last year to learn the truth about the German corpse factories, a legend not as noble as the taxicab story but none the less as completely believed.

Institute or Institution?

WITH a last flourish of soothing oratory by Sir Arthur Willert of the British Foreign Office the Institute of Politics closed its seventh annual session in Williamstown. Foreign diplomats lionized at its conferences have gone their several ways. Agriculturalists, lawyers, editors, and numberless experts have withdrawn to domestic resorts scrutinizing the press for repercussions of the verbal cannonading they have executed. College professors and professional lecturers have retired modestly to the classroom and the lecture platform, fortified with new sheaves of notes to be fired point-blank at apathetic students and admiring women's clubs. Quiet will reign in the Berkshire Hills until the inauguration of another equally attractive spectacle—the opening of the Williams College football season.

Now that the dispersement has been completed one is justified in asking what was accomplished at the annual gathering of the Institute, and what, if any, have been the fruits of its discussions. There are two ways, manifestly, in which such a gathering may be of benefit: first, it may bring about an interchange of opinion among its members tending toward a better understanding of world problems, or, in other words, it may act as a clearing house for their views; second, by the reports it sends out it may perhaps help the general public by stimulating interest in world affairs.

Many and divergent were the opinions ventured by members of the Institute this year. One group argued with considerable emotion and doubtful logic that the United States should cancel her war debt to France. Another held tenaciously to the belief that the United States should collect in full. An academic faction led by Prof. William R. Shepherd of Columbia assailed United States policy toward Latin America, while defenders from Washington, a majority of them military men, stood their ground and sang praises. Agricultural authorities from the West and South formed a sort of insurgent bloc, the chief endeavor of which seemed to be the discrediting of the new "Administration" farm bill and the sanctification of the McNary-Haugen measure as the best farm measure yet proposed. A political alliance between West and South against Eastern Republicanism with its industrialist leanings was freely predicted for the future provided farm relief was not soon forthcoming. But in all this petty tempest there was no evidence of exchange of ideas. Speakers arrived in Williamstown with collections of golf clubs and set opinions and departed with disappointing scores and the very same opinions. Some of them carried newspaper clippings in which their own names were given prominence.

As for stimulating interest in world affairs among the general public, the effect of the session was doubtful in spite of excellent publicity. The public was handed out a deal of platitudes and truisms, with a few sensational statements interspersed. Sir Arthur Willert assured America that Great Britain was the best-natured and probably the most altruistic nation in the world; Dr. Peter Reinhold, former Saxon minister of finance, praised the Dawes Plan but predicted hard sledding for Germany; Count Carlo Sforza of Italy delivered a series of lectures in which he left Italy well alone.

The chief difficulty of the Institute of Politics seems to lie in its membership. It is not fortified with a sufficient number of "insiders," but is afflicted instead with a large number of outsiders looking in. From session to session the membership list has declined in eminence. In the meanwhile a class of professional institute attenders is growing up, its representatives gravitating from Williamstown to other institutes of similar nature and back to Williamstown again. This class is only once removed from that of Chautauqua lecturers; in fact, it has been known to take to the Chautauqua circuit. It talks about world affairs, but it does not directly or indirectly conduct them.

It is a moot point whether or not an organization such as the Williamstown Institute can command the services of real insiders—men who know from immediate experience the undercurrents of political movements. For when a man is really an insider he is weighted with responsibilities, hemmed in by a sort of professional reticence, and not at liberty to tell the half of what he knows. Still, if the Institute is to be effective, it must work itself out from between the horns of this dilemma. It must find insiders who are willing and at liberty to tell what they know.

Shortly before the opening of the first session of the Institute of Politics, seven years ago, a wind storm lifted the roof from one of the college dormitories, uprooted a number of ancient trees, and accomplished considerable damage in the peaceful village of Williamstown. Chief Justice Taft, in opening the Institute, spoke somewhat as follows:

"I appreciate the welcome you have given me, and am deeply moved by it, but I wish to suggest that in future the destruction of buildings and scenery be omitted from such celebrations." The audience applauded.

We have nothing but good wishes for President Garfield's experiment, but if the Williamstown Institute is going to hold its place as a forum of first rank for the discussion of international issues it will have to see to it that there are more speakers worthy of vigorous applause, even at the cost of a dormitory or two. Otherwise it is likely to find itself becoming more and more a costly spectacle for the diversion of the few.

The Lost Leaders of Protestantism

By Albert C. Dieffenbach

A MINISTER is a public character because religion is a public function. The church of every faith opens its doors to the world, and the intention inside is to persuade all people and all institutions to the beliefs which the church propagates. That is its business. Religion is not a private sect, it is a civilization. It curses or blesses society. John Wesley said the world was his parish, and the Methodists have followed his vision, in some instances too strenuously and politically; but nevertheless they have become a great spiritual power because they have conceived their vocation in universal terms. They flourish on open controversy, and to combat their enemies in public causes is as the breath of their nostrils.

With the rise of a united Fundamentalism and the ceasing of sectarian jealousies among the denominations, the ablest ministers have become as conspicuous in the public eye as politicians and educators; and like them the clergy have to stand the gaff of public criticism. It is a new experience. But they cannot expect to enjoy immunity. They were once protected from attack, but that was in a time when people held the notion that religion — that is, the church — stood in ascetic aloofness, when the world was regarded as a "sphere of unrighteousness" from which, as R. H. Tawney says, "men *may* escape — from which, if they consider their souls, they *will* escape — but which they can conquer only by flight."

It is a simple historic fact that the great churchmen in history have fought and overcome the world and not fled it. Renown and immortality have been won as much by their part in the economic, social, and political reconstruction of society as by their labor of converting the so-called heathen and building the church. The great theologian has also been the reformer. John Calvin wrote his classic institutes of theology, and all the world knows about them; but it does not remember that when Geneva in Switzerland needed a municipal housecleaning they sent for Calvin and he did the job so well that to this day it is regarded by many people as the best city in Europe. The man who had worked out, in his great system, the plans and specifications for the City of God was the logical person to prove

them. But in the major necessity of our time — religious and political freedom — there are no Calvins. In that holy cause our Modernist ministers are lost leaders. To their praise be it said these men did make a great adventure these past years, trying to bring a new heaven, and then, God pity them, they retreated. To call the roll would be like a solemn ceremony over the innumerable departed. But there are some names that are well known.

Among them all Harry Emerson Fosdick is *facile princeps*. He is the most conspicuous preacher in the American church. He once looked like the captain of the host who would liberate the churches from their dogmatic bonds and their political intolerance. He wanted to do it. He came back from the trenches during the

Great War and with sublime indignation and understanding assailed the preposterous behavior of conventional religion. He wrote a philippic for the *Atlantic Monthly* that sent a galvanic thrill up the spinal column of the church. For some it was perfidious, for others it was glorious, but for all it was revolutionary. He made a noise like a major prophet. Then for a season he was quiet. But when the Fundamentalists in the Baptist Church threatened its disruption, he preached, after some urging, the famous sermon, "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?" He was set upon by a pack of them, ravening, and from that time forth he has lived in safety, far from the battle of the Modernists, which, with him as its leader, would probably have been victorious and the world would have had something like a new Reformation. Dr. Fosdick has gone now to be the minister of the Rockefeller's church, and there is little promise that his voice will again resound for freedom. He who might have been our Luther prefers to be a popular preacher. He is a lost leader.

IT is said of Dr. Fosdick that he does not like a fight. His temper is "evangelical." Dr. Fosdick was alarmed about the effect of his sermon, according to Joseph E. McAfee, and "he has never done it again." The New York presbytery disapproved it, and the preacher from that time onward has chosen undebatable themes. He is no longer a source of annoyance to the Fundamentalists because he is no longer a leader, but rather, as Mr.

Dr. Dieffenbach's four audacious articles which appeared in THE INDEPENDENT last January as "Religious Liberty — the Great American Illusion," produced repercussions from every part of the land. From his forthcoming book on the same subject, the Editors have selected an important and incisive chapter dealing with religious leaders who might have been prophets but who have turned instead from the dangerous subject of theology to safer topics of a social nature

McAfee says, a type, one of a group. The Protestant churches are full of them. He speaks freshly and broadly about current affairs—like a first-rate magazine writer or a lecturer—and his hearers think he is a true Modernist theologian. But topics of the day are not religious doctrine.

AT the time the famous sermon, "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?" was preached, on Sunday, May 21, 1922, the whole land was in a religious furor, and it is not extravagant to say that at no earlier period in American history has there been a more fanatical state of mind. It was an astounding revelation of how little spiritual enlightenment the churches had shed upon the souls of the people, in spite of the vaunted advance of breadth of sympathy, tolerance among Christians, the progress of religious education, and the enthusiastic talk about church unity by the valetudinarians. The heat and hate were rampant.

Dr. Fosdick has preferred from that day to utter no word in furtherance of his transforming theme. The loss due to his withdrawal and silence is inestimable. In that same discourse, when he was brave and daring and had the prophet's passion for the people, he said that such doctrines as the Virgin Birth, the substitutionary atonement, and the Second Coming as believed intolerantly by the Fundamentalists were not believed by liberals, among whom he plainly included himself. He said, "If a man is a genuine liberal, his primary protest is not against holding these opinions, although he may well protest against their being considered the fundamentals of Christianity." Let us take one specific doctrine as an example of Dr. Fosdick's treatment of the whole system—that of the Virgin Birth. He reviewed and illustrated the idea common in world religions that an extraordinary person can be explained only by a supernatural birth. It was true, he said, in the case of Buddha and Zoroaster, of Lao-tse and Mahavira. "Pythagoras was also called virgin born, and Plato, and Augustus Cæsar, and many more." The same tradition, he explained, grew up about Jesus, and the Fundamentalists have "phrased it as a biological miracle that our modern minds cannot use." Finally, "the two men who contributed most to the church's thought of the divine meaning of the Christ were Paul and John, who never . . . alluded to the Virgin Birth."

All that is now changed. When Dr. Fosdick came to virtual trial in 1926 before the Presbyterian authorities, who demanded to know what he believed, his reply, though phrased with clever originality, was satisfactory to the Fundamentalists' requirements. Here is Dr. Fosdick's "creed," which the reader will easily analyze for himself:

I believe in the personal God revealed in Christ, in His omnipresent activity and endless resources to

achieve His purposes for us and all men; I believe in Christ, His deity, His sacrificial saviourhood, His resurrected and triumphant life, His rightful lordship, and the indispensableness of His message to mankind.

In the indwelling Spirit I believe, and the forgiveness of sins, the redeemed and victorious life, the triumph of righteousness on earth, and the life everlasting.

This faith I find in the Scriptures, and the object of my ministry is to lead men to the Scriptures as the standard and norm of religious experience—the progressive revelation of God in the history of a unique people, culminating in Christ.

There is not a syllable here that Dr. J. Gresham Machen, the chief of the Presbyterian Fundamentalists, could find fault with.

A man has a right to his creed, but when he says he is a Modernist, which means that he stands not only for tolerance, but for freedom and the scientific treatment of religious beliefs, that he employs in religion the same method and spirit of inquiry which prevail among intelligent people in all other fields of truth, and leaves no place for dogmatic or other unfounded assertion, then have we not a right to expect something different in the attitude of Dr. Fosdick?

"There is no salvation except in intellectual freedom."

OTHER men in the churches are less conspicuous but not less typical. In general, their paths run parallel to Dr. Fosdick's. Thus, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin was regarded as the man to break the bonds in the Presbyterian Church. He fought a good fight, but he did not finish his course. He has become president of Union Theological Seminary, and already he speaks in careful accents and all of his definitive language is of the Fundamentalist variety. Union under his predecessor, A. C. McGiffert, was flatly Modernist. Dr. Coffin's theology has almost suddenly become consistent with that of his one-time adversaries; indeed, he seems to have been deeply impressed with the so-called "theology of crisis," which is somewhat pathological in its nature. It scorns all liberal tendencies. "The best preaching is damnation!" cries Coffin, who only yesterday was a liberal man. That strange saying from him fits in with the idea, "To be a religious man is to be a torn, a discordant, a restless man." All enlightenment and culture, looking to "the crown and fulfillment of humanity," is despised. Crisis theology separates man from man; and in eschewing liberalism in theology Dr. Coffin has separated himself from the greatest task that ever came to his gifted mind and hand.

Of Dr. William P. Merrill it may also be said he is through. He came close to liberality in many a struggle, but the stalwart Fundamentalists in the

Presbyterian Church have reduced him to gentle pleas for everything but freedom.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church Bishop Francis J. McConnell has said that this whole business of Fundamentalism and freedom is a triviality. Though he must see what is going on in the churches and the Legislatures, he is wordless on the violations of liberty, taking comfort and exercise in his ministry of the social gospel, which these days is having a hard time to preserve its vigor and hopefulness and its spiritual potency because its ultimate sources are not pure and its soul is not free.

IT dawns on men that you cannot have a social gospel until you first have a gospel. A gospel to get anywhere must have its theology — a framework of belief; otherwise it moves gelatinously. Fundamentalists scorn the idea of social service and amelioration as a loathsome degeneracy. Modernists scorn almost equally fiercely the importance of theology. Both are wrong and impotent. There is in the Federal Council of Churches constant strife with many of its constituents who come from twenty-eight of the Protestant denominations. They object to the social program. As a matter of fact, the Council performs a magnificent service for the commonweal, and advances the unity of the churches in vast social, industrial, political, and international causes by applying to all problems the principles of brotherhood and justice. Yet it is only by the most adroit caution and avoidance of danger that it carries on and gets their support. The Council's affairs are in the skillful hands of men who know the psychology of Fundamentalism, including the president, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. He is famous for never having failed to answer a question on any conceivable subject, in his daily column syndicated in newspapers throughout the country. He is a master in the technique of saying the right thing. In the matter of spiritual freedom, he keeps off difficult theological subjects, and pleads, "Not creeds, but religion!" Dr. Cadman is in spirit broad, but in doctrine Fundamentalist. Does he believe the "five points" are essential to salvation? He always preaches as though he did.

Dean Charles R. Brown, Congregationalist, of Yale Divinity School is a noted practical preacher, but he never mentions religious liberty. His forte is the moral duties of man, touched with the unction and authority of Biblical text and illustration. His sympathy all goes over to Fundamentalism.

Dr. J. Fort Newton has gone away from the theological freedom of his earlier Universalist connection — it is very strange — and become a preaching *littérateur* in a rich Episcopal Church in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

Willard L. Sperry, once a Rhodes scholar, now dean of Harvard Divinity School, is by genius and

training an outstanding freeman, but whether it be the inhibitions of office, the atmosphere of Boston, the restraints of culture, or the genial nature of the man, the voice which might be resonant for liberation is pleasant and practical, even erudite and eloquent. Like so many, he believes, it seems, that "unity" and "good feeling" are more important at present than freedom. It was Dean Sperry who said, after a tour of the Middle West in 1924, that Fundamentalism was only a brush fire. It was beneath his notice.

Other men might be named, but it would be a diminishing catalogue of clerics who have chosen the easier if not the better part of "waiting on the Lord" to encompass the glorious liberty of the children of God. The church has declined to the comfortable things of the world. The difference between a prophet and an evangel is that the evangel says it when it is safe.

In this day of crying opportunity there is not an outstanding man who is brave enough to take his ecclesiastical life in his hands, hazard his personal fortunes, and declare for Christ and freedom. Many men intimate it, but in their audible utterances they all keep safely within their church law. Regularity in the institution is more sacred to them than loyalty to the truth.

In their extremity, the preachers began a new safety-pulpit era. They considered the case of Fosdick — his attack on the intolerance of Fundamentalism and how it unchurched him. If the forces were strong enough to apostatize a personage like Fosdick, it could annihilate lesser men. This state of mind quickly communicated itself to the church press all over the United States. It felt the pulse, and lost heart. There is, in consequence, nothing more tepid and flaccid than the typical journal of Protestantism.

THE saddest case was the *Christian Century* and its abject surrender. This journal makes an interdenominational appeal though it is under the patronage of certain persons in the Disciples of Christ — the so-called Campbellite Church. An editor never spoke more powerfully for religious freedom than Charles Clayton Morrison did in January, 1924, on the crisis in Protestantism. It was a smashing editorial, and it reverberated in every State in the Union. Then time took a year and a half out of the calendar, and many things pressed the modification of the *Century's* opinion. Angered Fundamentalists poured their epistolary wrath into its correspondence columns and stopped their subscriptions. John T. Scopes was arrested, and the Tennessee Bible law on the teaching of evolution came to court. The Protestant Church of the country had become, like a certain proud city, a state of mind. On July 2, 1925, the *Christian Century* published in two pages a (Continued on page 288)

Checking Up the Taxpayer's Penny

II. The Why and Wherefore of Public Finances

By Ernest Minor Patterson

BETWEEN 1916 and 1925, expenditures of the forty-eight States went skyrocketing. Figures of the Bureau of the Census prove that operation and maintenance showed an increase of 157 per cent; interest, 249 per cent, and outlays of 491 per cent. I have already discussed the first two items; details for 1925 outlays are not yet available, but those for 1924 are at hand in a helpful form. For that year the total was \$445,770,421, which was 29.4 per cent of the total governmental cost payments. What was this sum spent for? What did the States receive in return for so large an expenditure? A tabulation makes this clear:

Amount of Outlays by the 48 States in 1924

	Amount	Per cent
Highways	\$356,311,531	79.9
Education	39,127,697	8.7
Hospitals	16,967,969	3.8
Corrections	8,058,334	1.8
Other	25,304,890	5.7
	\$445,770,421	100.0

The sum of \$420,465,531, or over ninety-four per cent of the total, was spent on highways, education, hospitals, and corrections, with less than six per cent on development and conservation of natural resources, conservation of health and sanitation, protection to persons and property. It is improbable that many of us object to such outlays by the State governments. The question instead becomes one of making sure that worth-while assets are acquired. For example, nearly eighty per cent has been spent on highways. Have any highways been constructed that should not have been or have they been poorly constructed? With the rapid growth in the use of the automobile, including the motor truck, can the States properly refrain from large outlays of this sort, and are our new highways well built and worth to the community what they have cost?

But the largest of the three items in our table of governmental cost payments is entitled "operation and maintenance" and is for general departmental expenses. In 1925 the total was \$1,043,876,000. Deducting \$8,398,276 of payments on certain public

Last week Dr. Patterson discussed expenditures of the Federal and State governments. In this concluding portion of his article he deals more specifically with the expenses of State governments and those of the larger cities. His careful analysis turns the light upon confusing statistics and answers the question: How is the taxpayer's penny used — and why?

service enterprises, there is left a balance of \$1,035,478,000 distributed as shown below.*

Highways, education, charities, hospitals, and corrections are the large items — clearly public functions on which large expenditures must be

made. They must be continued with nothing to debate except efficiency in the use of the funds. Wild clamor against large State expenditures will lead us nowhere.

This analysis of the three groups of expenditures brings us face to face with certain facts that are not clearly appreciated. First, interest payments have grown appreciably but are still a small percentage of the total. They may become much larger both in absolute amounts and relatively if State debts increase. Second, outlays and operation and maintenance are the large items, but they are not payments for the functioning of routine government operations. About seventy-five per cent of the two combined goes for highways, education, and welfare. Third, proposals for large reductions cannot be directed against interest unless one favors a pay-as-you-go plan instead of borrowing. Fourth, proposals for large reductions in the other two items must mean either that State development of education, highways, and social welfare must be sharply curtailed or else that tremendous wastes in present management must be found and checked.

But it is argued that the debts are large and growing at a tremendous rate. At the end of 1916 the total "net debt" — total debt less sinking fund assets — was \$459,661,269, or \$4.59 per capita. At the end of 1925 the amount was \$1,251,703,000, or \$11.12 per capita. This is a gain of 172 per cent in

	Amount	Per cent
* General Government	\$85,569,000	8.3
Protection of persons and property	55,834,000	5.4
Development and conservation of natural resources	56,386,000	5.5
Health and sanitation	24,839,000	2.4
Highways	144,280,000	13.9
Charities, hospitals, and corrections	168,754,000	16.3
Education	397,700,000	38.4
Recreation	2,746,000	0.3
Miscellaneous	99,370,000	9.6
	\$1,035,478,000	100.0

amount and of 142 per cent *per capita*. In passing we may again remind ourselves that the Federal debt is still over \$19,000,000,000 and is somewhere between \$150 and \$160 *per capita*.

But a debt is significant only when we consider the purposes for which it was incurred and the assets, if any, behind it. The purpose of the State debts is summed up largely in the definition of outlays already given. The assets behind the debts are of course in the last analysis the taxable property of the citizens of the States, but we need not in this case go so far. We may instead examine merely the "specified assets and value of public properties." At the end of 1924, when the net debt was \$1,183,467,000, the aggregate of these assets owned by the States and not including sinking fund assets was \$3,433,581,961.

In other words, the assets were valued at nearly three times the net debt. Whether these assets are properly valued I do not pretend to know. Only a small part of them are directly productive of income and they are not to be thought of as specifically mortgaged for the security of bondholders. Many of them if sold would doubtless realize little because not usable for other than public purposes. In other words, we mention their amount merely to emphasize the fact that the States have not only debts or liabilities. They also have very valuable assets.

So much for the forty-eight States. How about the cities? We shall use the statistics for 1923 as the compilation for that year is the latest available in complete and detailed form. Moreover, we shall in some cases take the facts for 146 cities only since they are the largest and most easily comparable over a period of years. Instead of comparing 1916 and 1924 or 1925, the years taken are 1915 and 1923. We shall present first governmental-cost payments:

Governmental-cost Payments of 146 Cities in 1915 and 1923

	1915	1923	Increase	Amount	Per cent
Expense	\$586,790,723	\$1,323,708,765	\$736,918,042	25	
Interest	103,387,342	172,343,433	68,956,091	66	
Outlays	305,883,437	570,181,966	264,298,529	86	
Totals	\$996,061,502	\$2,066,234,164	\$1,070,172,662	107	

It will be noticed that in the period covered total governmental-cost payments increased only 107 per cent. But since the cities were growing in size it is worth while to observe the *per capita* figures:

Governmental-cost Payments of 146 Cities in 1915 and 1923

	1915	1923	Increase	Amount	Per cent
Expense	\$20.34	\$38.62	\$18.28	90	
Interest	3.58	5.03	1.45	40	
Outlays	10.60	16.64	6.04	57	
	\$34.52	\$60.29	\$25.77	75	

When statistics for 1925 are completely available more of an increase will doubtless be shown. In the meantime we may note that in the period covered the payments have not grown enormously, only seventy-five per cent when put on the *per capita* basis. The omissions are, however, numerous. Only 146 cities are included. There are many more cities, and in addition there are counties, school districts, bridge districts, and many other local units, whose governmental costs swell the totals.

But let us analyze briefly what is before us. An increase of only seventy-five per cent is not what we have been led to expect. If due allowance is made for the higher price level this increase is not very considerable and is certainly not surprising. In all of these cities population has been increasing with resultant closer contacts and a higher *per capita* cost of government. *Per capita* governmental costs are higher in the larger cities than in the smaller.

In 1915 the percentage that went for interest was 10.4 and in 1923 only 8.3 per cent, a decrease of two per cent. The percentage that went for outlays also had decreased from 30.7 to 27.6. Payments for general department expenses had increased from 58.9 per cent of the total in 1915 to 64.1 per cent in 1923.

Outlays, it will be remembered, are "the costs of land and other properties and public improvements more or less permanent in character, which are owned and used by municipalities in the exercise of their municipal functions or in connection with the business undertakings conducted by them." Notice the purposes for which these outlays were made in 248 cities in 1923, the amounts as given being *per capita*:

Education	\$4.58
Highways	5.22
Health and sanitation	2.15
Charities, hospitals, and corrections	.23
All other	1.50
Total	\$13.68

Almost ninety per cent of the total *per capita* outlays were on highways or for properties to be used for education, for health, or for charities. Only a little over ten per cent went for all other purposes, including, by the way, eighty cents *per capita* for "recreation."

Leading items among the general departmental expenses for 1923 are as follows for 248 cities, given *per capita*:

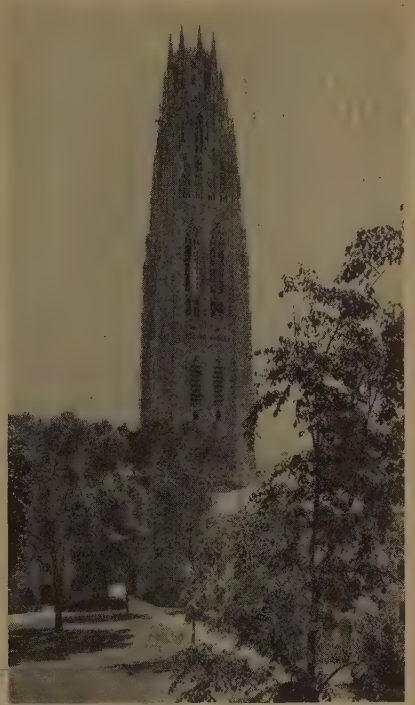
Education	\$13.30
Highways	3.01
Health and sanitation	3.34
Charities, etc.	2.01
Recreation	1.10
All other	11.26
Total	\$34.02

(Continued opp. page 288).

THE CAMPUS CALLS



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All photographs from Ewing Galloway

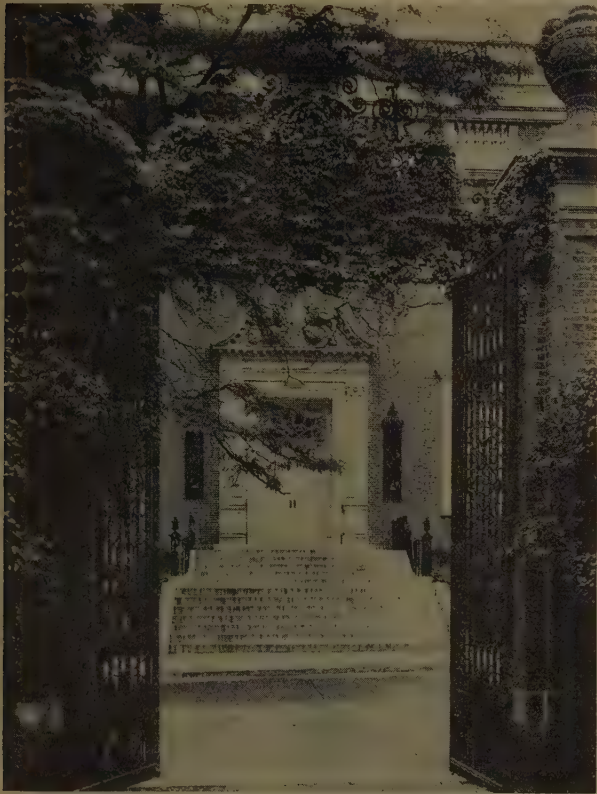
BUT FOR ITS LACK OF EMBELLISHMENT THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY MIGHT BE MISTAKEN FOR A COURT OUT OF OLD GRANADA



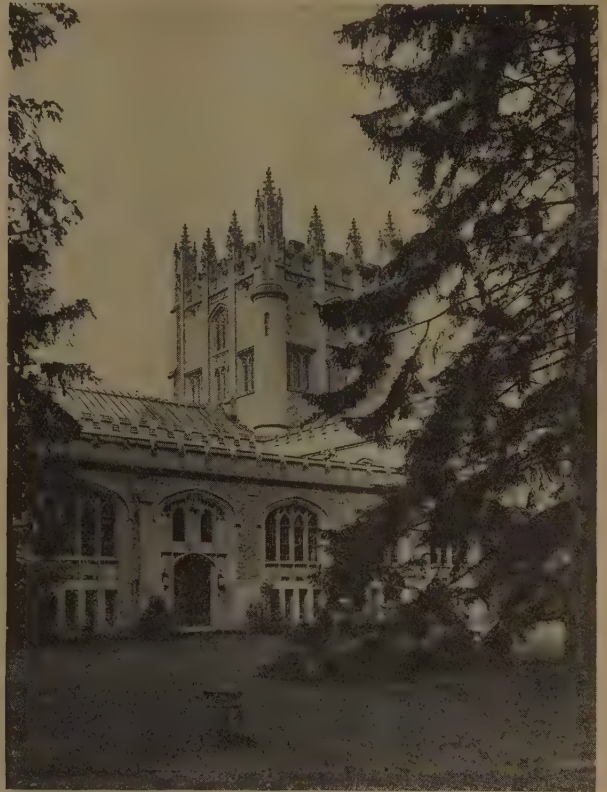
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THE DOORWAY OF THE NEW FOGG MUSEUM OF ART AT CAMBRIDGE IS HERE FRAMED IN THE GATEWAY OF SEVER QUADRANGLE IN HARVARD YARD



A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF OLD-WORLD ARCHITECTURE IS THE LIBRARY OF VASSAR COLLEGE ABOVE THE HUDSON AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK



ONE WALL OF THE CHAPEL AT LELAND STANFORD, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA, IS DECORATED WITH AN ELABORATE COLORED MOSAIC. IT IS ALMOST UNIQUE AMONG COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN THE UNITED STATES



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THE BATTLEMENTED TOWERS OVER THE ENTRANCE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON CAMPUS AT SEATTLE DOMINATE THE COUNTRYSIDE. THIS EARLY GOTHIC STYLE HAS BEEN WIDELY ADAPTED FOR COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN AMERICA

Galliéni and the Taxis of the Marne

By T. H. Thomas

THE fighting had attained a terrible degree of ferocity. The hour of destiny had struck; the fate of France, of democracy, of civilization itself, was trembling in the balance; and every man was being thrown into the scales on this fateful ninth of September. Galliéni then determined to play the final card. Quietly collecting 5,000 taxicabs and trucks from the streets of the city, he formed a new army of 50,000 men from his troops in Paris and rushed them up to the battle front forty miles away. Arriving at the critical moment of the battle, Galliéni's *Armée de Paris* delivered a decisive blow upon the enemy's flank. With his line enveloped von Kluck staggered under this unexpected onset, and fell back in retreat from Paris. Foiled of their prey, the Teutonic hordes all along the line fell back in confusion."

One cannot often improve on the original version; quoting at random, it runs in some such fashion.

No legend of the war can compare with this spirited conception — neither the angels of Mons, nor the 250,000 Russians, nor the bold but imaginary counterstroke by which Foch broke the German line at the Marne. This latter tale, in comparison, was but a crude staff fiction. Galliéni's strategical envelopment *per taxi* stands out as the finished product of the Parisian imagination: the dramatic climax by which the popular instinct gave a clear-cut, comprehensible explanation to the greatest and most complex of battles. It stands out also as a tribute to the importance of the contemporary impression, for it settled once for all, in Paris at least, the question of who won the Marne, and made Galliéni's reputation. Galliéni himself admitted frankly that he won the Marne — in broadcast whispers which give him a fair claim to the invention of the loud-speaker. But even his story does not go so far as to make the taxis the decisive factor.

Various French books have provided the facts and dates and figures of the taxi episode; and when audited on this basis it shrinks in surprising fashion. The troops sent forward by taxi amounted to six battalions — some 3,000 men, instead of 50,000 — one brigade of the Seventh Division. The other brigade went up by train and arrived some hours

earlier. The taxi detachment took about twenty-four hours to make a twenty-mile journey, and arrived in such confusion that the division had to wait some hours for them to be sorted out before attacking. The famous journey took place not on the last day of the battle, but two days before, on September 7, when there was no immediate crisis impending; and the troops did not deliver a flank attack, but went into line prosaically between other divisions. During the last day or so along the

Ourcq it was von Kluck who attempted all the outflanking; he failed, but the battle of the Marne was decided in quite another quarter.

The Seventh Division, in turn, did not belong to the garrison of Paris; it was part of the Fourth Corps, which Joffre about a week before had ordered west to join Maunoury's army; this last unit reached

Paris on the morning of the seventh and waited there only until transport could be gathered. Nor was it the "last available reserve." Instead of throwing the last man into the battle, at this very time Galliéni had two and a half combat divisions waiting uselessly in Paris; and although they were badly needed, only one of them ever got into the battle.

LAST of all, there was no such thing as an "Army of Paris." No such organization existed, in name or in fact, and the term does not appear in the elaborate tables published in the French official history. The forces belonging to Galliéni's own command, the Military Government of Paris, consisted chiefly of territorial divisions hard at work with pick and shovel upon the fortifications; and they remained there throughout the battles. The Sixth Army, which fought the Battle of the Ourcq under Maunoury, had nothing Parisian in its make-up. It was formed by Joffre at the beginning of the retreat, from Maunoury's army detachment near Saint-Mihiel, and hurried westward, not to Paris but to the region of Amiens, where it formed the left flank of his retreating line of battle. Joffre's intention then had been to turn and deliver his counteroffensive in that region, but von Kluck's rapid advance drove the whole line back,

"Galliéni's strategical envelopment *per taxi*, stands out as the finished product of the Parisian imagination. . . . It . . . settled once for all, in Paris at least, the question of who won the Marne." But there is another side to the taxi episode — not so romantic as Galliéni's own version, but eminently more veracious. From the French official history, and from a sifting of the orders as published by Galliéni himself and others, Major Thomas records in their proper sequence the events which led up to the great battle of September, 1914

Maunoury wheeling down toward Paris. It then seemed that von Kluck would bring up against the Paris fortified area, and in order to centralize the command of all the French forces there, Maunoury was put under Galliéni's orders. At this time, September 1, he was still beyond the Oise, fifty kilometers north of the city. But the expected situation did not develop: von Kluck swerved off and passed down to the east, and Maunoury came to a halt while still north of the fortified area, with his right flank twenty-five kilometers northeast of the city. He was still there two days later when Joffre's orders for the Marne were issued. Thus Maunoury did not come out of Paris, and was never in it; the course of his march did not even pass within the line of the fortifications.

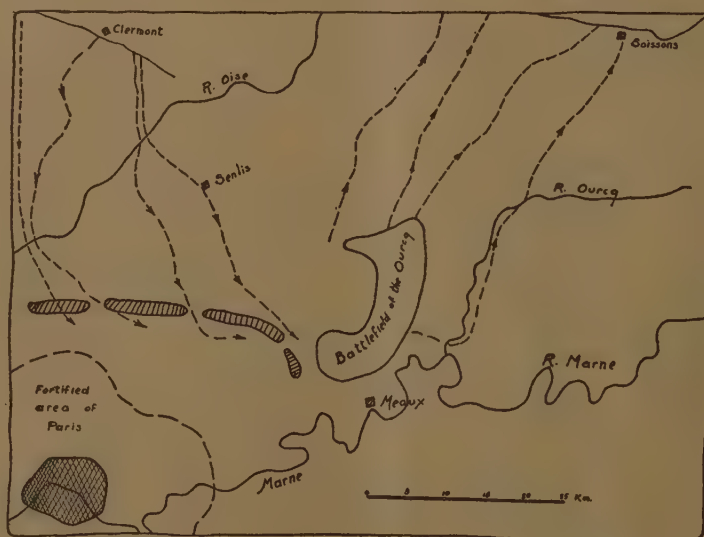
GALLIÉNI, however, from the time the retreat began, had clamored for three army corps for the defense of Paris. Messimy — the *amant manqué* of Mata-Hari, who was then Minister of War — promptly ordered Joffre to send them, but next day was discarded from office, and Millerand, his successor, refused to interfere with Joffre. Galliéni continued his demand for the three corps, and when Maunoury was subordinated to him jumped to the conclusion that he had at last an independent army under his own orders: as governor of Paris he was not under Joffre's headquarters but directly under the authority of the Minister of War. Instantly he blossomed forth with new official stationery bearing the letterhead "Armées de Paris," and for himself assumed the title, "Commandant-en-Chef des Armées de Paris." This grandiloquent appellation was merely the expression of his own state of mind: "Imperial Potentate" would have served the same purpose and had an equal value. No such post existed; no one ever used the term in addressing him; and his own staff very properly continued to function under the more prosaic but more accurate heading of the "G. M. P." — *Gouvernement Militaire de Paris*.

Joffre, moreover, had no idea of letting one of his armies drop out of line in order to stage a siege of Paris, and on the

very next day Galliéni himself was put under Joffre's orders. Had von Kluck attacked the positions in front of Paris, the arrangement might have worked differently, but as things turned out the formal change in the status of the Sixth Army was little more than a bookkeeping operation — and Galliéni's dream of an independent command proved a twelve-hour illusion. He continued to use his fancy title and hastily organized a headquarters for his *Armée de Paris* in the classrooms of a high school — "*installé comme en guerre*," he proudly tells us. The Sixth Army, however, was never merged in this imaginary formation, but remained a distinct command — and Joffre continued to send orders directly to Maunoury.

Galliéni's claim to have won the Marne was an expression of the same traits of mind and character that led him to attempt to loot Joffre's forces at the most difficult period of the campaign and then to pose as the independent commander of an imaginary army. But it was built up by a gradual process — following the steady growth of Galliéni's jealousy and resentment and disappointed ambition. At the outset of the war the relations between him and Joffre were friendly, and as Joffre's own choice he had been appointed to the strange post of "*successeur éventuel*" to the commander in chief. But he was piqued because Joffre would not let him sit at his elbow and give advice at headquarters; and then, relegated to Paris, became an active critic of Joffre's conduct of operations. After the Marne he tried in vain to get the command of one of the new groups of armies, and later on, when Joffre offered him the Sixth Army, he refused in a huff — the command of one army being a step down for a general of his importance. Still in the Paris com-

mand, he put forward various large-scale projects which were to have provided him suitable employment: a reserve army of 500,000 men gathered in Paris under his orders, an expedition to Italy, and others to Salonika and the Orient. There gathered gradually around him in Paris all the elements hostile to Joffre: the generals, who had been *Limogés*, disgruntled soldiers and politicians, and all



GENERAL SITUATION OF THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE SHOWING MAUNOURY'S LINE OF RETREAT FROM SEPTEMBER 1 TO THE HALT ON DEFENSIVE POSITIONS NORTH OF PARIS, SEPTEMBER 3. ALSO, THE BATTLEFIELD OF THE OURCQ (SEPTEMBER 5-9), AND THE ADVANCE NORTHWARD TO THE AISNE JUST ABOVE SOISSONS

their newspaper following. Above all, he became the military hero of the political opposition, and to catch the support of this whole anti-Joffre element Briand brought him into the Cabinet in October, 1915, as Minister of War. His intimate friends expected him to remove Joffre immediately, but Briand objected; and Galliéni took the more prudent course of coöperating with the Deputies who worked for that end by means of "reforming the high command" and running the war from Paris. He suddenly lost patience, and in the midst of the German attack on Verdun presented point-blank his demand for Joffre's removal; failing, he resigned — and died shortly afterwards.

THE view that Galliéni had won the Marne thus came to be an article of political faith among the opposition; and in this atmosphere of snarling criticism and bitter hostility to Joffre his story gradually developed. It was first aired in public a year after the Marne, when a military critic of his party explained that the Battle of the Marne was preceded by one on the Ourcq delivered by Galliéni, who had at once sent forward Maunoury in attack on learning of von Kluck's swerve eastward, and then reported to Joffre the *fait accompli*. In the more spirited final version Galliéni affirmed that this attack was in direct contradiction to Joffre's orders: "*J'ai désobéi!*" was the candid explanation he offered. The great battle that followed was merely the consequence of this bold disobedience: "There was no Battle of the Marne!" he even declared: his own attack had pulled up Joffre in the midst of a headlong retreat, abandoning Paris to its fate and not intending to fight any battle. Only after repeated appeals over the telephone and with the greatest difficulty had he persuaded Joffre to turn and face the enemy; and Joffre's whole part in the turning point of the war was merely a bewildered acquiescence in the acts of others. The battle on the Ourcq, furthermore, would have been a prompt and decisive triumph but for the slowness and reluctance of the British to move forward; but even so it finally succeeded, and determined the retreat of the German armies.

In the meantime Galliéni himself had written out what may be termed an intermediate version; it was not published until 1920. Although very aggressive toward Joffre and giving free rein to the author's imagination, it failed altogether to substantiate the improved story of the later period. The statements in Galliéni's narrative contradict each other freely; and the whole case he puts forward is knocked to pieces by the actual record of orders received and issued — which he prints as an appendix. In this same year his chief of staff, General Clergerie, published a narrative of the battle written some months afterwards, with a still further record of orders and correspondence: between the

one and the other he contradicts Galliéni at almost every point. Yet the two books together, in spite of their distortions and special pleadings, provide a clear narrative of what actually happened; and certain orders published by Joffre and by the British suffice to complete the story.

Galliéni's whole claim rests upon a question of priority and upon the substance of the telephone conversations with Joffre — of which no recorded minute or text has been published. He learned first of von Kluck's change of direction at six o'clock on the evening of September 3. At six on the day following Joffre's orders for the Marne were issued. In this twenty-four-hour interval did he start a battle, or force Joffre's hand, or persuade Joffre to make the great decision?

On learning the news about von Kluck, neither Galliéni nor Clergerie mention telephoning Joffre; both refer to waiting for confirmation of the report next morning; and the orders they issued to Maunoury that night concluded: "Tomorrow, September 4, the Sixth Army will not budge. It will reinforce its front by defensive works." The British meanwhile had also observed von Kluck's march eastward and reported it in most positive and definite fashion. That night Joffre responded by proposing to the British a change in the plan he had last given them: instead of retreating clear to the Seine, he suggested that they turn and attack eastward, with Maunoury in line beside them — south of the Marne. This proposal was the first step toward the Battle of the Marne, but Joffre's decision had still to be reconciled with the movements of the British.

NEXT, early on the morning of September 4, Galliéni's patrols ratified the news that Kluck had turned eastward: four out of his five corps had already crossed the Marne, and the last one — the Seventh Reserve Corps — was marching in two columns toward the river crossing at Lizy and Meaux. This last item was of especial importance — because it was not true. Galliéni instantly decided that nothing but the Ourcq River lay between him and Kluck's rear lines of communications; and what followed was based on this assumption. Actually, von Kluck had judiciously planted the Fourth Reserve Corps as a flank guard east of Paris, close in front of Maunoury's easternmost forces.

At nine o'clock Galliéni sent off the famous order to Maunoury, but the text of the order proves rather disappointing. Maunoury was not bidden to attack, but only to hold his troops ready to take part in an advance of which the time and place remained to be settled with the British. The French troops at that time were strung out on a long front north of Paris; those on the extreme left were fifty kilometers away from the prospective starting point; but Galliéni issued now no order to hurry their concentration. Maunoury then came into (*Continued on page 288*)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

BERNARD FAY'S "Panorama de la Littérature Contemporaine" has been well translated into English by Paul Rice Doolin under the title, "Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day" (Little, Brown). The author is professor of French language and literature at the University of Clermont-Ferrand, and is at present lecturing in this country. Some time ago I mentioned a lengthy dissertation of his on American literature of today, prefaced to a translation of Sherwood Anderson, which had some of the qualities which distinguish the present volume. M. Fay is a learned scholar, as his book on the "Revolutionary Spirit in America in the Eighteenth Century"—now in the process of translation—will show. But he has also the saving grace of being *rosse* at times; full of prejudices: in short, more human than professorial.

One might guess this from the opening paragraph of this work, which lacks that tone of modest but determined self-complacency so characteristic of all French comment on things French: "Mingled with the natural admiration which we have for ourselves, are strange modesties. We would scarce allow a foreigner to say that our railroads or our cheeses are inferior to those of his country; but many of us would admit as a matter of course that 'our modern literature is unintelligible,' or that in the last fifty years nothing has been done comparable to the things of yesterday. Many Frenchmen consider that we have had no 'great writers' since Taine and Renan; they are ignorant of what has happened since 1880."

We are not accustomed to hearing these tones in the classroom, and many of M. Fay's French readers must have been equally astonished by what follows: "This is a source of constant surprise to cultivated minds in foreign countries, who look upon France's literature as one of her principal titles to glory. In Germany, England, America, Japan, our Symbolists were read, our Naturalists sold by the million. Claudel was played in Germany before he was known in Paris."

Renan and Taine are credited—and incidentally, a little discredited—with having introduced into French literature "the Demon of Scientific Certitude." M. Fay, as is the habit of the new generation, whose spokesman he is, is determined not to allow these two idols to impose upon *him*. "I should like first to depict the disquieting figure of M. Renan: that great mass of soft white flesh, lit by little eyes, gleaming and dangerous, will o' the wisp of the swamp, that heavy body

devoid of muscles, but tissue of nerves so delicate that no one would venture to jostle it, and that joy of the whole being expanded by prayer—or possibly by the digestion." Thus the man. And now the writer: "Renan's genius consists in a subtle and greedy intelligence which refused to renounce the enjoyment of the

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather (Knopf).

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

The Grandmothers. By Glenway Westcott (Harper).

GENERAL

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Anatole France the Parisian. By Herbert Leslie Stewart (Dodd, Mead).

very thing which it was criticizing and destroying. Attacking Catholicism, he still kept everything which Catholicism had given him, taught him, and confided to him."

ZOLA is disposed of neatly, after due credit is given to the naturalist school, in a phrase which is worth quoting: "He was not naturally an observer. He had to stare at a thing to see it." Then M. Fay rolls up his sleeves and goes after Anatole France in the now approved manner. "The halo of luck which surrounds him is so thick that it seems to conceal his life." He attacked the symbolists, the naturalists, the conservatives, the radicals, the Academy, and the republican régime. Yet, none of these people and institutions objected. On the contrary, they delighted to honor him, and he was buried with official pomp and circumstance. "Such uninterrupted good fortune is in itself genius," says M. Fay ironically, "but it is also claimed that M. France is one of the great writers of our country."

"This opinion," he continues, "accepted by a large number of people, and many of importance, deserves some consideration." Whereupon we are told of

France's shortcomings as a critic, as if his claim to fame were in any way based upon that purely incidental phase of his career. It also appears that "he loves solidarity without defining it, progress without discerning it, and the happiness of mankind without believing in it." His style is "polished, archaic, monotonous, often pedantic." M. Fay's restraint is becoming too much for him; he can resist no longer. "This licentious and fluent pedagogue, who always refrained from original thought, who never penetrated far into the realm of the intelligence, or that of the sentiments, who never doubted himself nor suspected the narrowness of his perceptions, was bound to impress crowds. The crowd, as is well known, would rather fear than respect. And M. France, by the baseness of his imagination, the frankness of his ignorance, the elegance of his emptiness, has placed himself close to us all."

AFTER this pleasing diatribe, I skipped to the chapter on Barrès, knowing that there, like all who hold that view of Anatole France, M. Fay would surely refute himself. Barrès had all France's shortcomings as a critic, as Jean Cocteau savagely pointed out, and he also managed to retain the support of people who did not resent or understand his real attitude. He coquetted thus with royalism and Catholicism. He never had an original idea in his life, and he was as enamored of words as France; his Boulangist politics were as muddled as the latter's Socialism; his jingo rhetoric impressed crowds; his outlook was that of a narrow, chauvinistic politician. Yet, M. Fay, after the manner of the Anatole France opposition lauds him to the sky and excuses all his shortcomings.

"If his sonorous sentences are sometimes hollow," he writes, "one may say that they are so after the fashion of crowns, and deck a royal void. They show that their master lacked neither desire nor strength, but only that cleverness or littleness necessary to cross the low narrow doors of the treasures of this world." What a change after the "licentious and fluent pedagogue" with the "elegance of his emptiness"! When there are hollow words, and heaven knows Barrès discharged thousands, it depends upon one's sympathies how one fills their vacuum.

M. Fay's book is stimulating, exasperating, informing; it gives a clear outline of literary events since 1880, and it represents accurately the point of view and the trend of values in French literature since the war.

Eminence Comes for Miss Cather

A Review by William Whitman, 3rd

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCH-BISHOP. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

DEATH Comes for the Archbishop" is a mature and beautiful novel by one of our great living prose writers. Serene and contemplative in manner, it is typical of Miss Cather's best work, symbolizing the fruition of her literary artistry. To me the three most significant novelists of the day are Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and Willa Cather, who, if she has not produced the impressive tones of Dreiser or the amazing portraits of Lewis, has at least equaled them in the profundity of her vision and exceeded them in her sensitive command of the English language. Moreover, like Dreiser and Lewis, she is an American in subject and expression.

With the publication of "O Pioneers!" in 1913 Miss Cather was hailed as one of the important novelists of American literature, and since then each book by her has been received with delight and praise, discriminating in its sincere enthusiasm. And yet, though Miss Cather must be considered primarily as a novelist, it is in novel construction that she is weakest. Her prose is sombre and beautiful, her delineation of character subtle and honest, but for the most part her books have been collections of short stories unified by a central character or scene. In "Death Comes for the Archbishop" this is particularly noticeable. Miss Cather's books lack the massive, moving unity of the "great" novel; her art is fundamentally that of a short-story writer. That she has recognized this herself is fairly clear after a survey of her earlier work.

She began her literary career as a poetess, short-story writer, and journalist biographer. Her first novel, "Alexander's Bridge," was published in 1912, to be followed a year later by "O Pioneers!" Unlike "Alexander's Bridge," which was in conception a long short story, "O Pioneers!" was a succession of scenes unified by a group of characters set against the background of Nebraskan soil. In this book is expressed that sympathy with the pioneer West, the prairie, and the homesteader which is the keynote to Miss Cather's best work, and which reaches in the opinion of many its most brilliant expression in "My Antonia."

"The Song of the Lark," published in 1915, is her most ambitious novel, and one which conforms most clearly to the requirements of the "great" novel. Thea Kronborg is the heroine, and "The Song of the Lark" is a record of her struggles

to achieve a career as a concert singer. But under the pressure of this book Miss Cather seems to tire, and the story, over-weighted with its own substance, lags and becomes confused.

Evidently conscious of failure, she returned to her earlier and simpler method employed in "O Pioneers!" and wrote "My Antonia." The story of Antonia Shimerda is told in a succession of illuminating and interpretive scenes which contrast and harmonize the character of the Bohemian girl with the sombre background of the Nebraska prairies. Miss Cather's keen sense of life, of tragedy and hardship of an untitled fertile soil, is particularly adjusted to this subtle and impressive work of art. She has done for the West what Sarah Orne Jewett did for New England, but with a greater freedom, a richer fertility, a more moving splendor.

In "One of Ours," which followed the war, Miss Cather tells the story of a young Nebraskan farmer, unable to find peace in the society of either his mother or his wife, who sought release in the war. Claude Wheeler's early life, the tilling of the soil, the clash of uncongenial personalities, is convincing and penetrating, but the two episodes, the farm and the war, fail to harmonize, and the conclusion of this novel left me with a sense of futility and impatience. Spiritual unity, inevitably a part of any work of art, seemed sadly lacking.

THE story, "A Lost Lady," is more successful. In this long short story Miss Cather's subtle craftsmanship is at its best, and this study in miniature is beautifully and almost completely satisfying. Technically, the shift in point of view during the telling of the story destroys the exquisite balance of charming Marianne Forrester's portrait, but here for the most part we surely have Willa Cather at her best.

"The Professor's House" is another example of the artist's failure to master completely narrative construction. The story of Professor St. Peter and the story of Tom Outland, killed in the war, are not sufficiently blended to relieve the "episodic brusqueness" of the narrative. But when Miss Cather returns to the miniature as she does in "My Mortal Enemy," she is once more a master of her craft.

With "Death Comes for the Archbishop" Miss Cather has woven out of her experience and great ability a novel which takes advantage of her unusual and brilliant gifts, and avoids the pitfalls of construction which have been her

greatest weakness. The story of Father Jean Marie Latour's gentle conquest of the Southwest for the Roman Catholic Church is a series of unforgettable and brilliant pictures of heroism and renunciation, of a flowering fruitful land. It is a prose poem of early New Mexico celebrating the tumultuous and sleepy soil, the undeviating and mysterious soul of its varied people.

In structure the book is a series of short stories relating the life of the bishop, his early struggles, his friendship and love for his comissionary, Father Vaillant, his journeys among the Mexicans and Indians through the wild and solemn grandeur of the country. Interwoven into the growth of the great diocese are incidents, stories in themselves, that suggest the customs and folklore of the people, their prejudices and passions. At the end death comes gently for the archbishop, and his holy work has ceased.

WHAT stories these are! Miss Cather's prose has a purity, a moving serenity which transcends the pedestrian paragraphs of novelists greater than she. She is the priestess of the soil. Her heart and memory are concerned with the juniper and greasewood, the gray deserts and the cornelian-colored hills, and with the people who are growth of this soil. All her subtlety and artistry have been devoted to this romantic tapestry, intensifying, making alive and vivid the vision which she herself must have pondered over and deeply loved.

Miss Cather in remarking on the genius of Sarah Orne Jewett referred to unforgettable memories which, eventually finding expression, are the basis for enduring art. This quality above all others pervades her own work. Its strange quality of still intensity and fulfillment suggests a fresh and fertile soil. The archbishop lying at home in France: "When the summer wind stirred the lilacs in the old gardens and shook down the blooms of horse chestnuts, he sometimes closed his eyes and thought of the high song the wind was singing in the straight striped pine trees up in the Navajo forests." In his declining years he longed for the "bright edges of the world," and so returned to New Mexico to die in exile for love of them.

I am grateful to Miss Cather for this figured tapestry. "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is an epic in which to rejoice. Against the feverish background of current literature, this romance enjoys the quiet of permanence and the benediction of understanding.

New Books in Brief Review

Transplanted. By Brand Whitlock. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.

THIS novel examines in detail a theme which has received more attention in the rotogravures than in fiction — title marrying by an American heiress. In the case of Dorothy, however, it is not entirely a matter of the title; she likes Georges de Granvallon, and if her choice was consciously swayed by the coronet which is emblazoned somewhat too frequently upon his belongings, it is rather that she likes what it stands for than that she fancies herself irresistibly as a countess. Mr. Whitlock's years abroad — notably those spent as American Ambassador to Belgium during the war — have given him a familiarity with the aristocratic French background demanded of this novel. Details mean much to him, but one feels as the story develops that they are highly significant to the action. The characters are for the most part splendidly drawn; each is a type easily recognizable for his prejudices and foibles, yet there is sufficient individuality about them to make one sure that he is dealing here with men and women. More contrast through the introduction of Dorothy's American connections might have made the story somewhat more entertaining, but part of the cumulative effect of their absence in building up her loneliness would thereby have been lost. On the whole, little adverse criticism can be made of the novel; it should please all excepting too conscious disciples of the modern school.

I've Got Your Number. By Doris Webster and Mary Hopkins. New York: The Century Co. \$1.00.

HERE is a book that should successfully compete with the "Ask Me Another" craze. After submitting your friends to a brief series of grouped personal questions such as "Do you wake up despondent?" "Do people nag you?" "Would you like to go up in an airplane?" you may discover the secrets of their characters by the number of times they answer "yes" to the questions in each group. Strangely enough, the system works well enough and the character sketches are written with sufficient humor to make the game entertaining if one does not expect too much. Though the publishers may prove rash in their assertion that through this book wives meet their husbands for the first time, the authors have been complimentary in most of the sketches, so that there will not be much danger if they are taken seriously. In fact, it is just possible that they have

made a mistake in avoiding so sedulously the possibility that anyone's feelings may be hurt.

Now East, Now West. By Susan Ertz. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

A CLEVER, socially ambitious wife; a sound, solid, husband of the Rotarian type, brisk in business, taking the love of his wife as a matter of course. They move from New York to London. Here American methods of doing business win material success for him. And here, too, Althea Goodall, the vivacious wife, ascends a few rungs of the social ladder, although the climb is made at the expense of the love she once had for her husband. A novel of well-bred folks, light and airy. It proves nothing but the fact that amours are not confined to any one class — a contention which hardly required proving. At the same time the book is not lacking in interest. We imagine that it will give many a flapper — and her mother — several interesting hours. It is built on the well-known foundation of the eternal triangle and is new only in title.

Dwellers in the Jungle. By Lieut. Col. Gordon Casserly. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

WE have an immense admiration for the courage of this author. We never imagined that anyone would dare attempt such tales after Kipling had given the world his two "Jungle Books." But Casserly has gone and done it. He writes about the same beasts to whom Kipling gave immortality. And he does not even use the same names. Hathi, the elephant, is something else — and so is Red Dog, the scourge of all hunting grounds. It is not quite fair. Of course nobody has to read the book. To those who do we commend our action immediately after closing the covers. We fled hurriedly to the "First Jungle Book" by Kipling and read it from flyleaf to finis. The bad taste left by "Dwellers in the Jungle" was almost entirely eliminated.

The Book of Famous Queens. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.50.

A REVISED edition of a book published some years back — a roster of noted women who have sat on thrones. It is a girls' book, sufficiently sterilized for young minds, and yet not too devoid of frankness to be inane. We half expected

this volume to cloak all the queens of history with unmerited virtue, but found that such was not the case. Any honest record of the lives of such engaging characters as Cleopatra, Elizabeth, and Josephine must necessarily contain much to which Puritans might object — particularly in matter to be perused by adolescent girls. However, the book stresses the virtues and characteristics of greatness which these famous ladies possessed without fixing them on faulty pedestals of fake virtue. It leaves the way open for girls to find out the truth about the great women later on. It rears no obstacles to future accurate appraisal by telling lies.

Adventures in Arabia. By W. B. Seabrook. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.00.

IT is not quite fair for anyone to assign us to the task of reviewing a book about Arabia. Since the inimitable Colonel Lawrence wrote "Revolt in the Desert" we have had an insatiable longing for all volumes dealing with desert wastes. And we are inclined to be prejudiced in their favor. W. B. Seabrook went to Arabia seeking only adventure. He found it between the far horizons, became a Moslem, lived with people of whom he writes. He knew Bedouin sheiks, whirling dervish saints, and devil-worshiping Yezidees. We submit that anyone who has broken bread with a Yezidee is entitled to write a book. Mr. Seabrook not only accepts the warrant but executes it ably. His book is replete with atmosphere. His style is adapted to the subject he has attempted. In a season singularly lacking in glamorous books, "Adventures in Arabia" is an oasis in literary desert. But again — we may be prejudiced.

Fo' Meals a Day. By Hugh Wiley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE Wildcat, crap-shooting veteran of the war and of a score of rollicking escapades all over the American map, is still tempting his mistress, Lady Luck. This time Vitus Marsden is on a barnstorming tour of the Woolly West, accompanied by his personification of all that is fortunate — Lilly, the mascot goat. The Wildcat is a gentleman of color whom thousands of readers know well. Wiley has fabricated a real character and has arranged the most amazing experiences for his cavortings. For an evening of pleasure to anyone who may be suffering from ennui, we commend this book.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

LAST May two French aviators, with long years of flying experience behind them, took the air from Le Bourget field against the advice of weather experts and without radio or safety devices, and swung into the winds of the North Atlantic. That was the last the world ever saw of NUNGESSER and COLI. Since then more than two score of flyers have undertaken trans-oceanic flights, and over half of them have either crashed to the earth or gone to their deaths somewhere at sea. The most recent of the casualties involves the giant monoplane, *Old Glory*, which has been in process of grooming for a nonstop flight to Rome for some weeks. Finally, after numerous hitches and setbacks and following a period of unfavorable weather, the 'plane rolled down the beach at Old Orchard, Maine, for a mile and a half, then rose into a strong westerly wind over a foggy and broken sea.

The *Old Glory*, unlike many of its predecessors, was equipped with radio, and following the take-off at noon on September 6, the three flyers, Pilots LLOYD BERTRAUD and JAMES D. HILL, and PHILIP PAYNE, managing editor of the New York *Mirror*, a tabloid owned by WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, who sponsored the flight, kept in close touch with land and ship stations until 4.03 in the morning of September 7, when the steamships *Carmania* and *Lapland* picked up an SOS from the 'plane. No other message was flashed and no position was given. And although half a dozen vessels raced to the spot where the message must have been sent, no trace of either the men or their machine was found. At this point the matter stood at press time on September 8, with every indication pointing toward tragedy—and the addition of three new names to the long list of fatalities.

The *Old Glory* carried a wreath bearing this inscription: "NUNGESSER and COLI: you showed the way. We followed. BERTRAUD and PAYNE and HILL." It was to have been dropped in memory of the two Frenchmen.

The new airplane express service between Boston and New York met with tragedy upon its maiden trip, when Pilot E. G. CLINE crashed in a heavy fog on September 3 near Willington, Connecticut. A large welcoming committee consisting of officials of the American Express Company and municipal representatives waited in vain for

the 'plane's arrival in Hartford, Connecticut, after word had been received of its take-off from Boston at 7.15 P.M. on September 2. Mr. CLINE made two landings between Boston and Hartford in an attempt to wait out the fog, and apparently after the third take-off decided to continue in spite of the forbidding weather. He was a veteran air-mail pilot and was an excellent flyer.

The Week

¶The long list of air casualties grows. The *Old Glory* down at sea. And the final irony. An express 'plane crashes. And the Flying Princess. ¶Mr. Coolidge utters late thoughts from State Lodge. No extra session. Tax cut, perhaps. Flood and Farm relief. Tariff tinkering. And the foreign policy. General Wood's successor not yet named. ¶Wayne B. Wheeler, god in the dry machine, dies. ¶Geneva stirs. The Eighth Assembly convenes. But without Viscount Cecil. ¶Hoover revisits flood area. ¶Mr. Mellon discusses the Union with Mr. Hughes. But does not discuss Presidential prospects. ¶Secretary Kellogg confers with Minister MacMurray.

Hope has been abandoned for the transatlantic 'plane, *St. Raphael*, which took off from Upavon, Wales, for Ottawa, Canada, on August 31. Piloted by Capt. LESLIE HAMILTON and Col.

Another 'Plane Lost F. F. MINCHIN, the flight of the 'plane had attracted unusual interest because it carried as passenger the sixty-three-year-old Princess LOWENSTEIN-WERTHEIM, backer of the flight. The *St. Raphael* had fuel for only forty-four hours, and when this period was up an immediate search was begun. The lighthouse keeper on Belle Isle, off the coast of Labrador, reported seeing a light high up in the air on the night of September 2. He could not see any distinct markings other than a red light, but estimated that the 'plane was about 2,000 feet in the air over Battle Harbor, traveling in a northwesterly direction. Two and a half hours later both the lighthouse keeper and his assistant saw the 'plane returning, pursuing an erratic course to the southeast, which would have taken it over the sea again. No Canadian 'plane is known to have been in that vicinity at the time.

Although the possibility of convening Congress this autumn before its regular scheduled date for meeting on December 5 has been generally discussed by various Senators and Congressmen,

President COOLIDGE has Mr. Coolidge himself decided against and National an early session, and since Issues he alone can summon

Congress at any times other than those specified in the Constitution, the matter is thereby settled. In a statement from Rapid City, South Dakota, the summer seat of the nation's executive offices, Mr. COOLIDGE has tabulated his views upon four of the important matters which are occupying the attention of the nation at the present time. The President has previously expressed himself as being in favor of further tax reduction and feels now that unless Congress dips too deeply into the pork barrel, there should be a sufficient surplus to give taxpayers further relief. There is, of course, a considerable problem before the legislative body in taking care of Mississippi Valley flood sufferers and perhaps devising preventive measures to insure against such vast destruction as that which made thousands homeless last spring. Boulder Dam project will also occupy Congress, and if the construction is decided upon will constitute a large drain upon the Federal Treasury.

In so far as farm relief is concerned, Mr. COOLIDGE retains his strong interest in devising some sort of relief for the agricultural sections of the country, particularly the West,

Farm Relief where disaffected farmers are said to have been turning away from the Administration because of the President's veto of the McNary-Haugen bill which passed both Houses at the last legislative session. Although many of the more radical farmers have expressed themselves as do-or-die proponents of McNary-Haugenism, Mr. COOLIDGE is still firm in opposing the equalization fee, which is the nub of its program. A short time ago a farm-relief program was suggested as having the approval of the Administration, and authorship has been ascribed to Secretary of Agriculture JARDINE. While avoiding the equalization fee, this proposal places a government fund of \$300,000,000 at the disposal of a Federal farm board for an extension of the coöperative marketing system and a stabilization of farm prices to be brought about through an alignment of the co-operatives. Although Mr. COOLIDGE has never indorsed this program himself, it is known that the main features of it

The Final Irony

Airplane Express Tragedy

meet with his approval, and it seems entirely possible that a bill cast along these lines would find executive favor should Congress decide to pass it.

Talk of tariff revision finds little sympathy at the summer White House. Mr. COOLIDGE is firmly opposed to any tinkering along those lines, despite the

Tariff Tinkering fact that tariff revision is linked up with farm relief — particularly in the West and Northwest. The cry has become more and more uniform in those sections that the present tariff favors the East to the great detriment of the farmer, who must pay for what he buys at a rate based upon the earning power of Eastern industrial operatives and employees, which is not at all comparable to the earning power of his farm.

The outlined program contains a word upon the foreign policy of the Administration, which apparently is to remain unchanged in the various sectors affected

Foreign Policy by it at the present time: Nicaragua, Mexico, and China. Mr. COOLIDGE believes that American troops in China, of

which there are now some 6,000 or 7,000, — mostly Marines, — should remain to protect the lives and property of our nationals resident there until a more stable Government emerges as an adequate substitute guarantee. The President believes that when such a Government is established, this country might well take the lead in moving to withdraw from the special privileges — particularly extraterritoriality — contained in the treaties which the United States as well as other nations has made with the Peking Government.

The President made no statement of an altered policy for the Philippines. No one has been named as yet to succeed the late Maj. Gen. LEONARD WOOD, whose

The Islands recent death left the island group without an American governor-general. There has been talk of a civilian to take over the post, and several names have been mentioned, but Mr. COOLIDGE has made no definite statement as yet, nor has there been any indication that with the appointment of a new governor-general, the United States would make a definite statement of its intentions with regard to the Philippines. With a large group in the Islands clamoring for freedom, the Administration's only statement has been a reiteration of what President COOLIDGE announced following General Wood's last visit: "We do not feel the Philippines to be ready for independence just yet."

The prohibition cause lost its field marshal on September 5 when death took WAYNE B. WHEELER, general counsel and legislative superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America. Mr. WHEELER's death came after an illness

of but three days and followed a few weeks after that of his wife, who was burned to death following the explosion of an oil stove at the WHEELER summer home in Northern Michigan. Mr. WHEELER entered upon the task of making this country dry shortly after his graduation from Oberlin College. In May, 1893, his name went on the rolls of the Anti-Saloon League as a lecturer and executive, and from that time forward he has continued in the work. To him more than to anyone else has been ascribed the success of the dries in securing passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. It was his genius in organizing the forces opposed to liquor, particularly among the women of the country, that was largely responsible for the great hold which the Anti-Saloon League has gained in this country. Mr. WHEELER's abilities were well recognized even by his bitter opponents, and while many have objected to his methods, no one has ever intimated any lack of respect for his abilities. No successor has been appointed as yet, and in fact it is intimated that it will be difficult to find a man to carry forward in any adequate sense the great task of directing the huge organization which Mr. WHEELER had built up. One of his last articles appeared in THE INDEPENDENT for June 17.

The absence of Viscount ROBERT CECIL from the British delegation was remarked by all the curious present at the first meeting, and interest was expressed in the presence of

Viscount Cecil Absent Lord ONSLOW in Viscount CECIL's regular place beside Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, British Foreign Minister.

Apparently the main business of this Assembly will be to start the ball rolling for some international treaty looking toward the outlawing of war. It has been intimated that Poland would be responsible for the suggestion, but on September 6 Holland apparently stole that nation's thunder when BELAERTS VAN BLOKLAND, Foreign Minister of that country, brought up the general subject of disarmament. He pointed to the increased frequency throughout the world of conferences upon limitation of arms, and suggested that the opportunity was ripe for a revision of the defunct Geneva Protocol of 1924, which contained resolutions and practical steps for the securing of international security, but was defeated through Great Britain's refusal to ratify it. Poland's plan was said to be a general compact of non-aggression to be signed by both members and nonmembers of the League. While it has not yet been made public, its basis is understood to be the offer of security for all nations by the simple means of weighting the scales too heavily against aggressive warfare, possibly a widening of the scope of the Locarno pacts.

The Eighth Assembly of the League of Nations convened at Geneva for its regular fall session on September 5.

Eighth Assembly Convenes ALBERTI H. GUANI of Uruguay, was chosen president of the Assembly for 1927 and 1928 to succeed President RAOUL DANDURAND of Canada. In

his opening speech, ENRIQUE VILLEGAS of Chile, acting president of the Council, took occasion to criticize the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission for its failure to reach any definite basis for a full meeting of the powers to discuss disarmament. He commented upon the vastness of the problem involved, pointed out in some extenuation of the failure that success would only be conditioned upon slow work, approaching the final end through easy stages. It was apparent, however, from his discourse that he felt the Commission had been unnecessarily prudent and cautious in discussing the problems.

HERBERT HOOVER, Secretary of Commerce, has been making a second swing through the Mississippi Valley to ascertain the progress toward rehabilitation of the flood victims. No

Hoover in Flood Area particularly optimistic picture has been drawn by him. He finds that sixty thousand people are still being taken care of by the Red Cross with perhaps half of the territory covered by the great flood bankrupt as a cause of it. Several millions of dollars' worth of mortgages held by bankers and others in the devastated area are now due or will fall due soon, with no money in the hands of the farmers to meet them. Many of the bankers, however, have pledged extensions to tide them over until crop receipts are received to meet their payments.

With the return of ANDREW W. MELLON to Washington recently following a two months' yachting cruise in the Mediterranean, rumor began at once to juggle

Mellon "At Home" his name along with the rest in the Presidential hat. But Mr. MELLON said nothing, beyond admitting that he had discussed "the state of the Union" with former Secretary of State HUGHES, and expressing his high regard for that gentleman. Friends of the Secretary of the Treasury denied that he had either the desire or the intention of running for several reasons, among others that the weight of seventy-two years forbade it.

Secretary of State KELLOGG began on September 7 the first of a series of conferences with Minister JOHN VAN A. MAC-MURRAY, recently returned from Peking, for the purpose of receiving a first-hand summary of conditions in China. No anxiety is felt over the situation at the present time, but the Secretary wishes to have a thorough knowledge of affairs at his finger tips.

The Editor Steps Down

OMAHA, Nebraska, seems to have taken to heart our issue for August 27. As evidence we submit two letters from irate citizens of that Middle Western metropolis, the first a rather acidulous comment from one of her own sex upon Miss Elizabeth Dickens' article, "They Ain't Done Right by Our Nell." We venture the suggestion that possibly our contributor ain't done so very good by Miss Dickens, but that is for the reader to decide.

DEAR SIR:

It seems to me that Elizabeth Dickens is inconsistent in her argument with reference to teaching "Our Nell" to do housework. She denies that Nell should be so taught and then sticks up for "hopeless-eyed Melissa" whose place is in the kitchen. Why didn't she say right out that she thinks some kinds of girls — her kind, for instance — should be exempted from learning housework, while the other kind — the work stock — should do the drudgery. She prepares herself by getting a job downtown and becoming some man's wage slave, and so prepares herself for marriage and life, while admitting she hasn't the ambition to keep her clothes closet in order — I suspect her dresser drawers are worse — and depends on hit-or-miss "help" to do her housework. It is perhaps a good thing that not so many girls hold her ideas, for it is still an accomplishment to be able to prepare a meal that is fit to eat, whether one need do so or not.

¶With the modern kitchen equipment it is far more of a pleasure for women who have the requisite amount of energy to prepare a meal than it is to sit at some desk and muddle over dry business activities. Standing behind a counter may be a less sultry occupation than working over a gas stove, but it also has its monotony. Certainly the world loses nothing by the Elizabeth Dickens' not learning to do housework.

¶As for the boys and the woodshed. Steam heat and coal have knocked them out of a job, except in the rural communities where wood is to be had. Men always have been the best cooks and waiters and many of our young men are learning domestic science. And if woman thinks that it makes a man effeminate to be able to do housework, she is badly mistaken. If there is a lessening in the future crop of dyspeptics, it will be because men are doing the cooking, and not the half-baked, imitation cooks to be found among our softer sex. There are many splendid women cooks and housekeepers, but the men outnumber them ten to one. The late war turned out thousands of cooks among the boys who served in the Army and Navy. Nearly every man born on the cattle ranges and in the woods country can cook and keep house. A man deems cooking and being able to keep bachelor's hall an accomplishment; many females deem it a dis-

gusting drudgery. I expect if Elizabeth had to cook her own meals in a pinch, she would poison herself with the messes she stirred up. Her futile gibe at the drudges is an indication of the cheapest form of snobbery. It has been said time and again that a fine cook is the greatest of artists, and that is the truth.

¶If the truth were known, probably seven tenths of the divorces would be found to have as a part of the grounds, poor cooking and slovenly housework. I suppose if all of the women who work and marry and continue working were able to hire a Melissa, there wouldn't be enough to go round. The trouble is that only a few of the wage slaves earn enough to hire Melissa, and so have to give an imitation of doing the work themselves. No wonder the men are learning to cook; if they did not, they would stand a good chance of filling an early grave owing to indigestion at the hands of their modern wives' cooking.

LOUISE WILSON.

THE second letter, discussing the issue raised by William Norwood Brigrance in his article on capital punishment, "A Life for a Life," is no less vehement than the first. And again we withhold comment, preferring that the letter should speak for itself:

DEAR SIR:

If I were to write an article similar to that of William Norwood Brigrance's "A Life for a Life," you wouldn't give it room in your periodical. However, I will give the learned gentleman his due, in that he has set down in a little different form, a time-worn topic, to wit: "Does capital punishment deter the committing of murder?" But he has overlooked some salient points. Society appears to think that when a person is executed for killing another person, the debt is squared. Blank kills Dash, and is strangled or burned to death in return. Dash is worth perhaps fifty times to society as much as Blank is, and yet society is satisfied and smugly licks its chops over what it calls "justice." Two wrongs do not make a right. Killing a person to get even with the person who was killed does not square the debt. We have a law against killing and yet we kill by another law. We call that justice.

¶Another thing: When we refer to England and Canada, we fail to take into consideration the difference in peoples. We are the modern Babylon, the most mongrel nation of peoples on earth. England's population is for the most part English; Canada's, Canadian; and the same applies to other foreign nations. This country was the dumping ground for the human refuse of the world. We have mixed and intermixed the different breeds until a pure blood is getting to be a curiosity. I would like to see England or Canada step over here and apply their methods of murder prevention. It might be considerably better, but it

would not be because of the death penalty, but because of their sense of honor among the legal fraternity. If we had means of sending murderers to prison for life and keeping them there, the murder rate would lower itself to a great degree. It isn't the kind of penalty that puts the fear of God into the potential killer's heart, but the knowledge that he can escape the penalty through the crooked legal procedure of his defense. Professor Brigrance admits this. He also appears to think that because a person commits one murder, the moment he is relieved from custody on parole or pardon he will immediately kill someone else. That is rather absurd. Many a murderer has reformed and become a good citizen after being released. He cites our big cities for murder victims. New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and others are the melting pots of the country. Most of the gangsters are of foreign birth or of foreign extraction. They murder for hate and jealousy and revenge. No form of punishment acts as a deterrent to such as these.

¶Our foremost prison wardens contend that the death penalty is not a deterrent. But no matter. The thing we need to do is remodel our legal procedure. One reason why our criminal element has so strong a pull is because the public is sick of the methods of prosecuting attorneys and their methods of railroading people to prison, and likewise the damnable third-degree methods employed by the police. We are fed up on this sort of thing. Is it any wonder that lawyers will fight to keep men out of prison under such conditions? In England, the defendant is guilty until he is proven innocent. The state hears the evidence and if it is sufficient to convict, the prisoner is judged guilty. Here we say the defendant is innocent until proven guilty, yet right from the jump, the prosecuting attorney judges the defendant guilty and proceeds to instill that idea into the minds of the jury and the judge. What we should do away with is the jury system and the pleadings of the prosecutor and the defense counsel. Many a man has been railroaded because he had not adequate skill against the "impassioned oratory" of the public prosecutor. If a person is guilty, he needs no pleas; if not guilty the state needs no pleas. The thing is barbaric and should have been abolished decades ago. The idea of a man's life hanging on the oratory of a legal shark is ridiculous.

FRED MASON.

WHILE we are on this subject, we may as well confess that we have received another note correcting our author's statement concerning the death penalty in Tennessee. We are beginning to fear that this subject will rival the Great Mohave Desert mistake which sorely plagued this office a month or more ago. Still we are grateful to this contributor from Richmond, Virginia. Still,

as we stated last week, there is only one side to this argument. The Mohave Desert is five hundred miles across — allowing room for discussion, surely. The present subject can be closed with a word.

DEAR SIR:

In the admirable article by Prof. William Norwood Brigrance in your issue of August 27 there occurs one erroneous and therefore misleading statement. On page 201 are these words "As everyone knows, the murder rates of Memphis and Nashville are the highest in the United States — 67.4 and 30.7, respectively — and Tennessee inflicts no capital punishment for murder."

Unfortunately for the argument of Mr. Brigrance, Tennessee *does* inflict the death penalty for murder by way of the electric chair. Like many of the other States mentioned in the article, Tennessee experimented and, like them, had to revert to her former practice. The death penalty for murder in the first degree was abolished in Tennessee in 1915 by repealing the statute. But the law was reenacted in 1919. Hence we will have to look elsewhere for the causes of the extremely high murder rates in Memphis and Nashville.

REV. A. C. TEBEAU.

THOSE who have already read Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach's article in this issue on "The Lost Leaders of Protestantism" will undoubtedly recall his series of last January on "Religious Liberty — the Great American Illusion." They will also have noticed that in the present instance, Dr. Dieffenbach has made no reference to the activities of the anti-evolutionists in recent months as he did the first of the year. It therefore may be in order to announce for publication in *THE INDEPENDENT* for October 1 a specially prepared summary by Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, of the various attempts made by the militant Fundamentalists to force legislation in several States during the year now drawing to a close.

We have mentioned in our columns from time to time, either in the editorial pages or the paragraphs on "What the World Is Doing," or in special articles such as that of Bruce Tarrant, "Minnesota: Modern or Mediæval," of January and "Monkey or Mud in South Carolina," by Edgar W. Knight, published in the spring, what had occurred or what impended in the way of legal scuffling in and about the lobbies of our State capitals, but we have not recently attempted to draw together the detailed chronicles of the great "mud-monkey" conflict which has been raging. Mr. Shipley's article, therefore, should be of very great interest not only to those who, through accidents of residence or religious conviction, are directly affected, but also to those who are on the side lines looking into the arena with varying degrees of interest, irritation, or amusement.

The Lost Leaders of Protestantism

(Continued from page 272)

virtual recantation. It now upheld the proposition that "freedom is an anachronism." What yesterday was the soul of its being was repudiated and cast to the void. "The average man," said the editor, "not only is not capable of perfect freedom in the individualistic sense, but he is not desirous of it. . . . He hesitates to trust his own judgment and seeks the support of a higher authority. . . . The authority of a personality alone is adequate. . . . We may well despair of ever making a majority of men reasonable." The reader pauses to see if he reads aright. He does. He had thought that the foundation of America is the freedom of the individual, freedom to hold his opinion and freedom to speak it; that is what religion also demands. In social action he is governed willingly, freely, by the rule of a majority; in his thinking he is master of his soul without respect to others. This is the stand a man takes, and he bases it on the "authority" of Jesus who said, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." What is truth, a man must himself decide. Jesus trusted men and called them brethren. That is why He is their leader. He never belittled them and insulted them by saying they could never become "reasonable."

How dare a Christian journal say men do not want freedom? How can it call itself American and utter such monarchic nonsense? How has it the face to affirm that a man and a Christian must have "superiors" in the Protestant Church who will tell him what he shall think? This paper was guilty of an unpardonable renunciation of the charter of Christianity itself. There is something more. The editor admitted there were "inconsistencies" in the churches, where the ministers have to "work with many minds and satisfy various religious needs." There are "two world views contending for mastery in the soul" — the two worlds which had "crashed" and could not be reconciled, according to the former editorial. The ministers, with people of both "worlds" in the pews, we are told, accommodate themselves. "Sometimes the inconsistencies are deliberately chosen because inconsistency is regarded as preferable to impotence." One pauses, incredulous, at such an exhibition of "inconsistency" and asks, Could any impotence be worse than that which says one thing and believes another?

More than any other influence, the *Christian Century* helped to save the day for Fundamentalism. It had the astuteness to speak the majority religious mind of America when it made its flop. Few persons stopped to inquire how this jour-

nal could be liberal, even radical, on social questions, and at the same time mediæval and forbidding against the principle of spiritual freedom. That is because, in disputed religious matters, most people feel rather than think. Of course, the editor is not a Fundamentalist in his heart. He is a Modernist with accommodation. This journal for June 16, 1927, prints a leading editorial on "Fading Fundamentalism." Believe it or not, there has never been any real trouble with Fundamentalism! The editor says so. "This state of affairs has come to be known, in the press and by the public generally," he admits, "as a struggle between Fundamentalists and Modernists." He continues, "As a matter of fact, it has hardly been that at all. There has never been a time when the members of any of these communions would permit themselves to be ranged under either of these labels." That is slightly forgetful. It was the same editor who declared, when the crisis was new, that the churches might sing "Blest be the tie that binds" till doomsday but they could not bind "the two worlds of Modernism and Fundamentalism together." "There is a clash here," he said, "as profound as that between Christianity and Confucianism." But "inconsistencies" are to be expected. So this is Christianity!

Galliéni and the Taxis of the Marne

(Continued from page 281)

Paris and talked over the situation with Galliéni. About noon Clergerie telephoned to Joffre's headquarters, explaining that Maunoury could attack north or south of the Marne, as Joffre might order; whereupon the three officers motored off to British headquarters at Melun. Galliéni wished the British to remain close to the Marne so that Maunoury could attack on the north bank; but Sir John French was absent, and without him his staff were unwilling to change the plan already made in accordance with Joffre's message of that morning. After waiting through the afternoon, Galliéni agreed to go ahead on that basis — Maunoury crossing the Marne and attacking south of the river in line with the British. No date was fixed for this attack, and none could be except by Joffre's orders; but for Maunoury to cross the Marne and move up to a line of battle would be at least a two days' operation; so that these projects involved nothing very sudden.

Joffre, meanwhile, had decided to halt all along the line and deliver his counter-offensive. We have no evidence as to the exact moment he came to the decision; but British staff officers heard the news during the afternoon at the Fifth Army

headquarters; and Joffre's first orders were issued at six in the evening. Returning to Paris about seven, Gallieni found various messages from Joffre awaiting him. One of them — omitted from both his book and Clergerie's — sent off at noon, instructed Gallieni to push forward at once a part of Maunoury's force as a menace against the German right wing. Another, a telegram sent off apparently just afterwards, was the answer to Clergerie's telephone message of that morning in regard to Maunoury's attacking either north or south of the Marne: Joffre preferred the latter. Gallieni then telephoned to Joffre in person and persuaded him to let Maunoury stay north of the river; and it was arranged that he should be ready to join in the general battle Joffre had now fixed for September 6. At eight Gallieni transmitted this order to Maunoury: but even now, eight hours after Joffre had first been consulted, there was no question of Maunoury beginning the battle on the morrow: he was ordered to "keep contact with the German army and follow it so as to be ready to participate in the coming battle," for the next day — September 5 — he was to "move eastward, in such a way as to bring his front up to the line of Meaux and be ready to attack on the morning of the sixth in liaison with the British army." Even in his own excited version Gallieni explains that this order was issued just after telephoning Joffre and on the basis of his approval; and hours before this the decision as to the Marne had been taken.

It so happened, however, that von Kluck's one corps lay ready directly upon the jump-off line north of Meaux; and while Maunoury was marching serenely ahead next day to the line assigned him, the Germans sallied forth in attack upon his marching columns. It was thus von Kluck who began the battle prematurely, in contradiction to Joffre's arrangements. Gallieni, in his memoirs, coolly postpones this mishap to the day following. The result of it reversed the whole course of the battle planned and intended. Instead of striking down in an easy triumph across von Kluck's unprotected lines of communications, the Sixth Army found its hands full in a five days' defensive battle west of the Ourcq — lacking to the end the reserves held back by Gallieni.

But it was all for the best. Maunoury put up so stiff a fight that von Kluck had to pull back the bulk of his army from the Marne to deal with him. Through the soft spot thus produced the British army drove forward — at a rate of eight or nine miles a day. Early on the morning of the September 9 they crossed the Marne, and the German command gave up the struggle. The British were walking straight up von Kluck's back, and there was a thirty-mile gap between him and von Bülow.

Checking Up the Taxpayer's Penny

(Continued from page 274)

Two thirds of the expenditures here are for highways, education, health, charities, and recreation. Protection to persons and property took another \$6.82 *per capita*.

A word about debts. In 1915 the total net debt of the 146 cities was \$2,245,906,412, or \$77.86 *per capita*. In 1923 it was \$3,541,722,458, or \$103.34 *per capita*, a gain of only thirty-two per cent on the *per capita* basis. For the 248 cities at the end of 1923 the total net debt was \$3,876,379,508, or \$98.96 *per capita*. At the same time these cities held assets — other than in sinking funds — to the amount of \$7,663,954,722, or nearly double the amount of the debt.

This examination of the expenditures and the debts of the States and of the cities warrants several observations. First, the amount of expenditures and debts is not so large as current excited charges would indicate. Second, by far the largest part of the expenditures is for highways, education, and social welfare, rather than for the routine government functions. Only in these lines of work if anywhere can material savings be effected. Third, the debts of both States and cities have as a counterpart a very large amount of public properties whose value as listed is much greater than the debts.

It is to be hoped that this analysis will not be misunderstood. Waste wherever found should be eliminated. Appropriate economies should be effected. Administrative efficiency should be demanded and secured. Expenditures for education may be extravagant and if so should be curtailed. Graft and incompetency may be found in highway departments.

Yet the practical economies will be limited. Expenditures for Federal, State, and local governments will doubtless grow in the future as they have in the past. A confessedly superficial examination of the available data suggests we have been getting something for the expenditures of the past. Let us see to it that we continue to get results. It is by no means a cause for regret that so much of the increase is going for education and for social welfare work, while the modern expensive highway is a necessity with the automobile and the motor truck. What use of money can be suggested that would be more productive?

One danger is that the present criticisms of expenditure will divert attention from the importance of revising our taxation. With the growing amount of public activity and the need for larger and larger revenues it is increasingly worth while to make sure that the distribution of taxes is as equitable as it can be made. It is here that the more important work lies.

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F. L. Smith, Jr.			

A CURIOUS reaction is noticeable in the attitude of the daily press toward President Coolidge's "I do not choose." At first there was practical unanimity of opinion in judging that the President had deliberately put himself out of the race. Many news stories and special articles appeared appraising the strength of the various obvious candidates who should follow in his footsteps. Great men were asked their opinions, not so much as to the meaning of the President's words as to their choice of a successor. Now the tone is changing. No longer do head-



lines describe some correspondent's opinion on the relative strength of Lowden, Dawes, or Hoover in Nebraska. The emphasis has shifted to a definite questioning of the President's meaning and intent. The action of Massachusetts enthusiasts who, following the lead of former Senator Butler, insist that the President is still in the ring, remain uncontradicted by the one individual who could finally set all doubts at rest — the President himself. The horde

of officeholders, whose official life is closely bound up with the Coolidge régime, are working overtime toward the same end. A few scattered business men's organizations have been formed to propel the President into another term. No longer do other candidates command front-page attention. In fact, all eyes are again centered on the figure who has returned to the remodeled White House. And still silence. Not a word from the clear and simple lexicon of the English language to replace the ambiguous "choose." Perhaps the President enjoys the uncertainty. Perhaps his friends are advising him to keep quiet until the true proportions of the Coolidge-for-a-third-term snowball can be gauged. We cannot believe either of these explanations. We still believe and hope that the President will make himself unmistakably clear and do it very soon.

Another White Coal Triumph

SUPERPOWER, that much advertised Goliath of the modern industrial structure, took another leap forward when steam plants in the Northern States were linked up last week with Southern hydroelectric centers. Power lines of this latest

connecting system extend from Mobile, Alabama, to Chicago. Seven power companies of Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania have been joined with a company which serves a portion of the Southern seaboard, and through that company with plants in Alabama. Thus a plan which owes much of its impetus to the emergency created by our entrance into the World War, and was carried forward by governmental research under Secretary Hoover, continues its advance. Officials of the power companies believe the link will result in mutual benefit to Northern and Southern utilities. If the South faces a water-power shortage owing to drought, Northern steam plants will make up the deficit. On the other hand, if the Northern States find their power supply restricted by strikes in the coal industry, Southern hydroelectric plants will relieve the situation. The dream of the superpower advocates may in a measure be realized.

Much truth lies in the statement of engineering authorities, however, that interconnection of power plants other than those which fall naturally within definite regional programs is neither practical nor desirable at the present time. In the first place, long-distance transmission is difficult and costly. In the second, generating costs are but a fraction of the consumer's bill. The slight reduction which the substitution of white coal for black might register in consumer cost is negligible, and sometimes there is no economy whatsoever. If the Boulder Dam project on the Colorado River is eventually put into effect, the cost of its power to southern California is likely to be actually greater than the cost from present sources.

The principal economy which superpower can accomplish under present conditions is in "evening the load." Its wide distribution may help in meeting the fluctuations in the demand for power which occur regularly in different parts of a district over twenty-four-hour periods, since rivers and falls which are superpower sources run day in and day out. It may assist, as company officials suggest, in meeting a coal shortage or a drought. But there is as yet no demand for a nation-wide interconnection of power lines.

France Learns American Tricks

WHEN Tilden and Johnston limped defeated off the Germantown courts the United States relinquished the Davis Cup, confessing that France had learned to beat her in a game at which Americans were for seven years invincible. There was regret, a little perfunctory applause, but no vituperation. The tariff game is another in which the United States has been considered for some time invincible, and in which France has sprung a surprise by coming out suddenly with a series of smashing placements from the base line. We have

received the new French tariff schedule with considerably less grace than we showed the victory of Lacoste and Cochet; in fact, the grand stand has been shaken by a fit of editorial booing such as has not been heard since the Mellon-Béranger debt settlement fell to pieces.

In this there is some justification. It appears at first sight that France has failed to appreciate the favor we have done her by flooding her market with everything from red paint to alarm clocks and safety razors. It seems that she has taken unfair advantage of us by driving home a decisive point after time has been called, and added insult to injury making concessions to Germany.

On reflection, however, we must confess that France has made an allowable *coup* in the tariff tournament. In a way, she has adopted the American technique. She has decided that if a high tariff wins victories for industry on one side of the Atlantic, it is likely to do the same thing for industry on the other. Her change of attitude is one which we must accept with a degree of equanimity and sportsmanship until matters are brought to a show-down by the opening in October of Franco-American trade negotiations.

France could not have made her recent tariff revision without the realization that it would meet with protest from America, and it is highly probable that she will be willing to do a little horse trading with us when the time comes. If she has strengthened her position for such trading, it is something of which we cannot logically complain. The best we can do is to request that until October she leave in effect the old intermediate rates. If she declines to do this, our exporters will have to make what they can of an awkward month's wait.

The First Fifty Years Are Hardest

IN a striking article in a recent issue of *Collier's*, Maj. Chester P. Mills tells the story of his term of office as prohibition administrator of the Second Federal District, comprising New York City and the Hudson Valley counties, Long Island, and Connecticut. According to him the function of the prohibition service, as our Solons and statesmen see it, is to provide jobs for the hungry small fry of the political fringe. "Prohibition," he says, "is the new pork barrel." His career as a prohibition administrator was one long squabble with political



bosses who wished to provide support for good, bad, and indifferent political friends at the public expense. In the end, he claims, the politicians shouldered him out of his job simply because he preferred efficiency to a comfortable pork barrel.

Seymour Lowman, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition, has on several occasions with singular frankness expressed his views on the personnel of the service and on prohibition in general. Some days, he says, his arm gets tired signing letters discharging inefficient or dishonest agents. It will take about fifty years to make enforcement effective, he thinks — implying that even then America will not look or act exactly like the Sahara Desert.

All of this is fairly discouraging to us ardent prohibitionists. We did not pass this great moral measure in order to create a new pork barrel or an asylum for decayed ward heelers. We passed it to keep everyone from drinking. So far our purpose does not seem somehow to have been achieved.

Legal Restraints for Derring Do

ACTING Secretary of the Navy T. Douglas Robinson has put one over on the old man of the sea by refusing the aid of the United States Navy to transoceanic flyers. If hereafter 'planes are spiked on the old man's trident and dragged to the bottom, it will be through no connivance on the part of Mr. Robinson. By canceling the leaves granted to Lieut. Lawrence W. Curtin and Ensign Steve V. Edwards, who were to accompany Capt. René Fonck on his New York to Paris flight, and by rejecting



the request that naval vessels patrol the Pacific for the benefit of World Flyers Brock and Schlee, he has inaugurated for his Department a policy of frowning upon such ventures. Besides this, he has recommended that the Department of Commerce undertake measures to prevent "stunt" flying. Civil aviation may be controlled by that Department under authority from Congress, according to Mr. Robinson.

For our part, while we doubt that any legal restraint can be put upon adventurous flyers, we approve of these blows which Mr. Robinson has landed against circus aviation. They will help in settling a dangerous nuisance with which we have already expressed our dissatisfaction. At the same time, we concur with Colonel Lindbergh in his opinion that a way ought to be left open for the perfecting of distance flights. "Hazardous flights should not be prohibited, but they should be attempted only after careful study by experienced personnel, with the best of modern equipment, and for a definite purpose," he has said. "In the future expeditions should be organized and prizes offered under conditions which promote the development of safer travel."

It is possible that foolhardy exploits in aviation can be discouraged without closing the door to such flights as Colonel Lindbergh has in mind. Army and Navy pilots can, of course, be forbidden to take part in hazardous stunts. For the rest, we hope that the National Aëronautic Association, together with the Department of Commerce, will use its influence.

Harassments of Beauty

FANNY BRICE has told the world that she lost her husband when the facial surgeons took the hump out of her nose. The sight of his wife with a straight or gentile nose aroused in the breast of Mr. Nicky Arnstein what Miss Brice — Mrs. Arnstein in private life — described as "an inferiority complex." The fact that he was languishing in the Government's large calaboose at Leavenworth does not seem to have affected unhappily his self-esteem, but he simply could not bear the thought or the sight of a wife with a good-looking nose. It was humiliating to his masculine pride. Other men had ugly wives. Why couldn't he? It is pretty tough when you marry a nice ugly woman and then when you come out of jail you find that she has gone and made herself pretty. Who wouldn't develop an inferiority complex under such treatment.

There is a moral here for us men. If we wish — and of course we do wish — to hold the love of our wives, we should think twice before we have our faces lifted or our eyebrows plucked or our beards curled or our ears trimmed. Too much beauty on our part might make the poor girls feel inferior; they might get to feeling so terribly inferior that they would think they weren't fit to live in the same house with us, and the first thing we knew they would be walking out on us, accompanied by the iceman or the traffic cop.

Jimmy the Idealist!

DAPPER Jimmy Walker, emissary of Tammany Hall in Europe, has elicited an enthusiastic tribute from Mussolini, the Cast Iron Duke of Italy. Julius Cæsar in his day of triumph could not have been more impressed with a talented chieftain of Britain than was the Premier of Italy with New York's tourist mayor. "Mr. Walker is young not only in appearance, but also in spirit," said Mussolini. "He is a man of great talent, an idealist and a practical man at the same time, and highly fitted, therefore, to govern the great metropolis in which live 1,000,000 Italians whom the mayor of New York has praised highly, saying that they are hard-working, and obedient to American laws."

Jimmy the Idealist! Such is the title which this interview will send ringing through the annals of American civic government. We are led to wonder

what Mussolini would have said of William Hale Thompson, the man who saved Chicago from the menace of King George of England or of Senator Heflin who protects us from the Pope.

It is evident that the blandishments of the boy mayor were not without effect upon the man of iron. Possibly Il Duce has been led to believe that the million obedient and hard-working Italians of New York are housed along Riverside Drive and Park Avenue, where they drink their sunny wines and conduct their native festivals with the full assistance of Jimmy's kindly lieutenants, to whom votes matter nothing and the milk of human kindness counts for all.

If we are going to have a real Utopia in America the best way to attain it will be the arrangement of more interviews such as the one between Benito and his honor, the mayor. And there are a good many civic executives, Jimmy Walker excepted, who would do more for their municipalities by undertaking perpetual tours of Europe than by staying at home to practice the spirit of youth or their kind of idealism.

Germany Steals a March

NO move in the current gathering theof League of Nations Assembly has been more striking than the announcement of Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, that the Reich will accept the compulsory arbitration clause of the World Court protocol. For if Germany makes good her word, it will strengthen the position of the court and inaugurate among the great powers a new and salutary attitude toward that judicial body.



Under the provisions of the protocol there are two alternatives for a nation adhering to the Court. It may join with the understanding that cases in which it claims an interest shall be submitted to arbitration only with its consent, or it may go the whole way and agree to accept compulsory arbitration of any dispute in which it may be involved with another power. Thirty-two states have thus far gone the whole way, but among them is none of the great powers. In Geneva arises the feeling that Germany has stolen a march on her former enemies. And in this latest declaration of her intentions, Germany has indeed marched a long way toward continued peace in Europe, and has called the bluff of Great Britain, France, Japan, and Italy. By her demonstration of confidence in the World Court, she has set a course for them to follow, a practical course in which there is room for a good deal besides the eulogizing of peace through florid oratory. Dr. Stresemann's

speech has done much to dissipate the gloom in which the League session opened, treading close upon the heels of the unsuccessful three-power armament conference. His attitude has been lavishly praised by M. Briand and by other European statesmen. It remains to be seen what besides speech making will grow out of the situation.

In the meantime, certain pessimistic American observers are inclined to scoff. "What is Dr. Stresemann up to?" they demand. Their answer is that he has a set of reservations up his sleeve, for it is inconceivable to them that anyone should care to make such a move without neutralizing it first by a cautious bill of exceptions.

The contrast between the attitudes of Dr. Stresemann and the United States Senate toward the Court is one which deserves thoughtful consideration in this country, where peace is theoretically perched in effigy on every flagpole. Germany's latest move at Geneva should cause our domestic reservationists to question themselves more deeply. If reactionary Europe advances from talking about peace to acting in the interests of peace, the liberal-minded United States should not be slow to follow. We shall watch with interest developments surrounding the compulsory-arbitration clause of the World Court protocol.

Misanthropy on a Tropic Shore

THE story of Col. P. H. Fawcett, British explorer, is one which will tax the understanding of many a comfortable city dweller. Here, according to report, is a man who foregoes the pleasures of movies, theatres, taxicabs, and automat cafeterias, and prefers the jungle. No more jazz, traffic jams and billboards, or red-hot mamas for Colonel Fawcett! In his South American retreat he will live forgotten and unnoticed, angling in undiscovered waters for fish never dreamed of by Isaak Walton, entranced by the flight of brilliant birds such as Europe never saw. He will live as a self-exiled Robinson Crusoe, with no wish for home or its doubtful advantages. With his son and another white man for companions, he will spend his allotted time in the South American jungle, far from the nearest white settlement.

Roger Courteville, Brazilian engineer, who claims to have found Colonel Fawcett, describes him as "a man of dull spirit and a misanthrope." Perhaps an engineer is ill-fitted to understand this strange genius of the tropics. A less practical type might find in Colonel Fawcett the expression of something dormant but none the less present in many men — the wish to escape from a mechanical age and spend a life of romancing far from dank subway platforms and sunless tenements. If an expedition is sent to interrogate Colonel Fawcett it should consist chiefly of poets and musicians.

Latin America and the League

SOME of our international political prophets have had the hunch for a long time that the United States and the League of Nations would eventually find their interests clashing in Latin America. They have prophesied that Latin America will look more and more to the League for protection against the United States, and less and less to the Monroe Doctrine for protection against Europe. These prophets, close kin of the long-range weather forecasters, must have chortled with pent-up emotion when Dr. Eusebio A. Morales, former Foreign Minister of Panama, rose in League meeting recently to urge League intervention in Panama's "dispute" with the United States over the sovereignty of the Canal Zone, suggesting that the matter be referred to an international court of justice for settlement. For them, this event was a realization of their predictions.

Obviously, discussion at Geneva as to whether the United States possesses sovereignty in the Zone would lead to embarrassment for all parties concerned. While officials of the United States Government recognize the right of Panama, a League member, to bring such a question before the Assembly, they have expressed the very definite view that the United States and Panama can satisfactorily adjust between themselves any outstanding problems which may arise. The State Department has made clear its conviction that the League of Nations has nothing whatsoever to do with American control of the Canal Zone, now, or in the future. As for the League, it seems to have no immediate desire to tread on American toes. It is probable that Great Britain and France, in particular, wishing to hold the good will of the United States, will apply the soft pedal to Dr. Morales' sonata. On investigation it is likely to be found that this fervid gentleman was improvising at the keyboard without instructions from his Government, which has little to gain by such a piece of concert work.

The fact remains, however, that Panama is trying to fulfill two obligations at once: her obligation toward the League on one hand, and her obligation toward the United States on the other. Panama has thus far failed to ratify the treaty which was to supplement the treaty of 1903 with the United States. The new pact, drafted under the direction of Secretary Kellogg, would permit the United States to move armed forces across the territory of Panama in any war in which this country might be engaged. It provides that the Republic of Panama should "consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent." As writers in *THE INDEPENDENT* have pointed out, this provision conflicts with the League Covenant to which Panama has bound herself. Article

II of the Covenant holds that in case an international dispute arises between members of the League, "they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council, and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report of the Council." Fortunately for the United States, it makes no essential difference whether the new treaty is put into effect or not. The old one suffices for the present, in so far as we are concerned.

But the issue raised by the Morales appeal to authorities at Geneva and the rejection of the new treaty by Panama may continue to plague us and to excite our minor prophets. Do the interests of the League and the United States necessarily conflict in Latin America? Any consideration of our own interests in that region must take into account the fact that the United States needs the Panama Canal for the benefit of her commerce in time of peace, and as a strategic necessity in the event of war. In order to safeguard the Canal she requires something besides cruisers and military defenses. She requires the good will of the republics of Central and South America, and assurance, at the same time, that law and order shall be maintained in those republics. In general, she has worked toward obtaining these essentials, although sometimes, as in the case of the recent Nicaraguan intervention, she has taken a dubious means of going about it.

The League of Nations, on its side, desires the coöperation of the South American republics under the League Covenant, and a continuance of the cosmopolitan character given the League by the membership of nations in the Western Hemisphere. If other of the South American members of the League were to follow Brazil in her decision to withdraw, the League would find itself becoming more and more a European, and less and less a world-wide, organization. But in the Panama Canal the League has a stake even larger than its own prestige to consider. The Canal is one of the great trade links of the world, one of those instruments of commerce which rise above mere regional significance. The League's interest in world trade and world peace demands that a strong nation like the United States should guarantee the safety of the Canal.

At present there seems no good reason why there should be any fundamental conflict between the League and the United States over influence in Latin America, or any basis for realization of the dire prophecies which have been advanced. So long as the League recognizes the importance to the United States of controlling the Canal Zone, and so long as the United States respects the rights of the Latin American republics, it will take more than the suggestion of Dr. Morales to create a serious situation. In view of existing circumstances, the present disturbance is nothing, after all, but a tempest in a teapot.

Emerson, a Rediscovered Modern

By Percy H. Boynton

THE invention of the camera and the development of the photogravure have had more to do with recent criticism in America than most people realize. The camera came into vogue after the Civil War, the general use of the half tone for illustrations not until the 'eighties; so that the surviving worthies in American life became for the first time visible to the American public as elderly gentlemen, kindly, complacent, white-haired. The youthful or middle-aged portraits of the well-known Nineteenth Century writers are rare and on the whole unconvincing, for the portraits current in print have so fixed their subjects in perennial old age that these others can only serve as doubtful allegations that they were once young. They were not only old; they were old-fashioned. The beards and whiskers of Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, the flowing mustachios of Hawthorne and Lowell, are out-of-date. (Odd that no flouter has ever dubbed them the Bush League.) Away with their obsolete ideas. With the result that Holmes and Emerson, though at least not guilty of neglecting the razor, have been herded along with their fellows.

Burdened with this handicap, it was too much to expect that they could hold their own in the modern free-for-all. When America recently began to take account of itself they were miscellaneously turned out to pasture as Victorians, Puritans, relics of the past, Emerson with the rest. He had said, "Cast behind you all conformity," and "I wish to consider well this affirmative side . . . which encroaches on [conservation] every day, puts it out of countenance, out of reason, out of temper, and leaves it nothing but silence and possession;" he had said a dozen other things of the same sort, and for a half century had been the horror of the smug conservative; but the ultramoderns lumped him with his generation. Mr. Brownell, to be sure, included him in the company of Plato and Pascal and Shakespeare and Goethe as an easy emulator of their cosmic inclusiveness, and Mr. Sherman declared that his "Essays" and "Journals" were books to be shipwrecked with, but Brownell and Sherman were proponents of the old order. They were hardly better than the textbook writers who damned Emerson with their frayed praise. His portraits told the story; he was just one of a lot of negligible old gentlemen.

This was natural enough in an image-breaking period. The iconoclast cannot waste time in fine discriminations; in his business of idol smashing he has to work with fury. Sooner or later comes the further business of picking up the pieces. It has already begun, and the first discovery seems to be that Emerson was not smashed, was not badly battered, was not even tipped off the pedestal, was only covered for a moment in the general débris.

A half dozen books within the year have borne witness to this; notably among them Lewis Mumford's "The Golden Day," Vernon L. Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought," and Van Wyck Brooks' "Emerson and Others." They have testified impressively to what Mr. Brownell wrote nearly twenty years ago: that though the perspective of time diminishes most reputations, it has already enlarged Emerson's, that he is peculiarly American, that he is both great and characteristic in his greatness.

FOR Mr. Mumford the golden day in American history was the period of disintegration and fulfillment between 1830 and 1860, a period that generated men in America as no other has. It was in this climax of American experience that an imaginative New World came into being, that the Protestant movement was brought to a conclusion, and that steps were made toward new institutions, a new art, and a new philosophy. "The American went on. Whereas, in their search for a new basis for culture, Nietzsche went back to pre-Socratic Greece, Carlyle to Abbott Samson, Tolstoi and Dostoevsky to primitive Christianity, and Wagner to the early Germanic fables, Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman went forward. . . . They followed the possibilities, these Americans, of a modern basis for culture, nearer to the formative thinkers and poets of the past, than those who sought to restore the past." And for Mr. Mumford the preëminent American of the period was Emerson.

For the essential doctrine of Emerson was to determine actual values beneath the appearances of customs and institutions, and then to reject these or change them or build upon them, insisting that a popgun was a popgun though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirmed it to be the crack of doom. To do this demanded a persistence that

In their zeal to discard all things Victorian the moderns tried to cast out Emerson with the rest; but even their wholesale iconoclasm could not move him on the pedestal where he sits as surely a figure of this century as of his own. Professor Boynton of the University of Chicago, whose "Some Contemporary Americans" and later "More Contemporary Americans" have attracted wide interest, discusses recent estimates of the sage of Concord in the light of his own opinion

sometimes approached doggedness, a devotion to one pursuit that withdrew him as far from active navigation as an inventor of nautical instruments, and a courage which was saved from grimness by the humor which made him quaintly speculative on the supposed duties of the heretic.

Finally, in Mr. Mumford's estimate Emerson's philosophy was no less of a philosophy because he did not codify it into a system. For he was keenly alive to the contributions of empirical science and not unaware of the facts of contemporary life. But he was not inhibited thereby from the recognition of spiritual truth, perceiving that "matter passed into spirit and became a symbol, and that spirit passed into matter and gave it form," a perception more complete than that of any Nineteenth Century contemporary in America or elsewhere. In the vigor of his challenge, and in the happy degree to which Thoreau and Whitman met and fulfilled it, lies Emerson's significance for this new expositor.

TO Mr. Mumford Emerson marks high noon in the golden day. To Mr. Parrington in his wide study of the currents of American thought the Concord sage is not quite so important, though he seems a dominant figure in the romantic revolution, a "thinker loose in the America of Daniel Webster." Mr. Mumford, being philosophically minded, regards him as preëminently a philosopher. Mr. Parrington, who is politically minded, estimates him as a philosopher too little recognized for his trenchancy as a critic. They disagree in no essential though they differ in emphasis.

To Mr. Parrington Emerson is interesting for his own emancipations — from the Puritanism which had begotten him, from the bookishness into which he grew up, from a contentment with transcendental aphorisms to an inclination to apply these aphorisms to the life of his own day, setting the ideal on one side of the scale and his native New England on the other and bidding his neighbors see how the balance tipped.

Emerson's political theory, like his philosophy, proves to be unformulated in set statements, though implicitly to be aligned against coercive government of any sort. He feared an energetic government as a source of potential tyranny; he rejected an economic interpretation of the state, which set property above or in rivalry with human life. For these reasons he preferred an agrarian to an industrial order, and in his belief in the reduction of state powers to lowest terms and the recognitions of the rights of man, he was a Jeffersonian heir to the romantic politics of the Eighteenth Century.

This, which is a matter of pertinent inquiry, is actually less important than what Mr. Parrington reminds us of, and what many never knew, that, in measuring what he saw in the light of what he believed, Emerson was capable of plain speaking,

asperity, scorn, scathing vehemence. A re-reading of his occasional addresses — more significant than the "Journals" because the latter include only the residuum that he did not care to utter aloud — affords an abundance of observations that might be indiscriminately blackguarded as Bolshevistic in the present *post-bellum* hysteria of conservatism. In the "Journals" he wrote, "The State is a poor, good beast who means the best; it means friendly. A poor cow who does well by you, — do not grudge it its hay. . . . Take this handful of clover and welcome. But if you go to hook me when I walk in the fields, then, poor cow, I will cut your throat." But in his speech on affairs in Kansas he said hardly less: "I own I have little esteem for governments. . . . In this country for the last years the government has been the chief obstruction to the common weal. . . . I do not know any story so gloomy as the politics of this country for the last twenty years, centralizing ever more manifestly around one spring, and that a vast crime."

So though he tried to keep his head in solitude, his hands were often drawing him into society when he could not help grappling with issues. He freed himself from the meanness and crabbedness of the Yankee and the harsh illiberalism of the Puritan, but he was still subject to the Puritan's righteous indignation and was unwilling on occasion to keep it to himself.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, in his "Emerson and Others," abandons the psychoanalysis to which he submitted Mark Twain and Henry James to adopt, at the farthest extreme from this, the method of the portrait painter. He presents his subject in six poses: at the club, projecting and working for the *Dial*, among the reformers, at his desk, on the lecture rostrum, and in Concord. There is no exposition of Emerson, no legends under the pictures. Out of the "Journals," 5,600 pages of them, the contour of the man has been drawn. And the sketches portray everything that belongs to Emerson except his repose. They have Emerson's energy, but they are like moving pictures that have been so speeded up by an inexperienced operator that a normal walk is converted into an ambulatory agitation across the screen.

YET the essential man is there, more human and informal than in the critical analysis of Mumford and Parrington, and lending distinction to his time and place because all the objects of the universe converge on him as he passes along between the eternities; not so indomitable — for that suggests spectacular heroism — as incorrigible, in his own homely dignity. "He would listen to no more reproofs, but steadily persist in his own native choices against all argument and example — defend them against the multitude, defend them against the wise. Defend them against his disciples. By no

man's distaste was he to be chidden out of his most trivial natural habit. Even pie for breakfast!"

I must confess that the recent shower of scorn that has fallen on James Gates Percival and Ralph Waldo Emerson alike has brought its measure of consolation with it, if only for the degree in which it has dampened the ardor of the Emersonians who can never talk for five minutes without allusions to the song in the scum, or the wagon and the star, or self-excusing beauty, or the elusive mousetrap and the beaten path — people who are the most perfect confirmation of his stricture in the essay on "Quotation and Originality" on the innumerable parasites who "take an extreme content in suction, which constitutes the main business of their life."

But showers cannot storm down sober judgment.

Emerson is a sane modern. He is quite abreast of the scientific movement of the day. He would find in its latest revelations fresh ground for reverential wonder at the prevalence of universal law and fresh justification for his faith in universal order. In a world which has been rearoused to the honest doubt that leads toward truth it is inevitable that there should be a fresh resorting to the man who said, "No facts to me are sacred; none are profane; I simply experiment, an endless seeker with no Past at my back. . . . Nothing is secure but life, transition, the energizing spirit. No love can be bound by oath or covenant against a higher love. No truth so sublime but it may be trivial tomorrow in the light of new thoughts. People wish to be settled; only so far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them."

Nephews of Uncle Remus

By Wallace Thurman

IT is too bad that negro literature and literary material have had to be exploited by fad finders and sentimentalists. Too bad that the ballyhoo brigade which fostered the so-called negro art "renaissance" has chosen to cheer and encourage indiscriminately anything which claims a negroid ancestry or kinship. For as the overfed child gags when forced to swallow an extra spoonful of half-sour milk, so will the gullible American public gag when too much of this fervid fetish known as negro art is shoveled into its gaping minds and mouths, and the Afro-American artist will find himself as unchampioned and as unimpressive as he was before Carl Van Vechten commenced caroling of his charms in *Vanity Fair*, and the *Survey Graphic* discovered the "new negro" in 1924. Less so; for even in the prerennaissance days any negro who achieved something in literature was regarded with wonderment even by the emancipated white intellectuals. But now so many negroes have written a book or a story or a poem that the pale-faced public is no longer astonished by such phenomena.

There has, of course, been some compensation. Negroes have become more articulate and more coherent in their cries for social justice, and they have also begun to appreciate the advantages of racial solidarity and individual achievement. But speaking purely of the arts, the results of the renaissance have been sad rather than satisfactory, in that critical standards have been ignored, and the measure of achievement

has been racial rather than literary. This is supposed to be valuable in a social way, for it is now current that the works produced by negro artists will form the clauses in a second emancipation proclamation, and that because of the negro artists and their works, the Afro-American will reap new fruits of freedom. But this will be true only inasmuch as the negro artist produces dignified and worth-while work. Quick, tricky, atmospheric bits will be as ephemeral as they are sensational, and sentimental propaganda, unless presented in a style both vigorous and new, will have the effect of bird shot rather than that of shrapnel. Which is to say that the negro will not be benefited by mediocre and ephemeral works, even if they are hailed by well-meaning, but for the moment, simple-minded, white critics as works of genius.

There is a constant controversy being waged as to whether or not there can be in America something specifically known as negro literature. One school says yes, pointing out the fact that there are inherent differences between whites and blacks which will cause the artistic works of the two groups to be distinctly different. The other school contends that there can be no such thing in America as an individual negro literature; that the Afro-American is different from the white American in only one respect, namely, skin color, and that when he writes he will observe the same stylistic conventions and literary traditions.

This latter school

A "dash of color" is so much the literary fad that critics have become enthusiastic over negro writers out of all proportion to their worth. Wallace Thurman, editor of "Fire," a magazine devoted to negro art and literature, largely debunks this cult of the primitive spirit introduced into American writing by colored authors, and judges the negro's contribution by sober critical standards and common sense

seems to have the better of the argument. It is true that anthropologically the American negro is really no negro at all. He retains such an ethnological classification only because there seems to be nothing else to call him. There are probably no pure-blooded negroes in America. The present-day American colored man is, as the Anthropological Department of Columbia University has advanced, neither negro, Caucasian, nor Indian, but a combination of all three with the negroid characteristics tending to dominate. Furthermore, the American negro has absorbed all of the American white man's culture and cultural appurtenances. He uses the same language, attends the same schools, reads the same newspapers and books, lives in the same kind of houses, wears the same kind of clothes, and is no more keenly attuned to the African jungle or any of its æsthetic traditions than the average American white man.

It is hard to see, then, that the negro in America can produce an individual literature. What he produces in the field of letters must be listed as American literature, just as the works of the Scotchman Burns or the Irishman Synge are listed as English literature. The negro author can, by writing of certain race characteristics and institutions, introduce a negro note into American literature, just as Yeats, Colum, A. E., Lady Gregory, and others introduced a Celtic note in English literature, but in America this can be done by a white writer as well as by a black one, and there is a possibility of its being done much better by the former, in that he may approach his material with a greater degree of objectivity. For example, no negro has written about his own people as beautifully or as sympathetically as has Du Bose Heyward, the author of "Porgy," purely because the negro writer, for the most part, has seen fit to view his own people as sociological problems rather than as human beings, and has written of little else save the constant racial struggle between whites and blacks. Consequently, he has limited himself and left a great deal of fresh vital material untouched.

IT was to be hoped that the renaissance would make the negro writer more aware of the value of the literary material provided by his own people. During this time, Du Bose Heyward wrote "Porgy," Julia Peterkin wrote "Green Thursday" and "Black April," but as yet no negro novelist has taken a hint from these white writers, let alone tried to surpass them.

The question arises: Must the negro author write entirely of his own people? So many of the young negro writers have asked this and then wailed that they did not wish to be known as *negro* artists, but as *artists*. They seemed to think that by writing of white people they could produce better work and have a less restricted field of endeavor. In trying

to escape from a condition their own mental attitude makes more harrowing they forget that every facet of life can be found among negroes, who, being human beings, have all the natural emotional and psychological reactions of other human beings. They live, die, hate, love, and procreate. They dance and sing, play and fight. And if art is the universal expressed in terms of the particular, there is, if he has the talent, just as much chance for the negro author to produce great literature by writing of his own people as if he were to write of Chinese or Laplanders. He will be labeled a *negro* artist, with the emphasis on the negro rather than on the artist, only as he fails to rise above the province of petty propaganda, or fails to find a means of escape from both himself and his environment.

THE pioneer work done by Jean Toomer in freeing himself from restrictive racial bonds and letting the artist in him take flight where it will, and the determination with which Langston Hughes went about depicting his people, their rhythms and institutions, make these two appear to be the most important literary figures the renaissance has produced. They, of all the young negro writers, have seemed to be the most objective and the most aware of the æsthetic value of literary material in their race. Their work is distinctive because it contains vestiges of that negro note which will characterize the literature produced by truly talented, sincere negro writers. Neither of them is worried by an inferiority complex which makes him wish to escape his race by not writing of it and at the same time binds him more tightly to the whipping post he would escape. The trouble with Mr. Toomer is that he has written too little. The trouble with Mr. Hughes is that he has written too much, in that he seems to lack, where his own work is concerned, that discriminating sense of selection which makes the complete artist as critical as he is creative. Urged on by a faddistic interest in the unusual, Mr. Hughes has been excessively prolific, and has exercised little restraint. The result is that his work is uneven to an alarming degree, and makes one fear that soon he will expend all of his spiritual energy in bubbling over in his adolescence rather than conserving himself until he matures. He needs to learn the use of the blue pencil and the waste-paper basket.

Eric Walrond can be classed with Mr. Toomer in that when writing of his own people he treats them objectively and as human beings. His "Tropic Death" was marred only by the writer's inability to master completely his style. He was attempting to forge a new method of expression, to escape, as Jean Toomer escaped, from the staid conventionality of stereotyped prose; and he succeeded to a degree that almost made one overlook those passages which were incoherent or tiresome. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that had his style been less esoteric or

more controlled, the subject matter would have been more effective, a large order when one remembers such stories as "The Vampire Bat" and "The Black Pin."

Rudolph Fisher has written one very good short story of negro life in Harlem, and a few more which, while vivid with local color, are weak in other respects. "The City of Refuge," which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* almost three years ago, and was later incorporated in "The New Negro," that handbook of the renaissance edited by Alain Locke, was one of the first short stories written by a negro about negroes which did not follow the conventional formula. It told the story of a Southern negro's coming to Harlem, the city of refuge, and of his struggles to adapt himself to a strange and complex environment. Here was drama of a new order, drama and color and life, a story as good as it was unusual. One waits expectantly for Mr. Fisher's first novel.

There are many more negro writers who could be discussed in detail if the space allowed. Zora Neale Hurston is a good story-teller, but an indifferent craftsman. Walter White and Jessie Fauset have produced nothing out of the ordinary, or very good. James Weldon Johnson belongs to the elder generation of negro writers, as his "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man," recently reissued by Knopf, will prove. Despite Carl Van Vechten's enthusiastic introduction, there seems to be no real reason for reprinting this volume in the Blue Jade Library. It is well written, yes, and the author predicts the popularity of ragtime, but its content seems uninspired and stereotyped. Fifteen years ago it might have been a little more than just a well-written book; today it merely makes one wonder why the author didn't call it the autobiography of a colored man rather than that of an ex-colored man. Mr. Johnson's "God's Trombones" is of a different species. The majesty and eloquence of the sermon poems included therein, especially "Go Down Death," are searing and unforgettable. In these poems Mr. Johnson has been the artist rather than the propagandist, and "God's Trombones" will be remembered long after the "Autobiography" has been forgotten, even by sentimental white folk and Jeremiah-like negroes.

COUNTTEE CULLEN has published three volumes, "Color," "Copper Sun," and "The Ballad of the Brown Girl," all of which tend to convince the critical investigator that although Mr. Cullen can say things beautifully and impressively, he really has nothing new to say, nor no new way in which to say it. He follows the tradition of a literary poet. His lyrics of love and death are reminiscent of Keats, Housman, and Edna Millay, and one gets the impression that Mr. Cullen writes not from his own experience, but from vicarious literary experiences which are not intense enough to be real and vital. His poetry is not an escape from life in the big sense,

but from the narrow world in which he has been caged, and from which he seems to have made no great effort to escape.

Undoubtedly Mr. Cullen has more talent than any of his colored contemporaries. What he lacks is originality of theme and treatment, and the contact with life necessary to have had actual, rather than vicarious, emotional experiences. He is still young and perhaps when some of the fanfare aroused when it was discovered that a *negro* could write beautiful conventional verse has died down, he will be able to work out his own destiny. He has far to go if only he is given the chance and stimulation.

IN a recent issue of *Opportunity*, journal of negro life, there are reviews of two recent books. Both of the reviewers were white poets, both books were by negro poets. The first was of Countee Cullen's "Copper Sun," and in dithyrambic prose the reviewer went to every possible verbal excess in praising the volume. According to him Countee Cullen is *the* thing in American poetry—he equals Housman and surpasses Edna Millay. There is more such lyric nonsense, all done in good faith, no doubt, but of no value whatsoever either to Mr. Cullen or to the race to which he belongs. The second review, while less turgid and more restrained, was excessive in its praise of "God's Trombones," and in neither piece was there any constructive criticism or intelligent evaluation.

These two reviews are typical of the attitude of a certain class of white critics toward negro writers. Urged on by their desire to do what in their opinion is a "service," they dispense with all intelligence and let their sentimentality run riot. Fortunately, most of the younger negro writers realize this and, as most negroes have always done, are laughing up their sleeves at the antics of their nordic patronizers. It is almost a certainty that Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes know full well that there are perhaps a half dozen young white poets in these United States doing just as good if not better work than they, and who are not being acclaimed by the public or pursued by publishers purely because a dash of color is the style in literary circles today.

If the negro writer is to make any appreciable contribution to American literature it is necessary that he be considered as a sincere artist trying to do dignified work rather than as a highly trained dog doing trick dances in a public square. He is, after all, motivated and controlled by the same forces which motivate and control a white writer, and like him he will be mediocre or good, succeed or fail as his ability deserves. A man's complexion has little to do with his talent. He either has it or has it not, and despite the dictates of spiritually starved white sophisticates genius does not automatically descend upon one because one's grandmother happened to be sold down the river "befo' de wah."

The Languishing Art

By Ruth A. Jeremiah Gottfried

OF all the languishing arts, not sculpture, not even poetry has been consigned to so many cobwebs as cookery. In fact, it has been so long neglected that its name has almost been expunged from the list of arts. And cookery has a right to object. It has nourished man from his savage infancy. It has in all ages

spent more of his income than clothing, shelter, or the most expensive women. It has a prior claim to ten or fifteen per cent of his waking time. Yet today it calls forth hardly more than lip service and the attendance of the physician. But cookery has not objected to the indignities put upon her. She has borne in silence while one by one her honors have been stripped from her, as the cookbooks of three hundred years give evidence.

In the Seventeenth Century, when the first considerable group of cookbooks appeared, English cookery was in the same stage as English poetry and English seafaring. It was a sea of adventure, a field for expansion, a mine into which, with the confidence of a new age, men went to bring forth new riches to adorn the court of the capricious Elizabeth and her successors. Gentlemen adventurers put into print their culinary experiments. Scions of old families published their secret household archives: manuscript collections of recipes that had been gathered and used for generations. And finally the old sea dogs of the kitchen, such men as Robert May and Giles Rose, "discovered" their art so that the amateur interlopers might not alone enjoy the applause of the world of fashion.

These early author-cooks vied not only with each other but with Francis Drake and John Hawkins in the exotic cargoes which they brought to port. They took all concoction for their province, would show you how to make a tansy or a syllabub and as well how to prepare remedies against the plague and cures for the bite of mad dogs. In one volume they would, if need be, lay bare the whole art not only of cooking but of dairying, physic, surgery, cosmetic, carving, and marketing. "Fair water" they would have — no "naughty dregs" — roseleaf, musk, and "amber-greece" to work their kitchen miracles.

Their art was serious and fine, and they offered

"More art is needed in the kitchen, and more pride of art; more critical appreciation is needed in the dining room," writes the author in bewailing the decadence of culinary literature in the Twentieth Century. Mrs. Gottfried has scoured the Old World and the New for the past two years in search of material for "The Questing Cook," which is soon to be published, and therefore has a splendid background upon which to draw in this discussion of gastronomy and letters

it to the public garnished with all the literary refinements of the age. Their recipes are tricked with "conceits"; their volumes are adorned with engravings of patrons, even of the queen; they open with heroic couplets and elaborate dedications. These avowed artists in tongue tempting and palate tickling endowed their books with proper titles, "De-

lightes for Ladies" perhaps, or "The Queen's Closet Opened," or "The Closet of the Eminently Learned Sir Kenelm Digby, Kt." Robert May described his great work as "The Accomplisht Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery, Wherein the whole Art is revealed in a more easie and perfect Method than have been publisht in any Language. Expert and ready Wayes for the Dressing of all sorts of Flesh, Fowl and Fish, the Raising of Pastes; the best Directions for all manner of Kickshaws; and the most Poinant Sauces; with the Tearms of Carving and Sewing. An exact Account of all Dishes for the Season; with other A la Mode Curiosities. Together with the lively Illustrations of such Figures as are referred to Practice. Approved by the Fifty Years Experience and Industry of Robert May in his Attendance on several persons of Honor."

BY the beginning of the Eighteenth Century the luxurious days of the Stuarts were drawing to a close. Queen Anne was a gourmand, but the substantial German tastes of the Hanoverians were approaching. Cooks put on their aprons and went to business. "Compleat Cooks" and the "Queen-like Closets," and "Rich Cabinets of Ladies and Gentlewomen" disappeared from the booksellers' shelves. This was an age of sophistication; Pope was the vogue in literature and Johnson soon to be. Order and system were introduced. Recipes for physic and cosmetic were segregated at the back of cookery books. The writers were for the most part professional cooks and little intimacies of style were considered "low."

The Eighteenth Century still had plenty of gusto at table. It was an age of aristocrats among stomachs — stomachs that were expected to consume two-course dinners of twenty dishes a course. Cookbooks were aristocratic in proportion. The qualifications and recommendations of their authors were

set forth in the highest literary style, hinting the approval of *My Lady of This and My Lord of That*. The journeymen cooks grew a trifle pompous and pretentious. They presented "*Royal Cookery or the Complete Court-Cook*," "*The Lady's Companion; Or, an infallible Guide to the Fair Sex. Containing Rules, Directions and Observations for their Conduct and Behavior through all Ages and Circumstances of Life as Virgins, Wives or Widows, . . . and above One Thousand different Receipts in every kind of Cookery, etc.*," "*The Whole Duty of a Woman: Or a Guide to the Female Sex from the Age of Sixteen to Sixty*," and even soared to such heights as "*Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery*." In 1740 one already fell afoul of the thesis of two hundred years later, a cookbook entitled "*An Alarm to all Persons Touching Their Health and Lives*." Three years later one encountered the first moral cookbook which likewise attacked a social problem: "*A Present for a Servant-Maid: Or the Sure Means of Gaining Love and Esteem, . . . The Whole Calculated for making both the Mistress and Maid Happy*."

YET until the Nineteenth Century, cooking was still, by and large, cookery for cookery's sake. It remained for the great Victorian era with its moral theories of the greatest good of the greatest number and the smallest belly in the holiest paunch to degrade cooking from an art to a mean necessity. The Victorian era brought democracy into culinary literature, but the kind of cramped Victorian democracy that could not brook individualism. The one great service of the period to cookery was the introduction of science, but again the service was vitiated by the Victorian conception that science was the enemy of art, not its servant.

Ingredients began to be grouped at the outset of a recipe, and definite quantities were specified; means were devised for using left-overs; the idea of economy brought in the use of substitutes — all excellent innovations provided they are kept subservient to the ideal of good cookery. But good food had not sufficient moral flavor to appeal to the Nineteenth Century. There were doubtless plenty of Philistines who ate for the joy of eating, but they had not been penetrated to the quick by the high ideals of their time. Cookery as cookery was a surrender to the flesh which was to be apologized for. The books of the period declared that cookery must promote the "temporal comfort and spiritual interests of families," that it must contribute to "health, peace, and competence." Men were looking for a northwest passage to reach the land of physical and spiritual health without crossing the terrestrial isthmus of good cheer. In "*Christianity in the Kitchen*," Mrs. Horace Mann asserted that violation of health was disgraceful, unchristian, and immoral.

Women were invited to read "*The Housekeeper's Guide*, or a plain and practical system of domestic cookery," "*Modern Cookery*, adapted for families in the Middling and Genteel ranks of life," "*The Frugal Housewife: Dedicated to those who are not ashamed of economy*," and "*The Philosophy of Cooking*." In short, women were to cook for their pocketbooks, to cook for their souls, to cook to keep the doctor away, but were not, to cook for the tongue, Nature's appointed guardian of the stomach.

The Twentieth Century has gone on where the Nineteenth left off. The spell of good cooking for the sake of good eating had been broken. We have now cooking to save time, cooking to save trouble, cooking to make money, cooking to preserve the figure, and most insidious of all, cooking to give the illusion that we are growing healthier every day. Good cooking has never been perilous to anyone who has had enough of it to learn good eating. One could easily fill a twenty-five-foot bookshelf with modern cookbooks not in themselves sinful, but named after the sins of modern cookery: "*Quick Cooking*," "*Low Cost Meals for High Cost Times*," "*Easy Meals*," "*Corrective Eating Menus*," "*Right Food the Right Remedy*," "*If You Must Cook*," "*Half Hours in the Kitchenette*," "*Sunday Suppers*," "*The Cocksure Cook-book*," "*The Busy Woman's Cook-book*."

The short cuts to cookery advanced by these books are remarkable. The last-named gives course dinners to be prepared in fifteen minutes, twenty minutes, and thirty minutes. One of the fifteen-minute menus includes Parker House rolls and frosted cake together with ham and eggs, stewed tomatoes and onions, and fried bananas. These are quite simple to prepare in fifteen minutes, provided one's order for rolls and cake is attended to promptly at the bakery.

COOKERY in America has recently suffered from disturbed social conditions, ups and downs of private fortune that do not take place in a stable society. Competent cooks are taken from kitchens because their husbands become suddenly wealthy; girls of well-to-do families, who have not been in kitchens as often as in beauty parlors, marry and have to don aprons; trained cooks are so prohibitively expensive that peasant girls from Europe, who in their home countries would not be employed as scullery maids, take the honored places of professional cooks. How many unapprenticed women are called upon to prepare America's meals is evident from the fortunes that several publishing houses have made from encyclopædic cookbooks that begin by exposing the art of boiling an egg.

For the consolation of those who want to look forward as well as backward to good cookery, there are such books as "*Cooking in Old Creole Days*," "*With a Saucepan Over the Sea*," "*Rare Recipes*

Old and New," "The Cook-book of the New Century Club of Philadelphia." For their delight are such other books as "A Guide to the Greedy," and that masterwork of all time and all gastronomes, Brillat-Savarin's "The Physiology of Taste."

American cookery of the Twentieth Century is not damned. It suffers from the same faults as modern journalism, the desires to be hasty and showy. More art is needed in the kitchen and more pride of art; more critical appreciation is needed in the dining room. Not only must women take more pains and learn more deftness, but men must look discriminatingly on meals as something more than interludes between work and work. Waste effort in the kitchen is as foolish as in the factory, but there is no excuse if lack of interest in either kitchen or factory creates a poor product.

The good cooking of the past was aristocratic. Probably the common people cooked rather unsavory stews in the fleshpots of Egypt; probably the Roman populace made tasteless messes of all the grain and olive oil bestowed upon them by the emperors. But the flourishing crop of cookbooks that appears among us every year indicates that the desire to do good cooking is spreading beyond the kitchens of the rich. We are trying the experiment of making cookery, like everything else, democratic. The ordinary American cook today has better tools than the great cooks of the past; she has a larger selection of raw materials at all times of the year; she has science as her kitchen helper. If she can be made to visualize her apron as an artist's smock and accept the artist's point of view, we shall all have titbits on our tongues.

What Hope for the American Critic?

By John Farrar

FEW arguments will result from the statement, "There is no literary criticism in America." Stuart Sherman is dead. Brander Matthews has withdrawn from the slings and arrows of nasty small boys. George Edward Woodbury is weary. J. E. Spingarn and W. C. Brownell speak rarely. Henry Canby and the Van Dorens are exceedingly busy, and H. L. Mencken turns to a discussion of books only when he can find no social fact or fancy to induce apoplexy.

Here in Vermont where I am writing, removed from the soot of New York literary furnaces, we have just finished the Bread Loaf Conferences in Creative Writing under the ægis of Middlebury College. During the two weeks of the session there has been much violent discussion of the American critical attitude. On one thing all agree: Herbert Gorman, Robert Frost, Edith Mirrilees, Paul Moody, Wilfred Davison, Achmed Abdullah, Philip Dunning, Floyd Dell, Burges Johnson, Jean Wick, Addison Hibbard, William Hazlitt Upson, Hervey Allen, and the other ladies and gentlemen who have been gathered here in the effort to discuss sincerely and frankly the problems of creative writing in America. These folk of varying opinions have not concurred on the merits or faults of many individual writers. They have, however, been unanimous in

their feeling that, above all things, what we need now — I think I am stealing the wording from Mr. Frost — is at least one or two critics put off somewhere on ice, where they and their opinions will keep fresh, where they will be unable to become associated with this group or that, where they will have the sense to remain critics and not propagandists for literature or mere book reviewers.

A month since I should have said that the American public did not want a critic, a real critic, a refrigerated critic. After a good deal of thought and a lot of discussion, it now seems to me that the American public would not only be delighted to know that such a critic existed, but would also read his words with pleasure and enthusiasm. Is there hope for the American critic? Yes! But — where is he? I can think of no one at the present moment with the desire, the sense, or the ability to become a real literary critic, with the possible exception of Lewis Mumford, and his interests are perhaps too broad to fit into so narrow a field as pure criticism.

This is not an article written to sling mud at the book reviewers. The only time they need such treatment is when they try to pose as critics. Book reviewing is a necessity and a great aid to the man who is looking for a book to read. It is of little use to the author of the book, or to the progress of American writing. It is my

As editor of the "Bookman," a position which he has just resigned to engage his entire attention in publishing, Mr. Farrar had ample opportunity to study the problem which he discusses here. Why has our own day failed so conspicuously to develop a literature of criticism? Where are the splendid hosts of attack?

opinion that the *Book Review* of the *New York Times* is one of the most honest and worth-while pieces of journalistic editing and writing done anywhere in the world. *Books*, of the *New York Herald Tribune* is attempting to straddle the line between reviewing and criticism and being moderately successful. The *Saturday Review of Literature* is held back by only one fact from the distinction it deserves: it cannot find the men to write the criticism, and even if it could, it might not have quite the courage. The reviewers of books have a distinct place. When they forget, however, that they are reviewers in the journalistic sense, and try to pose as wise men, they become unnecessarily ridiculous.

BOOK propaganda is a good thing. I am not one of those who sneer at Henry Canby for his connection with the Book-of-the-Month Club, for it seems to me he has done something important and meritorious in spreading interest in reading in this country. For myself, it has always seemed useful and amusing to try in any way possible to interest people in the reading of books — good books, I hope, but that of course becomes a matter of opinion. The real critic, however, cannot thaw enough to be drawn into this sort of thing.

Is there no one who is willing to be unpopular? It will be only for a short space of time, for I am sure that popularity would soon arise for this daring man or woman. It is fear he must instill, and respect he must command. He must be as lonely in his critical fastnesses as are Robinson and Frost in their poetical retreats. He must be strongly and firmly an artist, a creative critic. His opinions must be based on a knowledge of world literature which embraces an acquaintance with the moderns as well as the classics. Above all, he must be able to inspire fear, while being himself afraid of nothing. For the moment, I do not care whether he represents this school or that, as long as he has the background to document his opinions, as long as he can speak strongly enough in praise or blame so as to be heard, and as long as he possesses so much courage and faith that the smart witticisms leveled against him will not move him from his path, or

the flattery of those who would make him either a reviewer or a propagandist, lead him to the parties of the literary or the cliques of the metropolis.

There was a time when the word of Anatole France as a critic was feared. Tell me one man who, as a critic of literature, is feared in America today, or in England for that matter. J. C. Squire has come as near it as anyone in recent years, and criticism does exist in England although its accents are not those of a giant. Of all the critics writing in the English language, it is a woman who is most intrepid and most to be feared. Rebecca West stands head and shoulders above the rest.

Why do we not turn pale at the voices of our so-called critics? Because they give us no real ground for belief! You cannot fear a man unless you believe in him. You, an author, cannot fear a critic unless you know that he, master of the materials and tools of your trade, will smell out your falseness, your shoddiness, your every fault, like the keenest of hounds.

The editor is one kind of animal. It is his business to say what he likes, in respect, always, to the public wants or to what the public will recognize, if it is properly presented, as its need. The critic has no such problem. It is his business to say, "This author is a genius," or "This author is a charlatan," or "This author is a sincere idiot," or any one of the variations on these three statements which may be applied to the author and his book.

IF we are content to have American literature go on being received by a sort of afternoon-tea group of gentle tabby cats, well and good. It is my opinion that authors, publishers, and public would welcome someone of real stature in the critical world. There is all the hope in the world for such a man if he will seize the torch. Are we too smothered by the eiderdown of propaganda and publicity to produce such a man?

American literature is badly in need of a disciplinarian. It craves someone with a rod and rule. Consider the plight of a fine artist who writes a fine book in these days. Where can he look for a critic to recognize its fineness? Here is a sad state of affairs.

Good-Night

And when the sun
Before his final dip beyond the hills
Prepares to bid us all good-night —
When boldly standing forth with lavish hand he spills
Across the sky a wreath of puffy clouds in jonquil splashes
Leaps back to view his work, laughs silently and dashes
Out again to drench the sky with amber spray;
When just before his downward roll beyond the ridge
He turns and flings a saffron bridge

Across the Helderbergs whose summits, fold on fold,
Reflect his last resplendent gift —
And then is gone . . . far down a single rift
Within the evening clouds he signals with a flag of gold:
"I'm going now . . . the other side . . . where I
belong;
Tomorrow morning . . . don't forget . . . so long!"

RAYMOND MOODY.

Marrying the Muse

Authors, Being Cursed, According to Popular Agreement, with an Abnormal Degree of Temperament, Should Never Marry Authors. But They Do. And What Happens When Like Meets Like Before the Altar?

THE public mind, as evidenced by the public press, is constantly full of the incompatibilities in matrimony of actors and musicians, but rarely are the possible difficulties between married authors enlarged upon. This may be due to the fact that authors married to authors find their positions no more untenable than do authors married to "home-bodies" or women writers married to corner druggists; or the fact that writing is a less glamorous profession than appearing in the movies or on the stage or playing a bass viol in public, precluding at once the possibility of arousing interest in the marital difficulties of its members; or even to the fact that authors prefer often to keep their own business to themselves and their private affairs away from the front pages.

At any rate, there are a surprising number of prominent writers happily married to prominent writers. Once in a while some enterprising reporter will find one of them who can set forth reasons why writers should or should not marry their own kind. But in nine cases out of ten, these persons neither know nor care what they are talking about. Those who find marriage a partnership in the first place usually find that a member of their own tribe as husband or wife is a rather pleasant adjunct to their lives. And such people make little noise about it. In the following pages are photographs of a few couples whose relation to each other are in several cases scarcely known — and certainly a subject for no sermons, save of the most sanguine kind.



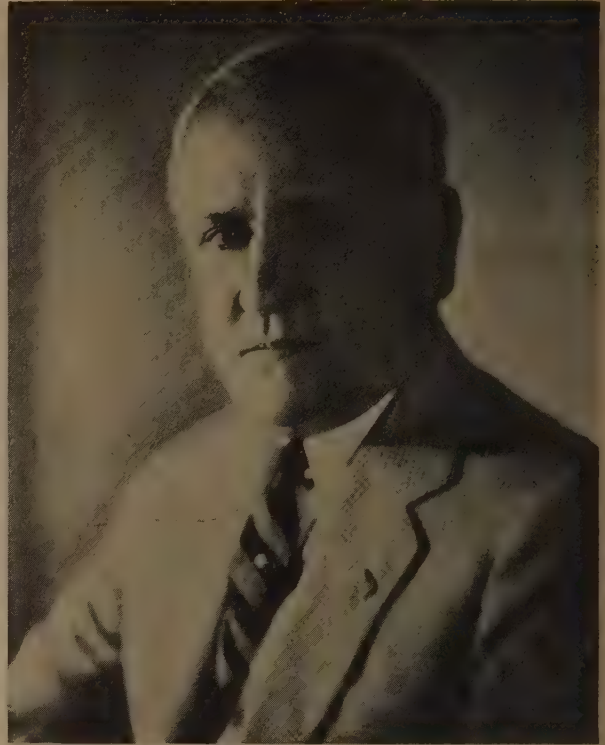
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ANITA LOOS IS THE CHARMING AND INFINITESIMAL CREATOR OF THE EGREGIOUS LORELEI AND HER PLAYMATE, DÓROTHY. AND IT HAS RECENTLY BEEN PROVED THAT GENTLEMEN MARRY BRUNETTES. JOHN EMERSON HAS PROBABLY WRITTEN MORE MOVIE SCENARIOS, SOME IN COLLABORATION WITH HIS WIFE, THAN ANY OTHER PERSON



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MARY ROBERTS RINEHART NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN READERS. AS A WRITER OF LOVE STORIES AND MYSTERY YARNS SHE HAS SCARCELY AN EQUAL IN THIS COUNTRY



BUT DR. STANLEY RINEHART IS NOT SO FAMILIAR. FEW LAYMEN KNOW THAT HE IS NOT ONLY A DOCTOR OF REPUTE, BUT ALSO THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL IMPORTANT BOOKS CONCERNING MEDICINE



Sherril Schell

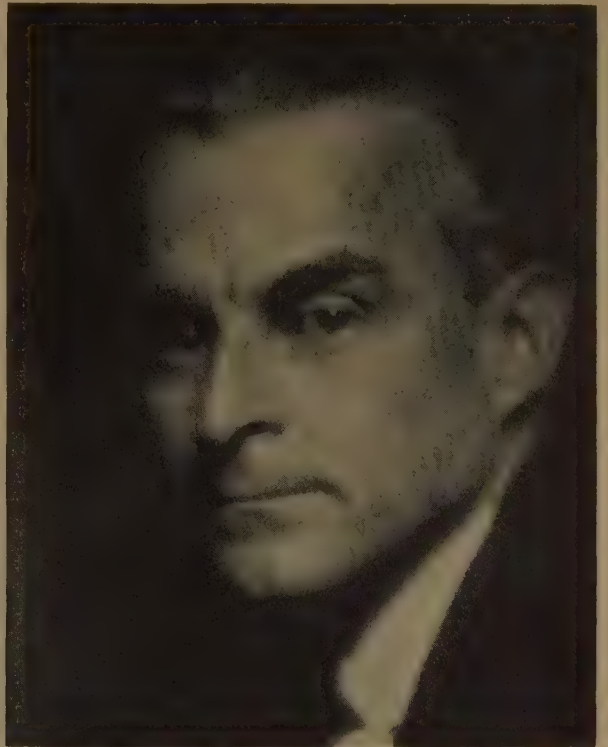
CHARLES G. NORRIS DOES MANY THINGS WELL. ONE OF THE BEST OF THEM IS WRITING. HE IS THE AUTHOR OF SUCH BEST SELLERS AS "BRASS," "PIG-IRON," "BREAD," AND RECENTLY "ZELDA MARSH"



MRS. KATHLEEN NORRIS, LIKE MRS. RINEHART, IS FAMOUS FOR HER ROMANCES. BUT SHE DOES NOT GO IN FOR THE FINER FLIGHTS OF DEDUCTIVE ANALYSIS. YET SHE IS AS SUCCESSFUL IN HER CHOSEN FIELD



KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT, AUTHOR, AMONG OTHER NOVELS, OF "Q," IS SELDOM CONSCIOUSLY SUSPECTED OF BEING HER HUSBAND'S WIFE, IN SPITE OF THE APPARENT BANALITY OF THIS WAY OF PHRASING IT



STRUTHERS BURT IS THE AUTHOR OF THE RECENT "DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS" AND THE OWNER OF A "DUDE" RANCH ABOUT WHICH HE HAS WRITTEN ENGAGINGLY IN HIS "DIARY OF A DUDE WRANGLER"



MR. AND MRS. HAMILTON GIBBS ARE THE AUTHORS OF "LABELS" AND "PORTIA MARRIES," RESPECTIVELY. MRS. GIBBS IS A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK AND BOSTON BARS, PERHAPS HALF THE REASON THAT SHE HAS NOT WRITTEN SO MANY BOOKS AS HER HUSBAND



ELINOR WYLIE IS ONE OF THAT GROUP OF YOUNGER POETESSES AND NOVELISTS IN THIS COUNTRY. BESIDES TWO BOOKS OF VERSE, SHE HAS WON RECOGNITION FOR THREE NOVELS, "JENNIFER LORN," "THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW," AND "THE ORPHAN ANGEL"



MISS WYLIE'S HUSBAND, WILLIAM ROSE BENET, IS HIMSELF A POET OF SOME REPUTATION, ONE OF NEW YORK'S "ROUND TABLE" GROUP, AND ON THE STAFF OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE



MISS VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST IS A YOUNG NOVELIST WHO, ASIDE FROM BEING MARRIED TO AN ACCOMPLISHED BIOGRAPHER, HAS PRODUCED THE SUCCESSFUL "GREY WETHERS" AND MORE RECENTLY "THE LAND"



HAROLD NICOLSON IS THE GENTLEMAN REFERRED TO AT THE LEFT. HIS LATEST BOOK, "SOME PEOPLE," A SERIES OF INFORMAL BIOGRAPHIES, IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

When the "Lady's Book" Was Young

By F. L. Smith, Jr.

MORE than one proprietor of a modern woman's magazine has risen to fame and fortune and assured himself honorable mention in American literary annals, but it was Louis Antoine Godey who set the fashion. The journal that enabled him to amass a fortune in excess of \$1,000,000 between 1830 and 1877 is but a pleasant memory, or at best survives in ancient and honorable attics or in the form of lamp shades and mural decorations, early American style. Yet *Godey's Lady's Book* was great in its day, the greatest of them all. Among feminine publications, it knew no rival worthy of the name, and though designated by James Russell Lowell as "thrice diluted trash in the shape of namby-pamby love tales," and scorned generally by the strong men and unladylike ladies of the period, its circulation rose from 50,000 in the early 'forties to 150,000 in the 'sixties.

The era in which Mr. Godey embarked on his career as a publisher was none too propitious. Other pioneers in this particular field of endeavor had tried and failed. The *Gentleman and Lady's Town and County*, the first woman's magazine to be published in America, appeared in Boston in 1784 and expired after nine issues without a murmur. Neither did the *Boston Miscellany*, which featured fashions and was edited by Nathan Hale, nor the *Lowell Offering* enjoy notable prosperity. It was still somewhat early in the game for bigger and better feminine publications, and no one understood better than Godey himself the hazards of such an undertaking. Nevertheless, *Godey's Lady's Book* seemed to gather momentum from the time it first appeared on the stands in 1830, and ten years later exhibited unmistakable symptoms of a bonanza.

In 1837, Godey took over the *Lady's Magazine* of Boston and with it the literary editor, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. Mrs. Hale proved an invaluable acquisition and the factor in large measure responsible for the rapid elevation of the *Lady's Book* to popular favor. As one intrusted with the destinies of a woman's magazine, she left little or nothing to be desired and piloted her command with consummate skill. Today, Mrs. Hale's status as an editor would be somewhat

questionable, as her own literary output appears to have followed the line of cookbooks, one-act plays for presentation in the politest society only, and saccharine essays. Nevertheless, she possessed the highly essential and always modern talent of knowing what her readers desired and succeeded in giving it to them for forty-seven long years.

From a pictorial standpoint, the *Lady's Book* represented the *ne plus ultra* of its time. "Most magnificent engravings ever published in this or any other country," shouted Mr. Godey upon one occasion, and there is little doubt that his contention was correct.

Whether some of the

Women's magazines today have come to hold a unique and respected place among modern periodicals with circulations topping the million mark. Yet in the middle of the last century *Godey's Lady's Book* was creeping up to the respectable figure of 150,000 and furnishing delighted readers with exactly what they wanted. Mr. Smith's account of this early success brings memories of a magazine which still lives in the artistry and charm of its water-color illustrations

work that appeared each month in his publication could be duplicated by any modern craftsman is highly problematical, and it proved the despair of all competitors. In view of the present elevated standing of Godey's prints among the artistically minded and the public generally, this department of the *Lady's Book* more than speaks for itself.

But if Mr. Godey's journal reached the pinnacle of decorative skill, its editorial content also left an indelible literary impression. The contemporary reader, scanning the old files and bearing in mind that the *Lady's Book* at one time purveyed to 150,000 customers, will marvel that the majority of its fictional content ever saw the light of day and proved palatable to even the most proper and pious clientele. One encounters the early efforts of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and Holmes, and, strange to relate, the literary editor published two of Edgar Allen Poe's eeriest tales, "The Cask of Amontillado" and "The Oblong Box," which must have caused more than one gentle subscriber to leave her candle lit upon retiring. Poe incidentally edited *Graham's Magazine*, a leading contender of *Godey's Lady's Book* for some time, but eventually withered in the rays of sweetness and light and resigned his portfolio. With the foregoing exceptions, however, Mrs. Hale appears to have welcomed to her columns only fictioneers skilled in the production of editorial matter calculated to melt in the ultimate consumer's mouth. T. S. Arthur, author of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," was a regular contributor, but he always took care to keep the brass rail and other appurtenances of evil well in the background.

In each number, Mr. Godey presented his clients with at least one heart-rending spectacle, usually in a commanding position. Thus, the reader who turned to the first page of the *Lady's Book* for March, 1850, was greeted by the following:

Lillian Whyte, pacing listlessly in her luxurious dressing room, seemed ill at ease. With eyes upturned as if to avoid resting upon the elegant appointments profusely strewn around her, and nervously twisting and twining the fair hands together in every possible gesture of impatience, while murmuring half sadly and half earnestly some couplets from the "Psalm of Life," she had more the air of a prisoner in, than the independent mistress of the stately brownstone mansion whereof this spacious dressing room was but the merest fraction, either for size or elegance.

Who could resist delving into the fair Lillian's woes?

Especially put upon were the gallant swains who strode through Mr. Godey's pages. They seem to have developed to an amazing degree a talent for arousing their loved ones to Ciceronian oratory, and flitted from *faux pas* to *faux pas* with the happy fade-out indefinitely deferred. Consider the unfortunate plight of the hero of "Suspicion" by Miss E. A. Dupuy in the edition of 1840 who "talked out of turn":

"Ah Clara," I exclaimed, "let the devotion of my life atone—"

With a gesture of impatience she interrupted me in a tone that half froze me.

"Your life can never be devoted to me. Never can I forget that I have been subjected to such degrading imputations. My heart is separated from you by an abyss that can never be passed. No! Sooner would I pass my life in the meanest toil—severed from all its refinements—its graces—than unite myself with one who has proven that however elevated his station, his sordid and ignoble soul claims kindred with the lowest denizens of earth."

Whether Clara wrote on her cuff or took a correspondence course, Miss Dupuy fails to specify.

Limited space prevents the inclusion of further fictional gems which might be culled from the archives of forty-seven years. There were poems, all sad and sweet, but abounding in hope. Fair young women, legions of them, perished among the flowers, and the infant mortality was appalling. Scarce an issue of the *Lady's Book* but reminded happy families that their youngest might be the next. And songs: oh, the songs! "The Horn of My Loved One I Hear," "The Broken Heart," "In Grief Companionship Is Sweet," "We Shall Meet No More," "In My Swift Boat Come, Dearest," "I Have No Joy But In Thy Smile," "I Cannot Forget Thee," "To the Prairie I'll Fly Not." Here one encounters more optimistic going, for the lamentations of jilted swains and neglected maidens and the rollicking ditties dedicated to life in the open and dancing festivities about offset each other.

In addition to editorial allurements and pictorial delights, Mr. Godey employed other methods of stimulating circulation. He offered his readers free drawing lessons, the only expense being a nominal charge for pencils. Each month he printed plans and specifications of a "model cottage" for the consideration of prospective home builders—stern, forbidding structures more suggestive of coast defenses and gasoline dispensaries than of domestic dwellings. Some of Godey's architectural nightmares actually became realities, but whether those who followed his recommendations continued their subscriptions after moving in is open to speculation.

IT was the regular custom of *Godey's Lady's Book* to instruct its clientele concerning certain social usages, and upon occasion to scold them rather severely. Observing the state of civilization in 1850, Mrs. Hale must have weighed it in the balance and found it wanting, for she called the attention of those of her readers inclined to be carried away by the joy of living to the words of Epictetus: "Let death and exile and all other things which appear terrible be daily before your eyes but chiefly death; and you will never entertain any abject thought, nor too eagerly covet anything." The decline and fall of table manners during March, 1860, evoked the following admonition: "To eat quick or very slow are marks of ill-breeding; and to put your nose in your plate or emit that peculiar bubbling sound which some indulge in when imbibing soup, vulgar and obnoxious." At times, subscribers became unruly and inflicted their griefs upon the editorial office. Mrs. Hale stood it as long as she could and then annihilated them: "Once and for all—We cannot find situations for young ladies in this city (Philadelphia), and we do not purchase poetry." Frequently the business office raised its voice in accents plaintive but insistent: "The closing of the year imposes a duty on us which we would be gladly excused from performing—but our own engagements and wants compel us to remind some of our friends that their subscriptions for 1840 are still unpaid!" When this failed to increase the volume of incoming mail, the second barrel was primed and loaded: "We would respectfully announce that we are making a collection of autographs. We should be pleased to receive those of our subscribers who happen to be in arrears!"

Mrs. Hale did not bother with rejection slips, but held up the flaws of unacceptable contributions for all the world to see:

The other articles which have been examined and declined are the following:

A Request (Very ordinary).

The Vision (too long).

Life's Flowery Path (too flowery).

The Polish Exiles (the subject is too worn out).

(Continued on page 320)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

WHEN I read Prof. Percy H. Boynton's volume of critical essays, "Some Contemporary Americans," a couple of years ago, my interest was such that I have been waiting with a certain eagerness its successor, "More Contemporary Americans" (Chicago University Press). My appetite for literary essays is unaltered by prolonged consumption of this not too popular type of publication, or by the disillusionment occasioned by many works which are reserved for my special chamber of critical horrors. Let me say at once that my only complaint, in the present instance, is that this book is not uniform in size with its predecessor. The arrangement of shelf must be disturbed to fit this volume into the place where it belongs by right of author and subject!

This time Mr. Boynton does not cover such a variety of topics as on the former occasion. In fact, his contemporary Americans now number six: Herman Melville, Lafcadio Hearn, Ambrose Bierce, Joseph Hergesheimer, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis. The remaining four essays are of a general character: "Winds of Criticism," "The College Insurgents," "The Public and the Reading Public," and "Democracy and Public Taste." "The design of the book centers around the theme that certain fine inherited traditions are surviving, and that a new public is developing with a taste distinctly its own."

The opening chapter is a review in broad outline of the decline of the critical challenging attitude in America, after the heyday of the Boston of Emerson's time. The Civil War, Mr. Boynton holds, had much to do with the disillusionment and fatigue which blighted American criticism in the 'seventies and 'eighties. "Current literature was employed to cover the ugly stuffiness of the furniture with doilies and lambrequins, and to embellish the corridors of life with edifying groups of domesticated statuettes." The *fin-de-siècle* insurgents did little better than feebly imitate their European contemporaries, but "they were what young insurgents ought to be, and in the end they lent a fresh impulse to literary criticism and general criticism in America."

Toward the end of the 'eighties and during the 'nineties, as the author reminds us, W. C. Brownell and Harry Thurston Peck were two critics whose aims were fundamentally alike, "in their desire to enrich the culture of the New World with the culture of the Old, and in their instinctive deference for the very standards which they were somewhat hectically

challenging." Yet, until Mr. Boynton thus coupled them, most Americans, I think, would have suggested the pair as constituting a glaring contrast. Mr. Peck enjoyed at the moment a much wider hearing than Mr. Brownell, but today all

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather (Knopf).

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

A Good Woman. By Louis Bromfield (Stokes).

The Grandmothers. By Glenway Wescott (Harper).

GENERAL

Studies in the Contemporary Theatre. By John Palmer (Little, Brown).

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Anatole France the Parisian. By Herbert Leslie Stewart (Dodd, Mead).

but a few personal friends and an occasional book collector have forgotten him completely. Why?

HAVING read five volumes of critical essays by Harry Thurston Peck, all that I remember distinctly about them is that "The Personal Equation" contained the first appreciative essay on George Moore. Mr. Boynton says that "Nietzsche startled him, Ingessoll scared him, George Moore annoyed him." On referring to the book I find my memory is not at fault, that the essay, while not a wild laudation, contains much praise, and closes with the statement that George Moore is "the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since the death of Thackeray." In 1898 the critic who could say that showed both independence and critical insight. But Mr. Boynton does not even credit him with that, and I can remember no other judgment of Harry Thurston Peck's.

That, it seems to me, is the secret of the eclipse of Mr. Peck, and for the same reason James Huneker, whom Mr. Boynton discusses in that line of succession, will go the same way. "He impresses one always as having had the cultural breadth requisite for criticism, but of having gained it on the run and of never having

had time to meditate on what he had seen and heard." An English reviewer once described Huneker's style as that of percussion instruments. Like Peck, he drew attention to European literature and art, he had the knack of making good publicity. That knack is one which Mr. Brownell does not and never did possess. He did not write "in the spirit of the discoverer or the exhorter. The culture of the Old World was not a new and exciting phenomenon for him and did not afford him grounds for the abandonment of critical standards." In fact, nothing was ever new or exciting to him.

IT has been a purely critical influence, whereas the other kind, exercised by Huneker, and in turn by H. L. Mencken, has been more creative and stimulating. The critical mind performs a very different function, hence, the limitations of its scope in a country where discovery and exhortation were most needed. Here is the answer to the question raised by Mr. Boynton in "The Public and the Reading Public." He begins by mentioning the way in which Dreiser, Robert Frost, and Edgar Lee Masters, after being ignored, suddenly came into fame. The change indicated that, "whatever else had happened in the United States in the first fifteen years of the century, surely something had happened to the public to awaken it to home-bred, independent writers whom it had previously been content to ignore." What had happened to the public was simply that the seed sown by Huneker and Mencken had begun to bear fruit.

Mr. Boynton's essays on Joseph Hergesheimer and Sinclair Lewis contain some shrewd observations. Most suggestive is his conception of Mr. Hergesheimer as writing out of two moods, the mood of the Dower House and that of the golf club. The latter represents the deterioration which found its first expression in "Cytherea" and its most recent in "Tampico." To the former mood we owe his best work, from "The Three Black Pennies" to "Balisand," and most of his readers will agree with Mr. Boynton that the Dower House is better for Mr. Hergesheimer than the clubhouse, where he learns to open an essay with the phrase, "I am getting damned tired of art!" One is tempted to retort: "That is evident from your later work," but Mr. Boynton is not so brusque. He merely suggests politely that Mr. Hergesheimer ought to get back to the Dower House where, by right of his art, he belongs.

New Books in Brief Review

Fiction

The Sentimentalists. By Dale Collins.
Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

DALE COLLINS chose an utterly preposterous situation for the plot of his latest novel, but managed nevertheless to achieve a very convincing story. Vivid characters and forceful writing do much to attain this effect, although what is perhaps the real secret of such a phenomenon is that Mr. Collins obviously believes sincerely in what he writes. The situation speaks for itself—an uncouth, ruthless hulk of a sea captain has a white baby thrust upon him out of the darkness of a tropical night. He keeps the baby, and for the first time in his life loves and loves overwhelmingly someone other than himself. The child needs a nurse, and by the sheer force of his not too attractive personality he persuades Tina, a girl of varied history and a passion for the truth, to take over the job. Tina finds peace in her care and love for the baby—glad to escape from the numerous men who have showered her with jewels—and anticipation. However, more men come into her life, but when everything becomes hopelessly confused Fate takes a hand and everyone lives happily ever after. The somewhat too optimistic ending provides the only real weakness in the book.

Children of the Wind. By Doris Peel.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

BY right of age—she is just nineteen—Miss Peel belongs definitely to the younger generation. But there the attachment halts in so far as any avid preoccupation with the usual interests of the young intellectuals is concerned. Her first novel is a remarkably mature book; yet one feels instinctively that its frequent careless fancies would have been too daring—impossible, perhaps—for an older mind to conceive. Briefly, this is the story of Justine and Bryce, children of Nellie, an apostle of sweetness and light, and of Roger Blythe, a somewhat radical editor whose early death leaves them with little more than the memory of a courageous character as guide to their lives. Mrs. Blythe marries for security's sake a quiet little man with a passion for travel in the Orient, and his child, Joan, a queer elfin little creature, "on intimate terms with her Creator," and given to dramatizing all experience in games, adds another to the "children of the wind." Miss Peel's story is unimportant; it is the characters which become her main concern. With the older generation, there are evidences of overstressing: Nellie's unsullied

saccharinity is emphasized too strongly at times, and, in his earlier appearances, the precise Mr. Blair is little more than caricature. All this, one realizes, is in the line of satire, and in her later pages, Miss Peel shows that she knew where she was going, even though she mired a bit in the early stages. The harshness of her earlier revelations is softened toward the close, and deep sympathy, even for those she obviously despises, shows the mark of a far more mature mind. No doubt, with more experience, she will learn to "set" her characters less heavily, and so overcome what appears now to be her only major fault.

But this character criticism is not intended for the younger generation which is her chief interest. The portrait of Justine is masterly in its development, and from another point of view, Joan is as well done. With all of these children, the author's touch is light, subtle, and sure, individualizing each of the varied youngsters with a personality of vivid and varying tones. Her success with them is an achievement beside which minor faults fade—one which makes this a really notable first novel. The reviewer tires somewhat of promising much for the future of "first novelists." In this case, promise is not necessary: Miss Peel has already fulfilled it.

Counterpoint. By Josephine Daskam Bacon.
New York: The John Day Co. \$2.50.

"COUNTERPOINT" is Mrs. Bacon's first full-length novel in ten years, and will be welcomed with interest by readers who know her poetry and short stories. It is a long novel, but maintains its interest at a high pitch until the final few pages, when it drifts into a *dénouement* shockingly inconsistent with the earlier promise of the book, but reasonable enough when one takes into account the fickle characters and the more fickle fortune that has been tossing them about. Mrs. Bacon's characters are mostly personages of the opera and concert stage—brilliant and tempestuous people whose background is rich and gaudy, and whose movements seem all to be arranged with an eye to the perfect *ensemble* and stage setting. There is the majestic Mary Falconer, great opera singer, and her lover, George Frascogne; Naomi, a figure of high-strung temperament, and others of the same sort. Into their life comes the ambitious Will Stickney, Puritan and good, who is fascinated and impressed by what they can offer him, while he is repulsed by their standards. The war conveniently provides a change of scene, and the resulting upheaval settles

most of the difficulties these amazing people have been drawn into. While Mrs. Bacon's novel is interesting throughout, the many banalities of her style are rather trying and often detract from her effect. She appears to be writing in too concertedly a modern manner with which she is not entirely in sympathy, and as a result her work fails to carry with it a strong sense of reality.

Black Stream. By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby.
New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

A NEW YORK doctor genuinely devoted to research is forced by a luxury-loving wife to slave in his office. A crucial experiment is slowly reaching solution in his laboratory, he falls in love with his office assistant, his daughter is courted by a prince, his wife calls for more money, and the doctor himself succumbs to a fatal illness. There is much to hold the reader's interest in this novel, described by its publishers as "powerful and swiftly moving." It is swiftly moving, certainly, but powerful it is not. At the moment when an interesting psychological study becomes possible the plot is swiftly cut off by the death of Dr. Farraday. Besides, like all novels of secondary merit, the villain—Mrs. Farraday—and the near villains are far too black. The author has seen fit to waste the smallest possible psychological insight upon them. In style Mrs. Colby stands well above the common run of novel producers: she has precision of phrase and word sense, but her constant omission of articles and her other tricks of ellipsis are an unpleasant affectation.

Gold, Gore, and Gebenna. By G. A. Birmingham.
Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

A TYPICAL Birmingham story, this, more appropriately entitled "Fidgets" by its English publishers. A prosperous publisher, an earnest young clergyman, and an eccentric peeress, overcome at the same time by a restless mood, dash off to the west of Ireland after reputed gold. The tale is strongly reminiscent of "Priscilla's Spies" and "Spanish Gold," but suffers by comparison with them. Lady Anne Wentlock plays the rôle of the Rev. J. J. Meldon, Dr. O'Grady, Priscilla, and a dozen other Birmingham heroes and heroines, but she is not quite so irrepressible, not quite so hopelessly sanguine as her predecessors. Doyle, the hotel keeper at Ballymoy, is his usual cheerful self, but his prevarication is, it seems, less ingenious than heretofore.

Fortunately, it is only by comparison that "Gold, Gore, and Gehenna" suffers, for the same affectionate satire with which the author has in the past poked fun at the life and customs of the West-of-Ireland folk is still with us. Let us then be thankful that we have another Birmingham yarn which, though it is not the best, is nevertheless the genuine article.

The Deep End. By Patrick Miller. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

MR. MILLER approaches the theme of his latest novel from a subjective rather than an objective point of view, failing, however, to give the impression of affectation that so frequently results from such a style. His subject helps him in this, for it is one that lends itself admirably to such treatment, being a young man's groping attempts to find himself. Hardy Stopford returns from an archaeological expedition to find his life hopelessly at cross purposes. He lays the blame on his work, his superiors, his family, and finally the girl he loves, only to find in the end that the fault was in himself. There is no denying the forcefulness of the story and of Mr. Miller's able handling of it. There are a few ragged edges, and occasional confusion, but there is much more of merit throughout than one usually finds in the work of such a comparatively new writer as Mr. Miller.

Uplands. By Mary Ellen Chase. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Publication.) \$2.00.

"UPLANDS" is the poignant, understanding story of a poetic girl whose untutored mind and struggling soul are repressed by the grave sternness of the Maine hills and their stony soil. More subtly, perhaps, it makes the point so often stressed in current writing that the pious are frequently evil and the unholy often most virtuous. Poor Martha Crosby, domestic servant of a praying Amazon—hemmed in by laundry and dish towels, the ugly duties of a rural charwoman. Her young heart yearns for love, for someone who needs her. Mary Ellen Chase knows rural Maine only as a sensitive woman could know it—its beauties, its oppressive effect upon mind, soul, and body. "Uplands" at times rises to superb literary eminences.

Knock Four Times. By Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

POVERTY and luxury vie with each other for the setting of Margaret Irwin's novel "Knock Four Times." Celia, the daughter of a retired colonel, falls in love with Dicky, a young Greek writer, penniless but self-confident. The love affair is a stormy one, ending abruptly with the

overwhelmingly brilliant success of the obscure Dicky. The whole story pivots around a curious Chinese snuff bottle that distributes luck, alternately good and bad. Dicky is at times rather incomprehensible, but at others is the delightful boy unable to grow up in spite of all his affectations of sophistication. Celia, though not clearly outlined, is a rather delightful mixture of inconsistencies. The lesser characters are more vivid and plausible than Dicky and Celia and afford a varied and colorful background. If such a large proportion of them all did not live so much of their lives in a complete haze, the story might be more convincing.

Shadow River. By Walton Hall Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

THIS is the story of a man who goes into the jungle to hunt the largest animal in the world. It is more than that, it is the romantic story of a young American of wealth and position, with strong predilection for adventure, cut off utterly from civilization and cut off from the girl he loves. It tells what he thinks about it and what he does about it. There is a magnificent picture of the jungle by one who has climbed through it for months; there are battles with all sorts of beasts from ants to elephants; there is above all the detailed narrative of an elephant hunt, with an unforgettable personal encounter. Intermixed with the hunting and the jungle episodes, there is a web of intrigue, the attempts of the local Belgian officials to confiscate the spoil of the hunting, the efforts of the American hunter to thwart them. The successful annihilation of the plots against Davy Jones, hero, is only achieved with the aid of the girl he loved and thought he had lost forever. This book is a very rare combination of realistic adventure and that precious and often counterfeited product of the imagination, romance.

More Than Wife. By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00.

IN "More Than Wife," which has recently appeared serially as "The Thread of Gold," Miss Widdemer manages successfully to break away from the tradition of treating with deadly seriousness the problem of a woman with both a profession and a husband. By handling it all with a light touch, and flavoring it with humor, incident, and decidedly real people she has produced a very entertaining novel dealing adequately and understandingly with the same problem which has been forced upon us so often in overheavy doses. Fearful of being submerged by her husband, Sylvia Hawthorne becomes instead submerged by her architecture. Eventually she finds her place between the two and the solution is a rather more satisfactory one than



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usual, although it does include the inevitable nursery. The story is thoroughly readable, and fills more than adequately the call for a "really good light novel."

Biography and Letters

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann. Illustrated by Rollin Kirby. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

NO one can read one of Mr. Lippmann's articles without being immediately impressed by his Americanism — his quick jealousy of the democratic ideals, as he conceives them, for which the nation was born. Few men seem to be so equipped today; fewer still are willing to express themselves with the sincerity and earnestness which run through these miscellaneous papers — most of them political, all of them intensely American. Mr. Lippmann directs the editorial page of the *New York World*. The chapters included here suggest a more personal approach to matters of importance than an editorial vantage point permits. Al Smith, Mr. Coolidge, Borah, Secretary Mellon, Mr. McAdoo, Mencken, Sinclair Lewis — these are some of the men who come under his eye. One of the most searching papers in the collection is "Bryan and the Dogma of Majority Rule." Mr. Lippmann writes in that persuasive, judicial manner which is compelling because of an irresistible

logic which informs it. Even though one disagrees with his conclusions, there remains a disagreeable impression that he is probably right. The nation needs more such men to keep it aware of the shibboleths into which some of its dearest traditions have been twisted.

Some Memories and Reflections. By Emma Eames. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$5.00.

IT is eighteen years since Emma Eames stepped before the curtain at the Metropolitan after a performance of "Tosca" to announce: "This is the last time I shall sing for you." Yet thousands of opera goers retain thrilling memories of the "ideal 'Faust'" with Madame Eames and the de Reszkes, her popularizing of "Aïda," her "Juliet," and the other rôles which she made her own. To these and to others, this frank, intensely personal memoir will be of greatest interest, not only for Madame Eames' own story, but for the background which it necessarily creates. Perhaps some will find fault with a certain belligerency which runs through the book — an impression almost that the author is on the defensive. Had this been softened — had Madame Eames been less deadly serious — the book would have been more entertaining. In spite of this quality it is an

interesting and valuable contribution to operatic history. The author is unsparing in the frankness of her criticism as she is generous in her praise. The opinion which she expresses of the methods employed by Gatti-Casazza, present director of the Metropolitan, will doubtless evoke controversy.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances Trollope. With an introduction by Michael Sadleir. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.00.

NOT only because of its value as an "historical document," but because of the vast entertainment it contains for Twentieth Century Americans, the publishers are to be congratulated on reissuing this famous book after sixty-eight years. When Frances Trollope — mother of Anthony — set out for America as the advance emissary of her visionary husband to establish a department store in Cincinnati, no one in either country dreamed that the bustling, optimistic lady would shortly write a book that would set two nations by the ears, and almost result in what the diplomatists call "an unfriendly incident." Today her exposure of "male selfishness and greed, her taunts at American provincialism and false prudery, and her description of crude religious mania" will hardly provoke



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indignation on either side of the Atlantic and will certainly provoke amusement and possibly reflection upon the social history of America.

The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man.
By James Weldon Johnson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

FIRST published anonymously in 1912, this classic of negro literature is now reissued under the author's name and with an introduction by Carl Van Vechten. Here for the first time the intimate psychology of an American negro in all his relations with the white race is put down with sympathy and great literary skill by a negro. Jim Crow cars, crap shooting, the cakewalk, color snobbery within the race, a Southern camp meeting, and a lynching are described and interpreted with a blending of intimate knowledge and objectivity rare in negro writing, rare in any literature that treats the bitter theme of race relations. James Weldon Johnson, apart from his writing, is known to the world as a collector and interpreter of negro folk music.

George Eliot and Her Times. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.50.

"IN her lifetime, she was admired," writes the author of this new biography of George Eliot, "doubtless to excess; since her death she has been depreciated, certainly with injustice." In a style of great lucidity and strength, Elizabeth Haldane gives us in her study of Eliot an explanation of both that former excess and the present "injustice." The peculiar interest of this biography is the close weaving of Eliot's life and achievements — both as a thinker and an artist — with the peculiar conditions and demands of the Victorian age. A better understanding of both the age and the novelist ought to be the reader's reward. Unlike the old-fashioned exhaustive biography, which included all of the heroine's letters, this book is more in the nature of an extended essay on the novelist and her time. The volume is but 322 pages long, and includes with its other matter a careful appraisal of the chief novels and essays of George Eliot.

Some People. By Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

MR. NICOLSON has already attracted favorable attention for his lives of Tennyson, Verlaine, and Byron. In "Some People" he attempts a new sort of biography. Out of childhood, public school and university years, and his later career in the foreign service of Great Britain, he picks random characters which have impressed him. The result is not only

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a pleasing series of portrait sketches, but a sort of inferential autobiography. All of the characters are reviewed with a quiet, pleasing humor which makes Mr. Nicolson interesting reading, no matter what he has to say. Miss Plimsoll, the seagoing governess who is discovered when the book opens, is one of the best of the lot, and all ex-prep schoolers will be tickled by J. D. Marstock, the professional public-school boy who takes his traditions seriously. There is no need to run through the list; the characters themselves are not half so important as the author's sketching of them. And for those who like the pleasing background of diplomacy, it might be added that the later members of the cast slip in and out of a behind-the-scenes atmosphere littered with dispatch boxes, diplomats, and treaties. There is a particularly entertaining bit about Lord Curzon's valet. More power to Mr. Nicolson; may the circle of his acquaintances widen — and induce him to write about them!

The Ingenious Hidalgo: Miguel Cervantes.
By Hans Ryner. Translated by J. H. Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.75.

SO much of romance can be glimpsed from reading Cervantes' life that perhaps it is no wonder biographers have been content to state the facts, speculate a little on the mysteries, and leave it at that. Now comes an imaginative biographical novel of the "Ariel" variety. Only Hans Ryner has attempted and succeeded in doing a little more than the author of "Ariel," for he has also given us an interesting glimpse of the

writer at work on his various tales, and shown us what they meant in his life and time. He has stuck pretty closely to the facts but made of them a charming story, as well as a study of the genius of Cervantes. Important in Spain's most glorious period as Shakespeare was in England's, Cervantes' life gives a chance for many of the colorful personalities of that time to step into its story. The author introduces him when Cervantes is already old, but in a series of conversations brings in the whole background of his youth. The great Spaniard's opinions on war, tax-collecting, and especially the Catholic Church are interesting but not convincingly portrayed. We cannot help thinking that Cervantes was more typical of his time in these respects than this biographer would have us believe. Ryner's interpretation of his philosophy, with the implied allegory in "Don Quixote," leaves room for doubt.

Poetry and Plays

Russian Poetry. An anthology compiled and translated by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: International Publishers Inc. \$2.25.

IF literary Russia was asleep at the end of the Eighteenth Century, it rose in the dawn of the Nineteenth a Titan, voicing deep joys and deeper sorrows in a tongue common to men and to angels. Vaughn and Herbert might have understood these poets of terrible doubt and mystic certainty, assuredly they were understood by them. Really to review this book is to analyze the spirit of

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Russian revolt. The task is too difficult. But the translators have fulfilled their object so satisfactorily, in several instances so brilliantly, that the spirit is really unmistakably there. With a fine facility which never degenerates into ingenuity, Miss Deutsch and Mr. Yarmolinsky have put these Russian poems into English that is not only artistically smooth and beautiful, but what is more, alive with the poetry of the originals. This is the aim of the translator always, and it has been accomplished here.

This does not mean that the poems are all on the same level of importance. The selection of material having been made with a view to giving a fairly comprehensive picture of the field of Russian lyric poetry, the poems vary almost as much in their comparative excellence as in the change of mood and symbol of expression that a hundred years assures. The inclusion, however, of a good deal of minor poetry only makes the vista more complete, and the excellent note on the development of Russian poetry and the critical and biographical paragraphs give an added value to the whole.

Requiem. By Humbert Wolfe. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

ON the jacket of this book of poems we find the words, "Seldom has a poet met with such rewards in praise and in the size of its public as has 'Requiem.'" We haven't the reviews or the statistics of the publisher beside us, but we can believe this remark readily, for here is the sort of verse that in all times among English-speaking peoples finds its reward. That reward is among those who look in a book of verse for philosophico-moral agitation of the mind, and the awakening of generalized joys and sadnesses. Unless I am much mistaken, the students of Browning can experience here the same cerebral disturbances without the expenditure of intellect called for by the older poet. Here are some admirable verbal and mental effects, but they all tend—in the opinion of this reviewer—to what is not poetry, but a kind of impassioned philosophic dialogue, expressed in regular verse forms. They tend to this sort of thing:

Theories of Art! Believe me, they're no theories! To know yourself, to clutch what now and here is and set it down for yourself—that's all there is in all that chatter about mysteries!

Browning?

Ballads for Sale. By Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.25.

THIS is the third posthumous volume of Miss Lowell's verse. The title comes out of the first poem, wherein a crier offers ballads for sale upon dandelions, daisies, fountains, fish ponds, war,

and love. Poems upon as varied themes are packed into this utterly miscellaneous collection. We think that, had Miss Lowell been publishing, she would have left out certain ones that are flat and forced on re-reading, and other poems that fulfilled some temporary purpose but are of little use to posterity, but the bulk of the volume she would have left as printed. A restless, learned, and ambitious mind is apparent here—it is natural and not always unfair to recall Browning—and occasionally there is the rare fusion of word, skill, and emotion which we recognize as poetry. To say that the reviewer has been often tempted to exclaim "What noble prose!" is to revive an old controversy. Sufficient to say that the volume is excellent reading. Too much, it should be added, has been made of this poet's limitations since her death. It is time we looked with gratitude on her great gifts.

The Pamphlet Poets. General Editor, Hughes Mearns. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$2.50 each.

DESIGNED to make available the best American poetry in convenient reprints at a popular price, the "Pamphlet Poets" deserve all possible success. When last year the first half dozen were put into the bookstalls, we welcomed the venture with enthusiasm. There are now ready for sale a half dozen more, selected poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Witter Bynner, Emerson, and Emily Dickinson, each in a separate pamphlet in attractive format, and in addition, two group selections, one entitled "The New York Wits," and one "Four Negro Poets." The criticism that the pamphlets are so small as to make the collections valueless is unfounded. In some instances, all the really distinguished work of the poet can be included, in others the pamphlet forms a useful introduction for new readers, and always a bibliography is given, together with an account of the poet's life and a critical estimate of his work.

Copper Sun. By Countee Cullen. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

COUNTTEE CULLEN in this volume of his verse gives us a chance to see and judge three distinct aspects of the poetry which has lately won him a high place among modern American poets. There is first the manner in which he treats his own race—the negro. These poems are of course interesting, and the dignified sadness and power of "From the Dark Tower" makes it a distinguished poem in spite of the triteness of the thought. But except for "The Unknown Color," which in six lines delightfully achieves the spooky atmosphere of a windy night to superstitious souls, there

is not much in the "color" poems on which to base such a reputation as Mr. Cullen has.

The love poems, too, in their deft treatment of subjects dear to the cheerfully cynical moderns, are musical, skillful, and clever without being much more. This raises the question, Must a poem express a new thought to be the highest form of poetry? We think not, but such sentiments as

Tell me all things false are true,
Bitter sweet, that fools are wise,
I will not doubt or question you,
I am in the mood for lies,

however delightfully phrased, have been too well expressed by Edna St. Vincent Millay to win distinction for her followers.

It is for another reason that "Copper Sun" merits a place on a poetry shelf. In "To Lovers of Earth," "The Spark," "Thoughts in a Zoo," "On the Mediterranean Sea," and "Ultimatum," Mr. Cullen shows the power of expressing intangible ideas in colorful symbols. "Leaves" shows how musically yet vividly he can put his thoughts into song — something of an achievement now.

Yesterday they sang
Silver symphonies,
Raised high
Holy chants that rang
Leaf-wise through their trees;
As I
Yesterday they sang.

In his philosophy Mr. Cullen also brings a refreshing note to intellectual poetry, in his triumphant "Ultimatum," his second of the "Two Thoughts of Death," and his "In Spite of Death." It is on poems such as these that his admirers base the claim that he is "one of the most vivid poets of the modern school," and as we admire his better work we wish kindly publishers would confine themselves to it when printing his verse in collected form.

The Ship. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

IN the front rank of those modern playwrights who bear the world no personal grudge stands St. John Ervine, as also at the head of contemporary dramatic critics, with the London *Observer* as his mouthpiece. In "The Ship" Mr. Ervine has contributed a very fine and discerning piece of dramatic writing — not particularly original in inspiration, but touched with a distinctly characteristic gentleness and skill which relieves the smart of his irony without lessening its incisiveness, and which makes the contrasting characters, the one too strong and the other too weak, equally lovable. The charming old lady about whom the play revolves is as happy a creation as the theatre — at least, as it is written — has

been given in a long time. And it is largely through her that the dramatist has spoken his own judgment upon the situation which he has constructed. "The Ship" is delightful reading; and it should be as delightful playing.

Ballads of the Singing Bowl. By Marjorie Allen Seiffert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

THE originality of these poems consists in what might be called the "sinister ballad." One is reminded at times of the "Ancient Mariner" by the allegory and the horror stowed into them. But even more than in Coleridge's poem, the horror is an implicit and psychological one. The poet's control of meter and language is mature and thoroughly suited to her purposes: by simple balladry, by realistic telling of a fantastic allegory, certain truths, subtle, modern, and terrible are expressed. Here, we believe, is poet of extraordinary originality. "Ballad of Two that Feasted" is one of the most moving poems we have read in a modern book.

Travel

Primitive Heartbeats in the Pyrenees. By Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.

PREPARATORY to a jaunt in the Pyrenees two summers ago the reviewer read every scrap of travel stuff he could find devoted to that region, but he read nothing remotely like this volume. For nothing like it existed. In reality, this is not travel stuff at all. It is a summer's sauntering into prehistoric time. Among their other fascinations, the Pyrenees contain, as is well known, many caves of unique beauty and interest which were the dwelling places of prehistoric man. Upon the roofs of these grottoes are the famous drawings of bison and other animals which prove the artistic gifts of our ancestors of the Stone Age. Admirably equipped by a scientific training, these two American girls decided to spend a summer in the Pyrenees studying traces of prehistoric life, and they had the good luck to conclude their adventure by finding an important grotto of their own. The scientific results of this unusual summer are being published by the Peabody Museum, the personal and human side of the adventure is here.

Oasis and Simoon. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

IT is impossible not to be interested in a book by Ossendowski once one has started it, though "Beasts, Men and Gods" still remains his best thriller. In "Oasis and Simoon" the indefatigable adventurer explores the mysterious and glamorous

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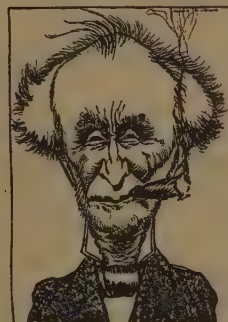


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deserts of Algeria and Tunisia. There is an anecdote or legend on every page, with two chapters devoted to two different tragic tales of love—the first between an Arab and an Englishwoman, the second between an Arab woman and a Frenchman. The book, says its author, consists of the notes which he took while traveling; these are assembled and put into order with a grouping according to the period of history recalled by each place. Thus in turn he creates for us the atmosphere of Bu Saada, with its mysterious half-castes, and pagan cults mingled with sorcery and the teachings of the Koran; of Roman pride in the days "when Africa was Rome"; of Numidian kings; of the days of St. Augustine; and of Dido and Carthage. Mr. Palen, one feels, has furnished a bright Western mirror these several years for his adventurous co-partner's wanderings.

The stories are told in Ossendowski's concise, vivid manner, deftly translated by Lewis Stanton Palen. It is not easy to forget any picture that he paints, and the lands he describes will gain in fascination for those who add this book to their library.

The reader is left with one slight regret—that some of the snapshots Ossendowski mentions taking, especially that of the flirtatious lady monkey of his charming yarn, were not included as illustrations. The map of Algeria and Tunisia included by the thoughtful publishers is gratefully noticed.

The Lure of Normandy. By Frances M. Gostling. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.

TRAVEL books are for the most part a repulsive species of literature. They open to the amateur a supreme opportunity for literary affectation. Hence, the tons of printed paper each year that dress up the tourist's banalities under the head of "adventure." This book on Normandy omits most of the silly tourist adventures which, like toilet articles, should be kept the private property of the tourist himself, and gives some description and a good deal of historical information on the key towns of Normandy. That ancient land lying between the busy cities of Belgium and the fisherman's huts of Brittany has a peculiar and an abiding appeal for all persons of Anglo-Saxon descent. To begin with, in prehistoric days it was one with England, and the ancestors of the "ancient Briton" reached England by walking across Normandy and Brittany. In historic times, of course, it became the homeland of the great duke who conquered England, and changed utterly the course of English history. For a number of years, at varying intervals, it was a part of Britain, ruled by the same sovereign, and contributing largely of its culture and language to the making of

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The Italy of the Italians. By E. R. P. Vincent. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

HERE is a travel book upon Italy that so far as our knowledge goes is quite unique in purpose and execution. It is not designed to guide the tourist to a knowledge of Italian antiquities, but to a knowledge of the Italians. The author very shrewdly points out in the preface that an Englishman when he visits Italy visits a country that exists wholly in the past, a picture-book land, *British Italy*. It is no wonder. For centuries it has been a British tradition to visit Rome and examine the classical remains, and Dr. Johnson pronounced the verdict that it was really a mark of inferiority *not* to have visited Italy. No wonder, then, that the British—and the Americans after them—have come to regard Italy as a country that for all the purposes of the tourist became extinct at the close of the Renaissance. Mr. Vincent, by recording his own experience with the youthful people of this ancient land, does his bit to destroy that illusion. See the "glory that was Rome" by all means, he says in effect, but remember also that Italy, in the eyes of its inhabitants and perhaps also in truth, is chiefly important for its present and its future.

General

Heavenly Discourse. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood. New York: Vanguard Press. \$5.00.

HERE in the form of dialogues in heaven between God, Jesus, Peter, and others, such matters as prohibition, birth control, the Jewish question, and about fifty others are passed in review and resolved in accordance with the radical credo of the defunct Communist magazine, *The Masses*. The author certainly laid his stage for brilliant and amusing satire. To introduce Billy Sunday, "T. R.," Anthony Comstock, Charles Evans Hughes, and others into heaven for a *résumé* with the heavenly family would seem a bold enough stroke to afford entertainment and perhaps some instruction. But, unfortunately, the author's boldness and originality desert him at the threshold of heaven. He makes the fatal error of all immature satirists, his characters are not characters but walking ideologies, and when the moral of each little discourse is in the end driven home, it is as flat and savorless as most morals that issue from preaching, rather than from character or situation. As one reads on one becomes impressed unpleasantly

with the conventionality of the radical mind. For true "proletarian" satire, let the author study Max Eastman among Americans, and that acid Russian satire, "Whither England?" by Leon Trotsky. Then let him do a great deal of thinking before he writes again.

A Primer of Book Collecting. By John T. Winterich. New York: Greenberg Publisher. \$2.00.

FOR the beginner in the field of first-edition collecting—this is the only type of collector's book to which the author devotes any considerable attention—Mr. Winterich's introductory guide should prove interesting and profitable. Its most noteworthy virtue is accuracy in matters of fact, a rare one among writers in this field. Particularly helpful to the beginner are the chapters on the "Mechanics of Collecting," and the "Factor of Condition." Only occasionally does the author tread on the dangerous ground of personal opinion. Some readers may, perhaps, feel that he overstates the importance of the dollar sign from the buyer's, and perhaps from the seller's, point of view. Sensational cash values are certainly a tremendous factor in creating popular interest in the fascinating hobby of book collecting, and perhaps in these days it is not safe to ignore the financial aspect of anything. At any rate, Mr. Winterich does not make the mistake that has too often been made before, of assuring the innocent beginner that there are fortunes lying around everywhere in the form of ten-cent "Tamerlanes" and fifty-cent "Moby Dicks" which the astute browser can have for the seeing. The graduate of Mr. Winterich's kindergarten will at least approach his hobby with a sane attitude, and will know something of what it is all about.

The War on Modern Science. By Maynard Shipley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

THIS book is a valuable eye opener to the threat of organized Fundamentalism against the free teaching and the development of scientific thought in America today. It points out that in two States of the Union—Tennessee and Mississippi—the teaching of evolution in schools and colleges supported by the public has been made illegal by legislative action; that in several other States similar bills have passed the Lower House, but failed of passage in the Senate, and that in many other States arbitrary action has been taken by governors, State superintendents of public instruction, textbook commissioners, and city boards of educators. The subject is considered State by State, and the plans and achievements of Fundamentalists referred to documentary

evidence. This gives the volume the valuable character of a source book. Unfortunately, the tone of the running text is far from judicial or scientific, as would seem appropriate to a study by the president of the Science League of America. This is unfortunate. Fundamentalists are entitled to a calm and intelligent review of their position even by opponents. This book does not give it. It is a militant attack upon forces which we believe to be harmful, but the attack would be more effective if it used the language and method of science and scholarship rather than of political exhortation.

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What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THE eighth Assembly of the League of Nations has been occupying the attention of the world since delegates took their seats on September 5. Throughout the meetings thus far held

a single thought has dominated the Assembly—the will to peace. **ARISTIDE BRIAND**, France's Foreign Minister and a confirmed internationalist, has twice brought tears to the eyes of his audiences with his impassioned pledges of faith in arbitration rather than in war as a means of settling international disputes. And as an indication that the war spirit between France and Germany is dead—so far as he can speak for his country—he has spoken fine words of Germany's Foreign Minister, **GUSTAV STRESEMANN**, and has indicated his nation's desire to gain a complete *rapprochement* with the nation which has been regarded as its traditional enemy over a period of more than fifty years.

Herr **STRESEMANN** stole a march upon the other great powers by announcing early in the sessions that Germany would show its faith in the benign nature of the World Court by signing the compulsory-arbitration clause of the protocol. By this step, the Reich covenants to let the World Court pass judgment upon any wrangle in which it becomes involved with a foreign nation. The step is undoubtedly an important one. None of the great powers has signed the compulsory clause so far, adhering, rather, to the more cautious procedure of giving the World Court jurisdiction only over those disputes which it submits itself for arbitration. It seems doubtful at this time if any of the other powers will follow Germany's lead. France tentatively agreed to sign the compulsory-arbitration clause in 1924, but made the effectiveness of her signature depend upon ratification of the so-called Geneva Protocol, a mutual European security pact. Great Britain was largely instrumental in defeating the Protocol, basing her action upon her unwillingness to go so far in guaranteeing the peace of Europe.

Britain's Foreign Minister, Sir **AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN**, has indicated at Geneva his country's reasons for rejecting the 1924 Protocol, and given the firm impression that Britain will not go further than she has already moved in signing security pacts. So broad a pact as was the Geneva Protocol, he is quoted as saying, "would be asking for a disruption of the British Empire. I am devoted to the League of Nations, but not even for the League

would I destroy that smaller but older league which is the British Empire."

Poland, France's ally, has presented her resolution for outlawing war to the Assembly. The crux of it is that any recourse to war for the settlement of international disputes is forbidden, and all such disputes must be settled by peaceful means of arbitration. The proposal suggests that the Assembly go on record as

German
Suspensions

The Week

¶Peace strikes the keynote of the League Assembly. M. Briand leads in speech making. But Herr Stresemann takes a practical step. ¶Poland's move for outlawing war. ¶A question of interest to the United States. Are we sovereigns over Canal Zone? ¶Tragic wreckage. All that remains of the *Old Glory*. And no sign of her pilots and passenger. ¶The Presidential holiday comes to a close. Mr. Coolidge back in Washington. ¶Our merchant marine. ¶No extra session. Flood control and election contests must wait until December. ¶France and Moscow.

favoring it, and that the various nations covenant together to observe this spirit as a fact. The German delegation seems somewhat suspicious of further general moves in this direction by Poland as veiled attempts to guarantee more securely the present eastern frontier between Poland and Germany. Germany has made no secret of the fact that she does not like this eastern frontier which, by means of the Polish Corridor, actually separates East Prussia from the remainder of Germany. But by the Locarno Treaties Germany has promised not to go to war in order to change the present arrangement. She has never disguised the hope that peaceful alteration of this frontier would at some time be possible.

A question vital in importance to the United States was presented to the Assembly by Dr. **EUSEBIO A. MORALES**, former Foreign Minister of the Republic of Panama, when he asked the League to consider this nation's sovereignty over the Canal Zone. Somewhat conflicting reports have been cabled to this country as to what Dr. **MORALES** really said, but it is indicated that he had intimated a dispute

was in progress between his own country and our State Department over "sovereignty." This country's rights in Panama are vested in a treaty negotiated by Secretary of State **JOHN HAY** and **PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA** on November 18, 1903, and subsequently ratified as of February 26, 1904. By the terms of the treaty, the United States paid to Panama \$10,000,000 outright, and nine years after the exchange of ratifications began making annual payments of \$250,000 which will continue during the life of the treaty.

Article II of the treaty frames Panama's grant to the United States "in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of a zone of land and land under water for the

The Treaty construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of said canal of the width of ten miles," and further "grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of any other lands and waters outside of the zone above which may be necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal." By Article III, "The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power, and authority within the zone mentioned and described in Article II of this agreement and within the limits of all auxiliary lands and waters mentioned and described in said Article II, which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory within which said lands and waters are located to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority."

The present dispute seems to have arisen in connection with the new treaty between Panama and the United States already signed by Secretary **KELLOGG** and

by **RICARDO J. A. ALFARO**, now Foreign Minister of Panama, but at that time his nation's Minister to the United States. Considerable opposition to the treaty has been aroused in Panama's Assembly, and there has been denunciation of it in Europe where it is alleged to be in direct contradiction of Panama's promises as a member of the League. And, indeed, so it seems. For according to Article II of the League Covenant, Panama has promised to submit any dispute which might involve war to the League, and in no case to go "to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report of the Council" had been given. Yet by the proposed treaty between this country and Panama, the latter Government

Compulsory
Arbitration

The "Older
League"

Panama and
Sovereignty

Conflicts

promises to "consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent." Our State Department has refused to become alarmed by the matter. Officials here have indicated that there never had been any dispute over the question of sovereignty.

The steamship *Kyle*, which was sent out by the HEARST interests, backers of the *Old Glory* flight, to search for the plane whose S O S was the last word

heard from it after it took off for Rome, Italy, from Old Orchard, Maine, has been successful in solving this latest air tragedy. In a dispatch to the New York *Daily Mirror*, its correspondent reports that "the wreckage of the *Old Glory* taken from a heavy sea consists of thirty-four feet of wing, containing three tank sections, glass fuel gauges and feed pipes connected to the tanks. A fourth tank is missing. The other three contained large quantities of gasoline when picked up. The engine and body of the plane evidently had been torn from the wing, leaving no trace of the control cockpit except one lever and speaking tube located near the fuel gauges." The American flag, painted on the wing, was discernible, as was a single letter. There seems to be no doubt that the wreckage is part of the *Old Glory* as its characteristics are said to be those of the Fokker. The *San Raphael* which took off from England for this country was also a Fokker, similar to the *Old Glory* but no American flag would have been painted on it. Hope that either of the pilots, LLOYD BERTAUD and JAMES D. HILL, or their passenger, PHILIP A. PAYNE, will be found alive seems extremely slim.

Two other reports of the finding of wreckage have come — one from French fishermen who stated that they had discovered wreckage "of a yellowish color

with black lettering" some 250 miles off Sable Island, and the other from Newquay on the coast of Cornwall, England. No word has been heard from the *Sir John Carling*, which took off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on September 7 for London, England. Capt. TERRY TULLY and Lieut. JAMES MEDCALF were piloting the plane which did not carry radio equipment.

President and Mrs. COOLIDGE, together with the official party which has been pending the summer in South Dakota, returned to Washington on September 11.

On the following day the executive offices of the nation had returned to their customary location. One of Mr. COOLIDGE's first public statements from Washington has to do with our merchant marine, a consideration which has received added impetus from the three-power conference at Geneva where Great Britain sedulously based her demands for

a large navy upon the necessity of protecting her shipping. Mr. COOLIDGE urges patriotic support by American importers and exporters of vessels flying the American flag. If shippers will send their goods in American bottoms, he does not believe emergency measures by the Government would be necessary to bolster up our shipping. EDWARD N. HURLEY, former chairman of the Shipping Board, has suggested that railroad lines should be allowed to own ships in coastwise trade, and the President, while pointing out that such a course is not now sanctioned by law, believes that if such ownership were allowed, it would be the means of giving American vessels larger and more frequent cargoes.

President COOLIDGE has once more indicated that there will be no special session of Congress. At the regular time for convening in December, flood control, which seems to be the paramount subject at this time, will be immediately considered. The only other pressing matter seems to be the two impending election contests for Senate seats which involve Col. FRANK L. SMITH of Illinois, elected to take the seat of the late Senator WILLIAM B. MCKINLEY, and Congressman WILLIAM S. VARE of Pennsylvania; who expects to fill GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER's former seat. In both cases, it was the election of these two men in their States' primaries which caused debate in the Senate, charges being made that excessive funds were used to secure their nominations. President COOLIDGE points out that the subcommittees of the Committee on Elections appointed to investigate these elections are not ready as yet to make their reports. It would therefore be futile to convene Congress simply to consider these contests when figures upon which to base decision do not exist.

All seems not to be smooth sailing in the prohibition-enforcement unit in Washington where SEYMOUR W. LOWMAN reigns supreme as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. LOWMAN recently made remarks in Buffalo, New York, said to have been considered derogatory to the Department which he serves, and there have been rumors, quite unfounded so far, that he might resign. Meanwhile, he has been conducting a rigid process of eliminating dry agents who appear inefficient or downright dishonest or out of sympathy with the tasks they are performing. He has dismissed upward of a hundred men from the unit which brings the total since national prohibition became a fact in 1920 to more than a thousand. Mr. LOWMAN's charges against the service which he has headed since August 1, 1927, largely concern graft.

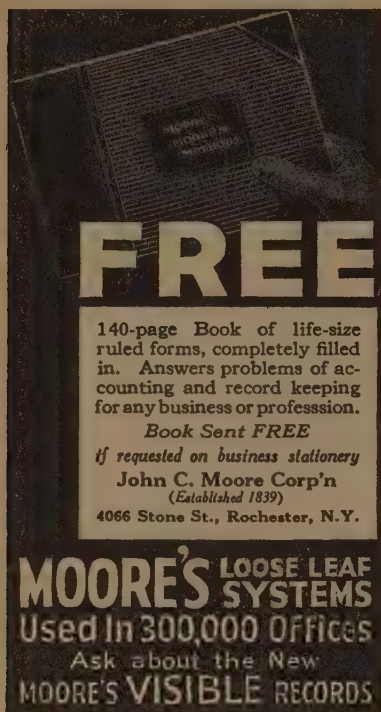
American business men engaged in selling a part of their output to France have faced with consternation the new French

tariff duties which went into effect on September 5, following the conclusion between France and Germany of an eighteen months' trade agreement whereby

Germany is accorded most-favored-nation treatment. American manufacturers are faced with duties which range to the 200 per cent maximum and even higher. For some of the products affected, such duties are actually prohibitive. These new taxes are recognized as being in the line of trading arguments to be used by France when the two nations consider the new commercial treaty next month. Under the press of circumstances, it is entirely possible that negotiations will get under way at an even earlier date. The text of our proposed agreement has already been dispatched to France, but consideration of it has been held up because of the absence of responsible Government officials. Under the old tariff regulations, American goods were generally assessed the intermediate tax of sixty per cent, under schedules which allowed forty per cent as the minimum and 100 per cent as the maximum. Under the new rates, however, the maximum has been charged in almost every instance. The United States will be at a trading disadvantage in treaty negotiations, it is pointed out, since only an Act of Congress can give France reductions in the rates paid by all nations for bringing goods into this country.

Rumors, officially unconfirmed, have been afloat about Paris for some days that France will demand the recall of CHRISTIAN RAKOVSKY, Soviet Ambassador. It is

said that the decision was reached at a Cabinet meeting held September 10. Reports state that the decision was informal because of the absence of Foreign Minister BRIAND, but that upon his return from Geneva, the vote will be repeated and a demand made upon Moscow. Although there has been resentment in official French circles for some time against RAKOVSKY's activities, which are said to have been often directed toward the overthrow of the French Government, they were brought to a head about two weeks ago when the Ambassador, on a visit to Moscow, signed a proclamation calling upon all soldiers of capitalistic nations to revolt and overthrow their Governments. He further urged that in the event of a war with Russia, soldiers desert to the Red army. There seems to be no talk connected with the reported move to expel RAKOVSKY of France's following Britain's lead and breaking off diplomatic relations with Russia. Britain, by the way, recently delivered another blow to the Soviet Government when the Trades Union Council decided to break off all relations with Russian labor organizations. The reason is said to be that the British felt the Russians were using them only to further revolutionary ends.



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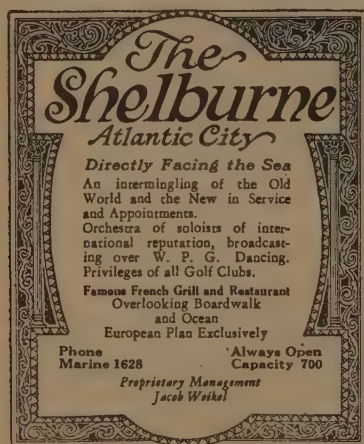
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The Editor Steps Down

EDITORIALLY, we believe we have said our last word on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But it becomes apparent that some of our readers have found cause to comment on our conclusions. We never intend to close either our ears or these columns to such of our contributors as are sufficiently interested in us to express their honest opinions, however, and for this reason, as well as because their opinions are always worth consideration, we are publishing two of the many letters which we have received on this subject.

The first comes from a prominent Boston attorney.

DEAR SIR:

During the progress of the agitation over Sacco and Vanzetti I was disappointed very much at the attitude of *THE INDEPENDENT*, which seemed to me to be joining in a movement which was entirely unnecessary, and was an attempt to move the trial in a capital case from the courts where it belonged to the newspapers. For that reason I stopped reading *THE INDEPENDENT*. The other day my attention was called to the article called "Last Words on Sacco and Vanzetti" which I read with very great pleasure. It seemed to me a very able statement of the situation, and I congratulate you on the frank way in which you dealt with the case. My confidence in *THE INDEPENDENT* is restored.

MOORFIELD STOREY.

PRESSING the arguments of the other side is this correspondent from Omaha, Nebraska, who finds little in our position to defend and even less in that of the State of Massachusetts.

DEAR SIR:

I have heard your magazine, *THE INDEPENDENT*, called a narrow, conservative organ. Your editorial concerning the Sacco-Vanzetti case, in which you commend Governor Fuller, shows not only narrowness, but limited reasoning powers. ¶Governor Fuller stands convicted as a moral coward, who had not the backbone to stand up alone and face the music. He stands convicted of lack of knowledge of the people of this nation. He could not rise in a crisis. He called in others who were as cowardly as himself. They gave no heed to the gathering storm clouds of public sentiment, but, being the kind of automatons they were, made so by our vicious system of education, gave no heed to the spirit of law but to the exact letter of the law. There are times when no man-made rule will work, no matter how perfect it may be, and this was one of the times. If these men were guilty as charged, why haven't they been disposed of long ago? Because there was a doubt as to their guilt. That doubt still exists. What the governor should have done was to reprieve them and have a new trial. But he was afraid of his

moss-grown associates and the class he travels with would condemn his actions. He is a moral coward. A machine could have done as well as Governor Fuller and his associates — his advisory committee — in reacting a farce. I have no use for anarchy or any other form of disregard for law as long as that law is used to enact justice, but when it is used by incompetents, I also rebel.

JOHN THOMAS.

OUR friend Mr. Hermann Outgrowth is back in Paris after a summer in the Bernese Oberland. Here is a paragraph from one of his letters:

Tired with too many kilometers of Parisian streets, I went into the Bodega for a modest glass of sherry. At the next table were two elderly parboiled Britons and a rather bewildered Frenchwoman. The two men spoke only English, which they assumed she would understand if shouted at her or translated into a kind of baby talk. Moved perhaps by my advent, one of the Britons explained to her why Americans were the most despicable and disgusting of human beings. "They don't know when a thing isn't cricket."

"Comment, monsieur?"

"We say a thing isn't cricket. Isn't cricket! The Americans don't know what's Cricket. Comprenez? C-R-I-C-K-E-T, CRICKET —"

"Non, monsieur, pardon, je n'y comprends rien." Very solemnly he leaned forward and said slowly and distinctly — "They don't play the game."

Instantly she understood. Her face lit up — "Ab, oui, oui, oui, je comprends maintenant, les Américains n'aiment pas les jeux."

When the "Lady's Book" Was Young

(Continued from page 308)

Regarded in the light of present-day journalism, highly unethical and cruel.

In 1877, *Godey's Lady's Book* was sold and a year later its owner and publisher died. It had begun to lose the old-time flavor. Realism was stealing in and challenging the supremacy of saccharinity as a literary condiment. Under the name of *Godey's Magazine*, the publication struggled along until 1898, when it peacefully expired. "We have long stood at the head of the magazine world for our contributions," wrote Godey twenty-eight years before his death; "they are always moral and instructive and as such may be placed before a family without hesitation. *Godey's Lady's Book* for 1850 shall surpass that of 1849 and exceed all magazine past, present, and to come." He spoke the truth. America has never seen its like, and never will again.

The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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MANY observers are frankly surprised at the cordial reception which the American Legion seems to have received from the French people. When Sir Philip Gibbs describes the convention parade through the streets of Paris as "a carnival of comradeship" they are unmistakably taken aback. Comradeship is not what the Legion was expected to encounter in its return to France. There were black visions of sharpshooting anarchists perched on roof tops seeking vengeance for Sacco and Vanzetti, of jeering *boulevardiers* who had not forgotten American refusal to cancel the French war debt. Evidently there was little of this. France has welcomed our Legionnaires with something of the fervor she granted them in 1917.

It is possible, of course, that this cordiality is mere enthusiasm — surface veneer. But it is more probable that the alleged French animosity toward America has in reality been the veneer, and that beneath it there lies a spirit of friendship for the United States. We have no fundamental quarrel with France, and France, in so far as we are able to perceive, should have no deep-rooted quarrel with us. Without summoning up the spirit of Lafayette or playing the "Marseillaise" and "Star

Spangled Banner" in conjunction, it may be possible to discover that we like the French people, and that the French, after all, approve of us. This is the optimistic and satisfactory explanation of the reception Paris has given the Legion.

McAdoodle Don't

MR. WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO, the somewhat forlorn hope of the "Progressive Dry Democrats" resident in the hard-shell belt, has seen the handwriting on the wall and withdrawn from the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination. He says that the great principles of Democracy are the important things — not personal ambitions, "however legitimate." Mr. McAdoo ought to know. He has been legitimately if not always tactfully ambitious. In fact, no keener yearning to date his letters from the Executive Mansion has ever throbbed beneath a waistcoat than Mr. McAdoo's yearning. It was the most obvious and perhaps the most tedious human emotion animating the deplorable Democratic convention of 1924. Indeed, as one recalls the dreary antics of the McAdoo henchmen, the buxom gal with the

rooster, the tired dry progressive Democrats wearily cackling "McAdoodle doo!" all the expensive, creaking, machine-made enthusiasm, one recalls the sense of an immense ambition — legitimate, if you like — and an immense disappointment.

Mr. McAdoo realized that he could never get the nomination. His candidacy would either suffer a humiliating defeat in the convention of 1928 or it would repeat the obstructionist tactics of 1924 and split the party. The alternative was to withdraw and very wisely Mr. McAdoo accepted it. In the letter terminating his candidacy he spoke of those great principles which were more important than personal ambitions. According to Mr. McAdoo, these principles boil down to three — justice to agriculture, social and economic justice for all classes, and the preservation of the Constitution which includes the suppression of nullification. In effect, one may dismiss the principles about agriculture and social justice as being the common property of all parties — and realize that to Mr. McAdoo there is just one great principle and that is the enforcement of the Volstead Act. This is a perfectly good principle for those who like it, but it has no possible significance as a fine old Democratic doctrine. It is by right the property of the Prohibition party, and any attempt to purloin it for the benefit of Democracy should be regarded as grand larceny by these rather obscure war horses who neigh and snort when the skeleton regiments of the Prohibition party march forth to battle.

The historic principles of Democracy, as we remember them, express very little concern for prohibition, centralized Federal authority, an untouchable Constitution, or the importance of enforcing one particular law. They were liberal principles stressing the rights of States and smaller communities to govern their own affairs as they saw fit; they even by implication allowed certain rights to individuals. Certainly, they never contemplated the regulation of States and individuals all over the country by Federal fiat, and a Federal bureaucracy. This bright innovation we owe historically to the Prohibition party and actually to the nonpartisan body so well and favorably known as the Anti-Saloon League. There are large areas filled with deserving Democrats who suffer mild attacks of apoplexy whenever the Eighteenth Amendment is mentioned. They are probably the nonprogressive Democrats whom Mr. McAdoo regards as backsliders and renegades, but they are Democrats just the same, they believe in Democratic principles, and vote when the time comes.

Our suggestion would be that Mr. McAdoo reanimate and revive the fine old Prohibition party. It could be given a less negative name, something tony, like the Loyal Enforcement or the Constitutional party. He could invite all the dry progressive Democrats to this party and all the dry

progressive Republicans, and they could have a perfectly lovely time being dry and progressive together. Then the rest of us could keep on living in sin and voting every four years — unless it rained on election day — for the good old Republican or Democratic principles, for or against a slightly less flexible tariff on live bobwhite quail, for or against economy, for or against relieving the American farm. The whole situation would be clarified and Mr. McAdoo could continue to lead the faithful on to new triumphs over nullification.

Pure Warriors

NOT having seen President Hindenburg's Tannenbergh address in its original Teutonic form, we are loath to criticize the adjectives used in its translation. Perhaps the old warrior did not say:



"With pure hearts we marched out to defend the Fatherland and with pure hands the German army wielded the sword," but that is what his translators dished out for American consumption. The thing is just a trifle too rich, too cloying to be palatable. The aged field marshal doth protest too much the purity of the German soldier

who fired a pure bullet out of a pure gun at the wicked Belgian priest or the dirty Belgian urchin.

The important thing, however, in the President's address was not his infelicitous purity boast, but his challenge to the world to explore the question of war guilt. For the first time he has publicly repudiated in the name of the German people the charge of Germany's guilt in bringing about the war. In so doing he has voiced the intense conviction of his countrymen who are determined that the stigma in the Treaty of Versailles shall be erased. Some day the demand for an impartial tribunal to determine the question must be faced — but that day will be postponed for just as long a period as the statesmen of the Allied Powers can postpone it. They have everything to lose and nothing to win by such an investigation. Obviously, it will not be undertaken until the war-time generation of politicians has gone to its reward — whatever that may be.

Pop Goes the Weevil!

IF we were asked to confess our acquaintance with Otorhynchidæ, Curculionidæ, Calandridæ, or Scolytidæ, we should be inclined to plead ignorance. We could believe that these were the first families of Rome in 200 B.C., or four of the lost cities of Atlantis. It appears, however, that they are species of the American boll weevil, and with that aggressive insect we have at least a nodding acquaintance.

The boll weevil seems to be one of the things that are decidedly wrong with the cotton industry, and one of the things that will have to be conquered if cotton growers and cotton consumers are going to know a surplus from a deficit.

During his recent sojourn in this country, Dr. John A. Todd of Liverpool, British authority on the cotton trade, gave considerable attention to this press-agented pest. He informed us that the relative disappearance of the weevil in 1926 was more or less a matter of luck, and that it would undoubtedly stage an impressive comeback.

While the weevil is only one of many factors tending toward instability in the cotton industry, with consequent overproduction one year and underproduction the next, it is a factor which has already received flattering attention and deserves a good deal more. Airplane "dusting" has been tried with some success as a means of annihilating the weevil population, but it has been found too expensive for general use. The Department of Commerce recommends as more simple remedies early planting, thorough cultivation, the planting of wide rows, and the destruction of the cotton plants through plowing and bonfires.

There is plenty of room in the weevil situation for science to demonstrate its boasted prowess. Science has already shown the way to the destruction of microscopic organisms whose very existence was unknown a few years ago. Certainly some precise entomologist will find a way to dispose of these beetles, which assume by comparison the proportions of elephants. It is high time for the weevil to be popped out of our modern agricultural reel.

The Back Door at Geneva

THE election of Canada and Cuba to nonpermanent seats on the Council of the League of Nations gives the United States a new stake in the international organization which she has consistently shunned. For the next three years our close neighbors to the north and south will have an active part in shaping League action, and because of the similarity which exists between their interests and our own, the viewpoint of the United States is bound to slip in at the back door of Geneva discussions. Canada, although



she forms a unit of the British Commonwealth, has a tendency to insist upon independent thinking; her attitude on disarmament and world peace is closely allied with our own. Cuba, because of existing treaties, is to all practical purposes under obligation to observe this country's wishes.

In the present meeting of the League Assembly

importance has been attached by a majority of speakers to the weight of American opinion in the settlement of international problems and the promotion of peace. M. Politis, Greek statesman, for example, has urged that the United States abet an agreement whereby in time of war noncombatant powers would renounce certain of their neutral rights in case the League took action against one of the aggressor nations. M. Briand has directed his appeals for peace partly in our direction.

These are favorable signs. They indicate that while the United States may choose to shun the League, the League has no intention of snubbing the United States. They suggest that the League cannot function effectively without one eye upon the tremendous influence of this country—a further indication that no nation can live its life in a vacuum. Some of our representatives at Washington would improve their usefulness if they pondered for a while on the question of how the United States, for its part, is going to get along without considerable attention to the League.

The Jungle Verdict

IT appears that jazz is not, after all, the music of the jungle. Poetre, twelve-year-old elephant of the Philadelphia zoo, has expressed her critical opinion of "blues" and "lonesome papa" songs by blowing a trunkful of water over the musicians who came to play for her. Instead of shimmying or starting a Charleston or Black Bottom, she drew a gallon or two of water from her bathtub and emptied it over the syncopaters. The orchestra decided that Poetre was prudish and mid-Victorian, and went over to the monkey house for further experimentation. But even the monkeys, our alleged forbears, declined to go into jazz ecstasies. We are informed that the notes of the saxophones and trumpets sent "shivers of fear" over the monkey audience, which cowered in corners of the cages.

This concert in the Philadelphia zoo seems to have upset another of our popular myths. The jungle has repudiated jazz just as effectively as science has repudiated the hope of cheese mining on the moon. Now that this piece of musical research is ended, we should like to have someone undertake an investigation of high-power salesmanship and other horrors.

An Appointment of Merit

THE appointment of Dwight W. Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico was not one day old when some of our reliable Senate cry-babies commenced tearful protest. "I had hoped for a more fortunate selection," said the hopeful Senator Nye; and "I would not think it a good appointment at this time," murmured the insurgent Frazier between

suggestions as to how Mr. Morrow's influence would stir things up south of the Rio Grande. Mr. Borah put in a qualified approval, informing correspondents that his feelings in the matter "turn entirely on what I regard as the policy of this Government towards Mexico." All this was to be expected. As a member of the firm of Morgan, Mr. Morrow is bound to face antagonism from men to whom the mention of Wall Street is a signal for denunciatory explosion. The fact that he is going to Mexico gives these opponents of big business an excellent opportunity for orations on dollar diplomacy.

It is our feeling, however, that this appointment by the President is an excellent one. The difficulties with Mexico have centered around business and legal problems, and we can think of no man better qualified to resolve them than one who has proved himself so capable in these fields. Mr. Morrow's connection with the house of Morgan is an asset in fact, though perhaps a political liability. Some of the most constructive brains of the nation have been allied to that firm, and its unsavory reputation among our radicals springs not so much from the quality of its operations as from their size and importance. It took courage for the President to make this choice, but we are convinced that in Mr. Morrow he has selected an Ambassador who will not alone carry out the policy of the Administration but bring a keen and experienced brain to help formulate that policy. Mr. Morrow, likewise, deserves praise for being willing to forego a life of ease and great prosperity for one of public service in a very thorny field.

The Davis Cup Goes East

FRANCE won the Davis Cup by superior play. We are glad she did, not because our hearts are unmoved by the splendid defense put up by the veterans Johnston and Tilden, but because we feel that the era of athletic supremacy through which the United States is passing has given it an unfortunate feeling of superiority over the rest of the world. It is good once in a while to be reminded that no one nation has a monopoly of this world's physical or business talent.

The outstanding feature of French success, not only in the Davis Cup matches, but in the victory of Lacoste at Forest Hills, is revealed in the stroke analysis. The American players beat themselves. Brought up in the American school of offense they succumbed to the French school of defense. And curiously enough it was the veterans who staged the offensive with all the physical strain which speed and dash require, while youth remained content to keep the ball in play until the attack spent itself. Prudent, cautious, mechanically perfect, the splendid Frenchmen who have carried to their homes the Davis Cup may well have taught the United

States a finer technique in a game at which it had come to regard itself as invincible.

Short-sighted Tariff Tactics

WE do not anticipate any serious difficulties in the settlement of the present Franco-American tariff dispute. The issue involved is not of sufficient importance to warrant a trade war, and we cannot believe that France will risk the danger of an extra imposition of fifty per cent on all her exports to the United States, a retaliation possible under the Fordney-McCumber tariff act, for the sake of ridiculously discriminatory tariffs on a small portion of the goods which the United States exports to France. The controversy has, however, brought into sharp relief the two distinct tariff philosophies which govern the two nations.

The United States has consistently extended most-favored-nation courtesies to all nations alike and has sought by treaty to secure the same in return. Tariff legislation has never discriminated between nations except in so far as a tariff on lemons might hit Italy harder than England, or one on cork might affect Spain to a greater extent than Sweden. The framing of the legislation has always been inspired by revenue considerations or the needs of some particular industry, not by a desire to cripple the industries of some other nation or as a threat to secure political favors in a different sphere. France, on the other hand, following the practice of many Continental nations, has considered the tariff a major political weapon, by which favors could be accorded nations in return for specific advantages. The most-favored-nation clause was for her a final concession, not common practice, and as a result the twenty-odd nations with which she carried on her major trade might well have been paying twenty-odd different tariffs on the same goods. Consequently, the tariff became a source of constant bargaining and political adjustment. It enabled certain rates to be put into effect in the recent Franco-German commercial treaty, which discriminate heavily in favor of German goods manufactured in competition with American goods, electrical equipment and razors, to name two notable examples.

If France were today merely protecting her own domestic industries against all outside competition, the United States could register no complaint whatever. But when she singles us out for exorbitant duties she plays a game filled with dynamite. In international affairs no irritant short of armed aggression is more disturbing than an unevenly applied tariff, and in the negotiations to come in the next few weeks we have every hope that France will see the justice of our tariff philosophy and admit the United States to a most-favored-nation status without cavil or delay.

Democrats Before the Battle

IN laying the groundwork for its 1928 convention the Democratic party is faced with two outstanding duties which are likely to tax the ingenuity of its political carpenters; first, to choose well-defined issues upon which to meet the Republicans, and second, to find a candidate who may be nominated without precipitating a convention fiasco comparable to that of 1924. Farm relief is an issue likely to endure, whatever the next Congress may or may not do with it, but one so charged with dynamite that meddlers are likely to be blown over the horizon. Prohibition is a problem on which many, notably the governor of New York, would be glad to whet their appetites, yet one on which the party will be able to lay no stress. International questions, thanks to Republican anodyne, have been laid to fragrant rest until the coming of the next world crisis. As for questions of finance and taxation, the advantage in them lies with the Republicans, whose reputation for Vermont frugality cannot be questioned. There is left the opportunity for attack upon Republican corruption, and a chance to drag forward the tariff issue, which has discarded crutches and taken a sprint or two because of the unhappy reactions produced in France. But all this is puny timber.

When it comes to candidates, no honest Democrat can disregard the monosyllable, "Al." Yet there is as much discussion upon the availability of Governor Smith for the Presidency as upon all other political questions put together. After the governor, there is Mr. McAdoo. Some critics are inclined to say there *was* Mr. McAdoo, but we have the feeling they are too gullible. Mr. McAdoo has withdrawn his candidacy, to be sure, but there is no reason to believe that he has withdrawn his influence. Even now there is speculation as to the successor upon whom he will drape his mantle of "Democratic principles and progressive policies." Certain observers have already discovered that successor in Edwin T. Meredith of Des Moines, former Secretary of Agriculture.

In the miserable muddle of 1924, the versatile Mr. McAdoo received on the first ballot 431½ votes. On the same ballot Governor Smith scraped together 241. During the course of the 103 ballots which make that overheated gathering memorable, Mr. McAdoo attained the high-water mark of 530, and Governor Smith 368. Neither was able to approach nearer to the 732 votes necessary for nomination, but between them they brought about an effective deadlock.

If the McAdoo and Smith forces came to grips in 1924, there is evidence that they may come to grips again in 1928. Several observers have said that Mr. McAdoo, had he left his own hat in the ring, "could

not have counted on one hundred votes" in the 1928 convention, but this estimate is in our opinion low. We believe that the former Secretary of the Treasury might have assembled a sufficient strength to set the Smith colossus quaking, and we are not sure he may not assemble that same strength on behalf of his legatee.

California, Mr. McAdoo's home State, which gave him twenty-six votes on the first ballot in 1924, will probably lean in the direction he indicates in 1928. Iowa, with another twenty-six, is likely to follow suit, especially because of its own Mr. Meredith. Missouri's thirty-six votes will not be outside his reach, notwithstanding the prospect of opposition from Senator Jim Reed. George F. Milton may swing Tennessee, with twenty-four, for the McAdoo candidate. Should Mr. McAdoo retain control of delegations from these four States he would have a nucleus of 112 votes to throw in the direction of his chosen candidate. Added to these would be the votes of a number of dry States and agricultural States which frown upon the benign Al as something wicked or at least sinister. Certainly a majority of the farm delegates would incline toward the candidacy of Meredith.

Governor Smith, for his part, will be able to count upon the convention votes of New York, and of Massachusetts where Senator Walsh has already been rousing favorable sentiment. In these two States alone he will gather 123 delegates. From Pennsylvania and Illinois, which gave him partial support in 1924, he should receive added strength. The Solid South remains in the balance, recognized as a McAdoo stronghold, but claimed already by the Smith lieutenants. Thus, if Mr. McAdoo chooses to use his influence in the convention there is the prospect of several hundred votes each for Governor Smith and the unnamed McAdoo candidate, without either controlling at the onset the majority considered propitious.

The dark horses, at the same time, are cavorting in the corral. Senator Carter Glass, Governor Ritchie, the freshly groomed Evans Woollen of Indiana, and galloping Jim Reed, are being crowded to the gate, their potential strength still untried.

Unless Mr. McAdoo follows his own retirement with the retirement of his influence, or Governor Smith surrenders his Presidential ambitions and withdraws from the race, there remains the possibility of another convention of long balloting and destructive bickering. In the months between now and June there will be many conferences in the Democratic camp, and many strategical feints. It is barely possible that some event of national importance will bring to the fore an issue suitable for bolstering a Democratic platform, or a candidate able to carry the convention by storm. Barring this miracle, the prospect at present is blacker than the vista from a Pittsburgh factory window.

A Year of the Monkey War

By Maynard Shipley

THE war on evolution, though few battles have been won as yet, still rages with unabated fury. During the present year, the movement for legal suppression of the teaching of certain sciences in the only way in which they can properly be taught has spread from the Gulf of Mexico to Maine, and from Alabama to California. Since January 1, 1927, thirteen State Legislatures have had anti-evolution bills under consideration. The Fundamentalist attacks on science have become a matter of the gravest import to thinking American citizens in every section of the United States.

No sooner had the Supreme Court of Tennessee announced its decision upholding the constitutionality of the Butler anti-evolution law than Assemblyman S. L. Heisinger of Fresno County, California, introduced a bill in the California lower house on January 17, 1927, demanding briefly that "the *theory* of evolution shall not be taught as a fact in any public elementary or secondary school of this State." This was merely to make a misdemeanor of violating a previous ruling of the State Board of Education, which demands that evolution be taught "merely as a theory" in California; and so Heisinger — a Methodist farmer — later amended his bill to prohibit the teaching of evolution in the seven State teachers' colleges and the University of California. The amended bill also provided for the exclusion from classrooms of textbooks which included this pernicious doctrine.

Its farm-bloc author, unknown to fame as a biologist, rose to heights of oratorical denunciation in defense of his bill:

I believe that God made man in the beginning much as he is today. Evolution teaches that man developed from some other species. Evolution is not a science. If the youth is to be taught that he is descended from a brute, no wonder a crime wave among our youth is spreading over the country.

During a thirty-day recess of the Legislature, the Bible Crusaders sent for what is known in Fundamentalist circles as the "Flying Squadron" — a group of experienced clerical anti-evolution orators coming from points as far apart as British Columbia and Kansas. They were present when the public hearing was held before the Assembly Committee on

Though Tennessee and Mississippi stand alone with monkey laws on their statute books, opponents of evolution have been zealous in their attempts to drive other States into line. Thirteen Legislatures have considered anti-evolution bills so far this year — and the war has just begun! Mr. Shipley, president of the Science League of America, tells the story of the battles

Education on March 15. After a four-hour debate, with several Modernist clergymen and the president of the Science League of America appearing as the only opponents of the bill, the committee retired, and proceeded to table the bill by a vote of 11 to 0, two members being absent. A few days previously, Heisinger had declared that "the evolution issue will be fought harder than any other educational issue in America during the next ten years." Two days later, anti-evolution speakers were already at work in the bucolic sections of California preparing for either a referendum petition in 1928 or another anti-evolution bill in

1929. This menace to our national culture, it would seem, can become ominous only through general apathy and a false sense of security on the part of the educated public. Eternal vigilance, here as elsewhere, is the price of liberty.

The war proceeded apace. After two years of intermittent propaganda by itinerant "Crusaders" from east of the Appalachians, a rather large part of the State of Arkansas next fell a victim to the perfervid anti-evolution evangelists. On February 8, the State Legislature at Little Rock was besieged by legal representatives of the Fundamentalists. A particularly vicious bill was introduced by Representative A. L. Rotenberry which forbade the teaching of "any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible." Persons violating this act were to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction were to be fined from \$200 to \$1,000 and also to have their teaching license in the State revoked.

A MOTION to table the bill was promptly lost. On February 9, after three hours of debate, it was passed by a vote of 50 to 47. At the first roll call the bill had lost, 48 to 49. Then two members changed their votes from "no" to "aye," thus giving the bill a majority of three and passing it on to the Senate. Next day the Senate tabled the bill. No record vote was taken, but the estimated count was 25 to 6. Senator Richardson gave notice that he would ask for reconsideration, but Lieutenant Governor Parnell ruled him out of order, since there was no official way of knowing how he himself had voted. A further effort on February 15 to recall the bill was beaten by a vote of 17 to 14.

The Science League of America was informed, on good authority, that at one stage of the legislative battle the anti-evolutionists had four votes to the good in the Senate. Politics had some share in the ultimate defeat of the Rotenberry bill. At all events, defeat of the Arkansas anti-evolution bill this year was not achieved under circumstances that warrant overconfidence in the continued triumph of advancing culture. Preparations for renewed conflict are already under way. The Rev. Ben M. Bogard, a Baptist minister, has already incorporated the American Anti-Evolution Association, with himself as president, and has effected a State-wide organization. He says:

Every legislator who voted against the bill will be black-listed, and the evolution issue will enter every race from governor to constable in subsequent elections.

This new association of Bogard's is part and parcel of the national Bible Crusaders' movement against freedom in teaching. Those aggressive anti-evolutionists, the Rev. Dr. William Bell Riley and the Rev. T. T. Martin, have already formed similar units in a number of States. Martin styles himself, among other things, "field secretary of the Anti-Evolution League of America." Rotenberry himself has announced that he will resort to the initiative and referendum, rather than attempt merely to "strengthen the Legislature." He wishes "the people at large," rather than the lamentably un-receptive Senate, to have an opportunity of bringing into being an anti-evolution law "with teeth in it."

SOME two years ago Dr. Riley served notice that an anti-evolution bill would be introduced into the next session of the Missouri Legislature. But when House Bill No. 89 was read in the General Assembly in January, 1927, by its author, Representative Charles C. Jackson, an Ozarkian statesman and a member of the Holiness Church, it was greeted with ribald laughter by almost all the Representatives. But people do not always vote as they laugh. On February 8, sixty-two of these same jocose Solons solemnly cast their votes for the amended MacDaniel-Jackson anti-evolution bill. This bill, which followed the Tennessee statute closely, provided a penalty of \$50 to \$100 and forfeiture of the offending teacher's contract. The bill was killed, after two hours of public and lively discussion, by a vote of 82 to 62. Fourteen more votes would have outlawed the teaching of evolution in Missouri so far as the lower house was concerned! In this State much of the credit for the defeat belongs to the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors. Moreover, as in all the threatened States, the Science League of America had conducted an educational campaign.

The most drastic and far-reaching anti-evolution

bill ever presented before a State Legislature of this republic was introduced into the North Carolina House of Representatives early in February by Representative D. Scott Poole, author of a similar bill which met defeat two years ago. It provided, in effect, that no history, art, or science might be taught in any tax-supported educational institution of North Carolina "in such a manner as to contradict the fundamental truths of the Holy Bible." Punishment was to be not only loss of teaching contract, but also fine or imprisonment "at the discretion of the court." Passage of this bill would have involved not only outlawry of any modern teaching concerning the origin of man and his prehistory, — on the basis of palæontology and archæology, for example, — but also of presentation of the now widely accepted Chamberlin-Moulton planetesimal theory of the earth's origin and development!

AS in 1925, Representative R. O. Everett — though himself chairman of the Bryan Memorial Association of North Carolina — took a strong stand against passage of the bill. Poole, on the other hand, was fervently backed by the North Carolina Bible League, an outgrowth of the "Committee of 100" of the Bible Crusaders. After several public hearings, the Committee on Education on February 15 ordered the bill adversely reported, by a vote of 25 to 11. Representative Zeb Vance Turlington, chief marshal of the anti-evolution forces in the General Assembly, then announced that his associates would not press the bill at that session. He stated, however, that they had petitions bearing 15,000 names asking for its passage, which is truly significant when it is recalled that the entire population of North Carolina, black and white, is only 2,500,000.

What has aptly been called an "antiknowledge bill" was introduced into the Alabama Legislature early in January. Four years ago — the Alabama Legislature meets quadrennially — a similar measure was beaten in both houses. The 1927 bill was introduced by Representative — and Reverend — C. O. Thompson of Etowah. The measure was referred to the Committee on Education, where it apparently died. However, the Legislature reconvened in June, and the bill may be called out again before the close of the session. The Thompson bill, like so many others, was not, in fact, so much an anti-evolution as a pro-Bible bill, calling upon the State to forbid the teaching of any theory "that denies the story of divine creation of man as taught in the Bible." The penalty was to be a fine of from \$100 to \$500 for each offense.

A renewal of the battle over evolution which featured the 1925 session of the Oklahoma House of Representatives took place on January 13, 1927. The new bill, modeled on the Tennessee law, was introduced by Representatives Webber, Leecraft,

Trent, and others. In spite of this galaxy of sponsors, it was ill-fated. Though reported favorably by the Educational Committee, the measure was killed in the House by the perilously narrow margin of 50 to 46. Thus, so far as the State-supported schools are concerned, the teaching of evolution is still legal in Oklahoma since repeal of the free textbook amendment, though always "handled with care." In the denominational institutions, naturally, things are different, here as elsewhere. A recent issue of the *Bison*, student publication of Oklahoma Baptist University at Shawnee, was suppressed because it contained resolutions asking reinstatement of Professors Conley and Sawyer and Instructor Harvey, all of whom had been ousted for the teaching of evolution. Dr. W. S. Spears, president of the board of regents of the university, announced that his board was "prepared to see that the university is thoroughly Fundamental."

THE first half of 1927 was marked by the earliest attempts of the Bible Crusaders to dominate the schools and colleges of the Northern States through aid of their Legislatures. So far they have met with failure, but, as they declare, they have "just started." A measure making it a misdemeanor to teach in the public schools of Delaware "the theory that man evolved from a lower order of animals," and prohibiting the use of any textbook "devoted in whole or in part" to this theory, was introduced into the Legislature of that State on February 8. It was brought into the House by Representative Jim Hastings of Newark at the request of the Rev. George A. Cooke, a Methodist pastor of Frankford, and was facetiously referred to the Committee on Fish, Game, and Oysters! The disgusted members of that committee allowed it to die in their midst.

A bill somewhat different from the usual run of anti-evolution measures was introduced into the New Hampshire Legislature on February 9 by Representative Roscoe Crane. This bill would have made it unlawful for any teacher in the public schools to teach any theory or philosophy which "deals with religious belief." The evolutionary theory of the origin of the world and of the life upon it is claimed by Fundamentalists as being among "religious beliefs." The penalty for thus teaching the best results of modern research was to be the forfeiture of one month's salary for the first offense, and loss of position for the second. The Committee on Education decided that it was "inexpedient to legislate on this question," and quashed the bill.

In the middle of January it began to be noised about that an anti-evolution bill was soon to be introduced into the Maine Legislature. It was sponsored by the Rev. Benjamin C. Bubar, a United Baptist minister of Blaine, who had been agitating for such a bill for several years. The news came as a shock to the enlightened citizens of that State;

since, except for Bubar's protests and some propaganda by Adventists, little anti-evolution talk had been heard in Maine. As a matter of fact, no adequate organization work had been done by the Fundamentalists, and the bill was doomed to certain defeat. On February 17, the bill, which had been looking frantically for an official father, at last found one in Representative Roy of Lewiston. It was immediately tabled, but was at once recalled, and after some discussion the House adjourned until the next day, when the advocates of the measure were heard. They included a speaker who claimed that "evolution teaching leads to an open door to suicide, murder, crime, and general disintegration of the social structure." Mr. Bubar, tears streaming down his face, wept aloud that evolution had been the "ruin" of Darwin and Burbank, and in pitiful accents read a letter from the mother of eight children, the oldest of whom had lost his faith by studying this evil doctrine. The House remained obdurate and killed the bill — for this session. The Maine bill forbade the use of textbooks on evolution, the authority violating this provision to be fined \$500 and lose his position. The teacher of evolution was to be subject to a fine of not more than \$100, "and also shall vacate his position."

AN anti-evolution bill almost word for word like that defeated in the Missouri Legislature was prepared by Dr. W. B. Riley for his own home State of Minnesota. On March 2 the measure was introduced in the House, bearing the names of fifteen Representatives. Originally there had been seventeen, but two members withdrew their support just before the session opened. A companion bill, sponsored by Senator K. K. Soldberg, was introduced in the Senate. On March 9, a joint public hearing was held in the House chamber before a "capacity audience." Proponents of the bill were represented by Riley and a number of Fundamentalist clergymen. Petitions unfavorable to the bill, bearing the signatures of more than 5,000 students of the State university, were laid before the legislators. A powerful speech against the bill was made by Dr. Lotus D. Coffman, president of the University of Minnesota, followed by short addresses by eight spokesmen of the Twin Cities Ministerial Association. Most annoying to Dr. Riley were the remarks of Senator Lommen, who told how "paid organizers for the bill" had met him and other lawmakers at the door of the Senate.

We have been told that should this measure fail a tremendous State-wide campaign sponsored by the churches and backed by a large amount of money would be undertaken. I plead with you to put down for all time today this move of a few men to exploit the people of Minnesota.

Evidently the legislators (*Continued on page 344*)

Clean Fun in the Drawing-Room

By Donald Moffat

THIS new game they are trying to ballyhoo into the craze class is pretty terrible. I was dining with the Cooleys the other night, and they tried it out on me. A Mrs. Peters was there; she doesn't play bridge. "I don't know why I've never learned," she bur-

There is spin-the-cover; there is drop-the-handkerchief—both violent and slightly rowdy parlor games. Then there are buzz and I-spy for quiet but stimulating sport. And then of course there is Guggenheim for good, clean, intellectual fun during the long winter evenings. Our author chewed his pencil all out of shape before he finished the accompanying account of his novitiate, but the general result is sound and well worth reading

bles. "Jack says I just haven't any card sense, and I'd lose slathers of money, and besides, if you play bridge you're at anybody's mercy to make a fourth, and whenever would I read? I'm a regular bookworm, you know!"

It turned out that nobody did know just what kind of a worm she was; but Dolly Folger and Prent Garver dropped in after dinner—that made six, and bridge was out, anyway. So Lily Cooley says, "Let's play this new game, it's heaps of fun; it's the next craze. Bert, dear, get paper and pencils."

Well, it's one of those games where you take a word of six different letters like, say, "garble," or "bishop," or "palter," and write it down across the top of your paper. Then everyone in turn suggests subjects, which are written down in a column on the left. The idea is to name something after each subject beginning with the letters of the key word above. It is one of those games. It is not anything like bridge.

We take "garble," or rather Cooley feeds us garble, and then says he's ready for suggestions. "You start, Elbough." That is my name, Elbough, and I'm sick of wise cracks about it. Well, I happen to be wondering if I remembered to light my parking lights before dinner, so I say, "Make of car."

"Right," Cooley says. "Put that on the left. You can have anything, you know—name of book, or soft drinks, or famous murderess, or anything."

It's Mrs. Peters' turn, and she comes across with card games. This makes no sense, and when we hint as much, she changes it to breed of birds. Whereupon Dolly, whose father is a fancier or something, says, "Oh, do chickens count?"

And Prent Garver has to come through with one of his cracks. "Never out loud," he says. I never did like him much; one of those toothy hams, a face for everything and everything in his face.

Well, when the riot has simmered down, Cooley says, "My turn, name of perfume." Needless to say, Cooley is in the scent game. "You're next, Dolly."

Dolly unbelt with, "Oh-dear-I-never-can-think-of-a-thing-but-how-about-minerals?" She has been thinking of nothing else since she got the idea of the game, and she is a well-known amateur and collector of jewelry. She could pretty well go through the whole al-

phabet with what she's got around her neck alone.

Then Prent kicks in with "name of one-armed paper hanger," and that calls for a shriek, of course. He changes it to foodstuff, he being a wholesale grocer or something.

It's Lily Cooley's turn, and while everybody catches their breaths, except Mrs. Peters, who don't know the meaning of anything, she suggests "name of famous historical courtesan." Mrs. Peters is beside me, and I feel her drawing a breath to put her foot in it, so I drop a book on her foot, thinking that's the best thing to do, and it works.

THAT ends the list, and it reads car, bird, perfume, mineral, food, and courtesan; if that makes sense, I'm Beverley of Graustark. We're all set for a bag of fun, or we would be if the Frank Beamans don't take that time to drop in from next door. But they do, and Cooley has to get them paper and pencil, dictate the list, and dash out to the pantry for more ice. Then the game has to be explained, everybody at once, and this isn't as simple as it sounds, either, because Beaman turns out to be an almost perfect example of a weak head on old shoulders. But he finally gets the idea, and after some hard thinking suggests "make of car" as his contribution. We let him live and he changes it to ball player. He looks like a composite picture of all the fans in the country himself. Then Mrs. Beaman offers "name of famous courtesan," and is almost thrown out. I score another ace on Mrs. Peters' foot, this time with a *Saturday Evening Post*. She winces, but accepts my apology, while Mrs. Beaman substitutes "name of painter."

Well, we add an S to garble, in honor of the Beamans, making it garbles, and everyone has to rub out to make room for that and the new subjects, ball players and painters. Finally Cooley says, "All set? All right, twenty minutes, ready, on your mark, go!"

Then there's a lot of hard breathing and groaning

and not a little cursing and seemingly more rubbing out than what there is writing down and enough new wrinkles come out on the girls' faces to keep the beauty shoppes busy for a week. My mind is a blank, but I'm used to that. Still, I attempt a little research trying to remember any painters and perfumes I know of, only it don't get me anywheres. Then I think how I'd rather be playing bridge, and I think about that a little while, when Cooley sings out, "Three minutes more," and gloats around. He gets a lot of squeals and oaths and nasty looks, and I can feel resolutions jelling all around me as to what the present company will do when they're asked out to the Cooleys next. Except the Beamans, and they'd crashed the gate. Then I leave perfumes, painters, and courtesans lay, and go after the ball players, cars, and birds, nailing the first two mentioned for an even hundred, but doing very little damage amongst the so-called feathered tribe.

"TIME!" says Cooley. "I'll keep the score to save trouble. Give me your pencils."

"Why the pencils?" I ask him.

"So there won't be any second thoughts," he says, in a playful manner. "I've found it easiest that way."

"Oh," I say. "Do you play this much?"

"Off and on," he says. So we give him our pencils.

Now comes the really interesting part of the game, reading the papers and scoring. I haven't got a very loud voice, so I'm licked from the gun, and I'm not much good at making out that I'm insulted at having my word doubted, either, which is also an asset in this game.

Each party in turn has to read aloud what he's written, getting so much for every entry no one else has, and one off for each duplication. Of course, there's a lot of squawking and a big debate over every word read, so you see how far a weak voice will get you. Well, I'm asked to start in, and I try to read fast: "Perfumes: I've only got three perfumes; nothing under G; ammonia, rose-attar, bath salts, no E, no L, and er — swill, anybody else got them. Then that's twenty. Painters —"

But I don't get any further. You'd think I was trying to sell them something, and they don't let me score a point. "Doesn't ammonia smell?" I put it up to them, and "What is rose-attar if it ain't a perfume?"

"It starts with an A — attar of roses," Cooley explains. "You could have had rose *water* — I've got that myself — but not rose attar."

"Yes, but —"

"Nothing doing," says Cooley.

"Well, bath salts are used to perfume a bath, ain't they?"

But the girls — all except Dolly, who sides with me because she has rose-attar, too — say that bath salts are just to soften the water. "And anyway,"

Cooley says, "it's not the name of a perfume, so you couldn't possibly count it."

"Yes, but —"

"Nothing doing," says Cooley, and there's a lot of razzing, my treat. "What you got for painters?"

That's just a sample of how it goes. I haven't a thing under painters only Greta Garbo, and when I tell them I've seen Greta, practically met her, and know she paints, all I get is the fruit. I haven't had time to put down any foodstuff or minerals, but I knock off the ball players cold with Gerber, Anson, Rawlins, Bluege, Lebourveau, Elbough, and Speaker.

Beaman comes to life: "Where do you get that Elbough stuff? Never heard of him."

"That's my name," I come back. "I play a nasty short field in the Sunday Morning Soft Ball Lawn League, and let me tell you —"

"Nothing doing," says Cooley. More razzing.

Under automobiles I miss getting away with Gnash for G by a thousand solar miles, but the others — Autocar, Rolls-Royce, — Mrs. Peters says "Rolls- what?" — can you crowd that? — Benz, Locomobile, Essex, and Stutz, they can't take away from me. I thought "apple bird" sounded pretty good under birds, so I'd put it in, but nobody claimed to ever heard of it; and they ganged on me over "gobbler," too, so my birds were zero.

Then Prent Garver starts in, and on the strength of his voice alone, as far as I can make out, gets away with "greens" under foodstuff — "Regular trade name for spinach," he says — and roses — "The Borrioboola-Ghas eat 'em for salad; we export tons" — and elephant's feet, which I thought was a color for silk stockings, but which is, according to Prent, the regular dish of the Punkachut Indians. But even his loud-speaker doesn't put over Rosencrantz as an artist when he finally admits that he was a house painter in Garver's home town when he was a kid.

SO it goes. Dolly's voice isn't loud, but she makes up for it with her eyes, and gets away with gasoline as a mineral, and Lucrece as a famous courtesan, though I will say that in the last-named case it is less Dolly's eyes than everybody's being kind of leary of Mrs. Peters' still unspoken question that lets her count on it. When all the papers are read and Cooley gives out the scores, nobody is much surprised to find him the heavy winner. He's played it enough so he ought to win, and you notice he was the one kept the score. And he has that kind of a mind, you know.

Well, after some of the stalling conversation like what always takes place when everybody wants to go home, I get up to say good-night, and I absent-mindedly ask Cooley how much I'm in the hole for.

"Why," he says, "we don't play this for money, we just play this for fun."

"Oh," I say. "Well, good-night."

Broadening the Industrial Horizon

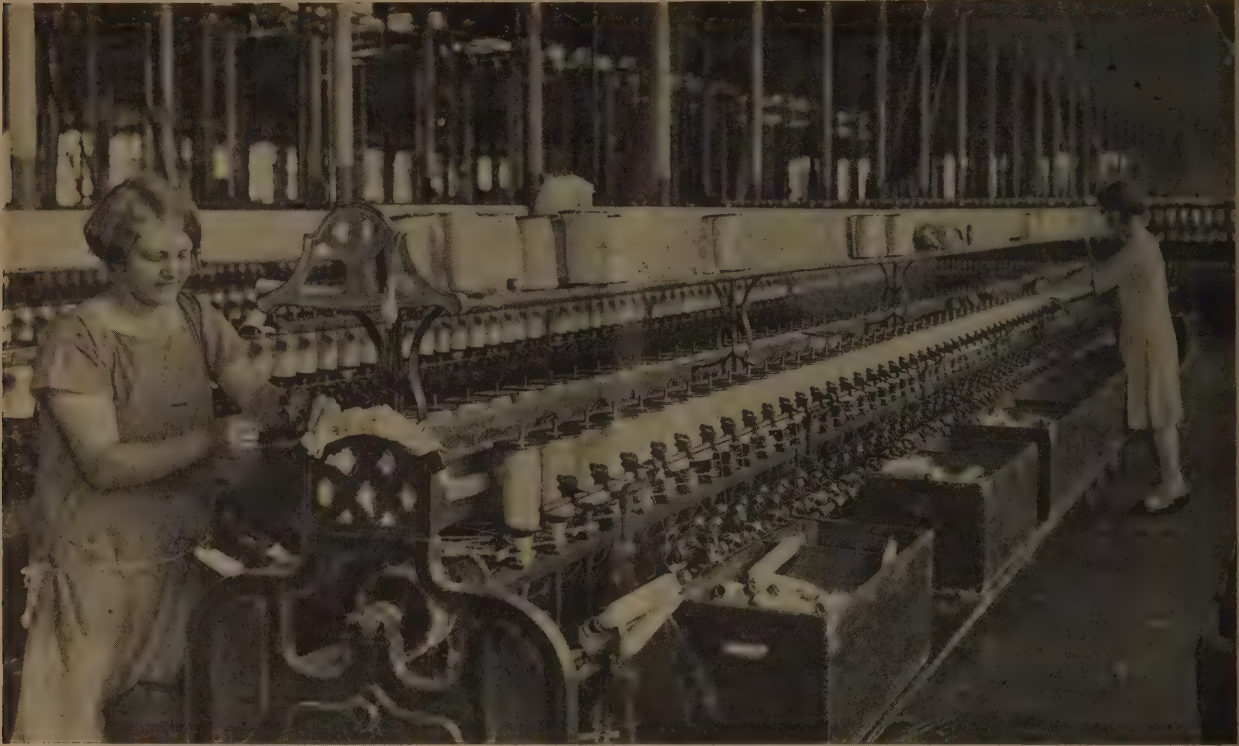
*As the South Lures More
of Her Textile Manufac-
tures, New England
Is Branching Out
Into Other In-
dustrial Fields*

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, IS TYPICAL OF THE LARGER
NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIAL CITIES OF THE NEW OR-
DER, CHIEFLY AS A CENTER OF TOOL AND MACHINERY
MANUFACTURES

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS, ONCE ONE OF THE
WORLD'S TEXTILE CENTERS, HAS NOT YET ADJUSTED
ITSELF TO THE SOUTHERN MIGRATION OF COTTON MANU-
FACTURES. AS A RESULT, MANY OF ITS HUGE MILLS ARE
RUNNING AT HALF SPEED

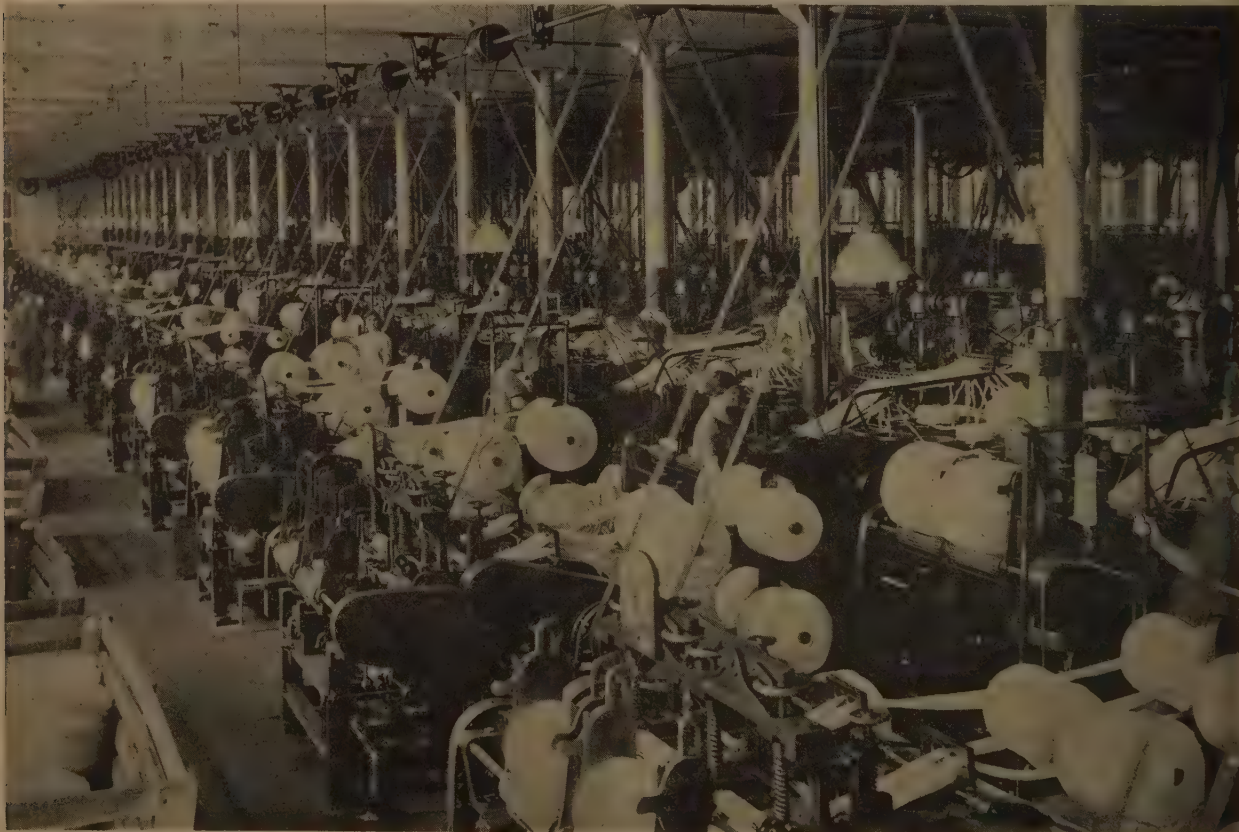
Both photographs from Ewing Galloway





Both photographs from Ewing Galloway

THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN THE LARGEST COTTON PRINTING PLANT IN THE WORLD, THE AMERICAN PRINTING COMPANY, FALL RIVER. IT SHOWS A WARP SPINNING MACHINE IN OPERATION



THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE PREPARATION OF WOOL FOR WEAVING IN THE LARGEST WOOLEN MILL IN THE WORLD AT LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS. NEW ENGLAND'S WOOLEN MILLS ARE STILL HOLDING THEIR OWN



Both photographs from Ewing Galloway

THIS VIEW ACROSS THE BUSINESS SECTION OF LAWRENCE SHOWS PART OF THE HUGE MILLS WHICH MAKE THE CITY ONE WITH FEW RIVALS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF WOOLENS



THIS SCENE IS TYPICAL OF ANY INDUSTRIAL CENTER AT CLOSING TIME, SUCH NUMBERS OF WORKERS MUST BE KEPT BUSY, WITH HER TEXTILES LOSING GROUND, NEW ENGLAND MUST BRANCH OUT IF THESE MEN AND WOMEN ARE TO BE KEPT EMPLOYED



Courtesy New England Council

OUTSIDE OF TEXTILES, ONE OF NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST INDUSTRIES IS THAT OF PAPER MANUFACTURING. THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE LEFT SHOWS THE PLANT OF THE CROCKER-McELWAIN COMPANY AT HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS, IN THE CENTER OF THE PAPER DISTRICT

IN NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, IS LOCATED THE A. C. GILBERT PLANT, ONE OF THE LARGEST CONCERNS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF TOYS IN THE WORLD, AND PARTICULARLY KNOWN FOR ITS STRUCTURAL STEEL PRODUCT, "ERECTOR"



Courtesy New England Council



Ewing Galloway

NEW ENGLAND IS DAILY BECOMING A MORE SIGNIFICANT FACTOR IN THE MACHINERY WORLD. THE PICTURE AT THE LEFT SHOWS AN ASSEMBLY ROOM IN THE AMERICAN ROLLS-ROYCE PLANT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, TYPICAL OF MODERN FACTORIES IN THE EAST

Behind the German Lines at the Marne

By T. H. Thomas

BY far the most brilliant stroke in the conduct of the Marne on the German side was the thoroughness with which the defeat was veiled from the country. In the full tide of a triumphant advance, amid the most reckless blowing of official trumpets and an unrestrained chorus of *nach Paris*, there fell suddenly a still, small voice of calm. That vague *communiqué*, with its mingled note of alarm and casual indifference, has become classic. Thereafter, except for one or two guarded allusions by way of a transition, the western front disappeared from the picture, and the attention of the German public was energetically directed elsewhere. Not until a fortnight after the crisis did rumors spread through Berlin that things had gone wrong in France, and by that time Hindenburg had won his second sensational victory in East Prussia. This gift from Heaven, plus the "full details" of Tannenberg still available for newspaper copy, made it possible for the German front page to continue for some weeks longer its trumpeting note of victory. By the time the general public began to look back again over their shoulders toward the west, they were caught up in the suspense of the new operation—the race to the sea. This culminated suddenly in the slaughter of the young divisions in Flanders. "Throughout Germany," writes an officer at headquarters, "there were cries of pain and anger; the 'Child-Murder of Ypres' affected all minds for a long time." After this tragedy it was almost a relief to settle down to the blank prospect of indefinite trench warfare.

The Marne thus passed into a distant perspective without the significance of the failure ever having been suddenly realized, and without the actual story of the battle becoming known. The explanation of the "successful strategic retreat" was put forward chiefly for foreign consumption. In dealing with the German public the whole episode was soft-pedaled; and the diversion offered by the thrills on the Russian front made it possible to bring about a gradual deflation of the original hopes of an early decisive victory without a sudden collapse, and without the country's losing confidence in its military leaders.

That boasted German efficiency which swept forward until stopped at the Marne receives a sad blow in this behind-the-lines picture which Major Thomas has pieced together from correspondence, official orders, reports, and memoirs. Field telephones were inefficient and sometimes it required as much as ten hours to send an order and receive confirmation of it! And the French station on Eiffel Tower played havoc with German wireless messages. What actually happened to the Germans at the Marne is revealed in the last of Major Thomas' series

The achievement was all the more remarkable because the military leaders for a time lost confidence in themselves altogether; and during the few days of extreme crisis the supreme command went to pieces. When the retreat from the Marne began, writes an officer who served throughout the war at headquarters, "a panic seized nearly the whole army—or rather the greater part of the leaders. It was at its worst at the supreme command." The collapse was so complete that Falkenhayn was suddenly put in Moltke's place, and for fear of the effect of such news on the country at such a time the change of command was kept secret, in order, as Falkenhayn writes, "not to give further ostensible proof of the completeness of the victory on the Marne." Until the end of the war the Marne remained a tabooed subject for military critics: a few timid booklets that appeared were promptly confiscated, Moltke's own report was suppressed, and to this day has never been disclosed.

This official silence only gave a wider field for rumor and legend; and the course of rumor, like everything else in Germany, had the benefit of official guidance. By degrees there spread from Berlin the inside story that the retreat from the Marne was due to no strategic error on the part of the general staff—a highly Prussian organization—but to the Saxon troops under von Hausen having given way in battle, and to a fatal order issued by a Saxon staff officer contrary to the intentions of the supreme command. The fact that von Hausen had been relieved of his command just after the Marne gave the necessary corroboration.

THIS explanation gave great satisfaction in Prussian quarters, and became so widely current that in 1917 the staff officer in question demanded a court of inquiry. Its findings exonerated him entirely and received Ludendorff's official approval; but they were not published in the press, and the Saxon legend persisted. As a matter of fact, nothing could have been a more cruel injustice and falsehood. Von Hausen had been more successful in the battle than any other German commander;

for three days in succession his Saxon troops had driven Foch backward, and had pushed him almost to the ragged edge when the order to retreat reached them. Poor old von Hausen himself had directed the battle from a sick bed; and was then carried away in an ambulance, stricken with what proved to be typhus fever.

While the war lasted, the Saxons endured this defamation, but when the time came one of von Hausen's officers came forward with their side of the story. The result was rather startling, and the controversy that followed has produced the most interesting evidence we have of the German side of the Marne. For that matter, the fracas between the Prussians and the South Germans still continues: long after the war the official history echoed vaguely other misleading insinuations against Prince Rupprecht and the Bavarians in the Lorraine battles. Prince Rupprecht's chief of staff retaliated by publishing the orders received from the supreme command and the full record of messages and telephone conversations — and the Prussians emerged considerably damaged.

THE point resulting from these controversial disclosures was the bewildered helplessness of the general staff in the whole conduct of the campaign. To put it more accurately, they did not conduct the campaign at all; they put the armies in place along the starting line and gave the signal to go forward: the rest just happened. The army commanders were left largely to their own devices; Moltke and his chief of operations made little effort to keep a tight rein and, strangest of all, almost never knew what was actually happening.

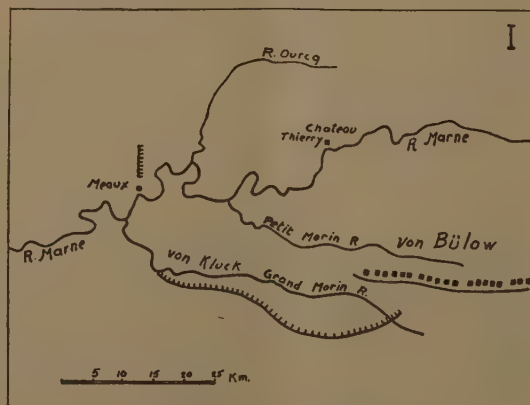
Even at Liège, barely a step beyond the frontier, the German command went for two days without a scrap of information about the battle. Quaintly enough, Ludendorff had been sent forward with the assault for the express purpose of keeping his headquarters posted; at the first shot he disappeared into the mix-up and was not heard of for two days afterwards. Other liaison officers in other armies may perhaps take comfort from this distinguished precedent. This episode was a fair warning of what was to follow once the armies were in motion. On the basis of their experience in manoeuvres, the Germans had abandoned the old-fashioned method of having orderly officers on hand at regular hours for the delivery and dispatch of orders and relied upon

wireless and telephone. In the actual test of war the strange fact developed that the German signal service was not provided with the telephone equipment necessary for working over long, leaky lines. To get a call through, one of the staff records, "was enough to drive the sender crazy." For operations, orders, and important messages the command fell back on wireless — and even the wireless behaved badly. Atmospheric conditions mixed things up in surprising fashion, and the French wireless operators listening in from the Eiffel Tower coöperated most effectively with the atmospheric conditions. As their own army did not depend on wireless they had a free hand to exercise their talents; and thanks to their assistance the German cipher messages arrived in an undecipherable condition or not at all. Almost always messages had to be repeated, sometimes three or four times over. On an average, for a simple message of sixty words the time required for dispatch and answer was about ten hours; and for several of the more important operations orders were not received at army headquarters until the day after they were dispatched.

Although the supreme command remained much too far from the front, the most distant army headquarters — von Kluck's — could have been reached in three or four hours by motor. There was no lack of fast automobiles in Germany, and by using a dozen or two it would have been easy for the staff to keep closely in touch with the advance and send off orders the moment they were ready — without the delay of ciphering and deciphering. At British headquarters, apparently, when the occasion required there was a half-hour courier service by motor cycle. But the Germans, having decided on wireless, stuck to it grimly, even after it had brought them to a state of chaos. This particular shortcoming, strange to say, seems to have been in keeping with the general state of affairs at headquarters; when it came to the test, the perfect preparation for war conditions of which we heard so much was

conspicuous by its absence. Colonel Bauer, who served in the supreme command throughout the war, recalls as follows the way things went in the opening weeks of the campaign:

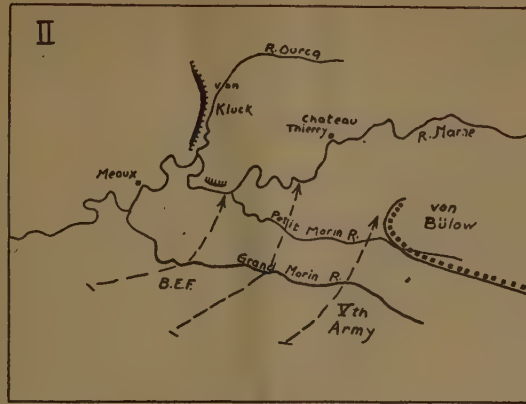
The conditions under which we worked were scandalous. The work tables consisted of some unplanned planks on trestles. Means of illumination were entirely wanting. At first we worked by the light of some stumps of candles, until at last a few oil lamps were



THE EVE OF THE MARNE

Armies of von Kluck and von Bülow on the evening of September 5, the former's line overreaching von Bülow's

procured. Even General Moltke and his chief of operations worked under these conditions: the former in a schoolroom, the latter in a tiny cloakroom outside it—so encumbered by the above-mentioned "table-substitute" that one could hardly turn round in it. In this cloakroom the conferences on operations took place.



THE CRISIS OF THE MARNE

The evening of September 8. Arrows indicate lines reached by the British and the French Fifth Army

The conferences on operations had to struggle against a worse handicap than the stumps of candles by way of illumination. Darker still were the misleading reports of the situation sent in by the army commanders. Von Kluck and Bülow in particular persistently reported that the French and British were fleeing headlong before them, and allowed headquarters to assume that all was over except the shouting. Between the false reports and the delays in transmission the supreme command was left to act on the basis of imaginary situations; and one might say that orders were issued on the basis of what had *not* been the case two days or so before and had changed rapidly in the meantime.

In this airy fashion the German armies walked straight into the battle. The supreme command was preoccupied with the attacks at Nancy and wholly taken aback by the flare-up along the flank near Paris. On the third day they realized that something serious must be happening. Between the lines of the reports received it seemed clear that a gap was opening up between the two western armies, and that worse might follow. Even at this critical stage headquarters issued no orders. Instead, a staff officer, Lieutenant Colonel Hentsch, was bundled off in a motor car to visit the five armies in succession and was given full powers to act as he judged best in the situation: if a retreat was necessary, the line to which the armies were to fall back was indicated to him. With these few hints, the fortunes of the armies were thrust upon his shoulders.

As he started off on his 400-mile tour Colonel Hentsch complained bitterly that the buck had been passed to him in this fashion: he had been refused written instructions as to his mission, and having nothing but verbal orders to fall back on, it was certain, he exclaimed, that he would be made the scapegoat for whatever happened. In this, as we have seen, he was not disappointed; and even today, after the evidence in the case has been published, propaganda lays the blame for the defeat upon him.

At the Fifth and Fourth armies Hentsch found

no crisis impending, and from von Hausen's headquarters he reported the situation excellent—which was no exaggeration. But at the Second Army, which he reached that night, all hope had departed. Von Bülow reported his troops exhausted: his right wing had been driven back for three days in succession—Hentsch noted down *driven back, not drawn back*—and that evening his extreme right had been broken and had fallen back

out of the battle. Worst of all, in order to hold up his own battle in front of Paris, von Kluck had pulled away all four of his corps from the main battle front. Von Bülow pointed out on the map the gap of many miles thus left between the two armies; and into the gap his aviators reported that five enemy columns were advancing. "I estimate each column at about a division. I have no reserves at my disposal to attack or stop this enemy. The enemy can turn against either von Kluck or me: in the absence of reserves either course can lead to a catastrophe." A retreat was inevitable.

AT daybreak next morning—September 9—Hentsch found that the order had been issued; and set off at once for First Army headquarters. It took him six hours to make the sixty-mile journey—"on account," he notes, "of the panics behind the line." This wing of von Kluck's army had been pressed back for three days by the British; and on the previous afternoon the retreating columns had been standing in long road jams waiting to get across the Marne bridges—with the British artillery helping to expedite the traffic. After this experience they needed no indications from the high command to tell them how the battle was going, and at this very time the British were forcing their way across the river. Making his way slowly through this confusion, about noon Hentsch reached First Army headquarters. There followed a curious bit of stage play. Von Kluck saw before this that the end was in sight, and had vivid forebodings of the approaching coroner's inquest. He himself was obviously to blame for what had happened: he had made the gap in the German line, and had failed to prevent the British from crossing the river. They were now in a position to walk straight up his back, and only a prompt retreat could prevent his whole force from being sandwiched in between two hostile armies; he had in fact already begun swinging back his flanks. (Continued on page 344)

The Shadow Stage

The Poor Hams

By Perceval Reniers

DESPITE their cries of anguish, it must be obvious to almost everyone that authors whose works are adapted for the screen are a shade more fortunate than unfortunate. Often enough they are given rough treatment, and blessed is the parent who recognizes his own child. For one "What Price Glory?" or "Seventh Heaven" or "Stella Dallas," transmuted into walking shadows with scarcely any diminution of its original impact, there are perhaps fifty cases of assault and battery followed by yowls of distress from authors whose redress is exactly nil. From the decisions of the adapters of Hollywood — the details of whose previous employment and preparation for their delicate task bring blushes to printer's ink — there is no appeal.

And yet there is scarcely a novelist or short-story writer or playwright who is left without solace for the knocking of his offspring about the studio lot. Considering that the screen adaptation of his work is, strictly speaking, a by-product, the pay is enormous. Even without considering, it is enormous. The prices brought by stories and plays for screen use are almost always more than the product is worth in any other literary market; and if the law of compensation had not been established before the invention of the vitascope, that event would have created one. The check on the bank of the motion-picture company is large enough to include all damages. In fact, the easiest way to auctorial peace of mind and spirit is to regard the entire amount as damages, after possible deductions for stenographic expenses and postage. Generally speaking, your seasoned author knows the way. If he belovs, it is from wounds already salvaged.

The squeamish fellow who considers the easiest way one of shame, whose honor as a creator is more to him than gold, and whose reputation as a writer is at stake, poor man, gets only a small and skeptical audience for his outraged eloquence. From his more knowing brothers in the by-product business he gets no audience at all. No writer's reputation is at stake on the screen and that, I believe, is coin of universal acceptance among literary practitioners. "Have you seen what Pulchritude Productions did to Spivens' novel?" is the cue to some commiseration and a great deal of haw-hawing. If Spivens, heavy in the pit of his being, sits groaning at his telephone broadcasting pleas to his friends to stay away from a gross mutilation of his manuscript now entitled, he knows not why, "The Love

Demon," he is needlessly exercised and almost certainly a novice. No one expects anything else. The lobby talk does not touch on Spivens' honor or integrity as a writer. He is merely another sacrifice to the "adapting" fever of an ex-newsboy.

The pot of gold that Spivens received for his ideas that were not used doubtless came in well enough, but his real cause for rejoicing is this universal acceptance of his fate as inevitable. There are some examples to prove that it is not, including the filming of "Redemption" and "Peter Pan." But no matter what happens in the Hollywood mill, he is absolved from all responsibility. He need offer no apologies. The reputation of the cinema, bitterly nurtured by our Jim Tullys and James Spearings who have gone and seen and suffered and returned to dip their pens in acid, has done it for him. As subsequent films masquerade under his name, he will likely learn to look upon what he believes to be a mass of wreckage with a philosophic eye, give caustic interviews as a matter of good publicity, or cease calling the producers names altogether. In case Hollywood has judged its audience acutely and the execution of his work is a great popular success, he has even less of which to complain. Happy, happy author.

THE writer of the "original" screen story is in somewhat different case. His work hasn't appeared before as play, novel, or short story. There is more valid reason for his trepidation that he may be judged by what appears on the film alone. There is "Underworld," for example, advertised as written by Mr. Ben Hecht. As might be expected, "Underworld" is by Mr. Hecht out of Chicago, or at least such was the intention. Since this is a story written for the screen with no intermediary medium of publication, Mr. Hecht's admirers can do no more than make guesses as to the inroads of the adapters, but the author himself lost no time, on the night of the *première*, in declaring a miscarriage. One westward wire, at least, burned up with his withering, "You poor hams," a greeting apparently ineffective but one not entirely strange to the studios of the coast.

From its first showing, the queue for "Underworld" has trailed down the block and around the corner. Among other things, this means that the producers have the laugh on Mr. Hecht under the have-a-laugh rules of the industry. "Broadway," "Chicago," "The Noose," and "Crime" have prepared the way to

popular acclaim for anything with a title that promises a peep into the bad lands of city life. Crime and criminals are enjoying a popularity once accorded only to war. Consulted further they might also confide that a first-class "head" is as good bait as a first-class story. Underneath the covering of its title, "Underworld" is nothing to arouse acclaim. Here is the advertisement: "The half-world — peopled with human birds of prey — the love of two crooks for one woman — her love for another — an indescribable maelstrom of loves — of hates." If after that you don't know what you're in for, I can be of little service.

ORIGINAL scripts, as they are called, are destined to pass through as many eagerly "adapting" hands as novels or short stories or stage plays. Adapter, scenarist, title writer, director, production manager, male and female stars, and usually a conference that includes the sales manager and the gatekeeper — all take their whack at it, anxious to add something that may be peddled afterwards in the current gossip as their very own. Only occasionally does a film like "Les Misérables" come through the process aglow with respect for its creator, but "Les Misérables" was produced by the Cineromans Company of France, and it is just possible that they exclude the gatekeeper from their conferences. While sincere and moving, "Les Misérables" is not of the first rank, as no film could be which doggedly followed its author for thirty-six reels preparing for an evening's entertainment that cannot exceed eleven.

I am inclined to believe that if the story of "Les Misérables" had been delivered over to a good director and a demon adapter, both, for the sake of argument, with genuine cinema sense, they might have made a better film of it than did the respectful Cineromans. In fact, I might as well come out with it. With all its present horrible results, the Hollywood idea of hitting a head whether you see it or not will shape the screen into something more individual than would a copy-book production of every script that came to hand. Out of the gross egotism and the gluttony for "credit" that now dictates many changes, out of the director's arrogant show of independence, there will come, as surely as some more bad films, more controlled impulses for a mode of dramatic composition that differs radically from any anterior art and that must produce its own masters.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

WALTER LIPPMANN'S position as the chief editorial writer of the *New York World*, as well as his former associate editorship of the *New Republic*, will tend to concentrate attention upon the political figures in his new book, "Men of Destiny" (Macmillan). Politics is, of course, the author's major interest, as all his previous books testify, and those who read him on that account will not be disappointed by the chapters dealing with that subject in the present work. Even I, who am bored by all politics, was carried along by the interest of such essays as "The Catholicism of Al Smith" and "Calvin Coolidge: Puritanism de Luxe." I think the notion that President Coolidge is popular as a reminder of the once Spartan simplicity of these States, the man who practices what everybody else preaches, is quite ingenious.

However, my own concern is rather with the two literary figures whom Mr. Lippmann includes among his "Men of Destiny." They are the only essays by this writer on literary subjects known to me, and the authors chosen for discussion are H. L. Mencken and Sinclair Lewis. Knowing Walter Lippmann's general point of view, I could not have selected two figures in contemporary American literature about whom his opinions would be more interesting.

I do not know whether Walter Lippmann is to be included in the volume announced by Mr. Mencken's publishers, wherein he has gathered and arranged under subject headings a selection from all the abusive and hostile criticism which the author of "Prejudices" has provoked in the course of his career. It is fairly certain, as my memory goes, that when he was associate editor of the *New Republic*, Mr. Lippmann did not view H. L. Mencken with any too friendly an eye, and both of them exchanged arguments without concealing their mutual contempt, if not for each other, at least for each other's opinions. In fact, Mr. Lippmann here alludes to their interchanges when he says, "His wounds are clean wounds and they do not fester. I know, because I have fragments of his shellfire in my own skin." In the circumstances, an account of Walter Lippmann's conversation, or change of heart, cannot fail to be of interest. The occasion is an article on "Notes on Democracy," which is, after all, the gist and quintessence of Mencken's philosophy.

Mr. Lippmann finds that he has no philosophy; his influence is purely personal; "the man is bigger than his ideas"

—ideas "trite and somewhat confused." And as one trained in terms of European social discussion must, Mr. Lippmann seizes at once on the fundamental obscurity in Mr. Mencken's philosophy, his failure to define the democracy to which he objects. "The inferior four-fifths of mankind"—that is one of his terms for it. But in what respects are these four fifths inferior? Sometimes it is in intelligence,

on biology as taught in an Oklahoma high school. But Mr. Mencken is overwhelmingly preoccupied with popular culture. . . . And he measures it not by relative standards, but by the standards which most educated men reserve for a culture of the first order."

Walter Lippmann's analysis of Sinclair Lewis is, I think, the most shrewd and urbanely destructive essay which that much discussed author has suggested. "Mr. Lewis has prospered by inventing and marketing useful devices for seeing the American scene quickly. His psychological inventions are being used by millions of Americans to perceive and express their new, disillusioned sense of America. They are wholly mechanical and they are completely standardized now that they have passed into common use. A Babbitt is no longer a man; he is a prejudice. The art of creating these prejudices consists, in Mr. Lewis' case, of an ability to assemble in one picture a collection of extraordinarily neat imitations of lifelike details."

It is often argued that Sinclair Lewis is a great writer, if for no other reason, because he has created immortal types in literature, as Dickens did. He has given us a Babbitt for a Pecksniff, a Carol Kennicott for a Sarah Gamp. To mention any of Dickens' puppets beside those of Mr. Lewis is to realize immediately how well Mr. Lippmann has used the word "stereotypes." Despite their unreality, none of the characters in Dickens are stereotypes. I can only refer the reader to Mr. Lippmann himself for the details of the process whereby he arrives at his conclusion. They do not apply to Dickens.

REVERTING to his other literary subject Lippmann concludes, "Mr. Mencken is a true metropolitan. Mr. Lewis is a half-baked metropolitan. He has just arrived in the big city. He has the new sophistication of one who is bursting to write to the folks back home and let them know what tremendous fellows we are who live in great capitals. There is more than a touch of the ex-naïf in Mr. Lewis, not a little of the snobbery of the newly arrived." Letters to the folks back home do not make literature, as a rule, and great satire is never written by the "ex-naïf." For this heresy I have incurred the chill silence of my friends, and even the wrath of Mr. Lewis himself. Mr. Lippmann is an impartial ally who, during this rare descent into the literary arena, has performed a critical service which ought long ago to have been performed by a professional critic of American literature.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather (Knopf).

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lippmann (Holt).

Something About Eve. By James Branch Cabell (McBride).

GENERAL

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

sometimes in manners and culture, sometimes in wealth. That confusion runs through all of H. L. Mencken's writings on the subject, without in any way diminishing his effect upon minds waiting for release from current shibboleths. Each reader assumes that the four fifths are those representing whatever majority belief that reader himself despises. Mr. Lippmann recognizes the effectiveness of such reasoning, but refuses to accept it as serious political or social thinking.

ANOTHER excellent point he raises is Mr. Mencken's endless pursuit of and delight in the imbecilities and abuses which he regards as the fruits of democracy. Mr. Lippmann says: "Fate and his own curiosity have made him a connoisseur of human ignorance. Most educated men are so preoccupied with what they conceive to be the best thought in the field of their interest that they ignore the follies of uneducated men. A Jacques Loeb would spend very little of his time

Spring Harvest

A Review by Ralph Sargent Bailey

DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamond Lehmann. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.

THE GRANDMOTHERS. By Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

THERE is a special and malevolent curse which falls upon those young writers today whose "first novels" catch the eye of restless critics. It is not visited upon authors whose reputations are established for good or ill, for no matter what these may produce, their labors at least receive comment; and the sum of these is the balance which keeps their pens upon a wonted course. The new writers are either ignored entirely, or provoke that insidious form of praise which points a sage finger ahead and declares that they "reveal a great promise and will bear watching." Too often, unhappily, it is the watching which undoes them — and under the stress of their "great promise" they stumble and are left behind. In the present instance the future can be left to take care of itself.

For Miss Lehmann, "Dusty Answer" is indeed a first flight. Mr. Wescott's book is his second, following hard upon a first, "The Apple of the Eye," which made its little ripple and has been forgotten. But essentially it falls in the basket of first fruits, possessing, as it does, the occasional indecisions of the inexperienced craftsman, and the self-conscious simplicity of the beginner who still would not slight the last detail. Taken together, these two books — the one by a young English woman, the other by a young American — have in common a delightful purity of style, a clarity of visual and mental impression, and a finely textured richness in the fabric of their characters. As out of community are the divergent streams of the two books, the one concerning the first twenty-five years in the life of an English girl, and Mr. Wescott's, three quarters of a century in the history of a Wisconsin pioneer family.

Mr. Wescott's achievement is particularly notable for the sureness and the sympathy with which he takes his many figures, from the grandmothers themselves down to the third generation and that one of its members through whose eyes the long and patient panorama is reviewed. Alwyn Tower is the lens of the author's stereopticon, and by this virtue serves to render in quick perspective the many men and women in the album of the Tower and the Duff families. But sometimes the author is not altogether satisfied to have each view picked out with

the same minuteness, its changing shadows relieving its high lights with the same monotonous regularity. He puts aside the lens and holds the picture in his hand, perhaps thinking thereby to bring it into closer relation with the rest. At such times he experiences the inevitable confusion, for his view recedes into duplicate flatness, and the inconspicuous elements that should lend fullness are lost entirely.

Alwyn Tower himself, who might so easily have colored the book with his own cumulative personality, had Mr. Wescott chosen to give him one, is thus little more than a structural method. He impresses the reader with no beginning and no ending. He is not, seemingly, a Tower at all — he is a Wescott. Not that Alwyn should have dominated — he should not. But without the complete impersonality of the lens, he should have been given the warmth of an honest kinship with his blood. In the main, however, this discrepancy may be overlooked, for the writer has given us a fine and diffuse "cross-section of life" integrated by his own clear understanding and revealed with a mature skill.

MISS LEHMANN comes to her readers in a single character who in turn regards many others, but who herself is the dominating: who indelibly pigments every line and sentence, every element, animate or inanimate. And where "The Grandmothers" must have the last page well turned to find itself, "Dusty Answer" is proved on the first. The reader is lost in Judith before the opening paragraph is over, is willingly lost in the hands of Miss Lehmann, for hers is at once a sureness and an assurance that are inescapable. The paragraph is worth full quoting; for it seems to contain as well as the question the inverted echo of the answer:

When Judith was eighteen, she saw that the house next door, empty for years, was getting ready again. Gardeners mowed and mowed, and rolled and rolled the tennis court; and planted tulips and forget-me-nots in the stone urns that bordered the lawn at the river's edge. The ivy's long fingers were torn away from the windows, and the solid grey stone front made prim and trim. When the blinds went up and the familiar oval mirror-backs once more stared from the bedroom windows it seemed as if the long time of emptiness had never been, and that the next-door children must still be there with their grandmother, — mysterious and thrilling children who came and went, and were all cousins except two who were brothers, and all boys except one, who was

a girl; and who dropped over the peach-tree wall into Judith's garden with invitations to tea and hide-and-seek.

IT is with delighted relief that the reader embarks on such a book — relief in the knowledge that the possibilities will be more than matched by the fulfillments. And one has need of all his faith before he is done. The story is not always pretty, and the characters not more often. There is bewilderment and anguish and persistent pain to punctuate the blind search for happiness which, in Judith, could not be otherwise. But very clearly here we have proof that prettiness and beauty may not always be interchangeable. At first and always "Dusty Answer" is beautiful. Only at first is it ever pretty, and then only because the fuller inflections have not come to change the mental vocabulary of the reader.

And "Dusty Answer" is modern, for those who must have "modernity" with their reading. It is modern with a sureness that transcends mere defiance, and an honesty which puts frankness to shame. It is modern in the savageness of some of its pages, the bitterness of its characters, the disillusionment of Judith. Hers is not the literary idealism which preserves its protagonist unscathed while life crumbles to ashes all about. Hers is the fortitude and the elasticity which not only escape the ashes, but bring to her disillusionment the half-comprehended revelation of something new. Not without reason has Miss Lehmann set upon her title-page Meredith's lines:

Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!

But not without amazing understanding has she left Judith still eager to ask the next question — and unafraid of the answer.

One forgets that this is a first novel: one knows it is not the last. What the second, or the third, will be perhaps not even Miss Lehmann knows. That, just now, is beside the point. "Dusty Answer" is an exquisite piece of work from any angle, and although one may yield to the temptation to point ahead, it is rather because the present book is such a splendid vantage height than because the heights are only promised farther on.

It is so, too, with Mr. Wescott. With the practice of his craft will come greater organic sureness and maturer vision. Say both these writers have scarcely lived beyond spring sowing; still we would not have them wait until autumn if they may make an early harvest.

New Books in Brief Review

Bugles in the Night. By Barry Benefield. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

WITH the publication of "Short Turns" scarcely a year ago, Mr. Benefield established himself as a writer of very great skill and a rare understanding of human character. This was in the field of the short story. Now in "Bugles in the Night" he has become something more. Just what that more is those who read his first novel, "The Chicken-Wagon Family," as well as "Short Turns" can imagine. There is a gentleness in this book which promises much. That promise is fulfilled by the quiet richness with which Mr. Benefield clothes his words, the blessedly unhurried sympathy with which he brings his people to life, the absolute implicitness and directness with which he tells his charming and unpretentious story. In old Easley Wheatley, gallant veteran of a hundred battles; in young Alice Kibbe, whose few battles have taken a savage toll from her spirit but have left her, after all, unbroken, the reader has two characters to love and to think about long after the book is done and the "Army of the Left" has retreated or the last time — "but in good order."

Mr. Benefield's book will not be a best seller, for which praises be. It is not the sort of story one can take in stride, nor the sort one can argue about over the bridge table. There is nothing to argue about, only a very great deal that is fine and sincere and somehow rather splendid. About these one thinks and feels — but does not talk.

The Garland of Defeat. By Florence Mary Bennett. New York: Harold Vinal. \$2.00.

AN unusual novel, coolly and capably written, with a background of genuine scholarship. The scene is laid in the Athens of the Fourth Century, B.C., and the author is unusually successful in creating an atmosphere at once convincing and vivid. The story is told with simplicity and a quiet force.

The Chronicles of Clovis. By "Saki" (H. H. Munro). With an introduction by A. A. Milne. New York: The Viking Press. \$1.50.

IT is too often assumed by contemporary highbrows that no good thing can ever be printed in a newspaper. There are many refutations of this silly conclusion, but one of the most powerful is brought to mind by this reprint of the works of "Saki," a writer of supposedly

ephemeral sketches for English newspapers and magazines. Keen, impudent, light-hearted humor and social satire is here that looks as if it were destined for a very long life. The work of Saki, who, by the way, was killed in the war, is being reissued with introductions by A. A. Milne, G. K. Chesterton, Hugh Walpole, the Hon. Maurice Baring, H. W. Nevinson, Lord Charnwood, and E. M. Munro. Perhaps it is more difficult to write a witty book that endures than a tragic one. At any rate, Saki seems to have laid hold of immortality by writing for the *Westminster Gazette*.

Studies in Contemporary Biography. By James Bryce. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.00.

LORD BRYCE has ever exhibited in his writing, industry, fairness, and a certain mediocrity of intellectual powers. All of these qualities have united in making his longer books useful and popular for an unusually large audience. For the shorter essays such as compose this volume his equipment is less suited. Here are many biographical sketches, harvested from publication in many magazines, somewhat rewritten now, and placed together in a single book. There are papers on Disraeli, Archbishop Tait, Trollope, J. R. Green, Parnell, E. L. Godkin, Gladstone, and many others. The author's announced purpose is to analyze character, and "as far as possible to convey the impression which each made in the daily converse of life." The personal impression which one public man makes upon another is a useful matter for record. In this respect, many of the sketches are both interesting and significant, for Bryce knew all personally save Disraeli. But as biographical analyses, they are both less acute and less interesting than many others that have been printed and are current on our bookshelves.

Ten Years of War and Peace. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$3.00.

HERE in one volume the editor of *Foreign Affairs* has grouped a number of papers which have appeared at different times during the past four and a half years in his own periodical, and three other papers, two of them from other journals and one which was read before the American Historical Association. The title of the book is alluring, tempting one to expect an international review of contemporary history. Such a review the author could readily have made, we

believe, by using the substance of these papers though dropping here and there an ephemeral paragraph and uniting the whole with illuminating generalization and conclusion. The papers as they stand have some value and interest, but less than they might have had under such a plan.

Chaucer. By George H. Cowling. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

THIS new study of Chaucer falls somewhat between the austere philological and historical monograph and the popular account. It can be read with interest by the ordinary reader desirous of knowing the facts of the poet's life and understanding his verse. It has meat in it for the special scholar. The facts of his life are, as statisticians say, "weighted" according to their trustworthiness, but the process in Mr. Cowling's hands is not so laborious as to obstruct the narrative. We believe the value of the book to be the convenient packing between two covers of a great variety of findings, not usually so combined. There is, to begin with, a scholarly "Life." Then the "Canon and Chronology of Chaucer's Writings" separates the true work from the imputed by a process of criticism. Following come chapters discussing Chaucer as scholar, poet, novelist, all of interest to the lay reader. Finally, the special student may turn to the appendix for analyses of Chaucerian language and meter. An excellent manual for the first and one of the greatest of English poets.

The Fourteen Thumbs of St. Peter. By Joice M. Nankivell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

THIS is a novel of postwar Moscow, suggestive of what unsurpassed material for fiction exists in Russia, but suggestive, alas! by failure rather than performance. It is a story of the Red capital at the time of the special activities of the atheist mission, when a great effort was made to expose the church and to promote atheism by demonstrating the futility of relic worship and other superstitious practices. Fourteen "thumbs of St. Peter" were collected and put on display, among other religious exhibits. A detective story is woven into the description of postwar Russia and its Government, but the blending of story and description is only partially successful, and much dialogue is unconvincing. Some day writers will seize this theme and many another equally bizarre and arresting to make out of them the new Russian literature.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THERE is a political tone to this week's news, prophetic of early summer months in 1928 when Democratic and Republican parties will meet in convention to decide their Presidential and Vice Presidential nominees. The political note is injected by WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO of California, son-in-law of the late President WILSON and Secretary of the Treasury in his Cabinet, who has announced that he will not be a candidate again for the Democratic nomination. Mr. McADOO, it will be remembered, fought valiantly through 103 ballots at the 1924 convention to muster the necessary two-thirds majority. Gov. AL SMITH of New York was his opponent, and while Mr. McADOO's totals were always above those of Governor SMITH, at the top of his flight he was still some 200 votes short of the necessary 732.

Mr. McADOO's decision was made public on September 17 in a letter to Mr. GEORGE FORT MILTON, editor of the *Chattanooga News*, who has been closely associated with Mr. McADOO's Presidential aspirations. "Everything possible should be done to prevent the 1928 convention from degenerating into a mere struggle of individuals for personal preferment. . . . Principles and policies must come first. Personal ambitions, however legitimate, and every selfish purpose should be subordinated to them. My chief concern," Mr. McADOO continues, "is the supremacy of Democratic principles and progressive policies, for these mean the preservation, unimpaired, of the Constitution of the United States; the suppression of nullification and the enforcement of law, without which stable government is impossible and without which the farmers cannot get their rightful share of national prosperity; and social and economic justice for all classes without which human opportunity cannot be widened."

Supporters of Governor SMITH feel strongly that Mr. McADOO's withdrawal strengthens the position of their candidate. They see no other available Democrat with the political stature of New York's governor. Smith Boom Talk is naturally rife, however, as to whether Mr. McADOO's withdrawal means the entire diffusion of his influence, and readers of this department are referred to an editorial discussion of this matter upon page 325 of this issue.

EDWIN T. MEREDITH, Secretary of Agriculture from January, 1920, to March, 1921, in the Cabinet of President WILSON, has been mentioned prominently

as a McADOO legatee. Mr. MEREDITH, whose home State is Iowa, has recently been in New York — coincidentally with Mr. McADOO, though the two denied that their presence in the city possessed political significance. "I am personally sorry Mr. McADOO has felt impelled to make the announcement he has," said Mr. MEREDITH. "I feel he is the one man to

A McADOO
Legatee

The Week

¶Politics: Mr. McADOO —withdraws in order to maintain Democratic principles in the party and avoid a repetition of 1924 in the next convention. Who will succeed to his strength? Meredith? The former Secretary of Agriculture cannot support a wet. ¶The Ways and Means Committee meets. A new tax bill. ¶The second A. E. F. France's enthusiastic welcome. A parade on the Champs Élysées. The old scenes of action. ¶A new ambassador for Mexico. Mr. Morrow is President Coolidge's choice. ¶President Hindenburg denies Germany's war guilt. ¶Hungary and the League Council. ¶An "act of God" in Japan. ¶Fatalities in the New York-Spokane air derby. ¶The world flyers decide against a Pacific hop.

lead the dry progressive wing of the Democratic party." Although Mr. McADOO has made no statement which would shed light upon his choice in the matter of available Democratic candidates, many feel that Mr. MEREDITH would meet with his entire approval. The latter's consistent favoring of dry principles and his strong interest in farm relief are echoes of Mr. McADOO's own position upon these matters. "I am a dry," said Mr. MEREDITH, "and I cannot support a wet candidate. . . . Unquestionably the dry Democrats are in the majority, but as a Democrat of national prominence once said to me, the wet Democrats are the fighting Democrats."

Though there will be no early session of Congress, the Ways and Means Committee will go into action on October 31, preparatory to presenting a revised tax bill shortly after the first of the year. Chairman WILLIAM R. GREEN has arranged a schedule of hearings which will

run for at least ten days, and the prospect is that they will last much longer. With surplus on hand, the Administration desires to give taxpayers the benefit of it and hopes that an agreement can be reached between House and Senate which will dispense with the revenue bill by March 1, fifteen days before 1927 returns must be filed.

Despite the warnings of pessimists who felt that no good could come of the return of America's World War battalions to France for the American Legion convention, the second A. E. F. has found that a France which held out her arms in 1917 still has them opened wide in 1927. None of the unpleasant incidents so broadly heralded have occurred; nothing but friendship has been apparent in the greeting of France. Good comradeship still prevails. War debts, "Uncle Shylock," and the more recent tariff troubles have faded before the bouyant ranks of Legionnaires, thousands strong, who have come back to visit the land of their organization's birth.

The convention opened on September 19 in the Trocadero Palace, which has been established as headquarters. There were greetings by President DOUMERQUE and Cabinet members, by Marshal FOCH and other military chiefs, and the appearance of each was the signal for a wild burst of cheering by the assembled Legionnaires. "There never was such a convention," in the eyes of the French notables who attended that opening session. National Commander HOWARD R. SAVAGE of Chicago presided, and it is said that a considerable amount of business was accomplished, despite the holiday spirit of the delegates.

The most colorful event of the week's convention, of course, was the great parade held on September 19. More than 14,000 men, women, and children marched in the line which wound through the Arc de Triomphe at the Place de l'Étoile and down the Champs Élysées to the Place de la Concorde, where it was reviewed by Marshal FOCH, General PERSHING, Commander SAVAGE, Brig. Gen. JAMES A. DRAIN as grand marshal, and General GOURAUD as honorary marshal. A national holiday had been declared, and Paris was massed along the wide avenue to watch the Americans, held back by an unbroken line of French soldiers. A paragraph by EDWIN L. JAMES, *New York Times* correspondent, gives some idea of the colorful picture

Friendly
France

Legion
Convention
Opens

The Second
A. E. F.

which the long line of march presented: "Brass bands in glorious and in medley costumes; good-looking uniforms and awful-looking uniforms of all colors of the rainbow; no end of smiling and a million laughs; fat men and lean men; short men and long men; pretty women and ugly women—just honest-to-god samples from every corner of the U. S. A. of a hundred and twenty million population." Five miles the marchers walked, and more than two hours were required for them all to pass a given point. As a high mark of honor, the French Government gave permission for the parade to pass through the Arc de Triomphe. The victory parade at the close of the World War is the only other demonstration which has been so honored.

Much of the spare time of the Legionnaires is being consumed in visits to the scenes which they knew under such different circumstances in 1917 and 1918.

Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Saint-Mihel, and the other names sacred to the Americans who received their baptism of fire there are being visited again by those who survived. Cemeteries where 30,000 white marble crosses tell the story of comrades who will remain in France have not been neglected. Impressive services have been held for these American dead.

DWIGHT W. MORROW, a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, bankers, of New York, has been appointed by President COOLIDGE to succeed JAMES R. SHEFFIELD as United States Ambassador to Mexico. The appointment becomes effective upon October 1. Mr. SHEFFIELD's resignation was announced early in July from Rapid City, South Dakota, where ill health was given as the cause. Mr. MORROW, who was an Amherst classmate of Mr. COOLIDGE, faces a difficult situation in the Mexican capital. The dispute between our State Department and the Mexican Government over the new oil and land laws promulgated by the latter has never been resolved, and it has generally been inferred that Washington is awaiting a concrete case of what it considers confiscation before taking further steps. The controversy is one which must eventually be settled if Mexico is to persist in applying her new laws, and it will be Mr. MORROW's difficult task to conduct the negotiations at first hand. It is generally supposed that his appointment will meet with opposition from various members of the Foreign Relations Committee, although Mexico has acquiesced. Mr. MORROW's connection with "Wall Street" is so close that those Senators who look askance upon this stronghold of big business are expected to fight confirmation.

D. R. CRISSINGER, governor of the

Federal Reserve Board, has resigned from his position to return to private life. Mr. COOLIDGE has appointed ROY ARCHIBALD YOUNG, governor of the Minneapolis Federal Reserve Bank, to succeed him.

Mr. CRISSINGER was a friend of President HARDING, by whom he was appointed in 1923 after two years as Comptroller of the Currency. His retirement is said to have been contemplated over the period of a year, and he denies that it was brought about because of the recent dispute with the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago over a lowering of its rediscount rate. Directors of the Chicago bank were overruled by the board which ordered the rate lowered from four to three and one half per cent.

A typhoon which visited the island of Kyushu, Japan, on September 13 caused havoc in villages and took a heavy toll of life. Estimates indicate that more than

700 persons died in the storm and that more than 1,800 houses were demolished. Approximately 3,000 others were flooded. Ten miles of dikes were washed away, and thirty-seven vessels were swept from their moorings. Persons injured numbered around 2,300. A tidal wave which inundated the town of Kojima was responsible for a great part of the disaster. It is reported that 275 persons were killed outright in Kojima, and that 417 others were carried away by the sea. Yokohama experienced a miniature cyclone on the morning following, several buildings of light construction being destroyed, and thirty persons injured.

Two fatalities occurred in the New York to Spokane air derby when a plane piloted by RICHARD E. HUDSON crashed to earth on September 20 on a wooded mountain-side at Long Valley, New Jersey, only a short time after its take-off from Roosevelt Field. HUDSON and his mechanic, JAY RADIKE, were killed. RADIKE had begged to be allowed to go, and had slept in the plane to guard it the night preceding the flight.

LESLIE MILLER of Des Moines and C. W. MEYERS of Detroit fought each other across the Northwest for leadership among the entrants in the Class B division of the derby, and MEYERS won out, taking the \$5,000 prize. In the Class A division of the flight the first to arrive at St. Paul was E. E. BALLOUGH, who landed there on September 20 at 2.10 P.M., Central time. Riding with him was his mechanic and sixty-nine-year-old CHARLES DICKINSON, known as the "Santa Claus of the Air Mail." Not twenty minutes behind BALLOUGH at St. Paul was C. W. HOLMAN, who made up this handicap and landed first at Seattle, forty-six minutes ahead of BALLOUGH.

At Tokyo on September 14, EDWARD F.

SCHLEE and WILLIAM S. BROCK, world flyers, yielded to the entreaties of friends and decided to return to America by steamer rather than under- take a flight across the Pacific. Up to that point they had covered in eighteen days a distance of 12,295 miles, and had 9,917 yet to cover.

They are taking an early boat for the United States, and will have their famous monoplane shipped home. Authorities in this country expressed approval of their decision not to attempt the hazardous transpacific hop.

On the thirteenth anniversary of the Battle of Tannenberg, where his leadership brought him the fame which carried him finally to the post of chief of staff,

President PAUL VON HINDENBURG's Denial DENBURG told the world that Germany did not subscribe to her official admission of war guilt. The occasion was the dedication of a monument upon the famous battlefield in East Prussia where the German armies under HINDENBURG and LUDENDORFF annihilated the Russian advance and broke forever the threat of the czar's armies on that front. The President was attired in army uniform and carried the baton of his rank as field marshal. "The charges that Germany is guilty of the greatest of all wars," he said, "we, the German people repudiate in all its phases. Not envy, hate, nor eagerness for conquest caused us to resort to weapons. War was a last resort for us and the requiring of the greatest sacrifices of the entire people was the last means of maintaining our prestige against a host of enemies. With pure hearts we marched out to defend the Fatherland, and with pure hands the German army wielded the sword. Germany is ever ready to prove it before impartial judges." President HINDENBURG's denial of war guilt for the German people is the first actual official objection which the Reich has made, though for a long time there have been various and not too subdued rumblings.

Hungary proved herself a bothersome wrench in the wheels of the League of Nations machinery on September 19 at Geneva by refusing flatly to accept the Council's proposed settlement for her difficulties with Roumania over the question of indemnities for expatriated Transylvanian landowners. Roumania had shown a willingness, through her representative at the Council table, M. TITULESCU, to accept the solution brought forward by Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's committee, but Hungary remained adamant, expressing the desire that the whole matter be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice for settlement. As a result the quarrel cannot now be disposed of before the December sessions of the Council at the earliest.

Hungary Balks

The Editor Steps Down

THE Editors are particularly pleased to announce that Mr. J. B. Atkins of the London *Spectator* has been secured to write a monthly article for THE INDEPENDENT. Mr. Atkins will devote each of his articles to some question which is agitating public opinion in Great Britain. His first contribution, dealing with that often maligned institution, the House of Lords, will appear in our October 8 issue.

WE earnestly call our readers' attention to these embattled columns in the magazine for September 3, and then to the following letter from Kerman, California. We see no necessity for repeating ourselves here, but in response to our correspondent's indictment we wish to say that THE INDEPENDENT has never closed its columns to the Fundamentalists in behalf of the Modernists and that it never will so close them. We make no bones about declaring our own opinions, but never to the exclusion of those in disagreement. As a case in point, we mention "The Freedom of Faith," in our issue of April 25, 1925, by Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and one of the strongest and most respected leaders of Fundamentalism. The letter in question follows:

DEAR SIR:

Will you please permit me to express my thanks through the columns of "The Editor Steps Down" to Mr. Edwin B. Tilton of San Diego, California, for his letter in THE INDEPENDENT of September 3. Fundamentalist myself, even as he, from study and conviction, I also resent the presumption that a Fundamentalist is, *ipso facto*, unintelligent. I say with him that "my convictions are arrived at as honestly and as intelligently as yours have been." You are quite irritated by the intolerance of the Fundamentalist who thinks that the Modernist is not a Christian. But I am even more irritated by the universal presumption of the Modernists that all Fundamentalists are ignoramuses. Narrowness and bigotry are not the monopoly of Fundamentalists as is evidenced by your almost vituperative reply to Mr. Tilton. A prominent Modernist minister in a near-by city recently discussed the prejudice that would keep Governor Smith from the Presidential chair simply because he is a Roman Catholic. Of course he condemned such narrowness, stating that he was not capable of it himself, for he could vote for any good man except for a Fundamentalist!

Fundamentalists are given no opportunity to explain their beliefs or to defend themselves against the attacks made on them. Their books and periodicals circulate only among themselves, and periodicals like yours which are read by the general public do not desire or seek articles from

Fundamentalist leaders. A square deal is something we do not get and that we have little hopes of ever getting. In California evolution is taught in all the schools, and I would not have it otherwise; but the law absolutely forbids the reading of the Bible or reference to it. It is a banned book in them. All we Fundamentalists want is a square deal.

F. I. DREXLER.

Behind the German Lines at the Marne

(Continued from page 337)

But with Hentsch, his chief of staff, General von Kuhl, immediately began jockeying for position: trying to make Bülow's retreat responsible for the situation, and to go on record for himself as having retired only under protest. The reasons given were curiously at variance: in one breath Hentsch was assured that they were on the point of defeating Maunoury, and in the next that "a retreat would be a ticklish matter: the troops were thoroughly mixed up and thoroughly exhausted."

Hentsch at last, invoking the full powers conferred on him, gave the order to retreat, in the name of the supreme command. Von Kluck, thus provided with his official alibi, at once issued the order and in the first line put the blame on the Second Army. Next day the episode was written up on this basis in the First Army diary — and von Kluck sent off to the Kaiser a report on his "successful battle." But all these precautions were wasted, for on this same day the supreme command gave its verdict: von Kluck was put under von Bülow's orders. Some months later he was deprived of his command and von Bülow was promoted to the rank of field marshal.

Von Kluck, however, was of a thoroughly buoyant disposition, and in after days produced a magnificent cock-and-bull story. He had not been present during the discussion with Hentsch, and would not have accepted the fatal order to retreat; instead, he would have continued the battle and wiped out Maunoury, and then, wheeling his army around in a splendid parade-ground half circle, would have fallen upon the rear of the British. This wild yarn was too much for the patience of his own chief of staff. General von Kuhl, when his turn came, explained cruelly that during Hentsch's visit von Kluck was sitting all the time in his own office next door; he himself went back and forth to report to him during the discussion. Von Kuhl added that it was idle to discuss who was responsible for the order to retreat: von

Kluck had no choice in the matter. "The break through of the British and the French Fifth Army which was threatening brought about the decision in the Battle of the Marne." Von Bülow even more frankly pointed out that only the prompt retreat had saved von Kluck's army from annihilation. These blunt statements settled the matter in the eyes of German military students.

Even today, however, the historical section of the general staff speaks with two voices in the "definitive" accounts it offers. The propaganda available for the German public presents the Marne as a series of indecisive actions, a sort of transition stage leading into trench warfare. It failed of being a decisive victory because of an unfortunate misconception on the part of certain German leaders; von Bülow thought he was beaten when he really wasn't. Over against this is the military version — which accepts frankly the conclusions we have quoted. Moltke himself set down his opinion as follows: "That France was not overthrown in the first rush she has to thank England's rapid rendering of help: the advance of the British divisions on the Marne caused Bülow to order a retreat." The nuance is worth noting: Moltke does not mention the fact that Bülow's line had already been hammered out of shape by Franchet d'Espérey. This same note appears in the volume used as a textbook in the German military schools: the retreat from the Marne is ascribed — in ultracautious wording — to the danger of a break through; but only the British are mentioned.

Even ten years after the event, though the fact of the defeat must be stated, it comes hard to the German staff to avow that the French had a hand in the beating.

A Year of the Monkey War

(Continued from page 328)

agreed with Senator Lommen. The House Committee on Education voted for indefinite postponement of the bill; on March 11 this action was confirmed by the House. Put to a vote in the Senate, the bill was discarded by a vote of 55 to 7, confirming the Senate Committee on Education, which had voted 9 to 4 against it.

In pursuance of the Fundamentalists' determination "never to give up the fight until the demon of evolution is driven from the tax-supported schools of every State in this Christian nation," House Bill No. 222 was introduced in the North Dakota House of Representatives on February 5. The measure was fathered by Representative L. O. Richardson, and barred from the State's schools and colleges "any doctrine that teaches that man is of other than divine origin." Violation was to be a misdemeanor, punishable by a

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fine of from \$25 to \$100 for each offense. When invited by the committee to make a statement on behalf of his bill, Richardson admitted that he knew nothing about biology; nor was he familiar with the principles of evolution or the evidences upon which the theory was based. Two Modernist clergymen were the chief speakers against the bill. A few days later, Representative Edwin Fraynor, chairman of the Committee on Education, announced that the committee had unanimously chloroformed the bill.

But the end was not yet. On March 9 a well-attended public meeting was held at Denhoff, having for its object the launching of a referendum petition so that the voters of North Dakota may decide directly whether or not science shall be freely taught in the State.

In emulation of the successful example set by Florida four years ago, an attempt was made on January 21, by Delegate W. A. Street, to put through the West Virginia House of Delegates a resolution to the effect that that body was opposed to the teaching of evolution in the "free schools" of the State. The resolution was defeated by a vote of 57 to 36; but some of the members stated that they had voted against it because it would have "no practical effect." Thus encouraged, Street later in the month introduced House Bill No. 264, "a bill to prevent the teaching of any nefarious matter in our public schools." It provided that it should be unlawful for anyone to teach the theory of "Darwinism, Atheism, or Agnosticism." In the eyes of the supporters of this bill, these three terms are practically synonymous. The penalty was to be dismissal of the teacher "by the District Board of Education, whose action shall be final." The Committee on Education reported it adversely, and on April 13 it was rejected by an acclamation vote.

The Florida Legislature convened on April 6, and Representative Leo Stalaker of Tampa promptly introduced a bill which forbade instruction in the public schools of the State of any theory not in harmony with the Biblical story of creation. This bill was later amended to forbid "the teaching of any theory as a fact, . . . or the teaching of Atheism or Infidelity." The amended bill was passed by the House by a vote of 67 to 24. The Senate, however, referred it to the tail end of the calendar, and then adjourned without reaching it. Florida is already "protected" by a successful anti-evolution resolution passed in 1923.

Nine Legislatures will be in session next year, five of them in the South; but forty-three in 1929, ten of them in the South. Even eliminating the already shackled Tennessee and Mississippi, that leaves plenty of room for renewed and more ardent anti-evolution legislation.

As the Fundamentalists leaders themselves declare, "The war has just begun!"

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THE *New York Times* informs us on the authority of a "visitor" to the White House that Mr. Coolidge is definitely out of the political picture for 1928. Into the ear of this anonymous caller our modern Sphinx whispered not



only the confidence that he had indeed withdrawn as a candidate, but the fact that he was considerably annoyed by the efforts of William M. Butler and others to drag him back into the race. The visiting amateur, whoever he may or may not have been, seems to have put one over on the anxious politicians who were crowd-

ing to the Presidential suite on one pretext or another. He has found out to all appearances, what they were unable to discover for themselves.

As for Mr. Butler's summoning of the Republican national committeemen to Washington, that move is subject to a variety of explanations. One, at least, carries the weight of reason. Mr. Butler's political fortunes are inextricably tied up with those of the present occupant of the White House, and

if the President is going to desert the field Mr. Butler will indubitably resign his position as chairman of the National Committee. The resignation is not likely to come immediately, for uncertainty as to the strength of the various candidates for the nomination makes it undesirable at present. But when strengths have been tested and the convention call is issued Mr. Butler must surely step aside in favor of a new chairman. Mr. Butler is not a Will Hays or Frank Hitchcock who can switch allegiances at will, but essentially a Coolidge henchman whose principal value as head of the Republican machine comes not so much from his political sagacity as from his personal relationship to the chief of state. As long as he remains chairman of the National Committee, so long must the suspicion remain that Coolidge is still in the running.

That Explosive Naval Tradition

IT may be the tonic of sea air or only a set of coincidences, but we notice that our naval officers have a lively habit of exploding publicly. Following in the explosive tradition of Rear Admirals John Rodgers and William Sims, Rear

Admiral Thomas P. Magruder, commandant of the Fourth Naval District at Philadelphia, has let go a broadside against extravagance and centralization in the Navy Department. The scuffling at Washington has resulted as yet in no decisive action. Secretary Wilbur vacillates over the question of a reprimand for the admiral, and fixes upon him in the meanwhile the duty of submitting a plan for the reorganization of the Navy and Navy Department. Admiral Magruder manifests no enthusiasm for the job, declaring that "to make such a plan would require the expert assistance of a number of officers and the necessary clerical help over a long period." Mr. Coolidge is represented as believing that the article in question was "written with a sincere desire to improve the navy." And there the matter rests.

While not doubting the justice of Admiral Magruder's charges we have a premonition that not much will come of them. This is not the first time that public attention has been called to extravagances in the Navy Department and other branches of the national Government. A year ago, for example, there was a movement on foot to reduce the number of navy yards along our coast. The moment mention was made of specific localities an appeal went out to Senators and Representatives. The Charleston Navy Yard must be saved. This yard or that one could never be abandoned. There was a sudden flurry in Washington, and the plan for reduction fell flatter than a revival of long skirts. There is too much inevitable politics in the Navy Department or for that matter in all of our departments which spend money outside of Washington to permit of many new economies. Until we have an Administration forced to swing a stick backed by economic necessity, the Magruders will have to bide their time.

The Public Be Amused

AS fights go, the Dempsey-Tunney battle in Chicago was probably excellent. The assertion that it was "the fight of the century" is perhaps best answered by that admirable cartoon in *Life* depicting a group of wounded war veterans listening in to the radio account of a conflict in which the probable maximum casualty would have been a cauliflower ear for one contestant or the other. We are glad Mr. Tunney won, because he is a fine, clean, likable young American, seriously intent on making the best of himself. But the relative excellence of the two fighters is of little importance.

The proceedings leading up to the event, however, are worth consideration. They have proved again the infinite gullibility of the American public, a public which in its insane desire for amusement, in its passion for "sporting spectacles," will go in its thousands, paying ridiculous prices to see a fight

which it knows in advance it cannot see at all. In other words it knows it is being swindled and it goes with shouts of joy to the swindling.

This monster affair has proved another thing — that the stakes are too big and the temptations too great for the public to have confidence in the prize ring. The whole thing is too dubious an exploitation, too obviously a cashing in on the free advertising afforded by the press. We hope this will be the last great fireworks display of Mr. Rickard's talent.

Still, you never know. Eminent statisticians advise us that the greatest business in the world today is the amusement business. It takes many forms from movies to prize fights or horse races or dancing — but a great deal more money is busy amusing people than is engaged in any serious industry. There is something about this fact at once absurd and pathetic. We no longer amuse ourselves; we have to be amused by professionals. We pay \$40 to see dimly two young men, a city block away, push each other around the ring. We give Mr. Tunney \$1,000,000 for a possible thirty minutes' exercise and we pay a college professor — who, however, fails to amuse us — \$3,000 a year. We are not moved by those facts to rail at the degeneracy of the times, but we confess that our respect for human intellect, judgment, and sense of values is rather shaken by the momentous affair at Soldiers Field in Chicago.

Sending the Railways to Sea

THE possibility of sending our landlubber railways to sea is beginning to occasion some agitation in the vicinity of Capitol Hill. Since no one else seems desirous of building up the American merchant marine, there is a movement on foot to "let the railways do it." President Coolidge, Senator Edwards of New Jersey, and Edward N. Hurley, former chairman of the Shipping Board, have indicated their approval of the move. The railways, on their side, are a bit skeptical about it. They have managed pretty well on land, and are not anxious to abandon well-graded roadbeds for a more perilous voyage to Timbuktu. They are too much occupied with carrying hogs and corn to market to care much about transporting wheat to Europe.

It is apparent, nevertheless, that someone in the ranks of private capital ought to boost our languishing merchant marine. Chairman T. V. O'Connor of the Shipping Board reports that while the board is doing its best to carry out the provisions of the Merchant Marine Act, "transferring ships to private capital for guaranteed operation wherever possible, and meanwhile operating as efficiently as can be done with ships which were built for war purposes," the situation is not being improved. "Since 1921 for every single ship of 2,000 gross tons and over that

has been built in the United States, Great Britain has built forty-two, Germany twelve, France five, and Japan four," explains Mr. O'Connor. "Of the total volume of American foreign commerce export and import, American vessels today carry less than thirty per cent." This is hardly encouraging for those who expected to see an imposing American merchant fleet growing out of the war-time program.

In the end, any discussion of keeping the American flag at sea comes back to the question of a ship subsidy. We have no particular love of subsidies *per se*, but feel that in this case a subsidy would prove less dangerous than the present method of draining the public treasury for governmental management of a shipping fleet which the Government does not want. As a means of extending our commercial advantages in time of peace and as an instrument of national defense in the event of war an American merchant fleet is a necessity. It is time for the long stewing over the problem to end in some definite move which will take the burden of operation out of government hands, and fix a policy in a matter of major national importance.

New Struts for Our Wings

IF the United States has been lagging behind Europe in the development of commercial airways, she has at least made advances along those lines. The progress of commercial flying has been somewhat obscured by the spectacle of distance flights and transoceanic hops, but it has been progressing in spite of public inattention. The Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce has released figures showing that in the first six months of the current year civil airway operators in the United States covered a total of 12,377,933 miles, and carried 395,646 passengers. These figures do not include the records of private plane operators and manufacturers.

The Department of Commerce, charged by the Air Commerce Act with the chartering of civil airways, is at work upon maps of new routes, while the Army Air Corps Engineers Service of the War Department and the Hydrographic Office of the Navy are furnishing maps of supplementary routes. These practical surveys are sturdy evidence that the United States is interested, after all, in something besides stunt flying.

Probably it will take a new generation to make the United States thoroughly air-minded. A majority of those living today make free with happy predictions for the future of aviation, but generally keep their fingers crossed and their feet on the ground. A generation reared in a day when a bank of airplanes

against the sky is no more exciting than the passage of a flock of crows will take more naturally to air travel than one prone to look upon flying as a pioneering adventure. By the time a new generation comes of age aviation will have attained a new degree of safety. Time will bring confidence, and confidence will fill our airways with travel.

An Eye on the Little Brown Brother

PEONS entering through our immigration stations on the border, peons crossing the Rio Grande surreptitiously by night, peons spreading in dark waves over the Southwest and drifting northward as far as Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Detroit, make it apparent that the seventieth Congress will be called upon to do something about peaceful penetration from Mexico. The immigration law of 1924, while damming back a flood of European labor, left a spillway open to the south. With Mexicans pouring into the jobs formerly cared for by cheap labor from Europe, the influx has assumed the proportions of an inundation.

Several bills dealing with immigration from Mexico were placed before the House Committee on Immigration during the sessions of the sixty-ninth Congress, and one of them is to be reintroduced. Labor organizations, naturally, are in favor of applying quota restrictions to Mexico. And Harry Hull, Commissioner General of Immigration, declares unofficially that "something should be done to regulate this situation in some way." Commercial bodies, on the other hand, have expressed general opposition to further restriction. They favor modification of the European quotas rather than new regulation directed against Mexico. They emphasize the need of cheap labor for the development of agriculture and industry in the Southwest.

In view of these conflicting opinions a careful study should be made of the problem of the peon. If he is found to be migratory and inclined to drift back home there may be no great danger in his wandering. If he is found to be a settler, on the other hand, and inclined to intermix with our own race, the same restrictions should be applied to him which govern settlers from European lands. While investigation is under way, border control must be strengthened to prevent our being overrun with Mexican undesirables who steal in illegally.

Ireland Goes to the Polls

ELECTIONS for the tempestuous Dail Eireann have gone off with scarcely more excitement than was occasioned by the conduct of Republican primaries in enlightened Philadelphia, and certainly with more credit to the successful candidates. The wearers of the green have not lost their love



of pugilistics, but for once they have suppressed it. Final returns give the Cosgrave Government sixty-one seats in the Dail, and the Fianna Fail, party of Eamon de Valera, fifty-seven. The Farmers with six seats and the Independents with twelve are expected to ally themselves with Mr. Cosgrave, while Labor with thirteen, the National League with two, and the Irish workers with one, are counted upon to follow Mr. de Valera. In other words, the Government will control seventy-nine votes in the Dail, as against seventy-three for the Opposition. On the surface the situation remains virtually the same as before the election, with the balance of power in the hands of small parties and those all-important political alliances called "blocs." But underneath runs a sure current calling for political *rapprochement* and unity to permit the working out of an economic program of which the Free State is in dire need. If compromise fails, the prospect looms of another general election within a year.

There is a footnote in the story of the elections which has more than scholarly significance for Americans even though they are not concerned overmuch with research into Free State politics. The Irish electorate turned out in large numbers at the polls, manifesting an enthusiasm for elections which had already been clearly demonstrated by the Irish element in this country. We have the conviction that the outlook for democracy at home would be considerably brightened if more of our own citizenry "got their Irish up" and overcame the apathy which has lately suffused their response at the polls. Without going in for fist fights, we may well derive a lesson from the activity of the precocious voters in the young Free State.

Crossed Links in the Railway Chain

AFTER the collision of the ambitious Van Sweringen merger with the Interstate Commerce Commission there was a temporary lull along the railway consolidation line, but one need not

put his ear to the rail to know that traffic is again on the move. Recently came the Great Northern and Northern Pacific with a thunderous proposal for combination which would have stirred the antitrust phobia of an earlier decade and created scarcely less furor than a political convention. It evoked little comment save from the

officials of a competing road. And now a delegation from the National Industrial Traffic League tramps up the White House steps and presents Mr. Coolidge with a document recommending modification of the Transportation Act of 1920. The league

wants the repeal of the section of the Transportation Act which requires the Interstate Commerce Commission to submit a plan for the consolidation of railways. It believes the Commission could function more effectively without such a requirement; in fact, it holds that this section of the act retards consolidations which might otherwise receive the sanction of the Commission, and would act for the public good. It backs with modifications the Parker bill for railway consolidation, which was born in the labors of the last Congress.

It is our feeling that there is need for caution in the matter of railway consolidation. If the Traffic League is to have its way we foresee a strewing to the winds of the diagrams and maps assembled by the active William Z. Ripley of Harvard. We see the Interstate Commerce Commission acting without a plan in a rather uncertain direction. This is not an encouraging prospect. While we do not insist that Professor Ripley's charts be held as sacred documents, we believe that railway consolidations should be conducted under a definite and carefully considered plan for the greatest good to the public and not in the haphazard manner at which the Traffic League seems to be aiming in its recommendations to the President.

Don Quixote in Modern Dress

MAYOR WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON of Chicago has recently entered the national political circuit playing a dramatization of "Don Quixote" in modern dress. With Gov. Len Small supporting him in the rôle of Sancho Panza he has turned from a denunciation of King George to a tilt against windmills of the Administration. The errant cowboy has been barnstorming in the Far West, lecturing to the provinces on flood control which he declares to be a matter for Federal action. There is only one explanation for his remarkable act, and that is that he is out for a position of advantage in the Presidential lists. What does the mayor of Chicago care about flood control in the Mississippi Valley except as a means of introducing himself into national politics? If Mr. Thompson has any other idea, then we mistake the breadth of his capacity for philanthropy.

The spectacle he has staged appears to us ludicrous in the extreme. "Big Bill" seems bent on tossing his cowboy hat, perforated by random gangster bullets, into the Presidential ring. We don't register worry. We don't believe that anyone outside of a few Chicagoans will take his candidacy seriously. The chief good Mr. Thompson could confer in the office of President would accrue to Chicago. He couldn't be mayor and President at the same time. We see nothing in his quixotic gestures but the prospect of slight embarrassment for Republican national headquarters.



Geneva — a League Onward

NOW that the halls of Geneva are empty and the delegates to the eighth Assembly of the League of Nations have gone home, the United States may well join with the rest of the world in taking stock of what was accomplished. Our position is not one of such remoteness as many of our homespun statesmen would have us believe, and the things said and done at Geneva have a close bearing upon our own welfare. There is no use of our dressing up in buff and blue and quoting Washington's Farewell Address to show our indifference to the affairs of Europe. The theory of isolation was pretty thoroughly disproven in 1917, and efforts to revive it have not deserved the success they have received.

The Assembly closed its sessions last week with the adoption of two resolutions. One stated the principle that "all wars of aggression are and always shall be prohibited and every pacific means must be employed to settle disputes of every description which may arise between states." In the other was provision for continued work by the League Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, which is to meet again in November. A rather weak conclusion? So a good many of our domestic critics would have us believe. For them the League session began in gloom and ended in gloom, with little to show but a plethora of oratory. For our part, we look upon the eighth session of the Assembly as one which did much to carry forward the spirit of Locarno and to increase mutual confidence among League members. It marked a strengthening of the League and of the World Court, and a considerable increase in the international prestige of both of those organizations.

The addresses of statesmen and diplomatists at the Assembly meetings were marked by something besides the conventional attitude of talking for coöperation without agreeing to any tangible sacrifices to that end. Herr Stresemann's announcement that Germany would adhere in the future to the compulsory-arbitration clause of the World Court Protocol is a preëminent example of the spirit of confidence which we hope to find in increasing measure within the League. Such a concert of world powers would have been a virtual impossibility in the years preceding 1914; the open nature of its proceedings was likewise outside the ken of pre-Sarajevo diplomacy.

At first sight the resolution outlawing wars of aggression seems to be a grand generalization with no teeth for actually biting into the problem. On this ground it has been attacked. It must be remembered, however, that nations accustomed to heavy armaments, with populations still subject to old fears and old prejudices, cannot in a moment or a year do away with their accustomed means of defense. The outlawry of war, if it is to be accom-

plished, must be brought about not at a single stroke, but through a slow process of concessions. And it was in looking toward these concessions that the second resolution, calling upon the Preparatory Commission to continue its work, was passed. In a series of conferences on disarmament, even though they meet with temporary setbacks, lies the hope of permanent peace.

Since our accession to the rank of a world power we have continually struck the pose of a peaceful and unselfish Government. We have talked a great deal about "world peace" and "abolition of war," but in a majority of the cases which seemed to lead toward attaining those desirable ends we have turned a cold shoulder and assumed a decidedly "holier than thou" attitude. Since our refusal to join the League of Nations or the World Court we have become so absorbed in our domestic affairs as to forget, or at least ignore the fact that the problems of Europe are to a large extent our problems, and that our assistance is required for their solution.

In almost every one of the Assembly gatherings there was reference to the attitude of the United States. It was pointed out again and again that the United States could do much to further world peace and security by coöperating, even though unofficially, in the work of the League. While this country has sniffed contemptuously at the opinions of the League, League statesmen have sought in all sincerity to observe and give consideration to the opinions of the United States. Somewhat reluctantly, we have been dragged into detached instances of coöperation with League commissions. The United States has been represented, for example, on the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament, and has been asked to continue membership in that body. Prominent Americans will attend as individuals the meetings of the newly created consultative committee on economics. But we have hardly shown a willing spirit.

THE INDEPENDENT has no intention of advocating our immediate entrance into the League, but it feels that the people of the United States should keep their eyes fixed on what is happening abroad, and manifest a larger interest in the meetings at Geneva. After all, the League is not a diabolical institution motivated by a desire to snare us in foreign entanglements. Nor is it an organization for Europe alone. With all its imperfections, it is the only instrument we have for working practically toward world peace and international good will. It is not an iron-bound structure, but a plastic organism in process of growth. It has grown in strength during the eighth Assembly, and we believe that it will continue its development through future gatherings. It is our duty, if we are truly bent on world peace, to abandon our overworked policy of isolation and our complete public indifference to an agency working for that peace by the most satisfactory methods yet devised.

Progressive Democrats in a Quandary

By George Fort Milton

THE standing aside of William Gibbs McAdoo is likely to increase, rather than to lessen, the chaos in the ranks of the Democratic party. There is no heir apparent ready and waiting to take command of Democracy's dry progressive wing. Thus, in the immediately practical matter of gaining the nomination, Al Smith's chances are substantially enhanced. The two dominant and outstanding Democratic personalities for the past four years have been Mr. McAdoo and Governor Smith. In 1924, Mr. McAdoo was the undoubted choice of the rank and file of the party for the nomination; the sinister combination of bad business, bad booze, and city bosses which united to combat him was vainly forced from expedient to expedient until eventually George Brennan had the happy thought of injecting the religious issue, and Mr. McAdoo's candidacy was assassinated in a political Saint Bartholomew's Day.

To the concentrated Eastern multitudes which have been taught that the violation of the prohibition law is an admirable thing, Governor Smith has perfectly personified the foaming stein and brass rail. The charge, readily believed by the credulous, that the New York governor's Catholic faith was the only thing that caused opposition to his candidacy has brought him a zealous, almost idolatrous, Catholic support, while the sachems of Tammany Hall, charmed with the prospect of erasing the black marks of the Tweeds, Kellys, and Crokers of old by the Presidential achievements of Smith, have turned a delegate-greedy Tiger loose on the land.

Thus, McAdoo's withdrawal removes from the list one of the two chief gladiators; had the former Secretary been a candidate, possibly he would have been nominated, undoubtedly he would have served the Tammany man as that individual served him in 1924; but now, unless and until new champions for the dry and progressive group are developed, the Tammany candidate will have things all his own way. There is a political axiom which has never been successfully combated: "You cannot beat somebody with nobody," no matter how bad that somebody is. That is exactly the case today in the Democratic party, in relation to the menace of Al Smith.

One of the specific purposes of the self-elimination of the former Secretary of the Treasury was to clear the field, so far as he was able to do so by his own action, so that other leadership could develop. There is material available from which outstanding leaders may easily come. The trouble is not the lack of such men, but the comparatively short time remaining between the early part of October, 1927, and the Democratic National Convention of early summer in 1928. It takes some time to introduce a man to a party or a nation.

One of the important political problems brought by the McAdoo declaration is: Whom will the dry progressive group choose for the forthcoming campaign? It may be taken for granted that there is no disposition of the dry progressives to abandon their principles, reverse

their convictions, and aid the nomination of Al Smith. Equally truly, there is no one candidate today who will gather the harvest Mr. McAdoo has sown. The sentiment of the group has not yet crystallized about any one man. Perhaps it will do so within the next few weeks, but it has several men from whom a selection can be made.

THE man who will inherit the McAdoo strength and support has to fit into a certain framework of principles and political ideals. The departing chief-tain, in his now famous letter of standing aside, gave a terse and eloquent statement of the things which were his chief concern in the nation, matters for the accomplishment of which he would, "as a private citizen," be glad to coöperate with all those who deem them essential to the public welfare. That leader who secures the enthusiastic support of the McAdoo group must be able, by his record, career, and professions, to preach this political gospel:

The preservation, unimpaired, of the Constitution of the United States, the suppression of nullification and the enforcement of law, without which stable government is impossible, and without which the blessings of liberty will disappear; justice to agriculture, without which the farmers cannot get their rightful share of national prosperity; and social and economic justice for all classes, without which human opportunity cannot be widened.

Mr. George Fort Milton, editor of the *Chattanooga News*, has been the chief lieutenant in the political camp of Mr. McAdoo. Mr. McAdoo's withdrawal from the Democratic Presidential race took the form of a letter to Mr. Milton, and in discussing the Democratic dilemma and the men upon whom the mantle of his former chief may fall the Tennessee editor speaks from closest knowledge. The Editors do not subscribe to all of the dire prospects which he sees ahead for the Democratic party, but they are quite agreed with his general view that the party of Thomas Jefferson is in very much of a political mess

A list of those Democrats who in the past have prominently borne testimony to their attachment to such principles would necessarily include Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, Edwin T. Meredith of Iowa, Gov. Vic Donahey of Ohio, Homer S. Cummings of Connecticut, Senator Alben B. Barkley of Kentucky, Gov. Angus McLean of North Carolina, Huston Thompson of Colorado, Congressman Cordell Hull and Gov. Austin Peay, both of Tennessee, Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, and a number of others of more local prominence.

Three of these men, in the immediate political picture, stand out with especial prominence. These are Senator Walsh, Governor Donahey, and Mr. Meredith. As things are today, it seems likely that one of the three would most readily concentrate the McAdoo strength. Which one, it is entirely too early to predict. It is inevitable, likewise, that there will be delegations from a large number of 1924 McAdoo States instructed for favorite sons at the 1928 Democratic National Convention.

THERE is a rare irony in the fact that Senator Thomas J. Walsh has such strength among the McAdoo wing of the party. The myth carefully cultivated by the Smith group is that Mr. McAdoo is proscriptive of Catholics; that he is the personification of the Ku-Klux Klan; and that he deliberately deprived Governor Smith of the 1924 nomination because Governor Smith is a member of the Catholic Church. Of course, this is all the merest poppycock. Mr. McAdoo led all other candidates in ninety-one out of the 103 ballots at Madison Square. Mr. McAdoo is the most tolerant of men. And Mr. McAdoo himself, in a conference with Al Smith in the last days of the 1924 convention, — a conference called at the request of the party leaders in an effort to break the deadlock, — proposed to the New York governor that both unite on Senator Walsh, a proposal rejected by Governor Smith. Cordial relations for years have existed between Mr. McAdoo and Senator Walsh, and there is a substantial agreement in principle between them.

In addition to being a convinced prohibitionist, Senator Walsh is an ardent progressive, and a man whose achievements in unearthing scandalous Federal corruption endeared him to patriots throughout the land. He is both mentally and geographically far removed from the sinister shadows of Tammany Hall. Political observers are convinced that he could maintain the Solid South, and he might prove the very man to unite the South and the West and win a majority in the electoral college.

The geographical position of Gov. Vic Donahey of Ohio is even stronger than that of the Montana Senator. Donahey's election record is quite as remarkable as that of Al Smith. Without the assistance of the vociferous wets, and with the opposition

of the odorous city machines rather than with their support, the Ohio executive has won three gubernatorial elections, one of them in the Coolidge landslide. Governor Donahey is a fine, upstanding character. Physically, he is most impressive. Politically, he has vigorously espoused prohibition enforcement and progressive legislation. Philosophically, he belongs to the Wilson wing of the party. It would be surprising if Governor Donahey failed to develop great strength among the dry progressive McAdoo group. He has not done anything to indicate Presidential ambitions on his part — in fact, has sought to restrain his friends. But men geographically and politically right are sometimes drafted for big jobs. It is no secret that Mr. McAdoo and his friends are on cordial terms with the Ohio executive, a cordiality of more than superficial depth because of Donahey's dry progressive views.

Edwin T. Meredith of Iowa, a loyal and influential supporter of the former Secretary of the Treasury in 1924, and a close personal friend, is much in the minds of the dry progressive group in discussions of the selection of a new leader. Mr. Meredith was for a time in Mr. Wilson's Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture. He is the successful publisher of several farm magazines. He is a staunch prohibitionist, and an even more ardent advocate of farm relief. Geographically, he should be well situated, coming as he does from Iowa, the heart of the farm belt, the storm center of politics today. It should be recalled that in the McAdoo statement of principles occurred a demand for "justice to agriculture, without which the farmers cannot get their rightful share of national prosperity." That is a creed Mr. Meredith has been preaching for several years. He would fit into the picture frame quite as well as would Donahey or Walsh.

One of these three men — or perhaps some new Richmond — is destined to crystallize the dry progressive movement in 1928. What will be the result of this new focusing cannot be predicted. The situation of the Democratic party is not a happy one. There are many who feel that the party is headed for the rocks; that whether Smith succeeds or fails, Democracy is in dire distress.

SMITH'S nomination would rekindle racial, sectional, and religious prejudices which would require decades to cool. It would revive in a malignant form the spirit of religious intolerance. It would submerge a proper consideration of political issues in a violent outbreak of bipartisan bigotry. A Smith nomination would not only hurt the Democratic party, it would hurt the Catholic Church, and would resuscitate an almost defunct Ku-Klux Klan. It would strengthen the Southern G. O. P., breaking the so-called Solid South in two little pieces. If Smith succeeded in retaining over five Southern States, he would do well. He would be certain to

lose Tennessee, Kentucky, Oklahoma, and Missouri. He would be almost sure to lose North Carolina, Virginia, and Arkansas. His only certainties in the South would be South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi, and if Herbert Hoover should be his opponent he would need to look out for these last two. To recapitulate, a nomination of Al Smith would lead to Democratic defeat in 1928, would enthrone Tammany as the arbiter of the Democratic destiny for years to come, would revive the Klan, arouse a frightful religious controversy, and break the Solid South. In all likelihood the Democratic party would break into pieces never to be knit together again. These would be the results of the nomination of the heir of Tweed.

BUT if the party does not nominate Smith, again a dire prospect is ahead. Tens and thousands of members of the Catholic Church throughout the country will believe that he has been refused the nomination because of his faith. Of course, Smith's Catholicism is painted as a politically determinative factor only by those who wish to make a martyr out of him. Even so, there are millions of Catholics in the Democratic party; and if they do get into their heads that one of their own would have been nominated had he not been a Catholic and was deprived of the nomination because of his faith, they will desert never to return. For that part, who would blame them? If Al Smith were otherwise fit to be President of the United States, as of course he is not, and were deprived of his rightful place because of

his creed, the Democratic party would not deserve to live another day, but should be deserted not only by Catholics, but by honest Protestants throughout the land. Al Smith's religion is not holding him out of the White House. Rum, and not Rome, bars his way. But it will be an immensely difficult task for the Democratic party to prove this to the fanatic Catholics who look upon Al Smith as the champion of tolerance to their church.

My own thought is that the Democratic party should declare its spirit of tolerance, its belief in all faiths, without proscription, prejudice, or ban, and should select as its candidate a man who stands for upholding the Constitution, suppressing nullification, and for progressive political, social, and economic policies such as Democracy was founded to support. Such a man as Walsh, Donahey, or Meredith. The nomination of Senator Walsh would spike the guns of Tammany Hall. No longer could they say that Al Smith was turned down because of his faith. Walsh's nomination would prove that the Democratic party was tolerant, dry, and progressive. It would be a master stroke. There is a chance that any one of these three men might be elected President, if the threatened Republican battle duplicates the G. O. P. conflict of 1912.

All in all, the Democratic party is confronted with a dire dilemma. It looks very much as if it is another case of being between the devil and the deep blue sea. But Democracy has a record of having outlived many crises. Surely the party fathered by Thomas Jefferson will not be murdered by Al Smith.

What Can We Do About Noise?

By Charles Phelps Cushing

IN the cramped quarters of a skyscraper office suite in downtown New York our interview had started, heavily handicapped from the first by a resounding clack of typewriters, a frequent harsh jangling of telephone bells, and the agonized thumps of a steam radiator. Presently our voices were further submerged by the loud clatter of a patent letter-printing machine in the glass cubicle to the left. Then, in the cubicle to the right, a stout, bald-headed man with the bellow of a wounded moose added to the insufferable din by beginning to dictate correspondence into the nozzle of a hose.

With all its added conveniences, the Twentieth Century has multiplied nerve-racking noises a thousandfold. Some of them have already been silenced, and more of them could be if the harassed public would only raise more of a rumpus about them. Mr. Cushing, who has a liking for digging in out-of-the-way places, tells here about some of science's newest silencers, while the pictures add their own graphic chorus of "Noise"

At that, my friend arose, muttering imprecations, and reached for his hat and overcoat. Though it was impossible to catch all he said, I gathered that he despaired now of trying to get any more business transacted that afternoon. And plainly — because he shrilled it — I

heard him cry: "Ain't science wonderful!"

In a subway express, heading uptown, neither of us made any attempt to carry on a conversation. No one ever tries to talk above that infernal roar unless he has some most urgent message. Nor did we linger on the platform of the station where we got out: for to the normal hubbub of the trains

rushing past these stations science recently has made a further contribution by adding one of the most distracting of all the newer forms of clatter, the so-called "featherweight turnstiles." At the rush hours the din of these thumping feathers is sometimes almost deafening.

On a Broadway street corner beside the subway kiosk we paused. But my friend's frown here deepened into furrows. We were being serenaded — strings, wood winds, brass, and percussion all played fortissimo — by one of New Bedlam's "modernist symphonies." From the skies a pneumatic riveter, and from a pit in the earth a steam shovel, assailed our tortured ears. Just as my friend started to speak, an elevated train thundered by. A venerable street car with two flat wheels followed close, reminder of the glum jest of the columnist F. P. A.: "Accuracy requires that our surface cars, once termed 'rolling,' should now be called 'bumping' stock." From a radio store a little way up the street, the brassy blare of a cabaret jazz band poured incessantly. A heavy truck startled us next with a shrill whistle attached to its exhaust. A motor cycle pop-popped. Again my friend opened his mouth — but when another elevated train roared by he gestured despairingly and beckoned the way into a near-by restaurant as a tea-time refuge.

Here it happened — for this was "one of those days" — that a patent coffee urn was threatening to explode at any moment; and that the crash of crockery being dumped into the dishwasher's chute seemed even more alarming than it is normally. Also, outstanding among the familiar noises, and though not particularly loud more irritating than any other racket because it was something novel, sounded a strange click-*clack!* click-*clack!* from the kitchen.

My friend impatiently called the waitress.

"Mary, what's that awful clatter over there?" he demanded.

"Oh, that? It's a new patent egg-boiler. All you have to do is to set the timer on it —"

"My God! All that fuss and racket just to boil an egg!" My friend's arms were raised imploringly. "The rooster didn't make half so much noise. Nor even the hen who laid the egg. An egg-boiler! What price progress!"

HE subsided, slumping in his chair. Wearily he shook his head and muttered profanity.

"Sorry for that outburst. But again I ask you — ain't science wonderful? I thought I was all right and had got through the day safely. I even stood this afternoon for that 'voice from the skies.' Fellow in an airplane flying over our part of town, bellowing a song more awful than the cheapest stuff I ever heard out of a radio horn. No escape from that indignity anywhere; and next he might be assailing us in the rôle of a Tin Pan Alley song

plugger, or shouting down advertisements for Dr. Bull's Herb Extract. I felt proud of myself, then, and confident. Thought that if I could bear up bravely under that truly crowning outrage I could stand anything. But when, on top of all else, this patent egg-boiler came along — well, it may seem like a little thing — but it proved the back-breaking straw. Awfully sorry. Please forgive."

"No need. I've felt the same way myself sometimes. What's the rest of your squawk? Seems you have a grudge against science."

"YOU said it! To my way of thinking science is man's wickedest enemy. Because every new machine invented adds another new kind of nerve-torturing din; robs us of more peace and comfort. New discoveries and inventions every day — but never does science do anything about mitigating any of their racket. You've heard a sample this afternoon of what my life is like in the office where I have to work eight or nine hours a day. Clatter, clamor, bells, buzzes, clicks, and thumps everywhere. The place is jammed with machines; and every one of them is a noise-making machine. The subway, of course, is an old story. It and the 'el' are New Bedlam's chief prides: they can drown your voice completely. So we retreat to this restaurant, with its needless — but no doubt highly efficient — clatter of everything in the shop from the new patent egg-boiler to the last piece of crockery.

"I can't hear myself talk on any street corner, either, so I hurry home. Do I find any peace even there? In the apartment next door a phonograph will be going. With one of those newfangled repeaters on it run by electrical power. Thus the same dreadful tune can be ground out for hour after hour, without anyone even troubling to wind up the machine or reset the needle. The radio upstairs will be going, too, full blast." Again his arms went up imploringly. "Why, oh, *why!* I ask you, does it happen that all the people who operate loud-speakers are hard of hearing? Then, about eleven o'clock, a fellow downstairs will start pecking at a typewriter and keep up that torture until around two in the morning. All these wonderful inventions, my friend, are the gifts of science. But the old hag never does anything to make *my* life more bearable. Edison is the only scientist who offers me even the smallest grain of comfort. He forecasts that, like himself, the rest of us soon will have our hearing blunted, by this din, to partial deafness."

Briefed, the rest of my friend's arraignment of science runs as follows: The phonograph is noisier than the old music box; the radio louder than the phonograph. The typewriter is noisier than the pen, the steam radiator than the stove, the pneumatic riveter than the sledge hammer; and the steamboat than the sailing vessel, the railway than the

stagecoach, the motor cycle than the bicycle, the trolley than the horse car, the elevated than surface traction, the subway than the "el." The "horseless carriage" replaces the family surrey — "but at what a cost in din!" The airplane follows the motor car and is infinitely louder: with the racket of its unmuffled exhausts a single flying-machine can disturb the Sunday-morning slumbers of half the population of a whole city. So on down a long list of other items. More noise to excavate a cellar. More to clear a street for the progress of a truck or a fire engine. More to collect a rapid-transit fare — witness the "featherweight turnstile." More even to wash a dish or boil an egg.

EARLY in this harangue the thought had struck me to make use of my friend's complaints as leads for an investigation. Science might have something to offer in rebuttal. Though at the moment this indictment sounded for the most part true and unassailable, a hole or two might be picked in it. Instance, the case of the horseless carriage. In the first days of its invasion of our peaceful highways it was a terror, truly. But today you can stand at such a busy corner as Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street and watch a black river of traffic go rolling past with little more sound than a silky swish of tires. Assuredly, science did wonders to mitigate the racket of the automobile. And if she could do this, she might have other ideas.

The trail of the investigation that followed led far and to many assorted places; but in the end it discovered at least one important principle upon which such varied authorities as board of health officials, inventors, and scientists — both of the "pure" and the "practical" variety — are all agreed. Tersely stated, the case comes to this: where the public shows itself enough concerned about having noise abated, noise can be abated. Thus airplane exhausts will be muffled, just as those of the horseless carriage were stilled, as soon as an insistent public demand brings to bear the necessary pressure. As an aviator put it: "Make enough noise about it and our noise will stop; there's no good reason why a gasoline engine in the sky can't be muffled just like a gasoline engine down below." The once insane and noisy celebration of the Fourth of July was cited by a health officer: "It stopped when the public demanded it; and it's starting up again now that your vigilance is a little relaxed. Needless 'laying on the horn' of motor cars varies in violence the same way. Raise a row about it and you get results, as we did recently in New York."

That there are laws enough to control noise to half of its present volume, and that scientists, if we would only listen to what they have to offer, could diminish most of the rest of the prevailing racket to within comfortably bearable bounds, is the sum of the answer to all of my friend's long list of

complaints. The office where he works need not be so noisy. For a few hundred dollars that small suite could be "sound-proofed" — like hundreds of other offices in New York City in recent years — with ceilings and wall sheathings of such materials as sugar-cane fibre or asbestos. In several offices so equipped the man in the next cubicle has to shout, I found, to make himself heard over the top of the partition. Buzzers may be substituted for startling telephone bells. As for the other noise-making machines: inventors will respond to an equivalent for the old law of supply and demand, and will produce noiseless models of typewriters and letter-printing devices "to just such an extent," as one inventor put it, "as the purchasers make known their preferences."

In the same manner the audibly expressed preference of the wealthier class of apartment renters has made landlords offer the advantages of sound-proofing in nearly all the most costly new apartment buildings recently completed in New York. Science knew the way long ago, but sufficient pressure upon the builder to avail himself of that knowledge had been lacking. And if soundproof walls and ceilings are not enough to insure all the required quiet, a "sound filter" can be installed in the windows, keeping noises of the streets out without shutting off ventilation. The principle involved is ancient, long in use as a silencer on firearms.

ALL the way down the list the scientists complain of the neglect with which their discoveries are treated. Even the pneumatic riveter, which raises the most terrific hubbub of all our modern nuisances, may some day be stilled. On this point, however, a controversy rages. Welders contend that they can erect a steel building with as much safety in its joinings as can the riveters. The riveters retort that there is no way of testing the safety of weldings as rivets can be tested; "the only man who knows whether a weld is good is the man who makes it." At least, it is possible that the fearful din of riveting may not endure in our cities for ever. Photographs were handed me of a five-story steel building recently erected at Sharon, Pennsylvania, where electric welding throughout supplanted riveting and its turmoil. All the work was done with less noise than a crew of carpenters would have made.

It would appear that for those city dwellers who are fortunate enough to work in noise-proofed offices and apartment houses, the clamor of the Machine Age already is much diminished. For the rest of us the picture that my nerve-racked friend drew of present irritating conditions is too true to be ignored. But this phase may be only temporary. There are many reasons to believe that the future likely will be brighter rather than darker — hope for our noise-racked nerves.



All photographs from Ewing Galloway

THE GARISH BEAUTY OF THIS STEEL MILL SEEN AT NIGHT BELIES ITS IMMENSE CAPACITY FOR CREATING NOISE

NOISE!



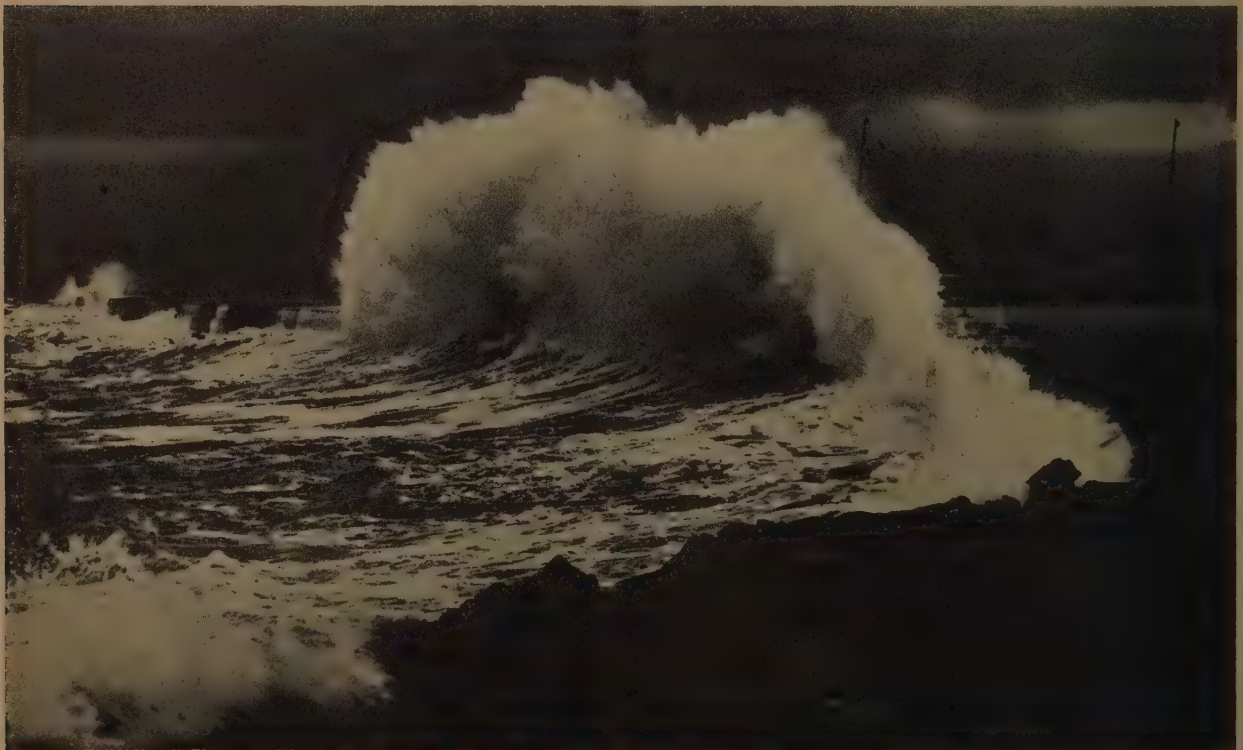
A DROP FORGE HAMMER DOES NOT MAINTAIN A STEADY DIN BY ANY MEANS, BUT THE MONOTONY OF ITS REGULAR CRASHING IS ANYTHING BUT SYMPHONIC



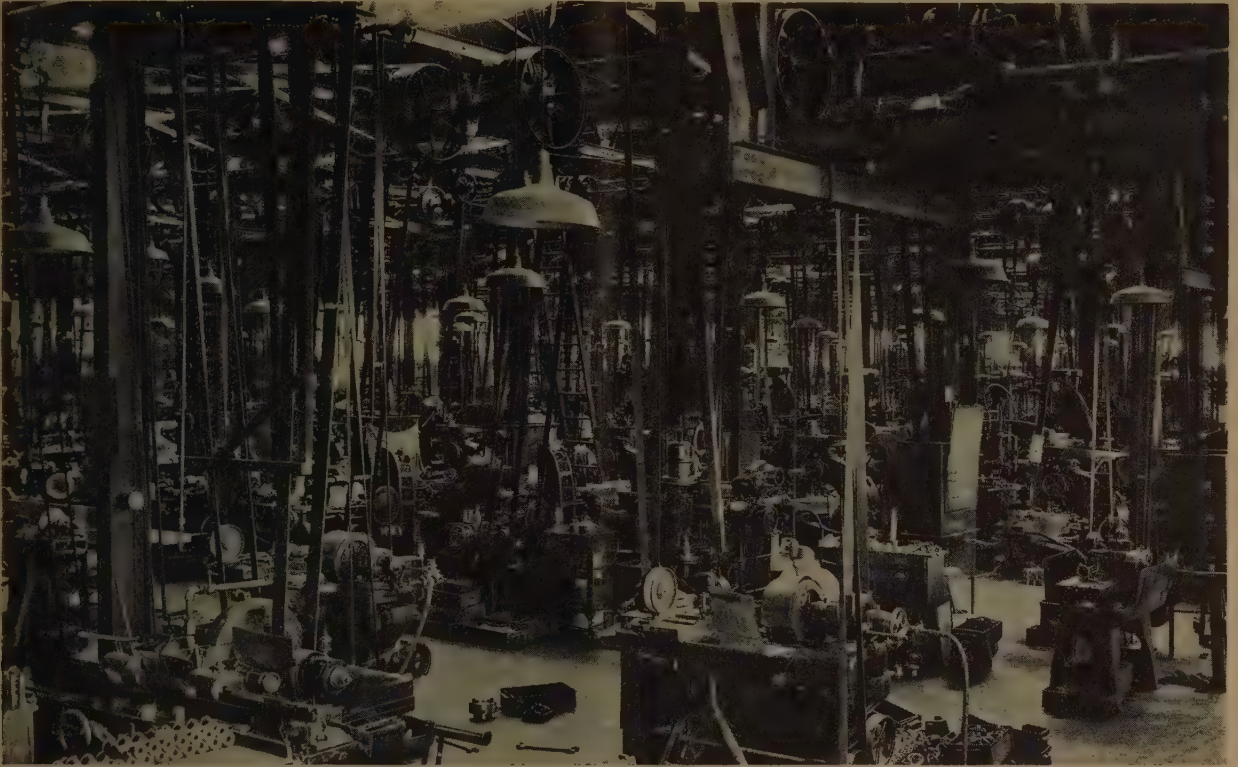
NO ONE NEEDS TO BE TOLD WHAT VARIETY OF RACKET THIS WORKMAN MAKES WITH HIS AIR HAMMER. EVERY CITY DWELLER HAS HAD FULL CAUSE TO CURSE THE NECESSITY FOR HIS EXISTENCE AND TO SUFFER BECAUSE OF IT



THERE IS SCARCELY A NOISIER PIECE OF MACHINERY BUILT THAN THE DEVICE WHICH CRUSHES COPPER ORE. THE BANK OF THESE LETHAL AFFAIRS SHOWN HERE CAN MAKE A DIN WHICH WOULD RIVAL THAT OF THE TURMOILS OF THE JUDGMENT DAY



THIS SORT OF NOISE IS MUSIC TO THE EAR — UNLESS, OF COURSE, ONE CHANCES TO BE ABOARD THIS BELEAGUERED STEAMER OUTSIDE COLUMBO IN CEYLON



MUCH MORE PLEASURE THAN IN COUNTING JUMPING SHEEP MAY BE DERIVED FROM ESTIMATING THE NUMBER OF DIFFERENT NOISES WHICH MAY BE MADE BY THE MACHINES IN THIS ROOM OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE PLANT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS. AND THE COMBINATIONS OF SOUND ARE ALMOST INFINITE



THIS TIBETAN PRAYER WHEEL WOULD NOT ORDINARILY BE CONSIDERED NOISY, AS IT ONLY RINGS A BELL. BUT EVEN A BELL AS AN ACCOMPANIMENT OF PRAYER MAY WELL BECOME DISTURBING



THE CHICAGO ELEVATED TRAINS SEEM HERE TO BE FORMING A LOUD-SPEAKER FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF MAGNIFYING THE UNSEEMLY CLAMORS THAT ARE HORRIBLE ENOUGH TO BEGIN WITH



AS FAR BELOW THE GROUND AS THE ELEVATED IS ABOVE IT RUNS THE SUBWAY. HERE IS ONE SOURCE OF SUBTERRANEAN RACKET, BEFORE THE TRAINS HAVE EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO ADD THEIR BIT

The Problem of the House of Lords

By J. B. Atkins

OUR latest constitutional whirlwind has disintegrated into a number of scattered breezes which have no great force at the moment, but the problem of the House of Lords remains. The disintegration was caused by the sudden revolt of the moderate members of the Unionist party who said that they had never been consulted about the proposals for reforming the Upper House. The proposals certainly generated much more heat than could have been expected from such fuel. They were only general principles thrown out for discussion; no bill had been drafted.

A stranger to British politics might have supposed that the reform of an antique institution would be agreeable to the two parties of the Opposition, Labor and Liberal; but every Englishman knows that in regard to the House of Lords the Opposition now holds stagnation to be a boon, and change — in whatever direction — “reaction.”

We have really come to this pass, that the House of Lords cannot move a finger to modernize itself without being accused of trying to strengthen itself. But even to seem to strengthen itself is to issue a challenge to the present system — a system which is the nearest approach to single-chamber government that a sensible nation is likely to sanction. The ordinary course of political nature is thus inverted in this one matter. Every progressive is ordered to stand still. If he moves forward he is denounced for going back. A paradox indeed! Yet those who want something as near as may be to single-chamber government are perfectly right from their point of view in resisting further changes in the House of Lords. Under the Parliament Act the House of Commons has only to pass a bill three times in two years for it to become law over the head of the House of Lords, whatever the Lords may say. The single-chamber doctrinaires will probably never get better terms than that — at least until we get a revolution.

Not that even in a revolution single-chamber rule would last. The British people have never allowed any man or any party to have too much power very long. Kings, nobles, oligarchies, constitutional governments with swollen majorities have all been

pulled down in turn when they seemed to be dictatorial in disposition or even too aggressive in confidence. All this was true to the Anglo-Saxon temper, a temper which loves to restore balances and to give the other fellow a chance. Cromwell called single-chamber government “a most horrid arbitrariness.” Bagehot, when he traced the doctrine of “checks and balances” in our Constitution, was only translating a mental habit into a formula.

It must be admitted frankly that so far the Parliament Act has not worked unfairly. Only the die-hards pretend that any real harm has been done.

The alleged defect of the act is that it contains the clear possibility of danger. If it remains unaltered a Labor Government could abolish, say, the monarchy — not that I think they would wish to do so — or the House of Lords itself or the Bank of England, by merely carrying their bill in the House of Commons three times in two years. What all

the Conservative pessimists forgot when the Parliament Act was passed by the Liberals, however, was that time always brings its revenges. A great mistake to underestimate the influence of time!

IT is the most difficult thing in the world to keep public opinion at steady heat for two years. No sooner have the Lords rejected a House of Commons bill for the first time than other subjects of popular interest crop up; some new and wholly unexpected domestic controversy becomes the center of the political scene in spite of the endeavors of the Government to convince the nation that the new controversy is of no importance; or the equally unexpected action of some foreign country throws us all into a fever of anxiety which excludes every other topic. Even when such diversions do not occur there is a steady attrition of ardor. Men cannot remain in a temper for two years. Besides, circumstances insinuate doubts even in the mind of the Government. By-elections are lost — of course! The most successful Government that can be imagined loses by-elections. Every Government begins to die from the moment it is born. It may be the loss of a by-election has nothing whatever

Mr. W. S. Gilbert is said to have gained the enmity of the British peers by that line in one of his lyrics which records, at the time “when Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,” that “the House of Peers throughout the war did nothing in particular — and did it very well.” Periodically, Englishmen who take their democracy radically propose plans for abolishing the House of Lords, or making membership elective. A recent discussion has just been agitating the British mind, and Mr. Atkins, assistant editor of the London *Spectator*, devotes the first of his monthly contributions to discussing the proposed changes and the legislative place of the peers in England

to do with the political issue which then is theoretically dominant. But that makes no difference; the seat has gone to the enemy. People *will* put their own interpretations on events. A succession of losses at by-elections may set up an official panic; the cautious members of the Government become suddenly aware of the virtues of compromise. Undoubtedly in politics two years are a very long time.

MOREOVER, since the passing of the Parliament Act in 1911 the Lords have given neither Labor nor Liberals occasion to blaspheme. They have steadily tried to do no more than revise bills very slightly or to delay the most doubtful of them. The member of the House of Lords nowadays who argues that the Upper House has a right to resist a House of Commons possessing a plain electoral mandate is simply not listened to seriously. The average peer, if asked what the function of his House is, would say, "We want to give public opinion an opportunity of declaring itself clearly. When we see what public opinion is we shall bow to it."

Nevertheless, the Liberal Government which contrived the Parliament Act spoke of it in their preamble as an introduction to a necessary process of reform. Mr. Asquith did not for a moment contemplate that his tentative steps would be regarded — as they are now by the Labor party, and by many Liberals — as the end of the journey. I mentioned above specimen points of attack for a revolutionary-minded Government — the monarchy, the House of Lords as an institution, and the Bank of England. These are continually mentioned by Unionists, and as there is nothing like concrete examples to explain the nature of a danger, let me discuss these three.

The monarchy is as popular as ever it was and probably more popular. The king and queen are universally liked and respected. If a Labor Government undertook the abolition of the monarchy they would destroy themselves. Personally I do not think they would invite the catastrophe of pitting Labor officially against one of the dearest prejudices — for such the monarchy has become — of the man in the street. I say "has become" because there has been a remarkable change. I remember listening thirty or more years ago to street orators, whose pitch in those days was generally on Tower Hill, and one of their regular objects of attack was Queen Victoria. They never assailed her character, — they could not, — but they attacked her as the symbol of a rich and leisured class which occupied positions of privilege through the accident of birth. Why should the people be ruled by a class which had never proved its worth, but ruled and possessed through an absurd accident? Today, however, we seldom hear such arguments about the king,

whatever may be said about the Lords. Education has spread and has informed those who listened to the soap-box orator that every state must have its ceremonial head and that the king is as efficient a president of our crowned republic as we could desire. It simply is not worth while for the demagogue to abuse an extraordinarily popular man in order to recommend a fresh method of choosing our president. The hereditary principle gives our Commonwealth a head who saves a good deal of unnecessary expense through his automatic succession, who also saves us from the clamors and disturbances of periodical elections, who is, as it were, bred for his particular purpose, and who is simply insoluble as the only symbol that unites the whole Empire.

So far all is simple in a theory which may be illogical but which *works*; but at this point a conflicting element is introduced. The proposals for reforming the House of Lords contained the first whittling away of the hereditary principle. There are now 740 peers. It was proposed that in future the House should consist of only 350 members and that of these a fixed proportion should be temporary members nominated by the Government of the day. The rest would be the peers of the blood, the line Lords, the Bishops, and a number of other peers chosen by their fellows. I should not myself in the least regret this. The House of Lords is grotesquely unwieldy and badly needs a purge of its inefficient and negligent members. If, however, the hereditary principle gradually goes, what will become of the hereditary principle in the monarchy? It will be left as an interesting and unique relic, a kind of fly in amber. Of course it might be that its very uniqueness would make it more precious, an object of rarity specially to be preserved; but I fear that the exact opposite might as easily happen. A wholly detached illogicality, one that is not part of a relatively coherent scheme of illogicality, would be difficult to defend.

NOW to come to the attitude of Labor toward the Lords. Those Socialists who tolerate a second chamber say that it should be returned by popular election. On paper this looks logical, democratic, even in every way sensible. But it deserves this praise only in a superficial sense. As a convinced democrat myself I desire the final popular supremacy of the House of Commons. All that the Upper House should be allowed to do in my view is to secure, by applying the brake and by procuring a final popular arbitration, that in doubtful cases the will of the people shall prevail. An elected Upper House would inevitably challenge the House of Commons because it would be similar to it. Depend upon it, this would happen whatever method of election, direct or indirect, was adopted. The Upper House, conscious as it well might be

of a superior intelligence, could never forget that it had some popular sanction.

In fine, for all practical purposes an Upper House as different as possible from the House of Commons in structure and character is probably the best servant of democracy in this country. It is because Mr. Baldwin's Government believed this that they resolutely avoided the electoral principle in their proposals. The monarchy, then, is safe so far as one can see ahead, and the Lords themselves, as I have tried to show, are safe so long as they are pinned down to the position of having no final power.

WHAT would happen were a Socialist Government free to pursue an idea without at any point bumping against popular resentment? In this category of events the possible abolition of the Bank of England is a good instance. Many Socialists — though not Mr. Snowden, their chief financial expert — are in favor of a complete currency reform. They would do away with the gold standard and the Bank of England and introduce a managed currency. Imagine a currency "managed" according to their own convenience by a prodigal and embarrassed Socialist Government! To some Unionists this, for example, seems so terrible a danger that they would definitely make the Lords once more balance the Commons by radically amending the Parliament Act.

Now it is to be noted that the Government, after considering the recommendations of the Cabinet Committee on House of Lords reform, deliberately decided not to do this. They let themselves be taught by experience. They had seen that in the vast majority of cases the Parliament Act could safely be left alone. They made only one exception: they provided that when the House of Lords had been reconstituted the Parliament Act should not apply to its status or its composition. The Lords must consent to any change in their House and also to any change in the Parliament Act itself. I am sure that it would have been found impossible to defend this exception. No case can be made out for withdrawing one subject from the operation of the Parliament Act. Although the subject of the exception is vital, it is not different in essence from all the other legislation which the Parliament Act affects. The retention of the hereditary principle cannot possibly aspire to finality; yet the Government wanted the Lords, who would be judges in their own cause, to be empowered to say that it should be retained if they so desired, whatever the rest of the country might think. At once the weight of criticism was concentrated on this one point, and rightly so. You cannot safely decree that there shall be a fixed element in an organic growth. What the Government was incidentally attempting, perhaps unconsciously, was to introduce the beginnings of a written constitution. Such a thing has never

been done in this country. The Government would have done better to leave every dispute to the transmuting tendencies of time.

This one extravagant proposal was particularly regrettable. The Lords are not unpopular. It is a remarkable fact that since the Parliament Act was passed they have gained rather than lost prestige, in spite of all the prophecies to the contrary. Their position is scarcely more illogical than other parts of our constitution. Who would have thought that a monarchy which once governed by divine right could have developed into a monarchy which treats the word of Prime Ministers as divinely right? Our national habit is to read new senses into old forms. Most British people will be content to let peers who have qualified themselves by public service perform the present limited function of the Upper House provided that they are aided — as the Government proposes in fairness to Labor — by nominated members who will reflect the opinions of the Opposition. The hereditary principle may be indefensible on paper but it serves very well in a body which criticizes and cautions, but must not rule. The alternative, shunned by Mr. Lloyd George when he was Prime Minister, — just as it is now shunned by Mr. Baldwin, — would be to elect an Upper House with the powers of the French or American Senate. Rightly or wrongly, nobody here would grant such powers to an Upper House.

MR. Lloyd George's position is peculiar. He seems gaily unaware of the embarrassments of his past; he has been belaboring the Government with a stick heavier than usual and with more knobs on it; yet the scheme of reform he himself authorized was almost exactly like Mr. Baldwin's. The proposal that the decision as to what is a money bill — a bill not to be touched by the House of Lords — shall rest not solely with the Speaker of the House of Commons but with a joint committee of both Houses had the weighty recommendation of the liberal-minded Lord Bryce. That is a fact which Liberals might have been expected to treat reverently. Again, the accusation that the Government wanted to destroy the king's prerogative of a special creation of peers to overcome the recalcitrance of the Upper House could obviously be applied to his own scheme, and indeed to any scheme which restricts the numbers of the House.

The strangest fact to my mind, however, in the whole of this conflict is that no party has yet proposed a referendum. All are agreed that the only object in the long run is to make the will of the people prevail. Surely the simplest way to do that is to ask the people to decide whether they do or do not want a bill which has passed through all its stages in Parliament. If we had the referendum, the precise technical relations of the two Houses would be a matter of supreme unconcern.

From Burlesque to Follies

By R. Dana Skinner

ARTHUR HOPKINS assumed this fall the distinction of opening the season with his long-heralded production of "Burlesque," a comedy in which he himself took a hand in the writing in collaboration with the original author, George Manker Watters. We are passing through a phase right now of intense interest in plays about stage folk, a phase which causes no little amusement to those playwrights who were instructed, up to two years ago, never to submit a manuscript dealing with the life of the theatre. Such are the cycles of popular fancy. Unfortunately, the enormous advance publicity about "Burlesque" had led many of the critics to suppose that it would be a play of the type of "Broadway." When they found instead that "Burlesque" was a sentimental little comedy unadorned by gunmen and highjackers, they experienced a disappointment which was reflected rather amusingly in their reviews.

The story is a very simple one of a slapstick comedian known as "Skid" and his wife, Bonny. In the first act, Skid receives an offer of the lead in a Broadway revue. His wife, however, must remain on the circuit. Skid's career in New York is meteoric, ending in a tumble to a state of perpetual drunkenness. Bonny for a time thinks of divorcing him and marrying an amiable cattleman of the West. But before she can obtain her final decree, she discovers that with her help there is a chance for Skid to make a comeback on the out-of-town circuit. She joins the company at the last minute; and in the last act, which is supposed to be before the curtain, we hear her whispered promise to stay with him.

Of course a story of this kind gives endless opportunities for so-called "stage atmosphere." But I am credibly informed by those with first-hand experience of vaudeville and burlesque circuits that much of this atmosphere and language is anything but authentic. It is rather an attempt to serve back to the New York public their own idea of a burlesque troupe. However this may be, the important thing is that for stage purposes it gives the illusion of reality. It furnishes for the most part good entertainment which a more literal portrayal might not convey. The outstanding weakness of "Burlesque" is the general slowness of its pace, which allows the interest to sag needlessly and rather overemphasizes the cloying sentimentality of certain scenes.

The chief cause of this slowness seems traceable to Arthur Hopkins' own direction. A measured pace is a characteristic

of most of his work — something very valuable in bringing out the emotional quality of scenes, though rather a handicap when extended to an entire play. But I think that Barbara Stanwyck as Bonny must share some of the blame. Her performance has been very highly praised, but I found it distinctly lacking in sparkle. Moreover, she never quite gets away from the feeling of reading lines. Undoubtedly, it would have been a great help if the authors had broken up some of her long speeches, but they are not entirely to blame for the monotony of her delivery. She is best in the more emotional scenes. Hal Skelly is more than competent as Skid. In fact, it is quite evident that the play was written around him. But curiously enough the most realistic and delightful bit of acting is that of Ralph Theodore as Harvey Howell, the cattleman. In his slow embarrassment, his persistent devotion, and his manly tolerance, Mr. Theodore makes this character by far the most natural and human one in the play.

AS an example of how richly the theatre rewards those who stick to its rules we have conspicuously the new play by Daniel Rubin, called "Women Go On Forever." It is quite obviously written with both eyes turned toward the box office; yet, considered purely as theatre, it manages to hold the strained attention of the audience every instant, both in its raucous comedy and in its melodrama. The man to whom a pistol shot is as natural a mode of expression as the more old-fashioned punch in the nose has for the moment vast popular glamour, and this atmosphere is the first element of good theatre in "Women Go On Forever." To balance this, there are one or two simple love stories not unlike that in "Broadway," and for still further variety there are the heart-rending scenes between the blind son of Mrs. Bowman — in whose boarding house the action takes place — and a homely old maid boarder whom he thinks to be beautiful. So far, these are all legitimate elements of a good play, but the insincerity begins with the injection of all the added elements of a bedroom farce, with everything done to heighten the suggestiveness of the scenes. Of course it is bedroom farce without the bed, but this is not the first time that the off-stage character becomes dominant!

Excellent direction by John Cromwell and expert acting by Elizabeth Taylor, Mary Boland, Morgan Wallace, Osgood Perkins, and particularly Douglas Montgomery, contribute to the illusion of

importance which this rather cheap play achieves. In contrast with many of its fellows, it has the strength of good theatre. But, at the same time, it is utterly worthless in most of those values that one cares to dwell upon.

Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, after many assurances that he would never produce another "Follies," has again succumbed and produced the twenty-first consecutive glorification of the American girl. This time music and lyrics are by none other than Irving Berlin, and the settings are once more by Joseph Urban. But somehow a little of the magic of the old "Follies" has vanished, and this I feel is largely due to the substitution of great gobs of Eddie Cantor in place of the brilliant array of stars whose memory haunts the New Amsterdam Theatre. I am almost tempted to write a tearful lament concerning those bygone days when Fannie Brice, Ann Pennington, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, and innumerable others used to divide their genius between the New Amsterdam downstairs and the Midnight Frolic upstairs. Of this entire group Eddie Cantor is, to my mind, the least important and the most annoying. He has come to a point now where in nearly every sketch or every appearance some allusion is made to the grossest of historic perversions. New York may have much in common with Babylon in the eyes of those who see in only one direction. But there is no use in identifying it with Sodom, and it is just about time for critics to speak out freely on the subject.

TURNING to the pleasanter aspects of the "Follies," nothing that I have ever seen in ballet here or abroad can quite approach the rhythmic grace and beauty of the Albertina Rasch dancers. For a long time the Tiller Girls were the standard of Broadway perfection, but their work at best was mechanical. The Rasch dancers manage, somehow, to add the appearance of spontaneity and effortless grace which gives to their basic precision of movement the flowing beauty of waves. For the rest, the "Follies" are as usual magnificently staged, rather exceeding at times the limits of good taste but never lacking in brilliance or the assurance of lavish expenditure. If we could have twice as much of the Rasch dancers, nothing at all of Eddie Cantor or the equally objectionable Andrew Tombes, and even brief glimpses of some of the old giants, it would be surpassingly good entertainment. As it is, the twenty-first birthday of the "Follies" is a rather inauspicious occasion.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

UNTIL the establishment of the Irish Free State settled—at least so far as the average American is concerned—the Irish question, one of the commonest points raised in discussion of the subject in this country was the theory that Irish nationalism was a purely political myth, and that the demand for Irish self-government emanated solely from disgruntled Catholic peasants. Irishmen of any other type were not familiar to most Americans, and it was assumed as a matter of course that the educated Protestant class had no interest in anything distinctively Irish other than the maintenance of the union with England. Stephen Gwynn's "Experiences of a Literary Man" (Holt), aside from its intrinsic interest as the story well told of an author's life, offers an unusual opportunity for those who care to do so to revise the notion of Ireland underlying the opinion to which I have referred.

Stephen Gwynn has very aptly been called "the Anglo-Irishman *par excellence*," and I can imagine no better example of the kind of Irishman whose existence, generally ignored outside Ireland, explains much that seems mysterious, or downright exasperating, to foreign observers. His education, first at the only one hundred per cent "British" public school in Ireland, and later at Oxford, stamped him with all the associations most remote from the "mere Irish" of Celtic-Catholic tradition. Most of his literary life and activity lay in England. Yet he was to become a political as well as an intellectual Nationalist, to sacrifice some of his London advantages for being pro-Böer in 1900, to go to the House of Commons as a member of the Irish Parliamentary party, to serve in an Irish regiment during the World War, and to be swept out of politics by the rise of Sinn Féin.

His book, as its title indicates, deals only incidentally with his political career. It is essentially what he describes it, a species of intellectual autobiography, and it is precisely for that reason that it so admirably confronts the reader with an accomplished fact of Irish nationality rather than with an argumentation or demonstration on behalf of a theory of nationalism. One has read hardly a dozen pages before one realizes that no Englishman could have written thus—that, had the author omitted all references to his birthplace and family, his difference in point of view from that of an Englishman similarly brought up and educated would nevertheless be apparent.

As a young fellow at Oxford, during the

'eighties and the Land League troubles, Mr. Gwynn found that his sense of nationality crystallized. "My views formed themselves under the stimulus of hearing my country abused," and the spectacle of "State-aided emigration" completed the process. "It meant paying five pounds a head to any person in Ireland who was willing to quit the country,"

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather (Knopf).

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

Something About Eve. By James Branch Cabell (McBride).

GENERAL

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

and he had "enough sense to know that no civilized State would deal so with those whom it really felt to be of its own household." That seems to have been the chief gain of his Oxford experience, and in an excellent chapter Mr. Gwynn analyzes the reasons for his dissatisfaction with Oxford, tells us that his brother's child greatly profited by going there, appreciates the value of Oxford in the English scheme of things, but repeats his conviction that it is not the best place "for a young Irishman to learn in."

THAT place, in Mr. Gwynn's estimation, is Dublin, and his account of his associates there, when his father was appointed lecturer in the Divinity School of Trinity College, explains why the education and environment of a young Irishman like Stephen Gwynn must of necessity be entirely unlike that of a young Englishman of the same class. He very naturally lived in a circle predominantly of the Protestant-Unionist persuasion, but he was in contact with all sorts of people in the political, literary,

and academic worlds, where heresies were as much in evidence as the orthodoxy of the loyalists. In such an atmosphere political differences take on a more profound significance than is the case in countries where party divisions are party divisions and nothing more. They give a reality to one's thinking which strikes deep to the roots of one's culture. Mr. Gwynn names the teachers and the contemporaries of those Dublin days, the figures who played divers parts in his life. Tyrrell, Dowden, and Mahaffy at Trinity; John O'Leary, the Fenian leader, Douglas Hyde, W. B. Yeats, and Maud Gonne, setting the world of young men aflame with admiration for her beauty and for her patriotic devotion to her native Ireland.

"I AM at home in London and a stranger in England," is Gwynn's subtle statement, which will be at once understood by any Irishman who has had, by the nature of things, to seek in London the literary career which Ireland has never offered those most attached to her. After a spell in France and a taste of schoolmastering—more of the inevitable routine for so many young Irishmen of his type—Mr. Gwynn established himself in London. His friends and associates there provide him with many pleasant and interesting memories. Of course, he could not keep away from the interests, political and literary, of his compatriots, and he was active in such enterprises as the Irish Literary Society and the first tour of the Irish Players. But his relations with St. Loe Strachey, with Maurice Hewlett, Richard Le Gallienne, the Chestertons, and various members of the *Yellow Book* group bring back a vanished period of London literary and artistic life.

When he tells a specific anecdote it has point and is usually unfamiliar. H. G. Wells, for instance, dismissed Yeats with the simple phrase: "Yeats! Yeats doesn't like Science." The latter returned the compliment: "Wells! That man has a mind like a sewing machine." When the bicycle made short skirts an important problem, the French poet, Mallarmé, descending from his symbolist obscurity, declared: "If their object is to show their legs, I would rather that the revelation proceeded from under a short skirt which keeps a vestige of the feminine, than from a tomboyish knickerbocker." Mr. Gwynn's memories are worthy of a place beside those of his friend W. B. Yeats. No comparable autobiographies have set forth the Irish gentleman of letters.

The Theatre's Art: the Stage's Business

A Review by Ralph Sargent Bailey

THE ART OF THEATRE-GOING. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

THE THEATER. By Stark Young. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

WHERE are the quills of yesteryear whose nibs brought brevity to the body and wit indeed to the soul of the epigram? Certainly there is no terseness in the staccato drumming of the typewriter to match that of the pen's careful musings: not, at least, if these two books on the theatre are representative of their day. By the implication of their titles, they will afford the unwary purchaser of "two on the aisle" all the information he can absorb about the theatre on both sides of the curtain — and on both sides of the Atlantic. By actual test they yield a modicum of critical analysis, many suave generalizations, and the personal records of a varied experience. Each leaves the reader variously entertained, amused, sometimes excited, but in possession of little knowledge about the stage and its appurtenances which he had not owned before.

A word in extenuation to begin with: Mr. Young undoubtedly knows his playhouses — from the last row in the gallery to the ultimate back-drop. Because of this he has been asked to add a volume to George Doran's bookshelf for Modern Readers. And modern readers being what they are, it is not altogether surprising that Mr. Young's contribution should take the form of one long epigram wherein everything he knows is couched in a full-blown style that any reader might well enjoy not understanding. In his notes of other seasons for the *New York Times*, and in such truly valuable books as "The Flower in Drama" and "Glamour," he has done the art he loves great service. Here he has advanced prolix observations, but fogged them all by taking a long view through mauve-colored glasses and talking in rose-colored words.

Mr. Drinkwater has done rather better. Grant that he may have written, first, because he was conscious that a certain public would scan his pages owlily; still he has written not so much to serve the ends of condensed enlightenment as to tell those who might be interested what he thinks about the art he frankly worships almost to idolatry. To be sure he sows foot-notes prodigally along his pages, notes that sprout into a gracious and almost Chesterfieldian flower. But these may be excused as marking the concessions of a naturally self-conscious writer

to certain textual informalities and elisions. He is seldom professorial, as is his American colleague always, though at times only those who value Drinkwater's verses above the sombre "Abraham Lincoln" will receive unsurprised his moments of charming humor.

Both Mr. Young and Mr. Drinkwater run the gamut relentlessly. They discuss the playwright, the play, the setting, — or, as Mr. Young would have it, the "décor," — the producer, the audience, and finally the "soul" of the theatre. And Mr. Drinkwater even appends in tabular form his *credo* — a thing which Mr. Young could not possibly sublimate out of his manuscript. Clearly, the two men agree in their first point. Mr. Drinkwater writes: "The art of the theatre includes the drama; it does not consist wholly of it, but it includes it, and it can never achieve greatly unless this is recognized as a fundamental condition." Mr. Young says, with a wider gesture:

We have first the idea of the matter that is to be expressed in this particular medium that we call the art of the theater. This medium in turn consists of a number of other mediums that compose it, such as the play, the acting, the décor.

AFTER this point, Mr. Young begins playing with his mediums much as an earnest and absorbed child plays with a set of Chinese puzzle boxes, producing first one and then another with a solemn and slightly disinterested air of triumph. And like the child, when he has produced them all as he loses interest, leaving them scattered recklessly over the nursery floor.

Mr. Drinkwater expands coherently, considering at length the many items that go to make up the "art of the theatre"; and the order and formality with which he invests his particular "theatre" are doubly welcome since the ideas in themselves are immensely interesting to the student as coming from a student of the stage, whether one agrees with him or not. His familiarity with the English stage of today is not to be questioned. For this reason alone, if for no other, the personal way in which he assails his thesis is pleasantly exciting. As for points where the reader dissents, these are inevitable, and usually should be granted due respect.

There are a few pages which cannot be passed without remonstrance, however: those wherein the author unlimbers his opinions of the cinema in relation to the stage, for example. He writes:

A photograph, even a moving photograph, may be an interesting thing, but it cannot

be an artistically significant thing, because in so far as it is anything, it is a literal reproduction of a natural object deprived of those dimensional aspects that make it susceptible to an art convention on the stage. [My italics.]

One is tempted to retort "Rubbish" to his major premise, and to the minor, "Well, what of it?" Such a bit of snobbery is childish on the face of it and has been disproved — in the eyes of those to whom either the stage or the screen means anything — any number of times. We can hereafter qualify our agreement with him when he says: "As for the theatre of the imagination, it is . . . in no more danger from the cinema than from the Motor Show or the Cup Final." There is no danger because there is no convergence — merely a swift parallel.

Mr. Young is not only often in disagreement with the reader, but occasionally with himself, as when he says on one page, "Art indeed can be thought of as a restatement of an experience in one part of life in terms of another part of life"; and on another page concurs with Plato in the notion that art "is a general name signifying that process by which something is where something was not before." But even this sort of thing does not trouble the reader as it should. Mr. Young has enough to worry him in his subject without having his audience climbing up his back. We feel that he needs not only, in common with the rest of his countrymen, a good five-cent cigar, but a city editor irately holding the first edition for his copy and the threat of the blue envelope over his head.

STARK YOUNG has a name in the realm of dramatic criticism, and deservedly so. But he is, first, a student of English, and secondly an able and intelligent journalist. It is when he mixes up little messes of theory, sauces them with the pious spices of the modern intelligentsiate, and serves them all up in the same trencher that he does not only his own reputation a disservice, but also the digestions of his readers.

We should scarcely help matters now if we were to admit the thoroughness and general soundness of much of his analysis, but in all justice we must. One who knows much must reveal at least a little. As for Mr. Drinkwater, we should have preferred another name for his volume — say, for example, "A Dramatist Regards His Theatre." Then, yes, and even in despite, — had he also prefaced rather than appended his *credo* — the interested reader might enjoy a pleasant evening.

New Books in Brief Review

The Crookshaven Murder. By Alexander Morrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00

THIS detective story is unusually fortunate in several of its elements. Its initial situation, while it is less free from the sense of unreality than any other part of the book, is nevertheless well calculated to provoke the reader's interested curiosity, and is novel enough to be remembered. The subsequent plot and the solution of the crime from which the story springs provide many ingenious and unexpected turns, and depend for the most part upon situations in which the reader can conceive himself as taking a personal part without the excessive strain on credulity which reduces so many detective stories to mechanical devices. And finally, the book contains two characters who form unusually natural and amusing *persona* for this type of fiction. Indeed, it is with the emergence of Ellen Bascom from the frightened and distraught guests of the murdered Gerard King that the book definitely takes hold and begins to make the favorable impression which thereafter persists to the end. And when Ellen Bascom is joined by Ezra Sewell, homespun constable in dress, manner, and speech of the village of Crookshaven, interest settles on the positive side, and the reader may relax confidently to enjoy a good story.

In the Beginning. By Alan Sullivan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

There once was an ichthyosaurus
Who lived when the earth was all porous.
But he fainted with shame
When he first heard his name
And departed a long time before us.

THE repetition in a firm and confident voice of this venerable limerick will do much to restore the reader of "In the Beginning" to sanity after the book has been closed. Only by the ridiculous can the sublime be put in its place. And this book, for sheer fantastic writing, is sublime. Not only that, it might have happened, which only aggravates an already red-eyed imagination the more. The story takes three venturesome Englishmen and the daughter of one of them in search of the spot in South America where Pleistocene life has been discovered by a scientist whose death followed close upon the discovery. The mastodon, the sabre-tooth tiger, the glyptodont are all there, and man as well. One of the party reverts to a type a hundred thousand years dead; the rest escape with their lives when the Pleistocene valley is burned to a crisp — with all their photographs

and specimens. This saves the author's face and leaves the reader with an almost hypnotic tale and a pulse of one hundred and twenty at the least.

Latest Contemporary Portraits. By Frank Harris. New York: The Macaulay Co. \$2.50.

THIS is probably the last volume of the long series of "Contemporary Portraits" by the man whom most Americans think of as an immoralist and a pro-German, and whom Bernard Shaw once called the greatest critic of his day. The pen of Frank Harris has not lost its old skill of setting down with a few strokes the dominant powers and frailties of his fellow men. The list of portraits here collected is a long one and includes some fascinating people: Duse, Barbusse, Lord Bryce, Debs, Kropotkin, Charles Schwab, Thomas Hardy, Caillaux, and many others. Years ago Harris remarked to George Moore, who was showing him an essay on Verlaine's poetry: "If he's a great poet, every child will know his best poems fifty years hence better than you can know them today. . . . Why don't you tell of his private life and things about him that nobody can divine who didn't know him personally?" Harris has followed this admirable advice in his own portraits, and they are interesting because his powers of observation are keen, and he knew every character personally.

The Anatomy of Virtue. By Vincent Sheean. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

THERE is less of anatomy and more of virtue in Mr. Sheean's novel than in many a modern chronicle. Judith Quayle, an American heiress of the 'eighties, marries the Duke of Leftwich, scion of a venerable British family. Well and good. But within a relatively short period of time she finds him engaged in amours with the unconventional Mary Chesbrook, a woman who seems likely to appear in almost any chapter with her light brilliance. Thereafter Judith and Leftwich live in proximity, but virtual separation. Judith devotes herself to her son and to politics. Disappointment continues to follow her history, but she remains something of an idealist to the last page. The opening scenes are laid in the last days of Victoria's reign. The book ends in the postwar period. The contrast between the periods is not appalling as drawn by Mr. Sheean, but that may be because our modern foibles, after all, are not a great improvement upon the

Victorian. "The Anatomy of Virtue" is an interesting first novel.

Professional Patriots. Edited by Norman Hapgood. Assembled by Sidney Howard and John Hearley. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. \$1.50.

THIS little book proves very clearly that many organizations of postwar growth, such as the Allied Patriotic Societies, the American Constitutional Association, the American Defense Society, and many others, have hit upon the emotion of "patriotism," especially among the propertied classes, to promote particular social ideals and sometimes the interests of special privilege. Exaggerated or wholly false reports about the "Red menace," about the aims of labor, about the purposes and morals of certain individuals have been broadcast for the purpose of enforcing some particular purpose, such as the deportation of aliens, or the suppression of the "closed shop." In order to make the real aims of the various organizations palatable to the ordinary citizen, a Bolshevik menace is usually painted in imaginary colors, and a strong "patriotic" appeal made for financial support. The book is thoroughly documented.

Flowering Quince. By Dorothy Van Doren. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

IN her second novel, Dorothy Van Doren writes of an abnormal woman in a matter-of-fact manner. A drab background forms the setting for the unusual reactions of Emily Ann Tucker and a dreary, uneventful life makes her story. Emily Ann is the daughter of an over stern minister and an invalid mother. She does the housework while other children are playing — making no real friends nor even attempting to. She is freed from her drudgery by the death of her parents, goes to college, and eventually obtains an excellent position in a New York bank. Work is her entire life. She has no other interests, avoids all contacts, and is obsessed by an unreasoning fear of men. The book stops rather than ends with Emily Ann's return to live out a solitary life in the parsonage. As a child, Emily Ann is an appealing character and well drawn, but as a woman she fills one with irritation and impatience — which may possibly have been the author's intention. The first half of the book is interesting and well written; the last is not especially plausible, and fails to fulfill the promise of the earlier chapters.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THE eighth Assembly of the League of Nations adjourned on September 27 after formulating plans which give further concrete evidence that the League intends to pursue its disarmament policy doggedly. The failure of the three-power naval arms limitation conference in which the United States, Great Britain, and Japan vainly sought for some basis on which to reduce their sea forces brought an air of pessimism to the early sessions of the Assembly. This spirit was increased by the failure of the Preparatory Conference on disarmament to agree upon a program which would justify the convocation of a general international conference. It was freely predicted that little would be accomplished by this year's meeting of the Assembly.

After three weeks of earnest work, however, the delegates left for home with their pessimism removed. GUSTAV STRESEMANN had announced Germany's decision to sign the compulsory-arbitration clause of the World Court Protocol — the first of the great powers to take this important step — and had carried out his intention before the meeting adjourned. Holland, Belgium, and Poland had pleaded for further concrete steps toward outlawing war, and the Assembly had adopted the Polish resolution that "all wars of aggression are and always shall be prohibited and that every pacific means must be employed to settle disputes of every description which may arise between states." Furthermore, after somewhat stubborn clashes of policy between Germany, which wanted disarmament to be the first concern of the League, and France, which placed security in the paramount position, and England, which expressed the hope for concrete steps toward peace but announced herself as unwilling to sign any security proposals more far-reaching in their nature than the already promulgated Locarno pacts, a definite and salutary compromise was reached which points the way toward achievement. Under the chairmanship of Jonkheer J. LONDON of the Netherlands, aims of the Preparatory Commission have been readjusted to include the appointment of subcommittees to study both the question of disarmament and security.

Security has now been linked definitely with disarmament under a recognition that the latter can never be attained until each nation feels itself secure if its armed forces are reduced. The Governments believe armies and navies of a definite strength are necessary under present conditions; the conditions, then, must be altered so that the same security will be felt when safeguarded by reduced armaments. Beyond this, there will be an attempt to settle one of the knottiest problems connected with the League: an approximation of the actual military force which the international body could rally from each member nation to fight a recalcitrant state that actually began

an important change in the earlier plans of the Commission to make full American participation possible. Originally it was intended to confine the discussions to member states of the League, but in the final form of its report to the Assembly, the Commission refrained from particularizing. This, according to Dr. BENES, would make it possible for the United States to participate if she so wished, while at the same time the impression was carefully avoided that the League was attempting to drag this country into discussions against her will.

The United States has already expressed the intention of being represented in the League conference called for October to discuss a treaty which would abolish troublesome restrictions and prohibitions on important imports between countries. LOUIS LOUCHEUR, millionaire French industrialist, former Cabinet officer, and delegate to the League, pointed to the coming meeting as a direct result of the International Economic Conference. One of the great aims of the international meeting was to study industry, remove difficult tariff restrictions, and pave the way for an economic *rapprochement* between the nations of the world. M. LOUCHEUR's report, accepted by the Assembly, creates a commission of thirty-five persons to be given active charge of preparing discussion upon important problems for such conferences as the one to meet this month. America will be represented on the committee, not officially but by individuals serving in their private capacity.

Rear Admiral THOMAS P. MAGRUDER, commandant of the Fourth Naval District, upset naval circles by a recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Briefly, it was a criticism of this nation's postwar naval policy in which the principal charge was of overorganization. Failure to demobilize the Navy from its wartime strength, continuation of the "political" navy yards when there is no work to keep them occupied, the detail of too many naval officers to duty in Washington — these are some of the specific points in his indictment. Following publication of the article, there was much talk of the possible disciplinary measures which might be applied to Admiral MAGRUDER. Evidently he expected some such action, and surmised to newspaper men that "Maybe they will ship me to Guam; I do not think I will be court-martialed." There was no violation of the rules in his publication, apparently. Naval officers may write and

The Week

¶Steps toward peace at Geneva. Compromise and new hope for progress in settling disputes by arbitration. Disarmament and security linked together. Conferences will bring the international disarmament conference closer. Economic aspects. Will America help? ¶An admiral speaks out. Mr. Coolidge doubts that the Navy is overofficered. ¶The German Ambassador's tragic death. ¶Smith prospects in the West. ¶Britain and the Schneider Cup races. A new record. Webster rides with the wind. ¶Captain Fonck will not try it this year. ¶Mr. Levine's failure. ¶France and Russia talk things over. ¶The tariff. ¶M. Poincaré will remain.

an aggressive war. The delegates felt that an answer to this question would mean a long step toward inducing the feeling of security. If each nation knew how much outside support it could definitely count upon in case it were attacked by a neighbor, then it could reduce its military and naval forces to the minimum required for normal protection.

Arbitration, always a leading consideration of League diplomacy, has received further impetus through the Assembly's adoption of Poland's resolution, and the same Commission which is

preparing the ground for an eventual international conference upon disarmament, will work in its committees to perfect the machinery for ironing out disputes without the old recourse to war. The first meeting of the Commission will be called for November, when it is expected that the mechanical work of appointing committees and laying out their work will be completed.

Throughout the meetings of the Commission the eagerness of the League to have coöperation from the United States was manifest. EDUARD BENES explained

The League Army

publish articles without submitting them to higher authority first for approval providing they do not reveal secrets about naval or military establishments. Admiral MAGRUDER's article seems to contain nothing of this sort. CURTIS D. WILBUR, Secretary of the Navy, has intimated that he would recommend no disciplinary action against his Department's critic, but is said to have requested him to furnish the Secretary's office with his plan for reorganization of the Navy.

President COOLIDGE differs from the Admiral's conclusions, although he has shown himself interested in the criticisms contained in the article. After admitting himself to be incapable of

Mr. Coolidge's Comments

detailed criticism since he is not an expert on naval matters, he stated his belief to newspaper men that the Navy was not overofficered. He believes it well to have a sufficient number of officers to meet any emergency, particularly in view of the fact that the training they must undergo is a lengthy process. He indicated that he would welcome any suggestions which would lead to greater economy. This was a comment upon Admiral MAGRUDER's assertion that "The Navy is spending \$300,000,000 and getting \$200,000,000 worth of Navy."

On September 23, near the town of Schleiz in Thuringia, Germany, watchers saw the regular Berlin-Munich passenger plane hover uncertainly. A moment

Baron von Maltzan's Death

later, its two wings seemed to fly upward like an umbrella turned inside out and the great craft crashed to the ground. Five of its occupants were killed, and among them, Baron AGO VON MALTZAN, who has been German Ambassador to the United States since 1924. The Ambassador's loss has been keenly felt throughout Germany, where he was one of the most respected members of the diplomatic corps. He came to this country after serving for two years as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Herr STRESEMANN, and did much to bring about a resumption of friendly relations between the two nations. No successor has been announced.

Some indication of the hold which New York's governor, ALFRED E. SMITH, is gaining upon Democrats in other sections of the country is to be found in the indorsement which his Presidential prospects received from a convention of party

Smith in the West

workers from eight Western States meeting in Ogden, Utah, on September 23. Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, Montana, South Dakota, California, and Oregon were the States represented. The conference was by no means an official body, capable of committing the Democratic organizations in the various States to any one man's candidacy, but its voting must be taken as symptomatic. At the same time a number of the States

whose representatives expressed themselves enthusiastically for SMITH were McADOO strongholds in 1924. Montana, home State of Senator THOMAS J. WALSH, prominent dry, can hardly be expected to disregard its contending son in 1928, however strong SMITH sentiment may be. SMITH supporters are, of course, eager to sound out strength in the West and South. Delegates from those sections will be necessary to their candidate's success in 1928. The rule which requires the Democratic nominee to be chosen by a two-thirds majority has not yet become the storm center which SMITH champions will doubtless make it before the convention is called. If the two-thirds rule is kept in force, no candidate unacceptable to more than a third of the delegates can be elected.

Great Britain took new honors out of the air when her entry won the Schneider Cup race at Venice, Italy, on September 26. Lieut. S. N. WEBSTER, flying a Super-

Britain in the Air

Marine monoplane with a Napier engine, completed the 217-mile course in forty-six minutes, 20.08 seconds, an average speed of 272.912 miles an hour. His fastest lap was made at the terrific speed of 289.76 miles an hour, a figure which not only defeats all existing speed records for seaplanes, but beats the land plane record as well. Last year Major DE BERNARDI won the same event held in the United States at a speed of 246.48 miles an hour. At the races held this year, all of the Italian entries were forced out by engine trouble.

Capt. RENÉ FONCK, French war ace who planned a New York-Paris flight, has definitely abandoned the project and returned to France. He has reserved announcement of his future

Fonck Retires

plans. A year ago FONCK attempted the flight, but his giant plane never left the ground. It turned over on its nose, caught fire, and the mechanic and radio operator were burned to death. His decision to cancel this year's flight, which was also to have been made in a SIKORSKY plane, was conditioned upon the Navy Department's withdrawal of leaves granted Lieut. LAWRENCE CURTIN and Ensign STEPHEN EDWARDS. FONCK has declared that sufficient time was lacking to train new assistants for such a hazardous cruise.

CHARLES A. LEVINE, who crossed the Atlantic in the *Columbia* with CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN, and holds the long-distance flight record, was beaten on September 23 in his attempted record

Mr. Levine Again

flight from Croydon Air-drome, outside London, to Delhi, India. Adverse winds, bad weather, and an inefficient propellor decided the American and his pilot, Captain HINCHLIFFE, that it would be the part of wisdom to descend in Austria. Apparently, the *Columbia* is not to attempt the flight back

to New York across the Atlantic this year, though Mr. LEVINE has not made public his plans.

Relations between France and Russia have been badly strained for some time. Moscow dispatches have expressed the Russian opinion that Britain was attempting to draw France into her alleged scheme of isolating the Soviet Government, and it is an open secret that the French Cabinet narrowly missed demanding the recall of CHRISTIAN RAKOVSKI, Russian Ambassador to Paris. ARISTIDE BRIAND, French Foreign Minister, rushed back from Geneva to forestall this action, so it is said, not because of any particular friendliness for Russia or for M. RAKOVSKI, but because he felt that with the Russian Ambassador at a disadvantage, France could use the situation for trading purposes.

France and Russia

Moscow apparently realized that the situation was a delicate one and suddenly came forward with a new offer to settle the French debt. The proposal as made public would grant forty-one annuities to France of 60,000,000 gold francs each.

But these payments are made contingent upon France's granting credits of \$120,000,000 to the Soviet Government. These would be made in six annual installments.

Debt Settlements

In other words, the Russians propose to pay France about \$12,000,000 a year for forty-one years, receiving annual credits for the first six years of \$20,000,000. Russian debts to France including loans to the czarist Government and other investments total about \$3,000,000,000. France is said to have been willing to accept approximately twenty-five cents on the dollar in settlement. The forty-one annual payments of \$12,000,000 would not reach this figure.

With the time approaching for the beginning of negotiations for a commercial treaty between this country and France, efforts are still being made to induce

Tariff Troubles

France to ameliorate the heavy duties she has recently placed upon certain American manufactures. Our State Department is seeking most-favored-nation treatment for the United States, and there are rumors on both sides of the Atlantic that a tariff war may be started should France fail to lower the duties. Apparently, however, nothing will be done until negotiations are under way.

France's Premier, RAYMOND POINCARÉ, faces a return of troublesome financial problems with the convening of the French Parliament. According to his own

Poincaré Stays

statements, he intends to stand by his guns and do his best to place the country upon a sound financial basis. There have been rumors that he would resign; he has now definitely denied the implication.



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The Editor Steps Down

SINCE the war and its strategy have come to be considered fair prey for historians and experts, two schools of thought have grown up about the French plans and conduct in the early days. One of these regards Marshal Joffre as a blundering commander whose reputation was saved at the Marne by the genius of Gallieni; the other holds a viewpoint almost diametrically opposed. Maj. T. H. Thomas, whose series of six articles on the war was completed in THE INDEPENDENT of October 1, holds to the latter school. Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart, military expert of the London Times, is as strong an advocate of the other, and his article in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* has called forth the following query from a reader in Paterson, New Jersey:

DEAR SIR:

I have read with much interest the article in your September 17 issue on "Gallieni and the Taxis of the Marne." Unfortunately — or fortunately — I have also recently read the articles on Joffre and on Gallieni in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July and September respectively. I hope that all the readers of your article will do the same, and that all *Atlantic* readers will read THE INDEPENDENT before forming an opinion on the matter. Then let the jury be polled. I incline to think that I should vote for the famous Western verdict "not guilty, but don't do it again."

¶Seriously, sir, when two expert and presumably authoritative critics, writing at the same time, thirteen years after the events in question, arrive at directly opposite conclusions, what is the ordinary reader, desirous of knowing the truth, but with no way of finding out for himself, to do? Apparently he can either substitute for a prejudice in favor of one or other view a prejudice in favor of one critic, — probably the one supporting his own idea, — or else throw up his hands and agree with Henry Ford that all history is bunk. I should regret to take either of these positions. What else can you, Mr. Editor, suggest?

E. J. MARSH, M. D.

THE following word of praise for THE INDEPENDENT's final editorial upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case comes from an assistant professor of biology in Teachers College, Columbia University.

DEAR SIR:

Your editorial of September 3 on Sacco-Vanzetti and justice has worked itself to the top of the pile of papers on my work-table so many times in the last two weeks, that at last I am constrained to write you a line of appreciation for the fearless expressions of an eminently sane point of view. It is truly an INDEPENDENT article.

JEAN BROADHURST.

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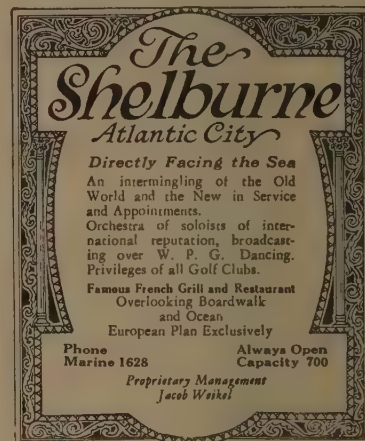
I shall be very glad to give satisfaction by return mail.

With best wishes, I am

Yours very truly,

Madame F. Basel

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H. F. BAETZ, Treasurer.
New York, September 20, 1927.

The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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THE last week has marked certain definite trends in Republican political circles. Whereas during the past month considerable uncertainty as to whether President Coolidge could again be drafted had been deliberately fostered by inter-

ested politicians, every unofficial report emanating from conferences at the White House has proved such hopes to be futile. The word "choose" is coming to have a stronger and stronger meaning, and at the same time discussion and speculation upon a Presidential successor gathers headway. Until Mr. Butler's recent convoca-

tion of prominent National Committeemen in Washington, the Eastern Republican press seemed obviously to be creating a sentiment for Mr. Hughes. Emphasis was continually placed on the importance of New York State in the electoral college, and two assumptions were assiduously fostered. First, that Governor Smith would surely be the Democratic nominee, and second, that Mr. Hughes was the only



Republican who could contest New York with the popular Al. The implication throughout was that Mr. Hughes must be drafted. We strongly suspect that the campaign was inspired, and that the inspiration came from certain powerful business concerns whose addresses are not far from Wall Street and who had an interest in pushing Mr. Hughes, not alone because of love for him, but rather because of dislike for Secretary Hoover. The latter has sometimes been a little rough in insisting that financiers be good Americans first and good money-makers second, with the result that the crowd which considers the two things synonymous has had its harpoon out for him. Mr. Hughes, to his own credit, gave no impulse to this effort.

The campaign for Mr. Hughes met a sharp rebuff when a sounding-out of the Republican wise men assembled by Mr. Butler showed that Hughes sentiment in the West was absolutely negligible. This same sounding-out revealed a strong Hoover sentiment — to us the most significant omen in political circles to date. Those who remember Mr. Hoover's amazing popular strength and equally amazing political weakness in 1920 may well be surprised by the

esteem in which he is now held by the party managers, but those who have followed his seven years of service in Washington have recognized in him a great party asset. Of course, the Middle West, in which the Lowden-Dawes forces are strongest, was but thinly represented at the Washington meeting, and we still hold to our early prediction that the field will soon narrow down to Hoover and Dawes.

Rough Riding on a Hobby Horse

THE youthful Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's latest attempt at political rough riding contains nothing which we find particularly praiseworthy. It is sufficiently rough, no doubt, but as riding it can be compared only with the performance of Ichabod Crane on Gunpowder. As keynote orator of the New York State Republican Convention meeting in Rochester, Colonel Roosevelt struck a decidedly sour note. His invective against Governor Smith, who defeated him in an election contest not out of mind, is far from a graceful gesture, especially since it descends to muckraking charges about a "red-light district" which "has crawled to the very steps of the State Capitol." And if Colonel Roosevelt wishes, as he declares, to "serve notice on the nation that New York will be found in the Republican column in the Presidential election next year," he is not going to accomplish that end by fatuous trumpetings that "for the first time in the history of the nation the shadow of Tammany Hall lies athwart the White House."

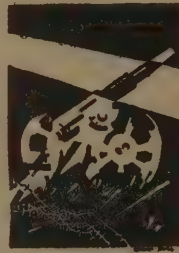
Young Teddy's speech was apparently intended for consumption in quarters where the mention of Tammany still conjures up the apparition of a tiger of more fearful symmetry than even William Blake, living a century too soon, was able to imagine. It seems to have been designed to discredit Governor Smith because of his association with a political organization whose practices have often been called into question. Colonel Roosevelt has forgotten that if voters were greatly concerned over the past record of political organizations the Republican party might even now be out in the cold instead of fretting along in Washington. He has forgotten this even though he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the time of the Fall-Doheny oil scandal. And unfortunately for Colonel Roosevelt, the governor is able to point to an imposing record of things well done, regardless of the fact that Tammany helped to do them.

By making Judge John F. O'Brien, a Smith Democrat, its nominee for associate judge of the Court of Appeals, the convention at Rochester proceeded to show plain indifference to its frantic keynoter, and on the day following the convention it was announced that Colonel Roosevelt had been giving vent to his own sentiments, not to the opinions of the Republican State organization. This repudiation should

serve to quiet the injudicious colonel. We are of the opinion that his attack upon the governor has done little credit to the Republican party, and no damage to Al Smith.

Firing Squads Below the Rio Grande

THE summary execution of Gen. Francisco Serrano, Mexican Presidential candidate, along with thirteen of his supporters, seems to have brought to an abrupt end the armed revolution against the Calles Government in Mexico. Gen. Arnulfo Gomez, coconspirator with Serrano, is reported in flight. Notwithstanding the paucity of news filtering through governmental censorship, it is safe to use the old Marine phrase and say that the Calles-Obregon forces have the situation well in hand. The prompt action of the Mexican



Government in this matter indicates a determination to tolerate no beating about the bush of guerrilla warfare. It gives weight to belief that the Calles-Obregon combination is strong enough to hold undisputed sway, and stands in contrast to the indecisive internal strife which has characterized Mexican revolutions in the past.

Dispatches from Mexico City state that the Catholic Church along with certain oil companies was interested in fostering the revolution. Financial aid is said to have reached Serrano and Gomez from these sources. If the church and the oil interests have grievances against President Calles or General Obregon, the encouragement of revolution is certainly not an advisable means of airing them. It is a decidedly dangerous means. Its failure has left the sponsors in an awkward position, and its success would have meant nothing more than a long period of dissension and uncertainty in the internal affairs of Mexico.

It is to be hoped that opponents of the Mexican Government will take recent events as an object lesson, and will refrain in the future from using armed force to obtain their ends. Nothing will benefit Mexico more than a conquering of the Central American habit of revolution, even though the existing Government may have slightly rose-tinted religious and economic views.

The Constitution Among Dry Agents

A GOOD, old-fashioned crimp has been put in the activities of "undercover" men in the national prohibition service by the recent action of Comptroller-General J. R. McCarl. Sniffing for liquor clues will have to be done in the future on considerably less pocket money, and we shall not have again the

pleasure of watching an A. Bruce Bielaski setting up for the Federal Government a "speakeasy" such as the famous Bridge Whist Club in New York City. For Comptroller General McCarl has ruled that "under existing law a prohibition informer or undercover agent cannot be paid under contract or otherwise in excess of \$7,500 per year for both salary and *per diem* expense at headquarters." Furthermore, no advances are authorized "to be made for the purpose of securing evidences of violations of the national prohibition act unless such advances have received the approval of both the Commissioner of Internal Revenue and the Secretary of the Treasury." Again, "the appropriations . . . for securing evidences of violations of the national prohibition act are not available for the operation of a 'speakeasy' for the sale of intoxicating liquors in violation of both the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the national prohibition act."

In this reasonable decision of Mr. McCarl's we see an end to the extravagant amateur-detective methods frequently employed by our prohibition agents. Undercover work may be necessary if there is to be a show of enforcing the Volstead Act, but when it comes to false moustachios, ventriloquism, padded expense accounts, and Bridge Whist Clubs, we are with Mr. McCarl in drawing the line. We find nothing just in the Bielaski method of breaking a law in order to enforce it, and for the sake of the Constitution, if for no other reason, the curtain should be rung down on this dreary act of our elaborately staged prohibition extravaganza.

But after all, what's the Constitution among dry agents? Enforcement abandons one abuse only to undertake another. We are frankly discouraged when we hear Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Lowman indulging in the quaint logic that "you cannot break into a man's house without a search warrant, but you can go into his barnyard or the rest of his farm without a search warrant. That would be only trespass." And if the trespassers succeed in shooting up the farm and killing the farmer, as was the case recently in Maryland, it is probably only another triumph for the cause. We are beginning to wonder to what length this trespassing will be permitted in the attempt to enforce a law which experience shows to be unenforceable.

Liquidating Nature's Violence

THE recent tornado in St. Louis brings home to us again the realization that man, for all his boasting, has not mastered the elements. We speak freely of having conquered the air, of having overcome the perils of the sea, of having harnessed lightning, wind, water, and made the world our own. But at the very moment we feel most secure and satisfied our work is overturned, and we discover again that ours is a fragile existence on a planet whose vagaries we do

not understand. Mount Pelée explodes after years of quiescence, and we find ourselves as impotent against disaster as the people of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Japan is rocked by earthquake or flooded by tidal wave, and despite our knowledge of geology we are as helpless as the citizens of Lisbon in 1755.

Within six months' time in the United States we have been confronted by two major disasters. While the St. Louis tornado has not been so far-reaching in its effects as the Mississippi flood, its suddenness and violence have made it from one point of view even more terrible. There was forewarning of the flood, and we were able in some measure to stem its advance. The tornado had no advance runners, and caught its victims unawares.

St. Louis has declined the help of other cities and set about the task of rebuilding her torn neighborhood. The Citizens' Relief Committee, the Red Cross, and the Army are coöperating in relief work. It will take months to repair the material damage, and a much longer time to restore tranquillity in the lives of the homeless and destitute. A survey shows that more than 2,600 families suffered death, injury, or property loss. In many cases sufferers were left in dire need of food, clothing, and shelter. To them, especially, goes our sympathy. A few days ago their existence was as comfortable, as casual as ours, and now, at a single blow, their world has been wrenched to pieces.

Regulations for Winged Words

NO sensational demonstrations, no fair-ground spectacles or political fireworks, are likely to color the Third International Radio Telegraph Conference now meeting in Washington, but out of the sessions we confidently expect some of the most interesting news of the day. In the fifteen years that have elapsed since the drafting of the last convention, radio has taken such rapid strides forward that the newly elected chairman, Secretary of Commerce Hoover, is more than justified in making the suggestion that the name of the present meeting be changed to the "International Radio Conference," or the "Convention of International Radio Communication." With more than four hundred delegates representing fifty-one nations meeting together over a period of weeks, there are sure to be important movements set on foot for the regulation and advancement of a means of communication which has moved forward by leaps and bounds, and is still in a state of flux. Technical problems will be considered in the clearing house of the conference; regulation of the "ether channels" will be discussed among nations which have instituted varying degrees of governmental supervision. Out of the conference should grow new integrations, new uses for radio.

Recently at Geneva a group of newspaper men

approached radio officials to inquire if there was a possibility of securing a lower rate per word in press radio dispatches. They foresaw in radio a potential saving for the foreign departments of their newspapers. They were informed that in the near future radio dispatches would probably be sent by the "square inch" and that their talk of a rate "per word" was very nearly out of date. They learned, with what little astonishment newspaper men are capable of mustering, that radio engineers propose to photograph dispatches, reduce the photographs to small size, and transmit them in this form from sending to receiving station. This is but one of the possibilities contained in radio communication. The major problem in the Washington discussions will be to make the conventions agreed upon so flexible that they can care for such innovations and advances. Clearly, if communication by photography and radio is possible, the latter may soon invade the post offices of the world. And here the question of varying national degrees of government ownership and operation complicates the conclusion of uniform agreements. However, the personnel of the Washington conference, embracing as it does the world's greatest authorities, promises success to what must surely be a difficult yet highly important labor.

More Thunder for Isolationists

ANOTHER week of tariff bickering has not improved the trade relation between France and the United States, and settlement of the tariff dispute seems further away than at any time since its inception. France explains that in keeping with her tariff policy she cannot give us low rates on all commodities until some sort of reciprocal agreement is reached. Our State Department protests that we are being discriminated against, and that by according low rates to other powers while withholding them from us, France is depriving us



of the most-favored-nation treatment to which we are entitled. Secretary Kellogg is expected to ask for the equivalent of this treatment while negotiations are in progress, and it is hinted that if France refuses it the efforts of our Government to draft a commercial treaty with her will be abandoned. Then there will be the possibility of our invoking the retaliatory provisions contained in Section 317 of the American tariff law.

We fail to understand what France expects to accomplish by aggravating a tariff war at this time. By discriminating against the importation of American magnetos, razor blades, fountain pens, and the like, she has not much to gain and a good deal to lose. She can gain only protection for a few of her

minor industries, and the doubtful self-righteous feeling that she is doing a piece of reciprocity work for some of our tariff practices which have not met with her approval. She stands to lose the good-will of the American Government and manufacturers, and is in danger of provoking reciprocity against reciprocity. If the issue is still hanging fire when Congress convenes, our Solons who derive particular pleasure from tariff tinkering and have a spectacular itching to make the eagle scream on any pretext will certainly initiate measures against her.

France appears to be thrusting her head into the lion's mouth for no purpose at all, unless to make a study of its tonsils. Considering her obligations to the United States she is in no position for such dangerous trifling. We hope that through a spirit of reasonableness on both sides the present difficulties may be laid to rest, and that open trade warfare between the two countries will be avoided. Otherwise, we see nothing promising in the outlook either for France or for ourselves.

On Intimations of Immortality

AN appropriate medal should be awarded the happy journalist who first dubbed Mr. George Herman Ruth the "Sultan of Swat." Bearing his sonorous title with as much Oriental grace as can be expected of a muscular Occidental, the Sultan has gone out and assembled an army of admiring Janizaries which extends even beyond our own borders. His influence probably exceeds that of all living Moslem rulers put together. By a shrug of the shoulders he can carry joy or sorrow into thousands of cities and villages he has never even visited. By smashing one final ball out of the Yankees' lot in New York City he can obtain more notoriety than any other Sultan has obtained in a lifetime.

It is disconcerting to many to observe that Mr. Ruth has made his way to international prominence through physical strength rather than intellect. Coupled with the circumstances surrounding the Dempsey-Tunney fight this fact suggests that we have not yet emerged from an age in which physical prowess is held more highly than intellectual attainment. The learned are shocked to find that the public enjoys home-run hitting and does not care very much about the theory of relativity.

But in time the scholars may find consolation. What has happened, we wonder, to Jess Willard? And has the elusive Mr. Grange become a bond salesman or an office executive? Where are the snows — the blows, the touchdowns — of yesteryear? We shall be interested to notice what time does to the Sultan of Swat. Without some epic achievement even greater than the making of sixty home runs in a single season, we fear that ten thousand streamer heads in ten thousand newspapers will be insufficient to place him among the immortals.

Revolution — Ten Years After

THE expulsion of Leon Trotsky from the executive body of the Communist International marks a new turn in the affairs of Soviet Russia. It focuses attention upon the growing conflict between helmsman Stalin and the Trotsky-Zinovieff-

Kameneff faction, a conflict which threatens to bring at last a definite break within the ranks of the Communist party. Through its tumultuous years the Soviet Government has wavered between two conflicting aims: the preservation of Marxian doctrine whose keynote is world revolution, and the strengthening of Russia na-



tionally even at the cost of concessions away from that doctrine. It is over these divergent aims that the present conflict has arisen, in which Trotsky stands for the former, Stalin for the latter.

It will be ten years on November 7 since the Communist party destroyed in Petrograd — now Leningrad — the faltering Kerenski Socialist Government and forced its way to the top. Ten years ago there was little thought outside Russia that its supremacy would be lost. But the prophets were mistaken. Whatever one thinks of the principles and methods of the present government in Russia, its power of "hanging on" is impressive. Its survival has furnished one of the great surprises in postwar history.

But in order to hang on as it has, particularly since the death of Lenin, the government has been forced to make concessions tending away from its original purpose. In 1921, with Lenin still at the helm, concessions began. Abandoning a strict policy of isolation, a trade agreement was reached with London, and similar compacts were made subsequently with Germany, Italy, and other Governments. A few months later the Reds offered officially to recognize the foreign debts they had previously repudiated, provided the powers immediately extended credit facilities. In April, 1922, while the Allied Governments were discussing the debt question at Geneva, Russian and German representatives met at Genoa and concluded the Rapallo treaty.

In the meantime, there were concessions in the internal policy of Russia. While not admitting any divergence from the principles of Karl Marx, Russia undertook what it called the "New Economic Policy," establishing a new currency, permitting a degree of private trade, and endeavoring in various ways to rehabilitate industry. "We are no longer attempting to break up the old, social, economic order with its trade, its small-scale economy, and private initiative, and its capitalism," said Lenin, "but we are now trying to revive trade, private

enterprise, and capitalism, at the same time gradually and cautiously subjecting them to state regulation just so far as they revive."

Since the death of Lenin in 1924 the concessions in policy have become even more marked. No single man was able to replace the lost leader, and until 1925 Stalin, Kameneff, and Zinovieff headed the Government. In that year Stalin manœuvred his way into the leadership which he has held to the present moment. Realizing the dire necessity of foreign capital in Russia and having no desire to arouse further enmity abroad, Stalin has softened the work of the Third International. He has envisioned a world in which Communism and capitalism may, for the time being at least, run parallel courses. He has apparently given up the idea of a Communistic world until the time when Russia shall have considerably strengthened her economic position. If he has not used the soft pedal sufficiently to prevent an actual break in Anglo-Russian diplomatic relations and threats of a rupture with France, he has nevertheless employed it sufficiently to encounter opposition at home. Opponents of the Stalin rule have charged that he and his henchmen are "trying to liquidate a revolution, and lead Russia back into the slough of capitalism."

From the time of the Arcos raid and the severing of diplomatic relations with Great Britain Russia has feared, perhaps with reason, that an economic or political bloc would be reared against her under British leadership. The creation of such a bloc seems to depend upon the actions of Russia herself. If Stalin succeeds in a policy of moderation and renounces silly revolutionary propaganda in other countries Russia is likely to find herself unmolested. On the other hand, if the Trotsky faction gains the upper hand, and persists in foreign intrigue, there are likely to be serious consequences for both Russia and all Europe.

For our part, we have never had any quarrel with the Russian experiment in Communism so long as it stayed within its own borders. From a human point of view we have naturally had a deep sympathy for the tragic victims of the experiment, and we have regarded the economic tenets of Communism as being opposed to one of the strongest instincts of human nature, the instinct of possession. Despite our skepticism, however, we are still willing to be shown. If Stalin can reconcile the extremists of his party to a continuance of economic concessions, and can clear up Russian foreign debt and foreign-property problems, we see no objection to even closer commercial, and eventually diplomatic, relations with Soviet Russia. But it is fear of the Trotskis and their ilk that makes for uncertainty, and so long as that uncertainty exists, prudence is the better part of statesmanship. We know that our State Department is watching anxiously every move in the Stalin-Trotsky struggle.

Down to the Sea in Airplanes

By T. J. C. Martyn

HISTORY is forever repeating itself. Some four thousand years ago two doughty pioneers of the air, Dædalus and his son, Icarus, took off for a flight of 600 miles over the sea from Crete to Sicily. By means of huge wings affixed to their bodies with wax they soared across the Ionian Sea from the labyrinth Dædalus had built for Minos. Only one of them was successful — Icarus flew too near the sun, which melted the wax, causing him to make a forced landing in the sea. Dædalus, so the legend runs, reached his destination and successfully completed the first long-distance, transoceanic flight.

We may rate their courage as equal; as pilots they would seem to have been endowed with skill enough to flap their wings for endless weary hours; as a navigator Dædalus seems superior to the gyroscopic Icarus, the incidence of whose wings must have accounted for his peculiar difficulty with the sun. They both utilized the same means of æromotion. Yet, incontestably, placing unwarranted faith in the veracity of Greek mythology, one succeeded while the other failed. We may assume not unfairly that Dædalus had a good deal of luck on his side.

This year more than a score of aviators attempted perilous flights across the seas. Some of them succeeded; others failed. Some were better pilots than others; some were better navigators. Fate served some, deserted others. Some spent as long as two years in detailed preparation for their flights; others took hardly more than two weeks. For sheer grit there is not much to choose between them. Yet, taking all factors into consideration, we may generalize that luck was in great measure with the successful.

The individual and immediate object of many of these airmen was to win a prize of money; and to what heights of folly will men not rise for a monetary reward? In some cases flights were made to demonstrate the efficiency of aircraft over long distances. From a general aviation point of view, since aviation cannot succeed commercially unless the public supports it, the flights were made to gain the confidence of the public, to stimulate its interest in aerial travel and to prove the gigantic possibilities in transoceanic flights. The psychology of such reasoning is one of the most difficult things to understand about this year's flights. The public's interest was indeed

Against the successful and daring transoceanic flights of the summer must be set those tragic adventures which sent twenty-seven men and two women to their deaths. Mr. Martyn of the "New York Times," who saw four years of warfare in France from a pilot's cockpit in the British Royal Air Force, examines the contribution of these unfortunate aviators

stimulated; pilots won a great deal of money; but how in the world did anybody ever expect to demonstrate the suitability of crossing a sea with an airplane equipped with an undercarriage for landing on land? It is perfectly

true, of course, that an airplane so equipped has an advantage over a seaplane or flying boat in that the resistance to the air is less; but the folly of trying to convince the public that an airplane on wheels is suitable for sea flying seems about as absurd as trying to convince it that a flying boat is the ideal type of machine for flying over land.

There is another pertinent observation. What does a nonstop flight from New York to Paris prove anyway? It proves, and it cannot prove more until aëroengines are perfected, that nothing succeeds like success. It also proves how fast an airplane can cross the Atlantic; but, at this stage of airplane development, safety is more to be desired than speed and is more likely to advance the cause of aviation. It does not prove the superiority of the northern nonstop route over either the northern Newfoundland-steamer-lane-Ireland route or the Bermuda-Azores-Portugal crossing. And if for practical purposes this year's flights have done as much harm as good, their combined effect has been to display the superb courage and the indomitable spirit of man — an admirable but unprofitable quality, particularly in securing aviation's future.

NEVER in the history of the world, so far as we know it, has a man gripped public imagination to the extent that Lindbergh did by his magnificent flight across the Atlantic. Science may be mainly responsible for his surpassing the exploits of the great men of the past; but nevertheless, Lindbergh's feat stands out as a crowning achievement in the annals of aviation by its very daring, courage, and skill. But Lindbergh was lucky. Byrd was a little less lucky. Lindbergh was less prepared than Byrd; he is probably a better pilot and a poorer navigator than Byrd; but he took greater chances. To take part in the transatlantic aerial race he had come from California to New York. At Roosevelt Field he busied himself with tuning up his engine, testing his 'plane; but it is said that he never once tested it with its full load of gasoline before he took off across the ocean, and this may account for his narrow escape

from crashing in the dim light of that memorable morning. He had been advised moreover that the weather was not propitious for the adventure, and for a Herculean test such as he knew he must face he had had no more than two hours' sleep. Lindbergh took a tremendous chance — and won. He deserved to win; but he is one of the luckiest men alive today. That much he himself must realize.

THE risk of air travel is apparent to anybody who gives aviation a moment's reflection; but there are ways of minimizing risk. Lindbergh did not leave everything to chance: he knew his engine in the same devoted way that a mother knows her first-born child; he knew his machine for all ordinary purposes; he knew himself; and he had had almost 2,000 hours of flying experience, much of it over long distances through bad weather. Byrd's flight left less to chance; de Pinedo's even less. But others left everything to chance. Some pilots had never even tested their machines before taking off on their big flights. Whereas Lindbergh's, Byrd's, and Hegenberger's machines were the best types of airplanes designed, those of some of the Hawaiian flyers, for example, were ridiculously inadequate. Commander de Pinedo, the Italian aviator, whose round trip flight from Italy was by all odds the most successful, from a practical viewpoint, used a flying boat — the logical machine for ocean flights — which demonstrated its seaworthiness by staying afloat for two days off the Azores; and he followed sensible ocean courses. Had other aviators followed suit the cause of aviation would have been immeasurably advanced.

I make one exception — Lindbergh. He was as necessary to aviation as a fighting leader is to a great cause. Beyond the fact that his flight aided meteorology it was of no practical use except in the tremendous public enthusiasm it stirred up. Then was the time to prove by sound, sane realism the possibilities of ocean flights. It would have been less spectacular, of course, but it would have avoided the long series of tragedies that marred the course of flying this summer.

It is the fashion to gloss over these catastrophes by asserting, as Will Rogers recently did with his usual facetiousness, that the twenty-nine people, including two women, killed this year in attempting long-distance flights is a fair Sunday's average of grade-crossing fatalities. But there are approximately 5,000 automobiles to one airplane in the United States and the average relative work done by an automobile is obviously far greater than that performed the year round by a 'plane — facts that greatly modify stupid comparisons of fatal accidents. The way of the pioneer is dangerous, especially that of the air pioneer; but, by careful preparation, the risks can be reduced.

This was never better displayed than during the

war. In those days we had to take colossal risks — risks of engine failure over the lines, of "Archie," of machine-gun bullets, pom-pom, and all the rest of the German "hate." We could not afford to take more risks than were necessary, and in order to insure the success of our missions over the lines, whether fighting on scout machines, doing "art. obs.," long reconnaissance, day and night bombing, or "special service" work, we spent long and often weary hours of care on our "buses." Many men left everything to their mechanics, and if they had good, faithful, conscientious men, they were served beyond their deserts; but no pilot worth his salt left more to chance than the exigencies of the service necessitated.

It occurs to me that the greatest lesson of this year's flights is that careful preparation is indispensable to any kind of flight. And by careful preparation I mean not only the tuning up of motors, the truing up of planes, the checking and correction of instruments, but the equally important planning of courses and detailed study of the weather.

It has been said that some of the Atlantic flights have proved the value of a knowledge of ocean weather conditions. This is true, but at what needless cost? For example, before Lindbergh made his flight little was known about the tremendous depths of fog over the Grand Banks. Byrd supplied new data, so did Chamberlin. Their observations, had funds been available, might have been made, however, without crossing the entire Atlantic. Mid-Atlantic weather tests might have been made by kites or balloons from ships. It is impossible to justify any of these flights on the sole ground that they supplemented meteorological knowledge.

IT may be asked, therefore, what the year's big flights did for what may, for the sake of convenience, be called the cause of commercial aviation. All that can be noted with definiteness is a sharpening of the public's interest, which, unfortunately, has been blunted by the numerous accidents that have occurred. But the successful flights have also demonstrated in an effective way the potential superiority of air over land and sea travel. Despite the setbacks, this outstanding feature is not likely to desert the imagination of the thinking public. And hardly less worthy of notice is the impetus given to the industry itself. The appetite, so to speak, of designers has been whetted; they are at work designing airplanes with a greater flying radius, greater lifting capacity, with luxurious quarters equal to the best that ground travel can offer. Nor have motors been neglected. Engineers are trying to increase reliability, concentrating upon adaptability to the changing conditions that an aeroengine must meet on a single air voyage. Who can say what the evolution of the Fairfield-Caminez

engine will produce, with its simple design and slow motion? And who can prognosticate that within a few years a type of gasoline turbine will not be evolved — an engine that would surely revolutionize the airplane?

THESE are some of the guarantees the public has that the experts are trying to eliminate, so far as possible, the dangers of air travel. Promoters and pilots can help by undertaking no stunt flights; for by curbing their ambitions and subordinating them to the welfare of aviation, they can do more than anybody to rid the air of its element of chance. They can, by study and preparation, prove that air travel is no more dangerous than any other means of locomotion. And the extraordinary part of it all is that flights through the air, when machines and pilots are suited to immediate purposes, are hardly more dangerous than a railway journey or an ocean voyage. Their essential difference is their complexity — the dependence on radio communication; the reliance upon accurate instruments, knowledge of meteorology and preknowledge of weather conditions; the fuel capacity, perfection of airplane construction, and the reliability of engines; the necessity of envisaging, every moment of a flight, a safe landing place; and, when on the sea, of establishing contact with passing ships. Every ocean-going airplane should be equipped with a radio mast on a telescopic principle. None of these factors is insurmountable.

A train meets disaster by collision or jumping the tracks, a liner collides with an iceberg or with another ship, or it sometimes is driven ashore or wrecked by storms. An airplane is almost immune from such accidents. Collisions are most improbable; storms can often be skirted; there are no tracks beyond the broad, deep lanes of aerial routes. Its problems are piloting, navigation, reliability of engine and 'plane. Pilots and navigators must be expert in long-distance flying, and it is not enough for a pilot to be merely a pilot or a navigator to be only a navigator; they must be interchangeable, for their duties are inextricably interwoven. Machines must be sturdy, well rigged, with a generous margin of safety in fuel capacity. There must be more than one motor — enough, in fact, to enable a 'plane to fly on one engine while the others are being repaired. And, finally, a 'plane flying over the sea must be able to land on the sea and stay afloat, at

least for several hours, even in rough weather. When these factors are recognized, the dangers of air travel will begin to disappear. After all, an automobile ride can be made as dangerous as a stunt flight. Conversely an air voyage can be made as safe as a buggy ride. And safety, it must be remembered, is a comparative term; most of us consider ourselves fairly safe walking in the streets but at any moment a brick may fall on our heads, an automobile leap the sidewalk and crush us, the earth open and swallow us, a meteorite from the sky pulverize us.

Safety is not to be enhanced by legislation, such as has been suggested, forbidding long-distance flights except under authorized conditions. Aviators themselves can do more than the Government and they can do it without hindering the progress of aviation itself. There must always be an element of risk in testing new types of machines; the important thing to understand is that the test is for the machine and not primarily for the public. Tests for the public follow, but only when, in theory and practice, the details of an airplane have been proved worthy. Its behavior over long distances then becomes a matter of common sense methods, and, as pointed out, the realization of these methods reduces the risk of danger. Fundamentally, an airplane flies through the air for the same reason that a ship floats on the water. An airplane is

dependent upon a minimum of speed; a boat upon its degree of buoyancy. To carry on the illustration would be to emphasize the equality of the ordinary risks of the two branches of locomotion. Unfortunately, there is more latitude for crass imbecility in flying than there is in sailing, and for this reason the Government should license pilots, and aviation authorities

The Farmer Primes His Guns

Out in the agricultural West sits the farmer with a shotgun across his knees, waiting for the seventieth Congress to open its doors in December. Once his champions are gathered in Washington, the most spectacular political fight of the year will begin for legislation to help him compete with the high wages of industry. THE INDEPENDENT is seeking, through a group of the most prominent champions of the farmer, to tell its readers what agriculture really wants from the Government. Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas writes the first of these articles, which will appear in an early issue

ties — those connected in any way with commercial flying — should enforce an air code designed to eliminate stunt flying.

When aviators themselves insist on "safety first" and when they get rid of their stunt merchants and record hounds, commercial aviation will easily be proved to be a safe and paying proposition. Failing this, they will forfeit public confidence by a repetition of this year's tragic blunders, unless, indeed, the spirit of aviation is already stronger than they are themselves. But to insist, however dramatic it may be, that *per aspera ad astra* is the right way to Europe is to be guilty of a fantastic misconception of public standards.

Al's Chances in Dixie

By Louis M. Jiggitts

WILL Al Smith carry Mississippi and the other Southern States if he is chosen as the Democratic nominee for President?

"Yes," says Pat Harrison.

"No," says Dennis Murphree, who is filling the unexpired term of the late Governor Whitfield.

The statements of the senior Senator and the governor of Mississippi are in flat contradiction.

And there are a great many politicians who would gladly give a goodly sum to know which is correct. Recent developments in Mississippi forecast a long and bitter struggle between pro-Smith and anti-Smith forces. A political fight, the like of which has seldom been seen, even in Mississippi

where politics is a religion, has just come to a cyclonic close. Bilbo, the stormy petrel of Mississippi politics, emerged victor in a four-cornered race for the Democratic nomination for the governorship which is equivalent to election. But he triumphed by a bare majority of ten thousand. And many say that Al Smith is the cause.

Ordinarily, Mississippi elections are of little national interest. And this year the election proceeded as usual, with Mississippi's sister States paying little or no attention to one of her customary political feuds. But in the last hours of the election something happened. Without previous warning a gentleman from Jackson threw a bombshell right into the center of the political ring. It wasn't intended to have any effect beyond the immediate vicinity of Mississippi. But so potent did the bomb prove itself to be that its explosion was heard, and rather shockingly, all the way up to Albany.

Last spring four aspirants entered the Mississippi gubernatorial race: A. C. Anderson, Sennett Conner, Dennis Murphree, and T. G. Bilbo. Results of the first primary were: Anderson, 22,000, Conner, 57,000, Murphree, 72,000, and Bilbo, 135,000. Murphree and Bilbo entered the second primary with Bilbo leading by some 63,000 votes. During the first primary nothing sensational developed, and the second primary promised to proceed in the ordinary Mississippi fashion. It was freely predicted that Bilbo would receive a majority of 50,000 votes or more. But along came the gentleman from Jackson. He wrote a letter — just a two-page letter. And

overnight the eyes of the political world were focused on Mississippi.

The letter which appeared just four days prior to election day was intended to be last-minute campaign thunder; and it was. In fact it was a whole thunderstorm. The bolt, some say, almost knocked the remarkable Bilbo out of Mississippi politics and seriously, if not permanently, undermined the

foundation of Al Smith's well-built political house. The letter charged, in effect, that Bilbo was receiving the entire Catholic support in the State; that he had received a letter from Al Smith's secretary congratulating him upon his excellent race in the first primary; and that he had promised

the Catholics of Mississippi that he would favor sending a delegation to the National Democratic Convention instructed to support Al Smith for President. The letter was mimeographed and some 200,000 copies are alleged to have been sent out to every county in the State. Bilbo denied the charges but had little time to circulate his denial over the State, being particularly handicapped by a hostile press. And now the politicians throughout the country, especially those opposed to Governor Smith, are proclaiming that the letter cost Bilbo 20,000 or 30,000 votes and Al Smith the Presidency.

SAY these politicians: Mississippi is a typical Southern State, at least politically; the same hostility that exists in Mississippi to a candidate both Catholic and wet, exists also in the other Southern States; this hostility was plainly demonstrated during the Mississippi election; therefore, Al Smith will never receive the support of the South, even should he be chosen as the Democratic nominee. They point out the fact that Mr. Hoover, who has a fair chance of being chosen as the Republican standard bearer, is popular in the South, and they rather broadly hint that the Solid South will not be so solid if the race is between Smith and Hoover. The politicians may be right; and they may be wrong. It all depends on the point of view one takes of the Mississippi primaries. For there happens to be another view of the Mississippi election that has not been so widely discussed, one rather more favorable to Al.

The Democrats in Mississippi are divided into

two factions, the Bilbo faction and the anti-Bilbo faction. Under normal conditions the anti-Bilbo faction is stronger by perhaps 15,000 votes. But this year the anti-Bilbos had three of the four candidates in the field — Anderson, Conner, and Murphree — while the Bilbo faction had only one candidate, Bilbo himself. In the first primary the combined votes of the opposition numbered 151,000. Bilbo received only 135,000. If, then, the supporters of the two other opposition candidates had rallied solidly to Murphree, Bilbo would have been defeated. For Bilbo to win it was necessary for him to receive votes from the opposing faction. That he should win at all was therefore remarkable. That he should win by 10,000 votes was astonishing. The anti-Catholic and anti-wet letter must have had little real effect. And the Mississippi election determined nothing regarding Al Smith's strength, or lack of strength, in the South.

Enter now the Klan. The election had hardly come to its stormy close when newspaper reporters quoted Senator Pat Harrison as saying that Al Smith would carry Mississippi and the South if he were chosen as Democratic nominee. Immediately Grand Dragon Wankan, of the Realm of Mississippi Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan, fired a letter at Harrison expressing amazement over the genial Senator's rank heresy. He let it be known that the Mississippi Klan was officially on the warpath. He announced in no uncertain terms that Al Smith would not be tolerated by Mississippians — at any rate, not by Mississippians of the Invisible Empire. He bluntly informed Pat that the Klan would insist upon the Mississippi delegation's being instructed specifically against Al Smith. Pat announced, in reply, that he favored an uninstructed delegation, one free to act as it thought best in the interest of Mississippi, and the fight was on. It is at least interesting to recall

that Senator Harrison received the silent but solid support of the Klan during his last campaign.

The result of the Senator's battle with the Klan may have an important effect upon the destiny of the national Democratic party. If the Klan is successful in Mississippi and in certain other Southern States where it is waging a similar fight on Smith, there will be an almost certain repetition of the 1924 convention, especially if the two-thirds rule is retained. But if the Klan fails and the delegations of the Southern States go to the national convention uninstructed it is within the realm of possibility that some of the delegates from the South will support Al with the understanding that Harrison, or some other Southerner, will be selected as his running mate.

BUT the Klan is out to win, at least in Mississippi. Grand Dragon Wankan has announced that he will deliver a series of lectures, no doubt instructive. He will begin at once to educate the people of Mississippi against this man Smith. He looks forward with confidence to victory in the State Democratic convention next spring. He expects the Klan to repeat its victory of 1924. The Mississippi Democratic convention of 1924 was Klan controlled, as was the delegation sent to New York. But the Klan is not as strong in Mississippi as it once was. It has lost in prestige. It is no longer feared or courted by politicians. And in the present fight it has arrayed itself against the popular Senator.

Al Smith's destiny may lie in Mississippi. It is not impossible that the present fight in Mississippi may change the whole course of Governor Smith's life. For Al Smith the road to the Presidency may lie through the Magnolia State. The delegation from Mississippi may yet open the doors of the White House — or close them — to the governor of New York.

Marriage

There will be no need of splendid feet
Upon the toppling towers of the round,
Apocalyptic earth, no need of sound
That day our two souls for their marriage meet.
No flaming double wings will sprout from stone,
No clay will blossom with a million eyes,
Birds will not prophesy nor trees grow wise,
Nor stern archangels rise where seeds were sown.

Only your grave, clear eyes will catch a light
More beautiful, and more and less than sight;
And you will bend your head a little, turn away,
Finding not one of many words to say,
Because the ways of life are quiet, vast,
And peaceful as the star that fades the last.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

SYRIA REBORN

Torn and Furrowed by the Shifting Fortunes of the Great War, Syria and the Holy Land, Now under French and British Mandates, Are Gradually Resuming the Habiliments of a Lost Nationality

EVER since the World War first brought the scourge of desolation upon the oppressed and scrambled peoples in that part of the world known as the Near East, and the ravages and spoliation of a Turkish tyranny were disclosed, the eyes of the Western world have been turned toward the lands beyond the Mediterranean. For a great many centuries the natives — they could hardly be called nationals — of Syria, Armenia, and the Holy Land have been buffeted about, driven from their homes and villages by the hordes of whatever country happened to come their way, bound out to serve a dozen alien and ungenerous governments, and finally deprived almost of any vestiges of unity or consciousness of race or creed. It remained only for the smoke to clear away after 1918 and reveal a group of peoples without either the courage or the desire to call their souls their own.

In the first years following the war, when the Near East Relief had been definitely organized on a working basis, and when the immediate sympathies of an aroused and receptive civilization had been dulled by a return to peace, a noticeable reaction set in against the races

of the Near East. They were held to be congenitally lazy, shiftless, erratic, and untrustworthy. Through an excess of continual misfortune they were held by many to be incapable of existing without something to be "oppressed" under. But now a second reaction has begun to appear; largely, it is clear, through the efforts of such agencies as are represented by the Near East Relief, which are not only endeavoring to restore a perhaps non-existent morale to adults, but which are mainly concerned with rearing the new generation to some sense of racial and civic pride.

First, by providing food, shelter, and clothing for the destitute refugees that swarmed to relief centers, then by establishing local governments, schools, and permanent institutions which should change the work of rescue to that of steady rehabilitation, these agencies have endeavored to re-implant this race consciousness and wipe out the memory of the haunted centuries. And under the generally sound, if pettily embroiled, supervision of western Europe, together with the hearty coöperation of America and Americans, Syria and the Holy Land are coming back.



All photographs courtesy of Near East Relief

THIS SWARTHY GENTLEMAN IS THE COUNTERPART OF OUR AMERICAN SODA MERCHANT. HE PLIES A LIVELY TRADE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BEIRUT



BOYS IN THE ORPHANAGE CONNECTED WITH THE ST. JAMES ARMENIAN CHURCH IN JERUSALEM ARE GREETED BY THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY OF THE NEAR EAST RELIEF. OF THE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES IN THE NEAR EAST, NEARLY ALL OF THE HOMELESS CHILDREN ARE BEING CARED FOR IN HOMES SUCH AS THIS



HERE, AT THE LEFT, ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO HAVE BEEN BEFRIENDED BY THE RESCUE WORKERS BUSILY ENGAGED IN RECONSTRUCTION WORK ON ONE OF THE MANY DEMOLISHED CHURCHES

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME CONSTRUCTION JOB SHOWS THE FORMER REFUGEES PLYING THE TRADES OF STONEMASONS, BRICKLAYERS, HOD-CARRIERS, AND PICK-WIELDERS WITH A GREAT DEAL MORE CHEERFULNESS THAN IS DISPLAYED BY MANY OF OUR DOMESTIC PROTOTYPES



GASOLINE TINS HAVE MANY USES OTHER THAN THAT OF CARRYING GASOLINE, IT WOULD SEEM. HERE THEY ARE USED AS SHEATHING FOR THE HUTS IN THIS REFUGEE CAMP OUTSIDE BEIRUT, AND FOR WASH-BASINS, FLOWER BOXES, AND WATER TANKS AS WELL.



THE PICTURE AT THE LEFT REALLY NEEDS NO CAPTION. ITS ONLY DEPARTURE FROM THE CONVENTIONAL MAY BE SAID TO LIE IN THE NATURE OF THE TERRAIN OVER WHICH THE CARAVAN IS PROGRESSING, WHERE SAND IS REPLACED BY ROCKS AND ARID DIRT.

THE CARRIAGE HAS HAD ITS DAY, AND NOW ITS NIGHT DESCENDS UPON IT. BUT THERE ARE WAYS OF FORESTALLING OBLIVION SHORT OF THE ABSOLUTE. HERE SOME ENTERPRISING SYRIAN SHOPKEEPER WITH LESS CAPITAL THAN ORIGINALITY HAS FOUND ONE OF THEM.





IT SEEMS SCARCELY PROBABLE THAT THE INTEREST OF WHAT A PASSING AMERICAN MAY BE SAYING SHOULD HOLD SUCH RAPT ATTENTION AS THESE BORDER SENTRIES ARE GIVING. RATHER IT IS THE NEWLY AWAKENED SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY AMONG THE NATIVE TROOPS

NO MORE THAN THAT ON THE PRECEDING PAGE DOES THIS PICTURE REQUIRE COMMENT. WITH A TERRACED HILL OF PALESTINE FOR A BACKGROUND, THE CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SURVIVALS OF AN OLD WORLD AND THE ENCROACHMENTS OF A NEW ARE OBVIOUS



WHILE THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS TRUCK ARE SOOTHING THEIR HARRIED VEHICLE, NATIVE SOLDIERS EXAMINE THEIR PASSPORTS ON THE FRONTIER BETWEEN SYRIA AND PALESTINE. THE BORDER PATROLS ARE VERY INTELLIGENTLY ALERT THESE DAYS

Something New for Your Money

By Richard Hoadley Tingley

BEFORE me is a list of eighty-five American corporations calling themselves investment trusts. With capital of anywhere from \$10,000 to \$50,000,000, the aggregate approximates \$500,000,000. All are infants of recent incorporation: the oldest has been in business but a few years, the youngest only a few months — none long enough, strictly speaking, to be entitled to a place in that class, sacred to discriminating investors, known as "seasoned" securities. Although all are based on much the same general principle, there are a great many different kinds of investment trusts, and the American investing public is being asked to participate in them by purchasing their securities of one kind or another — securities which are as yet unfamiliar to the man in the street.

Broadly speaking an investment trust is a corporation which invests its capital in the securities or underwritings of others — industrial, railway, public utility, municipal, State, Government, bank, and the like. These it locks up in its strong box, or more likely in the strong box of some trust company which acts as trustee. Against such holdings it issues its own obligations: its bonds, debentures, participations, preferred shares — sometimes first, second, and third — and common shares — often series A, B, C, and D — and sells them to the public.

In theory the principle is unassailable, ideal, in that it permits a private investor to profit by the wide experience of trained men and to participate in the earnings and accretions of many enterprises so greatly diversified and so widely distributed geographically that there is little danger of a depreciation of any considerable number of them at one time. In the actual working out of the principle, however, much depends on a variety of things among which the integrity, reliability, and business acumen of the management is, perhaps, the most important.

As originated in Great Britain back in the 'seventies of the last century investment trusts were designed to serve two separate purposes. The first was a demand for an outlet for the surplus investment funds of its people which were larger every year than the home market could supply. Meeting this condition the trusts furnished a foreign outlet. This is an exigency which does not trouble us. The second was

a demand for some vehicle through which diversification of investments — long recognized as a cardinal principle — might be obtained. Such a condition does exist in this country. In England and Scotland diversification has been met in the purchase by the trusts of a choice of the world's best investments. Against these are issued its own obligations which are sold to the public in much the same manner adopted by the

American trusts. The holder of a single bond, debenture, or share of stock thus participates to his *pro-rata* share in the earnings and accretions of corporations throughout the world. While he may have but a single egg to show, he actually possesses many eggs in many baskets.

A list of the more prosperous British and Scottish trusts discloses at least thirty-five. These, together with a hundred or more whose record has not been so convincing, show an aggregate capital of upwards of a billion dollars. They cater to the investment needs of millions of men, as well as to men of millions, and in a large measure it is the small savings of the former class invested in their securities that made possible the early development of this country's industries when we were too poor to do it ourselves. It may truthfully be said that the financial stability and supremacy enjoyed by Britain for so many years before the World War was aided in no small measure by these trusts. Their early history, however, was trying to a degree. Many were unable to withstand the pressure of panic years, and those now functioning represent a survival of the fittest.

IT was inevitable that investment trusts must eventually find their way to this country, but it took nearly fifty years before our bankers recognized them and adopted the feature as a factor in their investment program. When we make up our minds to take on a new thing, however, we go at it with a rush, and we have swallowed this innovation whole. In 1920 there was not a single one; today they number probably a hundred. They come along so rapidly that it is difficult to keep track of them. Banking and financial journals are full of discussions of them. The New York Stock Exchange has paid its respects to them by formally notifying its members by resolution that their participation in such trusts as, in the

A corps of experts in stocks and bonds buying from a wide list of selected securities and issuing their own obligations against them — that, in a nutshell, is the idea of the "investment trust." It is a comparatively new one in this country, though Great Britain has been using it profitably for half a century. Mr. Tingley examines these new investment schemes in the light of their experience abroad, and explains their possibilities and limitations

opinion of its committee, "do not properly protect the interests of the investor may be held as an act detrimental to the welfare of the Exchange."

RECOGNIZING that investment trusts are sure to become a prominent feature in our financial scheme the office of the attorney-general of New York State has ordered "a comprehensive investigation of current practices to be made . . . with a view to establishing high standards in the field." Before a committee appointed for the purpose, all of the investment trusts doing business in New York — and this accounts for nearly all of them wherever organized — will have to appear and make it clear that they are what they purport to be. Still further illustrating the popularity, importance, and the volume of the business into which these trusts have so suddenly leaped, a company has been organized in New York City whose object it is to manage investment trusts. This company claims that the success of a trust is almost entirely dependent on the choice of investments, necessitating the employment of a large staff of trained experts, and that a single company can more economically perform this office for many than the many can do it for themselves.

From the flood of stock and bond circulars which one may obtain for the asking it may be learned that not all of the American investment trusts follow the British and Scottish precedent which permits the management to choose such investments as they please, and to switch them from time to time as the need, in their sole judgment, arises. Several trusts have departed from this practice by buying groups of well-known and proved securities, locking them up with a trustee under a hard and fast agreement that the list shall not be altered or changed during the life of the trust. Against such holdings, in a manner heretofore described, the trust's obligations or participations in the earnings and accretions of these particular investments are sold. Most of these trusts make public a list of the securities so locked up. Some do not. The claim of the former to recognition in competition with trusts of a wider scope is that an investor may see upon what his holdings are based at all times and thus keep himself informed; furthermore, that the temptation for substituting securities of perhaps lesser value is entirely eliminated. Some trusts of this variety have liquidated with good profit; none, so far as I am able to inform myself, with a loss to the holder of its shares. Many are still

in business. Of the latter class, which offers participating shares to the public in a list of holdings held by them which they do not disclose, little need be said. It is obvious that any banking house offering such obligations must do so entirely on its own integrity and standing, and this is what has successfully happened.

It would be impossible to give an analysis of the vast number of American investment trusts now offering participations in their business to the public. Most of them are organized under the common law of Massachusetts or the laws of New York State. One is a Federal corporation under the provisions of

Back Stage in Washington

From East, West, North, and South, legislators are drifting back to Washington in the wake of Mr. Coolidge's return from his adventuring in the Black Hills. From now on, Washington will be the center of more and more important political goings-on — all of them pointing up to the national conventions of the two major parties in 1928. After a summer of relief from politics, this great national sport again has its timeliness and our Washington correspondent will resume next week his reporting of the most spectacular plays

an amendment to the Federal Reserve Banking Act known as the Edge Act. Each has some point of difference from its competitor or from the British precedent, designed to strengthen its position and to make a stronger appeal. Without exception the diversification principle is strictly adhered to; nearly all make public a list of the securities they hold

very few disclose the price paid for them. Nearly all operate through a trustee which collects their incomes and disburses their dividends under a trust agreement which permits the management to change their holdings at will. Many of the trusts confine their operations to foreign securities, as does the sole Edge Act corporation. Several trusts, in order to make sure of their ground, have invested their capital in a diversified list of securities and have operated for a year before offering their own shares to the public. This gives them a semblance, at least, of "seasoning." Others stipulate that their own members shall invest their private capital to the extent of at least ten per cent in any security which it may buy.

IT might be considered unfair to refer to any of these trusts as offering "unseasoned" securities, for this is true in part only. It is their own securities and their ability as trust managers that are unseasoned — for, in the main, the securities against which their own are issued are well seasoned.

Almost without exception the American investment trusts now in the field have been organized by regularly established banks or well-known banking houses in Boston, New York, or other financial centers, and are conducted by them as an adjunct to their business. In this manner it is possible to keep the overhead down to a minimum. Recognizing this feature, one trust advertises that in the single

ear of its operation its expenses have amounted to at a sixteenth of one per cent of their total.

FOR a man who contemplating investment in any of the great number of trusts which have the option of switching their holdings at will the choice of difficult and expert advice should be taken. It will nevertheless be advisable to study carefully the published balance sheets and earnings-statements, which, Professor Ripley's efforts notwithstanding, are not always as clear and complete as they might be, and to avoid those which, by a series of interlocking and holding companies and by too many different classes of preferred and common shares, so camouflage their affairs that even the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer would have difficulty in unraveling them. A chief reliance, however, must rest with the integrity of the issuing house, a consideration true of any investment.

American investment trusts in their variety of form are undoubtedly here to stay unless something unforeseen occurs to undermine or destroy faith in them; but it must be remembered that the few years only through which even the oldest of them have lived have been prosperous years; that in the regular course of events serious depressions, or worse, are sure to occur. Can the American trusts hope to do better with the innovation than did their British and Scottish cousins when investment trusts were novations with them, and when only the fittest

and most conservatively managed were able to "carry on" through panic or lean years? The question has been raised and discussed in many quarters whether American bankers are yet ready and capable of coping with the many new and intricate problems that present themselves to the managers of a trust. The haste with which we have plunged into the thing suggests caution, and Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Company, has pointed out that representatives of American syndicates are so eager to obtain offerings to fill an insatiate demand for high-yield securities that they are "sitting on the doorstep of European borrowers pressing loans upon them, and making none too careful investigations of the credit behind them." Attention has further been brought to the fact that an American banking house with an investment trust under its wing may sometimes be sorely tempted to use such a vehicle to dispose of unsalable securities — "cats and dogs" — which may have found their way into their possession.

I do not wish to go on record as being, in any sense, opposed to this new form of investment which has come upon us so suddenly. Great Britain felt its way carefully with investment trusts for a generation before they reached solid permanency, while we have jumped wildly at them because they are "the thing"; but if our national financial acumen is half as great as we are wont to boast, the future of these trusts would seem to be assured.

Hunting With a Typewriter

By Charles Walton Morton

JUDGING from the enormous quantities of such material on the news-stands of today, it would seem that every literate citizen of the republic who has ever sighted a gun or thumbed a reel is engaged in spinning the tale of his exploits. No account, however simple, is held back, the specimens ranging from the downright and ungrammatical article on the Missouri River catfish to the lurid yarns of the African heroes. Give the ordinary man a rod or a rifle and he is assured that, after splashing up and down a stream or loosing a few rounds at sundry carnivora, he will promptly stagger back to his base and belabor his typewriter until far into the night.

Just why this is so, science has not yet

revealed. No apparent connection exists between the literary craft and the stalking of big game, yet the reflex is unfailing. To shoot is to write and that's all there is to it. Mindful of this condition, accordingly, I have boiled down, much in the fashion of the lamented Elbert Hubbard, certain outstanding features of the big-game literature with a view to assisting the reader, should he happen to be contemplating a venture in that direction himself. In

general, this literature may be divided into two classes: the imported and the home-grown. And from the following suggestions the reader may obtain some idea of just how to go about the thing.

Like chowchow and the better grade of leather goods, the

Having returned from our annual hunting and fishing trip in Canada where every trout under fifteen inches was thrown back and nothing short of a grizzly was worth more than a snap shot, we sat down to write about our adventures for our readers. Then Mr. Morton's article came to our attention and we thought better of it. Next season we plan to spend our vacation in a disused cyclone cellar, where we expect to be practically immune from thrilling experiences. — The Editors

imported big-game anecdote as it is known in the United States comes only from England. It really should be written by a man having at least a hyphenated name, and if a string of letters, say eight or more, follows his name, so much the better. No army grade below that of major should be used in connection with the writer's name, and in the case of retired officers the minimum rank is that of brigadier.

WHATEVER he may be writing, book or *feuilleton*, the seasoned Englishman will devote at least the first half of it to various patriotic avowals. In this connection take note of such phrases as "far-flung domain," "sun never sets," and so on, and observe that the author has paid due heed to his sentiments upon seeing the Union Jack "proudly waving over the little mud consulate at Sumbang." Toasts to the king are to be drunk — and duly recorded — as often as possible, and it would be a good plan to mention how the tears came into your eyes after drinking a bottle of brandy to the memory of Queen Victoria, just after killing a fine "hippo." Here, be advised that it is always "hippo," — never hippopotamus, — likewise "rhino." And of course the tiger is "Stripes" or "Old Stripes." And "Tusks" or "Old Tusks"? You are too quick for me. I have a feeling that if a trained English article writer were to see a full-grown *Diplodocus* ambling down the trail, he would jot it down as "Old Scales." A lion is "Simba," which any school-boy knows is Swahili. An interesting fact about the English is revealed when you consider that although no respectable Briton can muster more French than *oui* and *ici*, he can spout Swahili and Malay almost extemporaneously, with a little Rajput for good measure. Thus, in referring to yourself, you are always "Tuan," "Effendi," or even "Master." "Sahib" is in well-regarded usage, particularly "the Great White Sahib." The native vocabulary required, however, need deter no one, for, with the words noted above, the tyro can fill out nicely with "pukka" and "safari." "'Pukka fine safari if it weren't for the beastly djadas,' I remarked to Skeffingsbye-Smythe, as we sat in our little djemigs." Do you get the idea? I almost forgot to mention that your gun-bearer should always be "an unusually intelligent native youth of about eighteen."

It should be remembered that a man in the bush sometimes falls a victim to its wild loneliness and becomes not at all the same fellow he was when home at Little Frumpton. Crazed by fever or heat, he lapses into uncouth habits — or even worse — and the diarist should be particularly careful not to commit to print such episodes. An unfortunate example of this is to be found between the lines of an account by Lord Frederick Hamilton of a journey through the South American jungles. After a

harrowing description of hardship and want, he mentions another member of the party as an unusually prepossessing and agreeable fellow. So much so, in fact, "that it was scarcely a week before we were calling one another by our Christian names." However, with careful nursing and plenty of quinine he probably pulled out of it in good order.

Although he has no king to toast — and nothing to toast him with — the American manages, nevertheless, to whip out a few timely pages whenever he catches or kills anything. True, he is likewise without the literary crutch of a queer dialect or jargon, save for the possible exception of the "sholy" and "Massa" commonly attributed to the Southern negro. This applies, however, only for 'coon and 'possum anecdotes. Should the sportsman wander as far as Mexico, the sparing use of "*Si, Señor*" is favored by some authorities, but in general his English is as pure as can be expected.

Naturally, the gist of the American's article will represent the impressions most important to the author. Thus, if he be of a temperament methodical and painstaking, his story will go for the most part in this fashion: "I first tried a bullet of 150 grains; next, one of 151 grains; next, one of 152 grains." Or: "I next tried a Coachman; next, a Brown Hackle; next, a Black Gnat." You can readily see that this can go on for many, many pages. It is not taken up, however, until the narrator's previous failure has been carefully analyzed, using: a, 14 grains; b, 146 grains; c, 147 grains. Also: a, Par machene Belle; b, spoon; c, angleworm.

Don't hesitate to make liberal use of such device as "For a moment, it looked as if I had missed him," or "For a moment, it looked as if he had got away." The diligent reader will know that you mean no harm by it and that you will soon be saying, "And there in the bottom of the boat lay the biggest bass I had ever seen," or, "There at my feet, scarcely thirty feet away, lay a magnificent silvertip — dead!"

YOU may, on the other hand, be of merrier mold. The mad humor wrung from camp life may lie uppermost in your mind. "And just as Bob turned back his blankets, the wildcat jumped squarely into his face." If you are one of those sensitive fellows who reacts to the Grandeur of Nature, proceed somewhat as follows: "And there thrusting up into the air its towering height and almost seeming to touch the sky, rose Mount Geehawkus. It was superb!"

Having carefully followed the points set forth above, and having searched the completed article for possible solecisms, you take your script and do with it what the Frenchman, Paul Bosanquet, advised doing with a certain Spanish dish. "*Preparez le bien*," said he, "*servez le bien froid, et jetez-le par la fenêtre.*"

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

THREE PLAYS" (Holt), by William Archer, contains an introductory essay by Bernard Shaw which not only is fascinating in its picture of Archer but has set me thinking of all the fine miscellaneous writing of that sort which Shaw has never brought together in book form. Several volumes might be added to "Dramatic Essays and Opinions," the only collection of his journalistic work which he has permitted to be made. Shaw's letters, too, both to the press and to private individuals, will some day make interesting reading. His simplest note usually bears the unmistakable stamp of his style and personality, and I have yet to read a preface or an article by him that is not superior to the occasion which calls it forth.

William Archer's plays, for instance, seem to me of little value, but Shaw's tribute to the author, his lifelong friend, is one of the finest things of its kind which I have ever read and the most moving and human piece of writing which Shaw has permitted himself in all these years of living and writing up to the "G. B. S. tradition." For forty-five years the two men had been friends, and when Archer was about to undergo the operation which proved fatal, he wrote a letter which Shaw reprints. It is a characteristic document worth quoting for its illustration of the curious formality with which Archer viewed their friendship.

My dear G. B. S.: Since I wrote you, I have learnt that I shall have to undergo an operation one of these days—I go into a nursing home tomorrow. I don't know that the operation is a very serious one, and as a matter of fact I feel as fit as a fiddle; so I suppose my chances are pretty good. Still, accidents will happen; and this episode gives me an excuse for saying, what I hope you don't doubt—namely, that though I may sometimes have played the part of all-too candid mentor, I have never wavered in my admiration and affection for you, or ceased to feel that the Fates had treated me kindly in making me your contemporary and friend. I thank you from my heart for forty years of good comradeship.

Presently Shaw left England for Madeira; the first thing he learned on reaching his hotel was that Archer had died.

The operation had killed him. I am unfashionable enough to hold that an operation which does not justify itself by its promised results should always be the subject of a stringent inquest; for I have never been able to regard a death caused by an operation as a natural death. My rage

may have been unjust to the surgeons; but it carried me over my first sense of bereavement. When I returned to an Archerless London it seemed to me that the place had entered on a new age in which I was lagging superfluous. I still feel that when he went he took a piece of me with him.

Thus Shaw concludes his sketch, for which he apologizes on the ground that he may have been too close to Archer and known him too early "to realize his full

finger between the pages, turning them when the rustling of the other Bibles struck his sleeping ear and started a reflex action. This acquirement had a curious sequel. "If I had known this when I attempted to read my first play to him I might not have abandoned it for years as an unfinished failure. He was utterly contemptuous of its construction; but this I did not mind. . . . Unfortunately when I came to the second act, something—possibly something exegetic in my tone—revived the old protective habit. He fell into a deep slumber; and I softly put the manuscript away and let him have his sleep out." Had Shaw not found out the reason for that slumber, he says, "I might never have meddled with the stage again."

Shaw corrects the prevalent impression of Archer as being a dour Scot, without the slightest sense of humor. He declares that the exact contrary was true of him, but Archer had brought self-repression to such a point that his emotions were usually hidden and misunderstood.

ON the subject of Archer's translations of Ibsen, Shaw is eloquent in defense of his friend, but most people who can read the original disagree flatly with him. "At one time it was the fashion in the literary cliques to dismiss Archer's translations as impossible. I told them it was no use: that Archer-Ibsen had seized the public imagination as it had seized theirs, and would beat any other brand of Ibsen in English." Possibly many people have felt that Archer's versions of Ibsen do not always read very well. It may have been the "fashion" to say so. What is not a question of fashion but of fact is that Ibsen in Norwegian is one thing and Ibsen in Archer's English is another.

Shaw repeats here what he has said in reference to translations of his own works. He speaks of "frantic abuse by rival or would-be rival translators," as if the matter were one of mere theory and prejudice. One need not aspire to the doubtful privilege of a translator's underpaid and thankless task in order to say whether a translation is good or bad. But one must know the two languages concerned. This aspect of the case is not admitted by Shaw, who has been maltreated in dreadful French to such a degree that Archer's Ibsen, at its worst, reads like the work of inspired genius. His faith in Archer may be induced by two human factors: ignorance of the original text of Ibsen and affection for his friend. But who can explain his belief in Augustin and Henriette Hamon?

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather (Knopf).

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

Something About Eve. By James Branch Cabell (McBride).

GENERAL

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

stature." It is a sketch which covers many years and diverse incidents, beginning with the time when, "finding me full of literary ability but ridiculously incapable of obtaining literary employment and desperately in need of it, he set me on my feet as a critical journalist by simply handing me over a share of his own work and making excuses for having deputed it," until Shaw had established himself. An attempted collaboration on a play was one of the earliest of their literary encounters, and an amusing story it becomes in the retelling, for Shaw classed "constructed plays with artificial flowers, clockwork mice, and the like," while Archer stanchly believed in the well-made play.

ARCHER'S education and upbringing are described with humor, especially in view of one habit which Archer acquired as a result of having to listen to prolonged Bible readings. He could sleep with his

The Literary Advance Guard

A Review by Charles R. Walker

THE AMERICAN CARAVAN: A YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kreymborg, and Paul Rosenfeld. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$5.00.

EVERY few years, two or three Dadaists gathered together in Paris or Rome, or perhaps a score of repressed æsthetes below Fourteenth Street, start a new magazine. It professes to give expression to those unconventional æstheticisms which a prudish and venal press excludes from its pages. This volume should not be confused with such efforts, although certain sentences in the foreword invite the misjudgment. It is, to begin with, a yearly magazine of literature. It is better to call it a magazine than a yearbook, for the latter implies that it selects representative work already printed. It does nothing of the sort — it prints unpublished manuscripts, and not necessarily the best or most representative. Like any magazine, as far as I can make out, it puts in what it can get, and authors give it what they like and mostly what they can't get printed anywhere else. But it claims a special reason for existence.

In the foreword, the editors state that for some time they have been feeling that the "passive and recessive attitudes of the leading magazines toward new fields of reality and fresh racy attacks was depriving a great variety of national developments of their outlets." This volume, they explain, is the result of a manifesto sent out to all living American writers about a year ago in an effort to give a means of expression for all this hidden literature. A literary dragnet spread over America brought into the boat many well-known authors — Eugene O'Neill, Ernest Hemingway, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Robert Hillyer, William Carlos Williams; and many more known and unknown. Much of the stuff bound into this 843-page book is of the first excellence. That should be said; but chiefly, in this review, I shall try to assess the book from the point of view of its own manifesto. Has it gathered up hidden American talent that otherwise would have remained folded in a napkin?

In finding his way slowly through this vast literary haul, the reviewer has discovered four main kinds of fishes: plays, poetry, stories, essays. There are border-line cases, but this classification will help.

The three chief plays, by Paul Green, Eugene O'Neill, and Michael Gold,

all fulfill supremely the two conditions of being racy and exploring new realities. But any one of them could have appeared in book form, and I expect will. To be sure, two of them are in one act, Green's and O'Neill's, but publishers have been willing for years to gamble on one-act plays.

The case for poetry is not so simple. A certain number of the shorter poems — perhaps a third — could, so far as raciness of imagery or newness of technique goes, have appeared in almost any "respectable" magazine, and the other shorter ones, such as those by Allen Tate and Hart Crane, to take two of the most modern, should have found a happy fate in the *Dial*, which has nurtured obscurities far more profound. Then there are the special magazines, such as *Poetry*, that are friendly to the most violent experiments of prosody and language. If it be argued that such mediums appeal to a limited public, it can be answered that the whole public for the pioneer poets and prosodists is regrettably of the same limitation.

For the longer poems, the case is much stronger. A poet who wrote fifteen pages of blank verse into a single poem has hitherto been destined to magazine obscurity. He has had no recourse but to publish a book, and it is true that the "Caravan" offers him an intermediary medium. It is good that Wallace Gould's "Aphrodite" can be given to the world in this way, Raymond Holden's solid and Robinsonian "Landscape with Figures," and Phelps Putnam's modern and racy pastoral, "Ballad of a Strange Thing." But why should Isidor Schneider's "Temptation of Anthony" be given a printing here? It is sixty-four pages of blank verse and perfectly capable of filling out the covers of a book.

A VERY eloquent brief can be made for the "Caravan," I believe, in the field of short fiction. There are half a dozen stories of real importance — fresh and racy uncoverings of the American scene. They are stories which a large public would like, and stories which would certainly be barred from the established magazines. Edna Bryner's "The Year at Boiling Spring" might have been written by George Meredith had he lived in America and chosen for his theme a young girl in a country schoolhouse. The technique of the piece is sufficiently strange to frighten a magazine editor — yet the craftsmanship is so sure and the emotion so authentic that it ought to be published. It is ridiculous to

blame the journeyman editor for not printing such adventures in technique, but they suggest the need of a medium that can afford to be in the literary advance guard. The stories by Elizabeth Madox Roberts and Ernest Hemingway are border-line cases: on a crisp autumn day when the sun was high, *Harper's* or the *Atlantic* might take either, but it would be by way of defiance. It is hard to find words strong enough to express the emotional power of Miss Roberts' story. Nathan Asch's excellent "The Country" might make the *American Mercury*, but it is impossible to imagine "City Love," by Eric Walrond, — a superb piece done with imagination and a fine ear, — appearing in any magazine in America. Excessive "raciness" would certainly be the editorial objection.

AND yet not all of the Caravan's stories can be classified as the above. Several might have appeared in "respectable" magazines, and several are overlong; quite dull, and should never have appeared anywhere. Robert Hillyer has written a short novel of sixty-one pages which falls between the lengths which magazine editors demand and which publishers require. The "Caravan" would seem an admirable medium, but unfortunately the piece is a pseudo-literary extravaganza of very little interest to anybody. Edmund Wilson in some thirty-nine pages of solid unmoral realism has produced a story which might have served ten years ago as a younger generation document, but which is too heavy and uninteresting for literature.

In the field of the essay, the "Caravan" seems to justify its manifesto the least. "On Living with Pictures," by Thomas Craven, might have appeared in an art magazine or in any highbrow periodical; J. Brooks Atkinson's "Blackflies Notwithstanding" with a little cutting would have fitted nicely into the *Atlantic's* "Contributor's Club." The essay on T. S. Eliot by Francis Fergusson would surely have been comfortable in the *Dial*. There remain, of course, a few examples of what a friend of mine calls "cuckoo writing," the piece by Gertrude Stein and a few others.

To sum up: From one third to one half of the "Caravan" could have appeared in other magazines, or, as in the case of the plays, in book form; the volume is by no means representative of the full pageant of American literature. It succeeds, however, rather surprisingly in opening the mind to the new currents, and in putting a rich sampling before it.

New Books in Brief Review

The Women At Point Sur. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

EVER since the publication of "Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems," a new long poem by Mr. Jeffers has been eagerly awaited by the growing circle of men and women who find his work strong and significant. This volume has not disappointed them. Certainly there are pages of powerful and vigorous expression in a form loosely but fundamentally poetic. The theme is a dark one, the story a madness of religious mania, incest, and lust, the power a strange power, the magic — such as it is — a black magic. This is not to judge a work of art as an affair of morals. I have no fault with any theme provided it be well and deftly treated, so that the beauty and the truth — even an ugly truth — of it be so presented that I want neither to laugh in the wrong place or be disgusted when I should be stirred. In this poem I find flashes — and more than flashes — of real poetry, of insight, of strong, masculine phrase. But I find, too, so complete, so utter an absence of humor, so preposterous an exaggeration of physical functions, that I am debarred from serious appreciation. It is a poem of madness, and it has all the horrible seriousness of madness; it is a poem of lust, and it has the cold seriousness of lust. Now to healthy people who revert slightly to mediæval standards, both madness and lust are more or less intrinsically comic things. Unless they are handled with a supreme delicacy there must be always something funny about the spectacle of a man furiously pursuing moonbeams or a woman. And, of course, when one exalts lust into religion or religious mania, one reaches a point where the most extreme delicacy is necessary if the gloomy madness described is not to produce in the reader a wild hilarity. Mr. Jeffers is a sincere and serious and powerful poet, but he has not yet quite discovered the dividing line between poetry and an invitation to burlesque it.

Way of Revelation. By Wilfred Ewart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.

WITH the revival of publishers' interest in the Great War has come a new edition of this fine novel dealing with that epic story. It is in every sense an "important" novel, written from the heart by one who knew whereof he spoke. It is the only novel of its author — who, after escaping from the perils of the western front, met his death from a casual bullet fired by a celebrator on New Year's Eve in Mexico City. The novel

contains nothing more ironic, nothing more tragic, than this last chapter of the young author's long adventure. This book in its new edition will find a new audience in America and, unless I am mistaken, an enthusiastic one.

Journal Of Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

"THE material of which the Journal is composed," writes John Middleton Murry in the introduction to his wife's "Journal," "is of various kinds — brief (and sometimes difficult) notes for stories, fragments of diaries, unposted letters, comments and confessions scattered through her manuscripts.

"Save for a single entry the Journal begins in 1914. The 'huge complaining diaries' of which Katherine Mansfield speaks were all destroyed. She was ruthless with her own past, and I have little doubt that what has survived is almost wholly that which for some reason or other, she wished to survive."

Admirers as well as imitators of Katherine Mansfield should read these entries, many of which were reworked later into her stories. Although fragmentary, as such material must be, the "Journal" reflects the fragile purity, the revealing simplicity which characterizes her writing, and conveys an unforgettable impression of the diarist. Each paragraph, like the brush stroke of an artist in water color, suggests vividly her spiritual vigor, her exquisite sensitiveness to environment. Tortured by constant illness, Katherine Mansfield's death in 1923 tragically fulfilled the promise of her life for which the "Journal" is a moving and beautiful epitaph.

After You, Magellan! By James Farquarson Leys, Jr. New York: The Century Co. \$4.00.

THE number of collegiates who take cue from Conrad or Kipling and set out to seek adventure among the Seven Seas is yearly growing larger. They abound on the Pacific Coast. Every cattle boat on the North Atlantic knows them. Not a few of them have cadged and blundered their way around the entire globe. And, of the few, several have written about their experiences in books. The newest among these gentleman-seaman-author-hoboes is Mr. Leys; perhaps he is also the most entertaining. At any rate, he did not — as did a Princetonian Marco Polo of the year before last — beg, steal, borrow, or otherwise impose upon good-natured steamship and railway officials

for the sake of getting a circumnavigatory something for nothing. He worked. He was in turn a mess boy, a deck hand, an able bastard, and a stevedore. In Yokohama he just missed a rating as quartermaster. In Hongkong he plied the wangle as foreman of a gang of a hundred coolie strike breakers. In Singapore he served as dancing instructor to Eurasian gold diggers. His latter end was less pleasant than his former, however; for he returned to Boston (U. S. A.) as a lowly wiper. The things he saw were seen from a sailor's point of view — from crow's nest and cargo hold, from a dock-side tea house, from a cubicle in a shabby Y. M. C. A. Within its own limits, this is a topping, informal book of travel.

The Kingdom of Theophilus. By William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

ONCE more William J. Locke has written an amusing and interesting novel, but once more he fails to live up to the high standard he set himself in "The Beloved Vagabond." Nevertheless, his new novel has much which went to make "The Beloved Vagabond" so utterly delightful — appealing characters, pathos, humor, and occasionally satire. Theophilus, a quiet, studious man, blessed with sympathy and understanding for others, is married to a thoroughly uncomfortable woman interested only in her own political activity. With her charm and vividness, Daphne awakens him and brings him, finally, into his own. His wife and Daphne make splendid contrast material, and Daphne's charm is as well depicted as his wife's lack of it. Locke always makes entertaining reading; he made no exception to this when he wrote "The Kingdom of Theophilus."

Mornings in Mexico. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN this volume Mr. Lawrence escapes from the dark valley of Freudian psychology in which his fine talent has wandered far too long. These essays on Mexico and the Mexicans are finely written, without affectation of any kind; they are brilliantly objective. Such exposition as his theory of the Mexican mind, as to how the Mexican Indian surveys the world of white people, is done patiently in a style as lucid as it is convincing. The book is an unassuming but successful "interpretation" — which one reads all the way through with pleasure in the dignified and supple prose and the strong, clear portraits.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

AT midnight on Sunday, October 2, the signal was given which was to have started revolutionary activities afoot in a dozen centers throughout the Republic of Mexico. Yet within twenty-four hours, loyal troops of the Government had subdued most of the mutinous regiments which formed the backbone of the revolt and their leaders had met death before firing squads. President PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES has assured the nation that the remaining scattered insurgent units not yet captured will be subdued shortly and their leaders summarily disposed of.

Gen. FRANCISCO R. SERRANO and Gen. ARNULFO GOMEZ seem to be the ring-leaders of the rebellious movement. The former, together with thirteen of his aides, was captured in the state of

The Leaders Morelos within twenty-four hours of the time they had left Mexico City to take command of their troops. The men were tried by court-martial, found guilty of treason, and summarily shot. Other groups in other states of Mexico were likewise apprehended, sometimes only after sharp battles. In each case, the soldiers were disarmed and their officers executed. Of the ringleaders, only General GOMEZ remains unapprehended and President CALLES promises that he will be taken shortly.

Generals SERRANO and GOMEZ have both been leading candidates for the Mexican Presidency, opposing former President ALVARO OBREGON. Their campaign slogan has been "No reelection."

Presidential Aspirants Mexico's constitution forbids any President's reelection, but followers of OBREGON are explaining that the provision refers only to consecutive terms and that a man may be returned to the Presidency as many times as the people wish providing a term elapses between his administrations. SERRANO was formerly chief of staff under OBREGON and the two were close friends from the time of the MADERO uprising. But the friendship dwindled into open enmity during the past few months culminating in the abortive revolutionary movement.

At the call of Chairman WILLIAM MORGAN BUTLER, members of the Republican National Committee mysteriously assembled in Washington. The gathering was scheduled for October 3, and its reasons were ostensibly to arrange details for a meeting on December 6 at which the city to be favored with the 1928 Republican National Convention

will be named and the final apportionment of delegates made. But the rumors which always surround a meeting of party chiefs have been freely circulating around Washington. It is pointed out that arrangements for the December get-together could have been made quite as well by mail and all sorts of mysterious reasons are being found for this preliminary round table. The committeemen were favored with one of the Vermont breakfasts at the White House on October 5.

The Week

¶ Revolution in Mexico. A speedy victory for the Government. And two Presidential candidates are eliminated. ¶ Republican party chiefs in Washington. Why? ¶ The Democrats will meet in January. And perhaps will discuss the two-thirds rule. ¶ Young Teddy speaks his mind. But apparently not that of the Republican party chiefs so far as Al Smith is concerned. ¶ A tornado in St. Louis. Five minutes of terrible destruction. ¶ The Red Cross and Flood Control. ¶ Tariff. France doesn't see a principle involved. But President Coolidge is grieved. A business basis. ¶ Premier Poincaré would like to talk over the war debts. He is nervous about the Chamber. And wants a safeguard clause. ¶ The Columbia comes to grief. And Mr. Levine will come home by the *Leviathan*. ¶ Hindenburg becomes a national idol.

January 8 has been selected by the Democratic National Committee as the date for its meeting in Washington to decide problems similar to those which the Republicans will consider in December. A seat for the 1928 national convention must be picked and the matter of finally apportioning delegates is to be completed. Beyond that, it appears that some consideration may be given to abolition of the two-thirds rule at conventions. This stipulation, which is not in force at Republican conventions, requires the Democratic nominee to receive the votes of two thirds of the delegates. There is some talk of amending the rule to make majority selection possible after a certain number of ballots have failed to pick a candidate by the two-thirds rule.

Another Republican meeting, held in

Rochester, New York, on the last day of September, has also attracted wide attention. The occasion was the convention of the Republican organization of New York State, and the focal point of interest was the keynote speech of Col. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, temporary chairman. Young TEDDY's point of departure was the great national blessing which the Republican Administration has conferred upon the nation, with which he contrasted a gloomy picture of New York State's government under the governorship of AL SMITH. The reputation which Governor SMITH has achieved for sound, efficient, economical policies is belied by the facts, explained the keynoter to the delegates. New York's chief executive had been floating enormous bond issues on the one hand and reducing taxes on the other to curry the favor of the voters. His policy on the judiciary was likewise open to criticism. Although Governor SMITH had expressed approval of a nonpartisan judiciary, according to Colonel ROOSEVELT he had filled Republican vacancies with Democrats.

But the greatest emphasis of the keynote speech was placed upon the governor's alleged subservience to Tammany. "A man must be judged by the company he keeps, and though we do not question the personal integrity of Governor SMITH he is sponsored and backed by Tammany Hall. Next to being corrupt yourself is tolerating it in your supporters. . . . The Democratic organization of the City of Albany is an annex of Tammany Hall and an apt student of Tammany methods. There the lid has blown off. Gambling pools and all manner of vice and corruption are being exposed. The red-light district has crawled to the very steps of the State Capitol. . . . For the first time in the history of the nation, the shadow of Tammany Hall lies athwart the White House. It is in our power to dispel that shadow this autumn. By electing a strong majority in the Legislature we can serve notice on the nation that New York will be found in the Republican column in the Presidential election next year."

The swelling peroration of the colonel's speech has not found great favor, either with the delegates at Rochester or with national leaders in Washington. Though there have been no direct

Disapproval quotations of disapproval, it is understood that Republican leaders favor the interpretation that young ROOSEVELT was speaking his own mind and that his indictment of the executive should not be thought of as the sense of

the convention. No great objection was brought against the criticism of Governor SMITH's policies which was held to be good campaign material, but the insinuations regarding corruption — particularly mention of the "red-light district" — caused grave apprehension."

A tornado swept through St. Louis, Missouri, on September 29. It lasted about five minutes and when it had passed, more than ninety persons lay dead, 1,500 had been injured, and thousands had been made homeless. Damage, it is estimated, will reach \$100,000,000 before the final audit is made. The tornado struck the city at one o'clock in the afternoon. By 1.05 it had cut its path of destruction through the residential and outlying districts and was screaming off to the northeast. In St. Louis alone, an irregular area of about six square miles was destroyed. The tornado was of the usual twisting sort and much of its damage was created by "air explosions" within buildings as it passed along, its terrific velocity creating a vacuum which the air within the house rushed out to meet. Many poorer dwellings were entirely razed; better constructed buildings were torn and twisted by the force of the wind. The 138th Infantry, a Missouri National Guard regiment, was called out to patrol the streets in the devastated area. Operatives of the Red Cross were organizing relief stations almost immediately, and the city was soon caring for its trouble privately, refusing outside aid.

President COOLIDGE was the principal speaker at the annual convention of the Red Cross in Washington. In an address on October 3, he devoted most of his remarks to a review of the organization's work in helping to liquidate the Mississippi disaster. The Red Cross had received contributions of more than \$17,000,000 to care for relief work in the devastated areas, he announced, ample to carry its work beyond the first of the year. In touching on the problem of flood control which must be solved by the seventieth Congress, the President announced that "in the solution of the problem we shall advance our system of inland waterways. . . . We propose to solve the problem of flood control that such a situation may never again have to be met."

The situation between the United States and France over the latter nation's sudden boosting of import rates upon certain commodities manufactured in the United States has hardly been clarified during the week. President COOLIDGE is understood to be "grieved" at France's action. On October 4 he intimated to correspondents that he regarded it as discrimination against this country. The United States does not wish to be thought

of as desiring to dictate France's tariff policy, he said, but it does believe itself entitled to favors given other nations.

The latest French note to this country — which has not been made public — is understood to deny this nation's right to this country to equal treatment with other nations unless a specific arrangement is made to that end. France is desirous of talking the whole matter over on a business basis. Mr. COOLIDGE feels that a principle is involved. But Paris is understood to believe that it is merely a matter of business between the two countries which should be adjusted from that point of view. France is anxious that her recent rate-raising tendencies be not construed in this country as an attempt to put herself at the head of an alleged united European movement to curtail American commerce abroad. The volume of American exports to France which is affected by the new rates is extremely small, it is pointed out. The sum of \$10,000,000 involved represents about 2½ per cent of our total trade with France.

The matter of funding France's war-time debt to the United States will be the subject of conversations soon between our State Department and the French Foreign Office, so it is rumored. The funding agreement reached between former Ambassador

HENRI BÉRENGER and Secretary MELLON has never been ratified by the French Parliament and our Congress is not likely to do much about it until France has either accepted or rejected it. Secretary KELLOGG has denied that the subject of the debts has been brought to the State Department's attention, and to have intimated that it would be difficult to reopen the matter now since the World War Debt Funding Commission has ceased to exist. Premier RAYMOND POINCARÉ, however, is nervous about bringing the debt accord of M. Bérenger before the Chamber of Deputies without a "safeguard clause," a concession which Secretary MELLON refused when the agreement was drawn. The purpose of such a clause would be to relieve the French from making payments should Germany default in her reparations payments under the Dawes Plan. When JOSEPH CAILLAUX was French Finance Minister and reached a debt accord with Great Britain, no safeguard clause was included, but the sense of one was reached in an exchange of notes which took place after the accord was signed. This was supposed to have the same force as though included in the pact itself. France now has temporary debt agreements with both this country and Great Britain. The former expires in June, 1928, and the latter in March of the same year. Premier POINCARÉ intends that something shall be done about these before the end of their usefulness.

The present aspirations of CHARLES A.

LEVINE who holds with CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN the long-distance flight record for his flight from Mitchell Field, Long Island, to Germany, came to a sudden end a few miles from Rome on October 4.

A forced landing when the *Columbia's* engine suddenly went dead wrecked the plane, but the pilot, Capt. WALTER R. HINCHLIFFE, together with LEVINE and LOUIS FERDINAND, Prince of Orleans, escaped without injury. The landing gear was smashed, one of the wings broken, the propeller snapped, and the engine badly damaged. LEVINE is undecided whether to have the craft repaired in Italy or to ship it back to this country. But he is through flying for the moment and will return to this country shortly by ordinary steamer instead of trying the air route as he had planned. Italy's Premier, BENITO MUSSOLINI, has expressed the greatest admiration for LEVINE and granted him an enthusiastic interview.

CURTIS D. WILBUR, Secretary of the Navy, has revealed that it is the present policy of his Department to keep in operation what have been frequently referred to as "political navy yards" on the ground that their only excuse for existence was the local politicians' unwillingness to give them up. Rear Admiral THOMAS P. MAGRUDER recently criticized their upkeep in a *Saturday Evening Post* article which charged the Navy with extravagance and failure to liquidate war-time conditions. Mr. WILBUR admitted frankly that in so far as the work they do is concerned, a number of the yards might be decommissioned, but he believes that they must be regarded as a necessary safeguard for the emergency of war. Rear Admiral W. A. MOFFATT, chief of the Bureau of Aëronautics, is another critic of Admiral MAGRUDER's article. He does not believe that the Navy is over-officered at present. "Why, we cannot get them fast enough," he is quoted as saying.

President PAUL VON HINDENBURG of Germany has become his nation's idol. Upon his eightieth birthday, 600,000 men, women, and children gathered in Berlin for a monster celebration which lasted from early morning, October 2 was the day when the former field marshal reached his full four-score years. The center of his nation's greeting was to have been in the great stadium which accommodates 100,000. But all along the route, crowds were packed to cheer the venerable President. There was one unfavorable demonstration upon the part of the Communists which was quickly broken up by police. One or two of the self-conscious patriotic organizations refused to salute the nation's chief executive; but the great rank and file of Germany turned out in enthusiastic acclaim.

Columbia Crashes

Political Navy Yards

The Debts Again

Flood Control

Mr. Coolidge Is Grieved

The Editor Steps Down

IT was only reluctantly that the contributor of the following letter consented to its publication, and then only because his own convictions, and even his doubts, on the subject of the Sacco-Vanzetti case were so deeply rooted. In deference to his wishes we withhold his name. And as if such were necessary, we reprint as evidence of his sincerity the note with which the writer prefaced his comments. "This letter is old," he writes. "I have been holding it to see if the lapse of time would change my feeling. It doesn't. So I send it, hoping the truth will sometime be known."

We realize, too, that to all intents and purposes the Sacco-Vanzetti case is ended. But we realize as well that thinking men and women throughout the world have not yet reconciled the outcome with their own opinions, and that the mere execution of the two convicted murderers cannot in a moment make an end of the controversy. For this reason if for no other we feel that the letter is as pertinent now as it would have been two months ago, and are grateful that we may publish it in these columns.

DEAR SIR:

I know it is an awful job to determine where we shall stand, or land, on the Sacco-Vanzetti case. I have just read your very extensive "last word" in your issue of September 3. I also read the article in the *New Republic*, which condemned Massachusetts public opinion as a whole, whereas we know, as a matter of fact, that public opinion was divided. Some even assert that Governor Fuller went against public opinion in Massachusetts in not granting a pardon — or commuting sentence.

¶But I suppose it is a good deal like the world war. We did not blame the German people at first, but as the welter grew, the world "decided" that the German people were to blame. So I suppose the *New Republic* feels that Massachusetts as a whole must be blamed, assuming as they do that Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent.

¶As to the innocence or guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti, I myself confess that I am not yet convinced. You say that Massachusetts will not punish by death warrant a foreigner, a radical, a Socialist, a Communist, an agitator, or an anarchist. Last evening, in my house, a friend who represents the old New England element of Revolutionary times stated definitely to this effect, that Sacco and Vanzetti should have been executed as a danger to society, whether guilty of murder or not. I have heard the same view expressed by others in my own circle of life.

¶I believe it is this view, which I began to hear when the agitation for retrial began, that first raised the doubt in my own mind, and still gives me a "consciousness of guilt" over the outcome. However, I do not believe that public opinion in Massachusetts killed Sacco and Vanzetti,

guilty or innocent. It was the technical working of our legal machinery, which, as events proved, is defective, as you admit.

¶If Sacco and Vanzetti are justly executed for a deed they are believed to have committed, what are we to do with judges who are indiscreet? It seems to me that we must do something about it or the world will still believe that we are whitewashing the defects of our court procedure. ¶You state that the jury and the investigators distrusted the defense evidence. While I have the greatest faith in the investigators, I cannot reconcile such complete distrust. Some of this defense evidence must have been credible. It was credible.

¶My mind has gone along with THE INDEPENDENT's attitude in this matter until you come to the acceptance of the investigators' report as final. These men are intelligent, honest, and sincere, but they are not above human error or a certain amount of human prejudice, and from the very beginning of this affair down to date, the radical issue has affected the feelings and judgment of every one of us, *one way or the other*.

¶These men are dead. A certain amount of hysteria and tension has been released, but I do not believe the last word has been said. The question has become one about which people disagree and always will. I do not think we should take the attitude that Massachusetts is right, or always will be right, in her court proceedings or decisions. Something was wrong with court procedure in this instance.

¶I doubt not that France thought she was as much misunderstood by the world in the Dreyfus case as Massachusetts feels that the world misjudges her in this case. Jews agitated for Dreyfus, as Italians did for Sacco and Vanzetti. Foreigners joined in the clamor in both cases. Nowhere, in my recollection, was there a stronger demand for a retrial of Dreyfus than in Massachusetts.

¶I write as a friend of THE INDEPENDENT and a well-wisher.

AMONG the letters which have come in to our office recently commenting on Dr. Albert C. Dieffenbach's article as published in the magazine a month ago, this one from the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Fall River, Massachusetts, seems to us particularly worthy of notice.

DEAR SIR:

Personally I welcome your printing of the article in the September 17 number on "The Lost Leaders of Protestantism" as good journalism and timely: it is excellent to have put forth into the open personalities which are usually spoken in private conversation and not to be quoted.

¶All the same, when it comes to the content of the article, there will be those like

myself to disagree. For the substance of this diatribe is a heated dressing-down of various preachers because they do not continue belaboring Fundamentalism but keep the even tenor of their way, emphasizing what they are sure of and their points of agreement with the church at large, wasting no time in enlarging upon what they do not and cannot believe. This is the sum of their offending. To say of Dr. Fosdick that "his temper is 'evangelical'" and "he does not like a fight" rouses the scorn and evokes the anathemas of one like our author whose religious ideas are apparently negative, negative, nothing but negative.

¶In his quoting of President Coffin — "the best preaching is damnation" — he sets the remark in a context and surrounds it with implications which look like a willful misunderstanding of it. Surely Dr. Dieffenbach, of all men, is in no position to condemn such a statement, for in this whole article I am objecting to he is pouring forth "damnation" in the sense — not at all the Fundamentalist sense — which Dr. Coffin had in mind, as must become plain by a most casual reading of the sermon referred to.

¶And how easily, one may almost say how spitefully, Dr. Dieffenbach misreads the motives of his "lost leaders." He refers to the "new safety-pulpit era." That is to say, ministers see that Dr. Fosdick was separated from his church because of his sermon "Shall the Fundamentalists Win?" and so they sing small lest they lose their places. But is it not clear for one thing that Dr. Fosdick suffered no real penalty, merely changing to an even larger sphere of influence? And cannot it be conceived that he and the other men referred to, having registered themselves publicly as unalterably opposed to Fundamentalist ideas, might prefer to devote themselves henceforward to building up the positive convictions which this day needs as it cannot be said to need controversy?

¶The fact is, Dr. Dieffenbach loves pitching into a theological quarrel and "sic-ing" other men on to it. He may talk about "freedom" — "there is no salvation except in intellectual freedom" — and "prophets" and accuse the *Christian Century* of being "tepid and flaccid," but really what he misses is a fight to a finish. He will continue to be disappointed not only in these significant leaders but in the rank and file of our forward-looking liberal Protestant clergy. We try to use terms which make no negative references; we are striving first, not for victory for our side, but for usefulness, leadership to a confused generation. So that Dr. Dieffenbach's cheer-leading attempts leave us cold and his scoldings about "lost leaders" will waken no response in any earnestly religious spirit.

¶The truth needs to be modernly put, and it is not so stated, unmistakably and stirringly, as yet. That is to be granted, but it is not because of any lack of freedom. We ministers, high and low, hereabouts at least, have all the freedom we

could desire: what we lack is power, concentration, energy of life and thought. We would fain devote ourselves to our peculiar task, expressing ourselves pointedly but ever positively until the "new orthodoxy" is as definite and tangible as the old one was. But controversy and theological inquisition, whether conservative or liberal, will not be a part of it. We deprecate that sort of thing among the Fundamentalists: why should we take it on? In brief we are that detested thing, "evangelicals," and refuse to be stampeded by Dr. Dieffenbach's militaristic brand of Unitarianism.

JOHN E. LeBOSQUET.

We cannot but appreciate the sincerity and thoughtfulness of this letter; and we realize fully that it expresses the point of view of many reasonable men among both the clergy and the laity. At the same time, we feel that Dr. LeBosquet is missing the main issue raised by Dr. Dieffenbach in his article. What Dr. Dieffenbach stresses, and what our contributor seems to ignore, is the fact that Protestant preachers, supposedly liberal in their beliefs, who should be discussing and teaching theology, are shirking the controversial hazards of that subject and devoting themselves to social theorizing and commenting from their pulpits upon matters of social importance which, whatever they once were, are today chiefly of temporal concern. Religion is undoubtedly in close contact with secular life, — we imagine Dr. Dieffenbach would be the last man to deny that, for he opens his discussion with the statement that religion is a "public function," — but theology is the foundation of any religion and should receive the first evaluation and interpretation of the preacher, particularly in this day when the gulf between the Modernist and the Fundamentalist theologies is so wide — and seemingly increasing all the time.

IN this connection, it will interest our readers to learn that in an early issue we expect to publish an article presenting the case for Fundamentalism as seen by Dr. William Bell Riley, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, president of the Christian Fundamentals Association and an outstanding leader among militant Fundamentalists. It will be recalled that Dr. Riley was the particular irritant to the Modernists of the Middle West during the legislative battle discussed in THE INDEPENDENT last January by Bruce Tarrant in his article, "Minnesota: Modern or Mediæval?"

It is hardly necessary to state that in requesting Dr. Riley to set down his views for THE INDEPENDENT we in no way indicate a change of attitude on our part toward the whole controversy. We feel, however, that our readers will find it useful to have the opinions of leaders on both sides.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN AIRPLANES. 1. Mr. Martyn begins his article with a "classical allusion," that to the story of Dædalus and Icarus. Is it effective? What danger lies in the too frequent use of such allusions? 2. Make a table for your own convenience, listing on one page the successful transoceanic flights of 1927, and on another the unsuccessful. You will find material for this in files of current periodicals. How do the pages balance? On the face of the evidence, are the odds for or against the success of an aviator making a long flight across water? 3. From the material you have gathered write an expository article reviewing the events of distance flying in 1927. 4. What, if any, is the value of transoceanic flights? Have this year's flights over the Atlantic and Pacific been of any scientific value? Have they advanced the science of aviation? Discuss the pros and cons of these questions, with reference to Mr. Martyn's statements. 5. Mr. Martyn comments on the falsity of the usual comparison between grade-crossing fatalities and fatalities in aviation. How would you go about making an accurate comparison, avoiding the mistake generally made? Would such a comparison result favorably for the airplane, or for the automobile? 6. Mr. Martyn opposes legislation to govern long-distance flights. Are you with him on this point? Draw a brief for an argument for or against legislation regulating distance flights. 7. Translate and paraphrase: *per aspera ad astra*. What bearing has this phrase on the point Mr. Martyn is making? 8. Summarize in writing in as few words as possible Mr. Martyn's attitude toward distance flights.

AL'S CHANCES IN DIXIE. 1. IN THE INDEPENDENT for October 8, Mr. George Fort Milton described the Democratic party as being in a quandary because of the retirement of Mr. McAdoo from the field of potential candidates. Mr. Milton's sentiment was decidedly anti-Smith. In the present article Mr. Jiggitts gives a more or less impartial view of the political situation in a particular quarter of the South. See if you are able to tell in which direction he inclines; whether he is pro-Smith or anti-Smith, or somewhere between. Does his presentation of facts jibe with Mr. Milton's? 2. Notice that in discussing the campaign for governorship Mr. Jiggitts deals only with the Democratic primaries, leaving the Republican side out of the picture. Why is he justified in doing this? Why should he seem to consider nomination on the Democratic ticket equivalent to election? 3. What does the author mean by "last-minute campaign thunder?" Discuss the value of last-minute campaign blows, referring back to the use of such blows in national political campaigns. 4. Notice the importance of the Ku-Klux Klan as a factor in politics. Compare the evident purposes of the present-day Klan with those of the original. Do you find that the new Klan is in reality a revival of the old one? In what Northern State has the Klan recently been much involved in politics? 5. Mr. Jiggitts suggests that Southern delegates to the convention may be rallied behind Smith provided a Southerner is advanced as his running mate. What do you think of such a move as a piece of political strategy? What Southern Democrats besides "Pat" Harrison might be available for the Vice Presidency? 6. After reviewing the facts, do you think it likely that "Al Smith's destiny" will lie in Mississippi?

SOMETHING NEW FOR YOUR MONEY. 1. In considering this article, make sure you understand the terms. Define "capital," "corporation," "debentures," "preferred shares," "common shares," "securities." 2. Distinguish between stocks and bonds. 3. How do you account for the sudden growth of investment trusts in the United States? 4. Explain in your own words the purposes for which in-

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vestment trusts have been created. 5. Make two parallel lists, one of the advantages, the other of the disadvantages you see in these trusts. 6. If you had a small sum of money to invest, would you be inclined to place it with an investment trust? If you had a large sum would you place it with such an organization? 7. Write a brief argument for or against the investment trust as a financial agent.

In searching for material on this or any other current subject you will find the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature," obtainable in almost any public or school library, a valuable aid.

A Welcome Return

With the issue of October 22 THE INDEPENDENT will resume the publication of

Back Stage in Washington

as a regular weekly feature

A year ago when plans for this department were being made, we felt sure that this new idea would win both wide and warm approval, but no one could have foreseen the reverberations it has caused in the arena of national politics

Information published for the first time in

Back Stage in Washington

has been discussed in the United States Senate Chamber and the halls of Congress. Political personages of both parties denied, debated, and dodged some of the questions it has raised

Newspapers in almost every city in the country have quoted it at least once—many comment upon it frequently

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A DEATHLY silence has fallen upon the leading candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination. A hush has come over the field, and only the raucous song of the insurgents, accompanied by the staccato notes of Senator Borah, suggests that there is one aspirant left alive. It is the pause before the storm.



Out at Sinsippi Farm Mr. Lowden welcomes one thousand backers with his old saw, "No man in all our history has run away from the Presidency." But he was considerably "oppressed," he confesses, when it seemed likely he would gain

the nomination at Chicago in 1920. He felt the weight of responsibility already settling upon him, and was relieved, in a way, when the convention swung to Harding. One is given the impression that Mr. Lowden does not wish to be dragged into the open quite yet, and is endeavoring to "lie low." Over in Evanston Mr. Dawes is presumably enjoying his cesspool pipe and biding his time. There

is nothing to be gained by announcing his candidacy at this early day, as the general so well knows.

In New York City Mr. Hughes goes about his law practice, regarding with evident reluctance all efforts to push him back into politics. He manifests no concern when there is talk of raising his name at the Republican State Convention, or when the talk subsides and the Convention indorses no one. Down in Washington Mr. Hoover ponders over problems of commerce and directs the activities of the Radio Conference, far too absorbed to talk about candidacies. All is quiet along the Potomac.

With December, and the meeting of the Republican National Committee to choose a convention city, we expect to see a stir. There will be some intimation by that time of the direction in which the wind is blowing, and between then and June the candidates will have to come into the open. "Barkis is willin'" will become the popular attitude.

In the meantime, let no one be deceived by the strategic modesty of our Presidential "possibilities." When the storm breaks, most of them will be found available. Mr. Lowden is justified in reiterating his truism about running away.

Jim Reed Opens Fire

QUIET may prevail in the Republican political camp, but not in the Democratic now that Jim Reed is officially on deck. A more merry hornpipe than that danced by the Senator at Missouri's State-wide Democratic rally and barbecue has not been seen off the high seas these many years. Senator Reed makes no bones of the fact that he is White House bound, and if the acclaim given him by 10,000 Missourians at the barbecue is any indication, he will carry the Missouri delegation in his pocket to the Democratic National Convention. He made last week's gathering the occasion for a smashing invective against Republican policy, particularly against the unfortunate Administration of Warren G. Harding. When Harding was inaugurated, he thundered, "corrupt and sinister financial conspiracies to all intents and purposes took possession of the Government, and have ever since exercised a dominant control."

"What we need," he said, "is an American policy. What we need is an American Administration that thinks only in the terms of America and labors for the interests, of our own people. An Administration guilty of such transactions as I have described ought to be driven from power and buried in the grave of shame." And before he finished the vigorous Senator inquired why, during the Senate investigation of the notorious oil scandals, Mr. Coolidge "remained as mum and inactive as a Boston oyster stranded on a beach in the month of August." This is lively, entertaining oratory of a style we hear less often than in the more florid days of political campaigning, but it does not altogether ring true.

Senator Reed is a fiery orator, an excellent extemporizer, a destructive critic fully capable of demonstrating his powers at any time, but nowhere on any occasion has he been known to say or do anything constructive. He is adept at pulling things to pieces, but to all appearances incapable of building things to replace them. Prosecuting attorneys have their usefulness, but it is doubtful if the American people want one in the White House.

The Dregs in the Teapot

CIVIL proceedings against participants in the oil-lease transactions of the Harding Administration were brought to an end in Washington last week. The Supreme Court upheld unanimously the decision of the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, canceling the lease of the Teapot Dome Naval Reserve oil fields made by former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall to Harry F. Sinclair. In demanding the return of the property to the Government the court held "that Fall so favored Sinclair and the making of the lease and agreement that it was not possible for him loyally or faithfully to

serve the interests of the United States or impartially to consider the applications of others for leases in the reserve, and that the lease and agreements were made fraudulently by means of collusion and conspiracy between them." Combined with the unanimous ruling of February, in which the court held that the Elk Hills oil transaction between Edward L. Doheny and the same Mr. Fall was fraudulent, the decision constitutes a sweeping victory for the Government. The Government has regained control of both the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills properties, and discredit is heaped upon Messrs. Fall, Doheny, and Sinclair.

The criminal suits against the participants are still in progress. Doheny and Fall have been tried for conspiracy to defraud the Government and found not guilty. They will go on trial again charged with bribery. In the meantime, Sinclair and Fall are to be tried for conspiracy to defraud.

The whole affair is a smudge upon our history which no amount of retributive justice can altogether wipe out. It is surprising, considering the magnitude of the exposure, that the public has manifested so little interest. If the Democratic party had been stronger in 1924 it might have made use of the oil-lease scandals as political capital. Now, even with "Jim" Reed exploding at a Missouri barbecue, it seems too late.

Rationalizing Time

MOSES B. COTSWORTH is a man with an idea, and he has stuck to it through lean years and years of plenty, through thick and thin. His idea is to put into effect an "international fixed calendar" providing a year of thirteen months with twenty-eight days each. One day—New Year's Day—is left over for good measure, and every fourth year—leap year—there are two of these left-over days. All holidays are arranged in the new calendar to come on Monday. Certainly it is a more logical system, taken all in all, than that of the Gregorian calendar to which the Western World has clung for upward of three centuries.

In fact, objection may be made on the ground that it is too logical, that it marks one of the last steps in the mechanization of modern civilization. Even our holidays will be arranged on an efficiency basis. And there is no doubt but that it raises havoc with religious and national holidays, as well as with birthdays and private anniversaries. Those unfortunate enough to have come into the world on the twenty-ninth, thirtieth, or thirty-first of a month, will find that they never were born at all.

Mr. Cotsworth has helped a League of Nations committee to consider 185 plans for calendar readjustment of which his is adjudged one of the two most practicable. He has enlisted the support of prominent business men throughout the United

States who believe that the thirteen-month calendar will benefit them, and who point out that accountants are in many cases using such a calendar system already. With Mr. George Eastman, retired manufacturer of cameras, he will canvass the directors of the United States Chamber of Commerce when they meet on October 18.

Sticking it out seems to have brought at least a glimpse of success to Mr. Cotsworth. We hesitate to make an Oliver Optic hero out of him, but it appears that persistence, in this case, has borne fruit. As for the thirteen-month calendar — we wonder. We have confessed its logic, but we doubt its chances.

Another Piece in the Chinese Puzzle

WE have already pointed out the difficulties which confront the American newspaper reader who attempts to discover what is happening today in China. Nine times out of ten Chinese names are only Chinese to him, and he is not helped by the conflicting dispatches in which they are jangled and jumbled. At last, however, a movement which deserves his attention has grown out of the lull in the Chinese civil war. It involves three main figures who are not hard to distinguish. On one side there is



Chang Tso-lin, iron man of the North, the Manchurian war lord who holds Peking. On the other is Feng Yu-hsiang, "the Christian General," in command of the Southern, or Nationalist, forces moving from the South toward the capital. Between them, but joining forces with the latter, is Yen Shih-san, governor of Shansi Province. Yen Shih-san has long been the man on the fence, the indeterminate factor, courted by Northern and Southern forces alike. Now, according to authoritative reports, he has climbed down on the side of the Nationalists and is uniting with Feng in a drive upon Peking. Not only is he allowing Nationalist armies to cross his territories, but he is adding his support, regarded as carrying considerable weight, to their advance. He is represented as having made this move not for personal gain, but for the good of the Nationalist cause.

As a result of this movement Chang seems literally to be fighting with his back to the wall. His outposts in the vicinity of Peking are endeavoring to beat off the united invaders. If the outposts fail, as there is reason to believe they may, the capital will fall into the hands of the Nationalists — Feng and Yen Shih-san. In that event, Chang will be forced into a retreat upon Manchuria, where he is likely to be left undisturbed for a while.

We do not predict that the capture of Peking would put an end to civil strife and chaos in China,

for Chang would still hold sway in Manchuria, and there would still be plenty of room for dissension among the Nationalist generals themselves. But it might be a step in the direction of peace. At least it would strengthen the Nationalist position and clarify somewhat the complicated issues of strife.

Let Them Come In

THE problem of the Japanese on the Pacific Coast is brought to the fore again by the report of Sidney L. Gulick to the National Committee on American-Japanese Relations and the Federal Council of Churches. Mr. Gulick, after a visit of two months on the coast, writes that "in general, anti-Japanese agitation has ceased. The press has stopped discussing the Japanese question, and there is apparently no popular interest in it. It is generally assumed that the problems have been permanently settled by the Alien Land Laws and the Exclusion Law of 1924."

But, he continues, anti-Japanese prejudice still manifests itself wherever Japanese seek to buy property and build, or strive in any way to improve their status. The problem of the "second generation" of Japanese in this country is beginning to make itself felt, and will become increasingly acute during the next decade. It is a twofold problem, involving the economic and the social status of the American-born Japanese. Statistics available in October, 1926, showed that there were 63,749 members of this second generation then in the United States. The number is not increasing so rapidly as the anti-Japanese agitators predicted; in fact, the birth rate among Japanese in California seems to be hardly greater than that among whites.

The Japanese seem to be facing a discouraging situation with dogged determination to make the best of it, but with little hope of seeing any change made in the present laws either by Californian or national legislators. The exclusion law does not affect most of them save as a matter of race dignity and honor . . . what really affect them all in a practical way are the drastic Alien Land Laws. . . . They cannot count on reaping the rewards of their industry, diligence, skill, and thrift in agriculture. They cannot return to Japan, for their children are too much Americanized, and living conditions in Japan are even more precarious than in California.

Mr. Gulick declares that neither the Federal Council of Churches nor the Committee on American-Japanese Relations is endeavoring to secure early introduction into Congress of a bill to place Japanese immigration under the quota provision of the law of 1924, but he does not conceal his belief that such a move should be made eventually. We are inclined to agree with him that the Japanese exclusion clause should be abrogated. Japanese

immigration could be easily regulated under quota restriction, and the affront of the exclusion clause would be removed. We believe, furthermore, that the Alien Land Laws should be reconsidered in the light of their effect on the second generation.

Keeping a River in Check

TWO hundred million dollars is something more than pocket money even in the financial scheme of a government, but we think it is not too much to spend for Mississippi flood control provided the river may thereby be brought within bounds. The flood-control committee appointed by the President and headed by Judge Edwin B. Parker is expected to recommend that the Federal Government expend this sum in carrying out a plan of levee building and spillway construction over a period of ten years. The building of impounding reservoirs or the projection of a scheme for reforestation on the watersheds would incur additional expense. Keeping our greatest and most turbulent river where it belongs promises to be no dollar-a-year job.

While Congress has heretofore created the Mississippi River Commission and authorized it to spend as much as \$10,000,000 annually, certain States adjoining the river have always contributed to the cost of levee building. It is understood that under the Parker plan the Federal Government will bear the burden alone, and at this point we see opposition forming among our legislators. But whatever Congress may think of this or any other phase of the forthcoming Parker plan, we hope it will look upon the problem of flood control as one for nonpartisan action and not as an opportunity for logrolling or raiding the pork barrel. Admittedly there should be Federal action — action while the experience of the last flood period is fresh in our minds and before the disaster of last spring is forgotten in the welter of routine business. Matters will not be helped if, as anticipated in some quarters, a bill for flood control is complicated by riders dealing with the Boulder Dam project and other Congressional favorites.

The "13" Menace

OF all the ingenious safety devices adopted recently by our railways, none is more simple in operation than that sponsored by officials of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. We expect to discover within the year that the Burlington is the safest railway in the world, for by way of added service to the public it has abolished from its time-tables all trains numbered "13." Number 13 will charge across the prairies hereafter as Number 77, 23, or 146, and the superstitious traveler may feel sure when he starts for Omaha that he will reach his destination without accident.

We notice that in the time-tables of several other

lines the number "13" is conspicuous by its absence, and infer that the Burlington may not be the pioneer in adopting the new safety measure. We suggest that in the further interests of safe travel the railways see to it that no train arrives anywhere or departs from anywhere at thirteen minutes before or thirteen minutes after the hour. Coupled with campaigns to exterminate the black cat and to prohibit the use of painters' ladders this move might make the world a considerably safer place for democracy. It would follow directly the precedent set by New York builders who have defied natural laws by constructing twenty and thirty-story apartments which have no thirteenth floor. And, it would add to the peace of mind of modern travelers who retain a respect for mediæval tradition.

Dark Words for the Farmer

WE do not share with Dr. A. A. Mitten, Philadelphia financier, the apprehension that American farmers are likely to go Communist. Dr. Mitten seems to have overshot the range of probability in his recent address before the National Business Conference at the Babson Institute. Prof. "Billy" Dodd of the University of Chicago has already promised American farmers that if present tendencies continue they will wake up some morning and find themselves reduced to the lot of peasants. And now Dr. Mitten emerges from placid Philadelphia and piles Communism on top of peasantry. Dark days for the Corn Belt, the Wheat Belt, the Cotton Belt, and all other agricultural circles, if these things are to befall us!

But for our part, we are inclined to be optimistic. The farmer appears to us too conservative for Communism, and too American for peasantry. Even the supposed radicals of Wisconsin fall short of advocating a Communistic régime, and the average American agriculturalist would be inclined to throw down a thirty-foot well any Soviet emissary who entered his doorway with the proposition that his cornfield, along with his barns and farm machinery, should become common property. As for peasantry, the activities of the farm "bloc" in Congress have been sufficient up to the present time to convince us that the farmers are not going to don wooden shoes and an inferiority complex.

What the farmer is likely to do, in our opinion, is to raise a tremendous rumpus in the sessions of the next Congress, and perhaps in the coming Presidential campaign, unless that Congress accomplishes something in the way of farm relief. Instead of falling victim to Communism or subsiding into placidity, the American farmer is continuing to demand loudly that something be done for him. As Congress rolls up its sleeves and goes through a round of shadow boxing we have the feeling that the farmer is going to be given the time of his life.

Demoting the Half Gods of College

THAT a college is as good and no better than its football team is an axiom firmly written into the mind of the average American. If you doubt this, ask the man who sits next to you on the subway train, or the gentleman whose barbaric yaup goes up from beside you on the stadium bleachers. Although he may not be himself a college graduate, he can tell you a good deal about the relative standing of our institutions of supposedly higher learning. You will hear of the great advances made recently by Bunkton, which won not a game in 1926, but has suffered no defeat this season. You will learn something about sturdy little Camembert, unheralded in the academic world until it defeated one of the big thirteen and proved itself of All-American stature. Doubtless there will be mention of unfortunate Moronia, which failed to perfect a defense against the forward pass and fell into the slough of despond at the very bottom of the college ranking. Or ask the thoughtful alumnus what is happening at his Alma Mater. "Nothing," he is likely to say. "The old place isn't what it used to be. Why, we lost to the Pink Tornado last week."

The gossip of the friendly stranger and the lament of the virile alumnus are indications of football's tendency to run away with the colleges. This tendency is not one which needs further illumination. It flashed into controversy two years ago, when out of an article in *THE INDEPENDENT* by George Owen, Jr., former All-American half back, grew a discussion on the overemphasis of the game. A battle of pros and cons was waged in the press at that time, and means were suggested for placing football on a more reasonable and less spectacular footing. After two years, what has happened? Has intercollegiate football become any less a business or any more a sport? Has its gladiatorial quality been removed? There is no evidence of a single step in this direction. New stadiums have been built, each one bigger and better than its predecessor; new rules have made the game more of a good show; new intersectional contests have been arranged to convince the West that the East knows how, or to convince the East that it knows nothing of the kind. President Hopkins of Dartmouth suggests changes to the student governing body of his institution, but they are rejected. Harvard abandons a game with Princeton, theoretically to lessen the season's tension, but goes immediately in search of one with Pennsylvania to keep its formidable schedule intact. Temple University, once scarcely known beyond the reaches of Philadelphia, springs into the ranks of the celebrated by virtue of having a "powerful scoring machine." The football spectacle grows unchecked.

The financial stake involved is one of the elements which make it difficult to curb football. Football dollars at a majority of colleges are sufficient not only to pay for football equipment and the expense of the games, but to cover the costs of basket ball, baseball, track, and all other sports which are generally not self-supporting. Another factor which tends to keep football in its exaggerated position is the attitude of the alumni. It is pressure from the alumni in favor of winning teams which puts a successful coach ahead of a strengthened faculty. And it is the alumni who ultimately hire the coaches, build the stadiums, and send their sons to be participants, large or small, in the weekly Saturnalia. The attitude of the undergraduates, in many ways a reflection of the alumni point of view, is a third consideration. For most undergraduates autumn weeks center around Saturday, and Saturday centers around a football field. They are not football players themselves, probably, but they derive what is officially known as a "kick" from standing in the bleachers and howling as the green or red or purple line goes marching by. When the team loses they berate its coaches or its members. When it wins, they tear down the opponent's goal posts. Whatever may be the claim of such incidentals as study and classroom work, there is no denying that football crams the undergraduate mind from September to Thanksgiving Day.

But the chief reason for the overemphasis of football is that very few people are interested in seeing it curbed. Among the players a George Owen, who doesn't enjoy the game, is the exception. Among the undergraduates, alumni, and public there is a liking for it which overweighs any thought of placing the sport on a less spectacular basis for the general good. The alumni hold the key to the situation. Heretofore the commercialization of intercollegiate football has been justified on the ground that funds thus obtained provided athletic equipment for the whole college. It is said to have made it possible to build and maintain gymnasiums, swimming pools, tennis courts, and the like. In the case of several small colleges it is alleged not only to have maintained the athletic equipment, but to have helped meet faculty salaries. However this may be, here is the place for the alumni, overtaxed though they are, to step in. Let the alumni provide the funds for these things, so that it will no longer be necessary to draw upon the football income for them, and the financial argument for the maintenance of heavy schedules and intersectional games is removed. Then, perhaps, football will fall back into its normal place: not that of a business project, or of a spectacle for the diversion of the public, but of a game played for the enjoyment of the participants. If its spectacular aspect lingers, at least the commercial blight will have been removed, and that, in itself, is something worth accomplishing.

The Overland Unlimited

A Night in an Air-Mail 'Plane

By Samuel E. Peabody

NOTHING could be more natural in the summer of this year of grace and flying, 1927, than that two young Easterners, fresh from a long pack trip in the hills of Wyoming and just arrived at Cheyenne, should engage passage on the air-mail 'plane to Chicago. At least that was what we thought one bright summer afternoon as we sat and kicked our heels against the mosaic floor of the hotel lobby and wondered if dinner time would ever come. Three weeks of big-game hunting with a movie camera along the plateaus and high summits of the Rocky Mountains with that nimble tracker, Joe Jones, had bred in us a sense of adventure and a sporting spirit that found complete satisfaction in the thought of an airplane flight home in place of the more prosaic train.

The dinner hour came at last and the dinner was a very large one: soup, brook trout, and, if I remember rightly, a steak of enormous proportions, smothered in something — enough for four men, but we ate it all. I once had a guide in Alaska who always ate an enormous meal before he attempted to ford a particularly turbulent and swiftly rolling river on horseback, on the general theory that if he never got over, at least he would have had that good meal. Not that we were at all frightened — certainly not. But we just thought we'd have that good meal anyway. It was a long time till morning and — well, Chicago was a long way off.

The flying field is about two miles north of Cheyenne. We went out by taxicab, arriving toward dusk at a small, brilliantly lighted brick house set at one corner of the field. This was the office of the local manager, and here we took our luggage — twenty-five pounds apiece are allowed — and bought our tickets. The tickets issued are much like tickets on a transcontinental railway. They bear on the face the names of the different flying stations on the route, and on the back a map of the entire system from San Francisco to Chicago with the various mail stops.

The air-mail lines west of Chicago started taking on passengers only July 1 of this year and are therefore new and somewhat inexperienced in the

transportation of human freight, but, considering the very short period they have been at work, the efficiency and general excellence of their system is truly remarkable. We traveled on the 'planes of the Boeing Air Transport Company, which has the government contract for the mails between San Francisco and Chicago and follows the general course of the Union Pacific Railway eastward from Salt Lake City.

The company uses a standard 'plane over the entire system, known as the "Boeing Biplane," with a single Pratt-Whitney Wasp motor capable of developing 425 horse power. The mail is carried in relays and is changed from one 'plane to another at certain designated stations,

such as Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, and Omaha. Each 'plane has its own particular pilot who is responsible for that 'plane and flies no other in the air-mail service. His responsibility ceases when he has delivered his mail to the 'plane awaiting him at his final destination, and then he "lays over" for three days and tends to his ship before again taking the mail back over his original course.

TICKETS and luggage attended to, we strolled out along the line of hangars which face due east and stretch away from one side of the field to the other. Our own 'plane was drawn up in front of one of the near-by sheds and was naturally the object of our immediate and special attention. Looming up in the twilight and outlined against the lights of the hangars, it seemed a thing of immense proportions as we stood on the ground beside it. It was a biplane, with a wing spread of about fifty feet. Behind the motor was a mail compartment, then the passenger compartment, which was enclosed, after which was another mail compartment, and finally the pilot's seat, which was open. The passenger compartment had a door on each side with a small rectangular glass window set in near the top of it. Inside, the compartment consisted of a single seat with a leather cushion to sit on and a leather pillow at the back. There was just room for two to sit comfortably in this seat if they were not inclined to stoutness. It was no seat for two fat

Since July 1, when the transcontinental air mail added passengers to its regular load, three days have been cut from the distance between Atlantic and Pacific, and the service has been running almost at capacity. Still, air travel is enough of a novelty in this country to present a good bit of a thrill to the pioneering coast-to-coaster. In this tale, Mr. Peabody tells how it feels to climb into a 'plane late in the evening at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and hop out at Chicago in the morning

men, and we were doubly glad for weight lost in the hills. Overhead a small electric light which could be turned on at will was set in the roof and furnished a somewhat feeble but nevertheless reassuring light. In front of us was a blank wall separating the compartment from the forward mail container. The whole inside was painted in buff and was scrupulously clean. On each wing of the airplane a strip of metal painted black next to the body made entrance for passengers and mail tenders easy.

THERE is 'always activity at an airport with 'planes arriving at all hours, and we wandered up and down for half an hour as different machines came in and went out. A Standard Ryan M-2 monoplane was particularly interesting to us, since it was precisely the model that Lindbergh used in crossing the Atlantic. By walking away from the hangars to the east, one could follow the wheel ruts of the 'planes far, far out till they were lost in the sagebrush, and then one could look off to where the sagebrush mingled with the sky. It seemed a long way to Chicago, somehow, looking out toward that dim horizon. The sky was fairly clear, and there were rifts in the clouds where stars were beginning to shine through. Our pilot came out, strapping his flying suit close about him. He was short, lithe, and strong looking, with black hair, a smooth, sun-burned face, and black eyes. When he smiled, his teeth looked very white and very even. It was a good night, he said, a little cloudy around Cheyenne, but beyond clear, unlimited ceiling, stars, and after midnight, a fine moon. Jack Knight had flown with the air mail for eight years and was a fine pilot; there is no man in the air-mail service with a better record and his confidence was infectious.

Presently a great blue arc light blazed up at the corner of the field, flooding everything with the brilliance of high noon. The 'plane from the West was coming in and this was to light her down to our field. Far off we heard the drone of her motor, but this was almost immediately drowned by the machine-gun staccato of our own 'plane tuning up. Then away over on one side the new 'plane appeared bumping along the earth toward us at a tremendous rate, then taxiing more steadily up to the hangar where it stopped. The pilot's head stuck up over the fuselage and he grinned. "Here we are." From that moment, life, that had previously moved in such a leisurely fashion, became a matter of tense, desperate seconds. Two men jumped on the incoming 'plane as soon as it had stopped, tore open the covers of the mail compartments, and threw sack after sack into a waiting Ford truck. When the 'plane was empty, the truck crossed to our ship and, turning, backed up to the open compartments where two other men threw the mail in with the speed and precision of automatons and clamped down the covers. Meanwhile

every piece of registered mail was being checked over by number and finally was placed in its own special compartment. Our motor was now tuning up rapidly; the pilot in his seat chewed gum and smiled cheerily; the manager grabbed our hands and said good-by — hoped we would have a good time — the 'plane was very safe. We would be put down if there was any trouble, he assured us, and possibly left in any field we dropped on to, but we must not mind that. The mail would go through anyway, that was what really mattered. We jammed our hats down and, climbing along the wing on the metal strip, slipped into our compartment, slammed the door tight, and were off. We taxied down the field and had much the sensation of riding in a big car on a very bumpy road. Then the 'plane turned, headed into the wind, took a long, first rush, rose a little, bumped the ground a couple of times, and was up for good.

There is some measure of uselessness in describing one's sensations in flying the first time, for it is highly probable that no two people feel the same sensations. It might not be out of place, however, to point out here that ordinary straight flying — not stunt flying — in fair conditions should hold forth no terror to the normal man. The belief that the fear of precipices, of high buildings, or of leaning out of windows necessarily incapacitates a man for enjoying an airplane flight is a fallacy. I myself dislike precipices, I hate high buildings, and I never lean far out of a window if I can help it, and yet I love to fly. "The earth is good enough for me." If that has been said once, it has been said twenty-five million times; but, is it? How can you tell if you have never been off it?

A slight roll and one or two little drops kept us thrilled a bit over Cheyenne, and then we stopped climbing at about 5,000 feet, straightened out eastward, and dropped the murky clouds behind us for a cloudless, starlit sky — unlimited ceiling. The 'plane became as steady as a rock, and we thought of Lindbergh's book and the passages about wing walking, and looking out our little windows we wondered if perhaps, some day — but no, not now, although they did look so very steady.

AIR-MAIL 'planes are steered by compass, but a series of beacon lights are placed along the route at distances of about twenty-five miles and the pilot checks his compass flying with these when he can see them. The beacons revolve and cast a beam up to 5,000 feet in clear weather. This night was so clear that sometimes we could see three or four of these lights at one time. Then there was always the light of some town, sometimes close under us, sometimes far off toward the horizon. It was much like sailing down a channel on a steamer at night, picking up light buoys and occasionally seeing the lights on shore. The noise of the motor just in front

of us, at first so unbearable, seemed to change into a sort of drone, the occasional slight rise and dip of the ship seemed restful, and we felt sleepy.

We left Cheyenne at 8.35 P.M., and it was about two hours to North Platte, they said, at the regular speed, which was around one hundred miles an hour. True to prediction, 10.30 saw us dropping, dropping, dropping. There is quite a thrill in landing. You never realize till you are close to the ground how very fast you have been going. Then you wonder if you are ever going to stop. To the novice landing is the most thrilling part of flying. The Army flyers have a toast, "Happy landings!" It seemed to us most appropriate.

IT took four minutes to fill up with gas at North Platte, and we were off in the same 'plane. We mounted to about 5,000 feet again and then followed down the North Platte River headed for Omaha. The moon rose soon and few nights that I can remember have had quite the poignant beauty of that one. Leaning out the window one could see the moon dead ahead, glinting on the side of the silver body of the 'plane; away below the prairie rose and fell in great swells and billows like the waves of the sea; while far out to the horizon, in front and behind, the ever-circling beacons flashed and winked. The wind streamed about our face and brought tears to our eyes and breath came in short, quick gasps, such was our speed. The moonlight, the wind, the ghostly prairie below, and the sense of relentless, driving speed — seldom in life does such exhilaration, such a deep thrill come to a man.

Omaha by 2.15 A.M. meant another landing, a mutton sandwich, and a change of 'planes. The machine we changed to at Omaha was so exactly similar to the one from which we had descended that had it not been for the new pilot — this one with a mustache but still the same pleasant smile — we would hardly have known the difference.

Sleep will have its innings, even in an airplane, and from Omaha to Iowa City was a somewhat drowsy period interspersed with sudden views of gleaming cities or trains crawling along like illuminated caterpillars or the flashes of beacon lights

reflected on the fuselage. Iowa City — the last stop, and with it dawn. Everything was gray. The sky was gray, the 'plane was gray, and the man who had so evidently just tumbled out of bed to stick the gas hose down into our tank was a sort of a mealy gray himself. Soon the sun would be up, our pilot said, and from now on we would fly lower, at about 1,200 feet, and see the country. The fertile farms of Iowa, the Mississippi River, a section of Illinois, and then Chicago — the home port.

It was glorious flying — the land was quite flat, with only little dips and undulations here and there, and little patches of woods nestled everywhere, with great, broad fields between them on which cattle were lying or horses standing in groups. Many of the fields were plowed and the earth was very dark and rich, furrowed in precise rectangles or squares, each with a strip of green grass around it — the work of careful, patient men. The sun was a great red ball straight ahead of us, and there were long gray wisps of fog in the hollows and around some of the clumps of trees. The horizon was closer now than before, misty and blue. The Mississippi was filled with wooded islands and wreaths of mist where we crossed it, and the water itself appeared sluggish and yellow-brown. Finally came a great thick bank of smoke — factories and toy brick houses — Chicago. One last swoop, one last tang of excitement, and we were landed. Another 'plane was waiting to take the mail, another pilot was ready, but our trip was ended.

Every day, every night in the year, airplanes are making that trip with the mail out to the West, to the Rockies and beyond to the Golden Gate, and then back to Chicago. The air mail has come to stay. It operates with the precision and smooth efficiency of a well-trained army — there are eight years of distinguished service behind it. Now it has started to carry passengers. It will bring to the passenger service all the traditions, all the chivalry, and all that true devotion to service that have characterized it from the first. It will open a new era in American aviation and put this country among the foremost commercial air carriers of the world.

Remembrance

I cannot remember any more
The beauty of syringa in the spring.
I seem to have forgotten how a door
Sang on its hinges at your entering.

But how its closing sounded when you went,
Or how much gold is minted from a bough
That frost has numbed . . . these will be sacrament
Past all forgetting, centuries from now.

MARION FRANCIS BROWN.

Peeps into a War Chest

Britain's Liberal Party and Campaign Funds

By Victor A. Cazalet

SINCE time immemorial political parties have found it necessary to provide themselves with adequate financial funds to carry on their organizations. Without money no political party can exist today, or at least it cannot hope for success at the polls unless an elaborate network of propaganda has

played its part previous to the election. Propaganda in all countries and at all times must cost money.

One of the means by which political parties in England refurnished their war chests in the past was by the distribution of honors while they were in office. It is by no means a new habit. Under King James I an earldom could be bought for £10,000. We were taught at school that the present ducal family of Devonshire paid this sum for their earldom under the first of the Stuart kings. In those days the constitutional fight was between the king and Parliament. The king wanted money because it made him independent of Parliament. Parliament wanted to control the finances of the country because then it could control the policy of the king. Under the Hanoverian monarchs Parliament acquired many of the powers, privileges, and prerogatives which had formerly been held by the crown. Having become the chief power in the country it divided itself into two great parties — the Tories and the Whigs. From that time up to the present day these two parties, under the names either of Tory and Whig or Conservative and Liberal, have controlled alternately the destinies of England.

Whenever one party was in office it had power to give and distribute honors. Sometimes the distribution or "selling" of titles was more blatant and scandalous than at others. On the whole, however, both parties played the game according to the established rules. The proof of this lies in the fact that today the privilege of becoming a knight, a baronet, or a peer is as eagerly desired as at any other time in our history. The price has never been so low or the distribution so plentiful that the honor has become too common. It should also be remembered that titles have always been the method by which the crown — theoretically the fountain and

Not alone are American political parties bothered by the questions of patronage and funds with which to carry on their campaigns. Captain Cazalet, a Member of the British Parliament, who is remembered in this country for his victory in the squash racquets matches between the United States and Great Britain last winter, recounts some of the difficulties into which party funds have plunged the Liberal party, and at the same time explains some of the reasons for the partial eclipse of that powerful wing of English voting public

source of all honors — has rewarded faithful service in the cause of the country.

A nation's gratitude to a great politician, soldier, sailor, scientist, or artist is almost invariably recognized by the conferring of an hereditary honor, varying in degree with the circumstances and the services rendered.

Between the years 1916 and 1922 a Coalition Government ruled in England, consisting of Conservatives and Liberals. The Prime Minister was the Liberal Mr. Lloyd George although the majority of the Coalition consisted of Conservative members. Mr. Lloyd George in 1916, during one of the most crucial periods of the Great War, displaced Mr. Asquith, who had been the Liberal Prime Minister since 1908. The feud between the two sections of the Liberal party — the Wee Frees, who were followers of Mr. Asquith, and the National Liberals, who supported Mr. Lloyd George — started at that time and has continued down to the present day. It is this split in the ranks of the Liberal party that has brought into prominence today the question of party funds.

During Lloyd George's régime ninety-one peerages and two hundred and sixty-two baronetcies were created. There were also twenty-five promotions in the peerage. This period covered the conclusion of the Great War, which fact no doubt accounts in the main for the very large number of honors conferred in these six years. There can be hardly any doubt whatever that some of these honors were given, if not in direct return for substantial contributions to the party funds, then as an indirect means of encouraging financial support to the party.

THE Conservatives, constituting as they did the larger part of the Coalition party, had their patronage secretary, who no doubt in certain instances levied the usual toll upon "aspiring peers." Mr. Lloyd George appears, however, to have been far more successful in his distribution of honors than the Conservatives, for it is estimated that the Liberal fund today at his disposal amounts to more

than \$10,000,000. If this is so, it constitutes a quite unprecedented record in the political history of England. Except for an odd trustee or two, the whole of this fund is entirely at the sole disposal of Mr. Lloyd George.

Such is the controversy as to its source that Lord Rosebery, Liberal Prime Minister of England in 1894-95 and since then almost a complete recluse, wrote to the *Times* on February 16 last asking what was this sum, how was it obtained, and what was its source? The letter continues as follows: "It surely cannot be the sale of the Royal Honours. If that were so, there would be nothing in the worst times of Charles II or Sir Robert Walpole to equal it." Let it be clearly stated that no one has at any time suggested that Mr. Lloyd George has ever diverted a penny of this sum for his own personal use. He invested, we know, a large portion of it in buying the *Daily Chronicle*, which he sold recently at a very substantial profit.

To revert to the Liberal feud. At the famous Carlton Club meeting in 1922, the Conservatives decided to break up the Coalition and Mr. Bonar Law became Prime Minister with a Conservative majority. Mr. Lloyd George was thus thrown into opposition side by side with his bitterest opponents, the Wee Frees, or the Asquithians. In November, 1923, Mr. Baldwin, who had succeeded Mr. Bonar Law, went to the country on the question of "protection." This combined all sections of the Liberal party for the purposes of that election, as a result of which the Socialists came into office supported by the Liberals, in January, 1924. There was much heartburning at Mr. Asquith's decision to support the Socialists. The Liberal attitude on this question did much to influence the future destiny of Mr. Winston Churchill. From that moment the Liberal party lost their ablest and most prominent propagandist.

THROUGHOUT 1924 there was much friction as to whether Lloyd George would provide the necessary money at the next election to finance Liberal candidates. At the end of the year the Socialists appealed to the country on the question of a loan to Russia. Mr. Lloyd George refused to finance any Liberal candidates except his own supporters. The result being that the Liberal party was reduced to a mere handful of forty in the House of Commons. It is not hard to imagine the fury of the Asquithians — knowing that Mr. Lloyd George had this fund at his disposal, and yet refused to advance it for the cause of Liberalism.

In 1925 Mr. Lloyd George launched his "land policy," upon which there was a grave divergence of opinion in the Liberal party. As a result, two of the best-known Liberals — Sir Alfred Mond and Commander Hilton Young — seceded to the Conservatives. Further estrangement ensued owing to the

attitude which Mr. Lloyd George took in regard to the general strike. Both Lord Oxford and Lord Grey of Fallodon openly condemned his attitude in public. It looked as though the breach was definite and complete, and the Liberals were doomed to extinction.

IT is, of course, difficult to appreciate the differences which divide the Liberal party, unless you understand the characters of the individuals concerned and also that of their immediate followers. The two chief characters, Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George, have never indulged in personal abuse of each other. Their followers, however, who are *plus royal que le roi*, have never hesitated both in private and public to condemn the actions and the attitude of their chief opponents. The followers of Mr. Asquith can never forgive Mr. Lloyd George for, as they consider, intriguing against their leader during the war, with the assistance of the press, and turning him out of office. Neither will they condone his actions in Ireland under the Coalition Government, especially the sanctioning of the activities of the Black and Tan.

The public has been treated in the past few years to many interesting side lights on the difficulties and differences which divide Liberals. Always, however, there has been overshadowing all other reasons the bitter question of party funds. During the year 1926, out of thirteen by-elections, the Liberal candidates have lost their deposits in no less than seven. This means that on those occasions the Liberal candidate did not poll one eighth of the total votes cast, and therefore had to forfeit the £150 which every political candidate is required to guarantee at an election. This sum is returned to him unless he does not poll the number of votes required. During the first few weeks of 1927, however, the Liberal party had the appearance of a revival. They have retained one seat and have actually won another from the Socialists. In both cases it was almost entirely due to the large number of Conservative votes that were given to the Liberal as the only way of defeating the Socialist.

Sir Herbert Samuel, former governor of Palestine, and recently chairman of the Royal Commission on Coal, has temporarily united the larger portion of the Liberal party, and, according to the *Manchester Guardian* of January, 1927, Mr. Lloyd George has undertaken to hand over at once £300,000 to finance the next general election. He has also promised to pay between £40,000 and £50,000 annually to cover the regular expenses of the Liberal headquarters. Thus it would seem that an end has come to the miserable dispute between the two sections of this old historic party.

It should perhaps be mentioned that Lord Grey of Fallodon has formed his own Independent Liberal Council. This venerable (*Continued opp. page 410*)

THE LOST HIGHWAYS

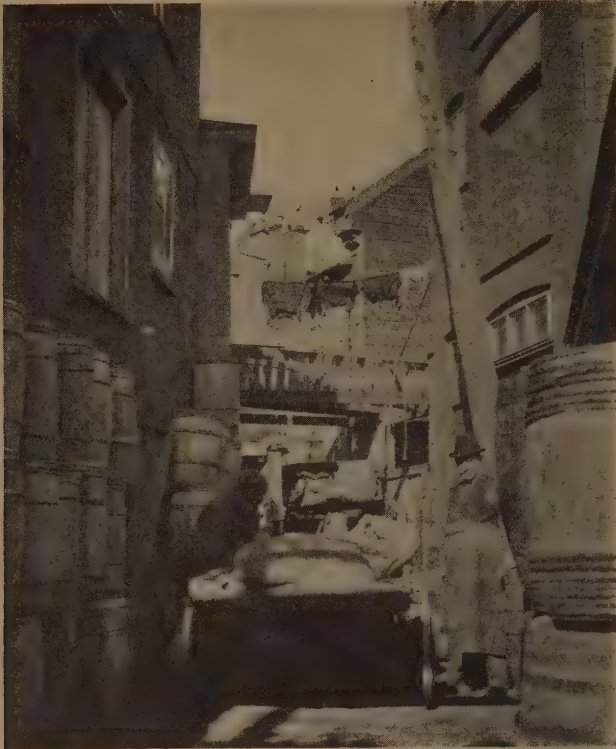
*The Ghosts of Dead Streets
Walk in the Alleys of
the World, Where the
Silence of Forgotten
Footsteps Muffles
the Tread of Mod-
ernity and Old
Cobbles Tell
No Tales*

EVEN IN MANHATTAN ONE STILL COMES UPON AN OCCASIONAL CUL-DE-SAC WHERE THE BACK-WASH OF THE CITY EDDIES FORLORNLY. HERE IS A NAMELESS ONE OPENING OFF EIGHTH STREET, NEAR NOISY SIXTH AVENUE

Photographs from Charles Phelps Cushing



OF COURSE THERE ARE ALLEYS AND ALLEYS. THIS KIND REALLY HAS NO PLACE HERE, EXCEPTING TO SHOW AN ENTERPRISING GASOLINE DEALER'S INGENUITY



THIS ALLEY, "SOUS-LE-CAP," IN OLD QUEBEC HAS DOUBTLESS PROVIDED FRIENDLY SHELTER FOR BEER BARRELS FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY



MONTMARTRE, WHERE ALL GOOD AMERICANS MUST GO BEFORE THEY DIE, AND WHENCE MANY OF THEM DO NOT LEAVE UNTIL AFTER THEY DO, STILL RETAINS AN INVIOABLE NATIONALITY IN THE HUNDRED AND ONE ALLEYS THAT HAVE WOUND MYSTERIOUSLY ABOUT THE HILL FOR CENTURIES



THE OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, IS FULL OF STRANGE BYWAYS TO LURE THE SUSCEPTIBLE TOURIST. ADVOCATE'S CLOSE, ALONG THE ROYAL MILE, IS ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF THEM ALL





IN A CITY, THIS WOULD BE A GREAT WASTE OF TAXABLE LAND. BUT IN NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS, IT SERVES VERY WELL AS ONE OF THE MORE PICTURESQUE OF ALLEYS



"PATCHIN PLACE," A FAMOUS GREENWICH VILLAGE ALLEY, INHABITED CHIEFLY BY WRITERS, ACTORS, AND MUSICIANS, SERENELY FACES THE HIGH WALL OF JEFFERSON MARKET JAIL, AND LOSES NOT A BIT OF ITS FASCINATION FOR THAT REASON



MILLIGAN PLACE OPENS UPON SIXTH AVENUE IN NEW YORK CITY BETWEEN CLOSELY PACKED STORE FRONTS. AND THIS QUIET BYWAY BOASTS AT LEAST ONE TREE TO SHADE ITS PAVEMENT

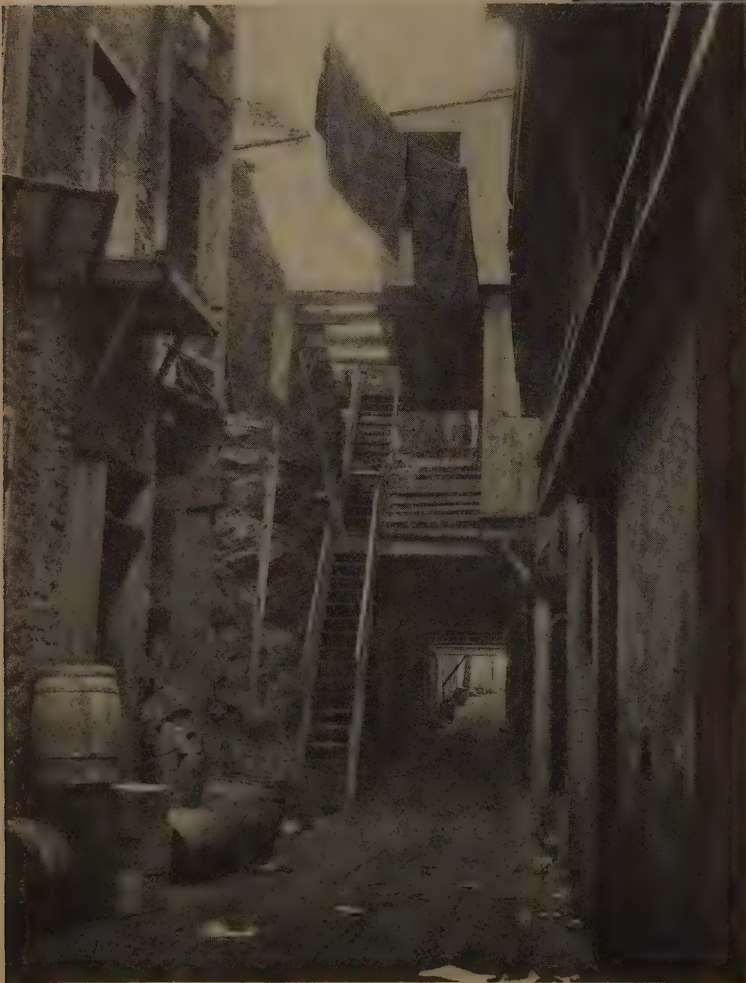




INTO THE OLD PALAIS ROYAL IN PARIS OPENS THE "PASSAGE VERITE," RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE USE OF HARASSED PEDESTRIANS



TIME WAS WHEN "LOVE LANE" HOUSED THE HORSES AND VICTORIAS OF BROOKLYN'S "QUALITY FOLK." BUT NOW THE ALLEY IS FULL OF GASOLINE FUMES AND ITS SIDES ARE LARGELY LINED WITH GARAGES



HERE AT THE LEFT IS ANOTHER VIEW OF "SOUS-LE-CAP" IN OLD QUEBEC. EVEN MORE THAN IN THE EARLIER PICTURE IS THE CHARM OF THIS CURIOUS TUNNELLIKE ALLEY MADE APPARENT. IT IS TRULY A BIT OF THE OLD WORLD SURVIVING IN THE NEW

The Mother of Yellow Journalism

By Silas Bent

BEFORE me as I write there lie stacked a single Sunday's New York papers. In the aggregate, although one is a tabloid, they tip the scales at more than twelve pounds. The total issue of but one of them involved stripping the spruce, fir, and hemlock from ninety acres of forest. Had I ordered one copy of each paper issued that day in the United States, more than half a ton of newsprint would have been dumped on my doorstep; to buy all of them, the public spent about \$1,500,000.

Of the corpulent array in front of me, about two thirds is devoted to advertising. The percentage of live news is comparable to the percentage of alcohol in near beer. These are indeed near newspapers. Sabbatic competitors of the pulpit, the radio receiving set, and the automobile, they are as conglomerate as a pharmacy. Although a pharmacy exists primarily for the sale of drugs, one may find there also kodaks, hot-water bags, sandwiches, cosmetics, fiction, fountain pens, phonograph records, and peach melbas. And in the Sunday paper, which exists primarily to vend news, one may find also faddist puzzles, fashion notes, red magic, discussions of primitive and modern love, pulse-stirring descriptions of sham battles and aerial warships, "literary" gossip, recipes for the kitchen, comics, puffs for suburban realty promotions, beauty hints, astrology, art notes, and information on how to use depilatories.

Newspaper men know this heterogeneous assortment as "features." The demands of the Sunday paper brought features to their fine flower, and the Sunday paper affords the chief market for the eighty syndicates which cook up 2,000 separate dishes, more than one third of which are signed, and many of which are actually written by the persons who sign them. Popular and eminent authors are numbered among them. The Hearst Sunday syndicates, for example, count among their contributors the former Emperor of Germany, David Lloyd George, Senator Reed Smoot, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Rupert Hughes, and Kathleen Norris. Eddie Guest — not a Hearst feature — is the king of syndicate writers and our best-selling poet. Every day he jingles for 10,000,000 persons, the readers of 200 papers.

The Sunday paper in this country "represents an astonishing organization for the prevention of reading," according to an English publicist. Its average appeal, says Mr. Bent, is to the average person, who has been described by one psychologist as "superstitious, literate but uneducated, conventional, mentally equal to a fourteen-year-old child." Most of us read the Sunday papers; probably none of us will take issue with Mr. Bent; and undoubtedly we shall take a peep at next Sunday's comics as usual

The syndicates sell to the dailies, too, but it is the Sundays which keep them alive. They dispense short stories and serial fiction containing the ingredients which are prized in news, romance, suspense, and mystery, with this difference: that in fiction the sex interest is more guardedly handled than in the news. The beautiful manicure never quite goes wrong, although she ventures to the very brink. In addition to fiction, the Sunday paper may buy anything from a two-line filler to a twenty-two-page magazine section or a rotogravure supplement, ready printed. It may buy advice to the love-lorn or advice to the married. And on its own account it supplies unsyndicated "special" stuff about the latest idol, current events, or aviation. The *Chicago Tribune* advertises the comics which it syndicates to other newspapers as "a seven-ring circus." The phrase applies to the whole sabbatic library.

Adolph S. Ochs, whose Sunday *New York Times* prints a great volume of feature matter, much of it dealing with the background of current events, but does not print comics nor cross-word puzzles, derides the "vaudeville" characteristics of these and similar features and asserts that the newspaper reader is not wholly responsible for "the vulgar, sensational, vapid publications which make an appeal to the mindless." And Tom Finty, Jr., editor of the *Dallas Journal*, says that newspapers are "lisp-ing baby talk to their readers when they might talk sense to advantage"; while James M. Thompson, publisher of the New Orleans *Item* and *Morning Tribune*, laments the "deplorable" subordination of news "in order to give preference to features." But these voices are in the minority. The Sunday paper will remain what it is so long as circulation is the be-all and the end-all of the publisher's ambition.

WHAT is known as yellow journalism was baptized at this altar. When William Randolph Hearst was raiding Joseph Pulitzer's shop in the late 'nineties, one of the employees he took away was R. F. Outcault, with his comic serial, "Hogan's Alley." Pulitzer made good the loss by adding to his staff George Luks, whom he instructed to draw a similar series, under the same title, and to include

in it by all means the juvenile character known, on account of his attire, as the Yellow Kid. The concurrent rivalry of the Kids, as Don C. Seitz explains in his biography of Pulitzer, gave birth to a phrase which describes not merely chromo-comics but certain standards and practices of journalism.

Mass circulation was one of these standards. The colored comics are credited with having sent the *Sunday World* "from the quarter-million class, where it had long lodged, into the half million, where it has since remained." Arthur Brisbane was the "idea man" of the *Sunday World* in those days, and Morril Goddard occupied that exacting post on Hearst's *Sunday Journal*, then a morning paper. The unimpeded play of their ideas, if that is the right word, set up "a threatening wave of hostility." Both papers were excluded from libraries, and Sunday-school teachers undertook a systematic boycott. Pulitzer was alarmed, and "demanded to know how his paper could have been so degraded" — I am still quoting his biographer — with the consequence that the ideas were noticeably gentled, with a loss of circulation. But the Hearst Sunday "did not reform and survived the shock without loss of sleep or sales."

Once upon a time a Los Angeles school-teacher, convinced that the language lettered upon the Sunday comics was corrupting the speech of this country's children, journeyed to New York City to see whether she could interest editors in certain changes. She did not ask much, merely the forbidding of "I ain't," "you was," "I seen," and "I ain't gonna do nothin'." To eliminate these idiosyncrasies, one might suppose, would not greatly cramp the style of the comics. But one editor told the visitor that newspapers were in business for business, and another asked her why she wanted to impose on others her notions about language. It is still funny, presumably, to say "I ain't gonna do nothin'" in the comic sections.

THE subordination of news in the Sunday paper is due to the fact that, owing to its bulk, most of it must be printed far in advance. And its bulk is due to the fact that it must carry masses of advertising in order to help pay the bills for the week-day morning issue. There are some afternoon papers, to be sure, which have Sunday morning issues, but these are illogical and for the most part uneconomic; they siphon away advertising the Saturday afternoon issue would get otherwise. The Sunday paper is due to the anomaly that our best vehicle of news is our worst vehicle of advertising.

The morning paper has more time to get at the facts and verify them, and it has more time to put into type a satisfactory narrative. It has more time, also, to get to its readers, and so circulates over a wider area. From the standpoint of the advertiser, particularly the department-store advertiser, this is

a disadvantage. He wants a condensed circulation. The morning paper, moreover, is read on the way to work, and is often discarded, the advertisements unread, in the street car or subway. The afternoon paper, which presents bulletins of news, and crowds important events off its first page to give us the very latest dope on selling platters, presumably is taken home for leisurely perusal after dinner. That is why it is called an "evening" paper. We have three times as many afternoon as morning issues for the reason that advertisers prefer the afternoon paper, regardless of its inferiority as a news carrier.

IN its first appearances the Sunday was a *news* paper. During the Civil War, when a great battle was in progress or a crisis at Washington made waiting from Saturday to Monday almost insupportable, special Sunday editions were issued. The *New York Herald* was the first to issue such an edition regularly, with a wrapper of "almanac" features. But not until rapid mechanical appliances, cheap paper, inexpensive reproduction of photographs, and a flood of advertising united in the last decade of the century did the present Sunday circus have its true beginnings. It now pays about half the expenses of the week-day morning issue. It is a journalistic pack horse. Its fodder is features, and advertising is its lifeblood.

To attract advertising, special sections have been concocted. The pages devoted to book reviews would not be found in the Sunday paper did they not draw advertisements; of the five persons interested in the reviews — the publisher, the author, the newspaper owner, the reviewer, and the reader — only the reader has no financial stake in them. The model-house plans and real-estate pages, automobile, shipping, society, clubs, resorts, travel, drama, music, motion picture, home institute, fashion, radio, all have their obvious utility in a publication devoted primarily — almost solely — to go-getting.

Whole sections are given over to "want ads." One paper asserts that it receives about 100,000 replies monthly to classified advertisements giving key numbers rather than the address of the advertiser. The Sunday paper is an employment bureau, real-estate exchange, caravansary, mart, and messenger of paid domestic tidings about births, deaths, and engagements.

The half dozen papers in front of me have an aggregate circulation on Sundays twice as great as their average week-day sales. In the whole country, at the beginning of 1927, 2,000 daily papers had an aggregate circulation of 36,000,000, whereas but 541 Sunday issues had a total of 33,000,000. Hearst brags that his Sunday magazine, which goes to all his papers and to a few others, reaches one fifth of the entire population, literate and illiterate, male and female, infant and adult. The price of a single page in color for advertising is \$15,000.

An advertising rate such as this would be out of the question without mass circulation. The fact that the Sunday issue has twice as many readers as the week-day issue is sufficient evidence that it stoops to a broader basis of appeal. Its average appeal is to the average person. Harry L. Hollingworth of Columbia University, after exhaustive researches, has described the average person as superstitious, literate but uneducated, conventional, mentally equal to a fourteen-year-old child. I venture to say that some of our Sunday papers strike for even a lower level.

The pabulum supplied by the Sunday paper is addressed to persons who want their homes and breakfasts and clothes ready-made. They want to see pictures of people they read about. They want to be told that a movie star or an aviator is "a little lower than the angels" — as the Sunday *New York Times* told them about Lindbergh. They want to be entertained if the automobile has a flat and there is static in the radio. They want to be amused. They want to be mildly titillated. Aldous Huxley described American common life as "all movement and noise, like the water gurgling out of a bath down the waste. Yes, down the waste." It is a

description which fits the Sunday paper, now an integral part of American common life.

The fugitive Sunday paper, indeed, is neatly adjusted to the American community. The screaming headlines of the main news section, the cheap emotionalism of the fiction, the slovenly English of the feature matter, the poverty of the "literary," music, and art departments, the free publicity for stage and movie stars, the slang and slapstick of the funnysides are in fact a little lower than the fourteen-year-old might be brought to enjoy.

No tendency is perceptible toward a less unwieldy output. On the contrary, the prospect is that the week-day paper will follow in the prosperous path of the elephantine Sunday. Henry A. Wise Wood, an inventor and manufacturer of newspaper machinery, forecasts a one-hundred-page daily. If that prophecy is correct, what hope is there that the Sunday supplements may be brought within bounds? One recalls the saying of Samuel K. Ratcliffe, the distinguished publicist, that to an English reader the Sunday paper in this country "represents an astonishing organization for the prevention of reading."

Is this a threat that the mother of yellow journalism may die of elephantiasis?

Back Stage in Washington

Presidents and Politicians

NOT for many moons and many nights, I suppose, will the political mind be entirely satisfied that Calvin Coolidge really does not intend to run in 1928. Although the flivvers about town are now plastered with the "I do not choose to run" epigram, the brains of the statesmen are still a bit restive. This excitement pervades that holy of holies, the inner circle. When such good men and true as the senior Senator from Massachusetts, Hon. Frederick H. Gillett, and Mr. Benjamin F. Felt, political mentor to one Frank W. Stearns, do not know, it can be taken for granted that the silence, or at least the atmosphere of the White House, is not all persuasive.

Frankly speaking, as Jimmy White would say, I am sick to death of the bickering over the President's statement of August 2. Since the curtain was rung up on the prelude to the political season about September 1, I have been among those who have taken it for granted that Mr. Coolidge had clearly eliminated himself. Not even the later edition of his

statement in which he said that he had no intention of traveling abroad when he left the Presidency warmed me with the expectation of four more years of Calvinistic rule.

Indeed, so definite are some persons in their belief that Mr. Coolidge is out of the picture that hardly a day passes that they do not tread on the tender feet of at least one of the many sacred elephants who graze about the town. The chances of wounding the sensibilities of the Presidential candidates are so great nowadays that the timid and shrinking go about with crape soles to dull the pain.

It is easy to see that the Hoover people are as active as any camp. That there is a vast amount of Hoover sentiment about the country no one but a cuckoo will deny. How to translate this feeling into delegates at a Republican convention proves a horse of another color. Practically speaking, Mr. Hoover has always lacked the backing of the political element. His campaign in 1920 was conducted in such amateurish fashion that not until after he had

THE INDEPENDENT'S Washington correspondent returns to his post this week, with his own survey of the men in line before the White House box office. All this with the conviction that Mr. Coolidge has definitely eliminated himself from the race. Secretary Hoover and Vice President Dawes loom up as the hardest contenders, with the latter playing a strategic game of silence while other candidacies are being "riddled by the pot shots of the press"

failed of nomination at both conventions was it possible to tell whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. Mr. Hoover's position as a Cabinet officer during the terms of two Republican Presidents is now contributed by the boys who always refer to him as "The Chief" as proof positive of his political stripe, and, judging from the expressions of some of the political leaders whom Mr. Butler has just assembled in Washington, the idea has gained real headway.

IF a Washingtonian happens upon a man frothing at the mouth and generally rolling about the street he will instantly guess it is a Hoover supporter venting his feelings over the manner in which Vice President Charles G. Dawes is conducting his campaign. Dawes is simply remaining "doggo" and permitting Hoover, Lowden, Hughes, and lesser lights to be riddled by the pot shots of the press. There seems nothing they can do about it, however, for the general goes serenely on his way while the others appear very much in the limelight.

That Lowden is merely a stalking horse for Dawes is apparently taken for granted by all except those who are on the pay roll of the Pullman Company. At this very early date in the gunning season no one sees the slightest possibility of Lowden's approaching the necessary number of votes for the nomination. But almost everyone who has half an eye sees the Lowden votes swinging to the genial pipe smoker, and in addition some of the delegations of favorite-son States may be counted upon to desert at the proper time.

As one who always relishes a delicate situation the general should find ample amusement in whittling out a course for himself when the much-touted McNary-Haugen bill comes up again this winter. What with Sir Josiah Stamp and little confidential gatherings in his official chamber, Mr. Dawes was accredited with lending much strength last winter to the passage of this boring piece of legislation. It certainly cemented to him a goodly portion of the affection of the farm crowd, especially the vociferous element in Congress. They are still grateful. At the same time there were many big-business men in the East who were cocking an anxious eye at these antics. They would not hesitate even now to throw a stick, or even two, into the spoke of the Dawes Presidential wheel were he to continue his amusement along the same line.

The reader can readily appreciate that Mr. Dawes faces a ticklish situation. In a sense he is sitting pretty now, having caused the farm heart to glow for its champion and at the same time not to have alienated the purely practical affections of big business. To support openly the farm bill again would create palpitations in the New York market and yet not to do so would cause a lowering of temperature in the Western heart. It is my guess

that the general will maintain the strict silence of which he has been guilty for a long time and let the opposing groups maintain their friction without him as a go-between.

But enough of the Presidential candidates. Their activities and possibilities may have wholly altered by the time this gets into print. There remain the facts of the past which, I am told, have largely to do with the extremely cold reception accorded the President in the West. Not everything in the Black Hills — not by a long shot — was the milk and honey some of the Administration papers would have had us believe. It was a frost. What's more, the cowboy stuff did not take very well, either in Rapid City or in far-away Texas. It smacked too much of the monthly antics of a Rotarian gathering and not enough of the sedate respectability of a President of the United States. It is common gossip that the only person who had a good time during the summer was the President himself, Mrs. Coolidge, the secret-service men, the newspaper correspondents, and the score and a half of other attendants voicing their complaints in a loud and beefy manner. Two mistakes are now credited to Mr. Coolidge's score within the last six months. The first was reviewing the fleet and saluting while comfortably seated in an armchair on the *Mayflower*. The professional Navy men have not yet ceased bawling over that incident, and seem bent upon cherishing the incident as a justified grudge. The other was the donning of a cowboy outfit in the Black Hills.

SUMMER apparently awoke the lust in an Assistant Secretary of a government department for the gaudy ribbons with which foreign nations are apt to recognize a friendly act. This young man, hailing from the Middle West, sent out fellers through the French Embassy here to know if his presence in Paris might not be the occasion for the bestowal of a decoration. Even in the absence of the French Ambassador the Embassy was somewhat amazed by the brashness of the inquiry and communicated with the State Department, whose well-dressed and socially distinguished young men were no less taken aback.

The Assistant Secretary was told that there was nothing doing in that quarter. He immediately launched a new offensive on the Italian front. Although it happened that he had had nothing to do with the debt-funding settlement of that country, his solicitation of a reward of merit fell on friendly ears, especially as it was possible to hand over to him one of the many minor decorations of no marked significance to which was attached as snappy a ribbon as ever fitted into the lapel of a dinner coat. To what distinguished service this young man may attribute the honor has not, as yet, been made clear. The moral of the story is that nearly every decoration comes to him who asks for it.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

AMERICAN dramatic critics seem to be somewhat more shy than their British colleagues when it is a question of collecting in book form their meditations on the theatre in general and current plays in particular. In London the late William Archer, A. B. Walkley, James Agate, J. T. Grein, and Ivor Brown — to mention names associated with prominent English papers — have not hesitated to give more permanent form to their dramatic criticisms. In New York George Jean Nathan alone has systematically followed the practice current in every European capital. The other New York critics of the theatre may have one book of the kind to their credit, but as a rule they have none.

Mr. Percy Hammond, after many years of playgoing, has at last ventured to appear between covers in a highly entertaining work entitled "But — Is It Art?" (Doubleday). His essays are of a general nature rather than reviews of specific plays, although he does discuss "In Abraham's Bosom," "Broadway," and "Ned McCobb's Daughter" strictly in terms of dramatic criticism. Often, however, the play is not exactly the thing, but rather the reflections prompted by the dramatist's idea, as when he entreats the Harlem intellectuals not to take "Lulu Belle" seriously as a commentary on negro morals and customs, or when "Seventh Heaven" supplies him with a pretty picture of the tribulations and imbecilities to which those whom we know as successful playwrights are exposed.

It is the custom of *Variety*, that amazing mirror of the show business, to list the dramatic critics in the order of their merits as prophets and judges. That is to say, the critic whose approval most frequently coincided with the judgment of the public, as expressed in long runs, heads the procession, at the tail of which come those who, either through excessive amiability or excess of personal prejudice decreed too many or too few plays good. Last year, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Gilbert Gabriel very properly headed the list. Where Mr. Hammond appeared escapes my memory. He is not, I take it, very much concerned about such matters, for, like George Jean Nathan, he is not a critic of many enthusiasms. Both men are intensely and extensively interested in the theatre, but here the resemblance ceases, for I do not think Mr. Hammond finds it possible to take the theatre seriously. It is to him essentially a comic spectacle, and he rarely writes without a certain note of facetiousness and sometimes contempt in his voice. His chapter

called "Those Very First Nighters" is typical in this respect. It is a clever commentary on that almost incredible New York function, the *première*, which is not only "the Ku Klux of the drama," as he puts it, but also a phenomenon whose various aspects he none too charitably exposes.

This is the only chapter in the book which reveals Mr. Hammond in a mood

in the course of a year by the producers, dramatists, and composers. His conclusion is that we can dispense with most of them, but musical comedy must go on. "If the musical comedians are stopped by the actors' strike, then will union labor be confronted by an indignant revolution of tired, white-collar men, and the women who have to talk to them."

When Mr. Hammond tries to explain why he does not tire of playgoing, the essentially detached and bantering attitude, typical of his criticism, is explained. Amused contempt is apparently the mood aroused in him when he reflects upon the activities of his profession. "While others in the audience are indulging in applause, the critic remains grim and forbidding. He smiles not, neither does he clap his hands. Nevertheless, he is having a good time. If he likes the entertainment, he is enjoying it behind his gelid mask; and if he doesn't, he is happy in contemplating revenge. His dejected exterior is but a part of his equipment, along with his stick, his spats, and his knowledge of Life and Aristotle."

ON the whole, he confesses, "I like to go to the theatre because I am overpaid for doing so." He also stresses the fact that one of the first qualifications for a dramatic critic is his ability to do three hours' work in forty minutes. Mr. Hammond refers more than once to this pressure, which may explain, to a large extent, certain eccentricities of dramatic criticism in New York, and throws some light on the reason for the dearth of reprinted dramatic reviews. Play reporting, rather than dramatic criticism, is expected of Mr. Hammond and his colleagues. Little wonder, if most of their writing does not seem to them worth salvaging. A. B. Walkley's deft little essays in the London *Times* are not to be had in forty minutes before going to press.

Another factor is suggested by Mr. Hammond's denial of a thesis of St. John Ervine's, namely, that the theatre is a mirror of the nation's life. The American critic points out that millions of Americans know nothing of the theatre and are unaffected by it. "A masterpiece might bloom in Philadelphia or New Orleans, but it is prevented from consideration by the academic and insular experts because it has not been seen in New York." Obviously, volumes of dramatic criticism cannot depend upon a nation-wide demand. That is a great pity, when the volume happens to be as independent, witty, and generally entertaining as Percy Hammond's.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather (Knopf).

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

Something About Eve. By James Branch Cabell (McBride).

GENERAL

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

bordering on indignation. Having set forth in detail the elements composing the first-night audience, upon whose verdict so much depends, Mr. Hammond offers his one contribution to that popular theme: the uplift of the American theatre. "Its judgments," he writes, "are not final; but its shallow precepts are the frightening creed of all the playwrights from Sidney Howard to Samuel Shipman. When, if ever, an American dramatist endeavors a serious play, he finds this siren congregation looking over his shoulder and telling him what and what not to write. The Drama Leagues and the Culture Clubs should strive to abolish this nefarious institution, and succour the stage from the influences of a selfish insularity."

INVARIABLY, Mr. Hammond prefers to register disapproval in terms of contemptuous banter. He reflects, for example, on the possibilities of an actors' revolt, sardonically introducing all the priceless services rendered to the playgoer

The Course of Nationality

A Review by Helen Houston*

MAIN CURRENTS IN AMERICAN THOUGHT. Vols. I and II. By Vernon Louis Parrington. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$4.00 each.

I WAS sitting on deck in the mild state of boredom which is my lot at sea, trying to find, in the books sent me by kind friends, something that would not intensify my boredom, when an acquaintance stopped by my chair: "Here is a book," he said, "which may interest your husband." Now my husband's main interests are two — economics as a main line and military strategy as a diversion — so I picked up the heavy volume somewhat languidly. It was entitled: "Main Currents in American Thought. Vol. II," and the author was professor of English in the University of Washington. I turned to the introduction and in five minutes, the sea, the ship, and the passengers were forgotten.

Here was a man who could write! He was discussing the influence of French romanticism on the political and intellectual life of America in the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth centuries and these influences as reflected in the literature of the times. Now this is by no means a new subject, but it takes on new life under a vivid imagination, a lively sympathy, a well-stored mind, and a graceful and forceful use of English.

From Chapter I, I went on to Chapter II and so straight through the book, then clamored for more and got the first volume: "The Colonial Mind." Never would I have believed that I would read eagerly four hundred closely printed pages dealing largely with Colonial literature. I have a dislike for most "bellettrish" literature. Even kindly critics seem often to miss the essence of an author, and the long discussions that fill up volumes as to whether So-and-So's grandmother lived at Puddletown, whether he really courted a girl at Tolpuddle and drank too much at Appudde, leave me cold. But here is meat of another kind — a writer who relates the times, and their thinking, the man and his writings, so that each fits into his place and seems, as he was, a part of his generation.

That our Colonial literature seems to many readers meager and uninteresting, that it is commonly squeezed into the skimpiest of chapters in our hand books of American literature, is due, I think, to an exaggerated regard for æsthetic values. Our literary historians have labored under too heavy a handicap of the genteel

tradition — to borrow Professor Santayana's happy phrase — to enter sympathetically into a world of masculine intellects and material struggles.

The Colonial period is meager and lean only to those whose "disordered appetites" find no savor in old-fashioned beef and puddings. The seventeenth century in America, as well as in England, was a *sacculum theologicum*, and the eighteenth century was a *sacculum politicum*. . . . The foundations of a late America were laid in vigorous polemics and the rough stone was plentifully mortared with idealism. To enter once more into the spirit of those fine old idealisms and to learn that the promise of the future has lain always in the keeping of liberal minds that were never discouraged from their dreams, is scarcely a profitless undertaking.

The author keeps his word and Puritanism, Theocracy, Independency, and Liberalism are expounded and placed and related to the lives of men in a vivid, sympathetic way. He refrains from quoting the quaint and precious conceits that delight most literary historians! He gives nobler extracts from Puritan writings than are common. He tries to give the essence of the man, not to amaze and amuse the reader. He discovers beauty and pathos and humanity and wit in what has often seemed to us a cold and forbidding age. Of Nathaniel Ward, lawyer, minister, and wit of Ipswich, he says: "Faithful disciple of Calvin though he was, he was something of a courtier as well with a rich sap of intelligence which, fermented by much thought and travel in many lands, made him the raciest of wits and doubtless the most delightful of companions over a respectable Puritan bottle. 'I have only two Comforts to live upon,' he said. 'The One is in the Perfections of Christ; the other is in the Imperfections of Christians.'"

I DO not want to give the impression that the book is a succession of literary essays. It is a philosophical history of America, and the original chapters are stimulating and arresting. The first volume is a development of the influence of theocracy on political thought and the Puritan dynasty. This is covered largely in Book I: "Liberalism and Puritanism." Book II deals with the Colonial mind and the birth of individualism. The chapter on Benjamin Franklin in this book is particularly noteworthy. Book III comes down to more familiar themes and is called "Liberalism and the Constitutions." Even here, in this well-tilled field, he finds interesting things to say and the subject is clarified and well ordered.

Volume IV was what particularly attracted my attention. Most of our writers have been of New England blood and have turned naturally to the history and development of New England and of Puritanism in particular. Up to the time of the adoption of the Constitution and the triumph of Federalism the ground is fairly familiar, but the wave of agrarianism and romanticism that followed hard upon its heels needs a great deal of interpreting.

VOLUME II begins with the Mind of the South, notably that of Virginia, mother of much that is great in us. The author points out that "old-fashioned and archaic as the South of the early nineteenth century seems to us, it is we who have changed from our early ideals and not the South. It has grown old-fashioned, but it is native and of long and honorable descent. It derived its singularity from the eighteenth century in which it took its shape, and it retained the clear impress of its origins long after the eighteenth century had become an anachronism in America." The disruption of this old South, its two conflicting schools of thought expressed by Jefferson, the humanitarian, and Calhoun, the economic realist, make most interesting reading. It is a pleasure to find this chapter in our history, usually treated with too much sentiment or too much condescension, discussed with such sympathy and real understanding by one with this author's fine technical skill.

The rest of this volume, following a discussion of the romantic rise of the West and a chapter on the mind of the Middle East, in which a picture is given of Philadelphia and New York in the first half of the century, goes back to New England and traces the decline of Federalism, the Transcendentalist movement, and finally the emergence of our present-day realism.

Mr. Parrington succeeds in giving a sense of unity — that divine and rare sense that comes to us so seldom. All my scraps of knowledge, my prejudices, and my sentiments seem to find their source and place and fit into the scheme and help to make the pattern, as do bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. I have been moved by these volumes and look forward eagerly to the third.

*The author of this review is the wife of David F. Houston, who formerly held the portfolios of the Treasury and Agriculture in the Wilson Administration, has been a professor of political science, and is now an important figure in the financial world.

New Books in Brief Review

Moor Fires. By E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

FOR once a jacket has underestimated what a reader will find when embarking upon the adventure of its book. True, Miss Young, whose "William" was one of the best books of a season ago, "feels the beauty of the English countryside as deeply as the novelists of the older tradition." But she does more: she has a genius for understanding the quiet people who understand others, and of showing life through their eyes. Such a person was William, and such a person is Helen in the latest published book. This may be a reprint of a book written before "William," but readers of the latter who were slightly disappointed in "The Malletts" will here find the author sweeping them into her world of real people and happenings with the same power. The story is a tragic one, giving us tragedy of the sort that definitely suggests Hardy, but dealing with a family whose home on the moor is not their native one, but one acquired through unusual circumstances and grown dear to all but one of them. The Canipers and their stepmother become so real, are so well portrayed through their very natural conversations with each other, are so appealing with their silly jokes and weird collection of imaginary friends and adventures, such as all families of congenial children do collect before they are twenty, that one cannot feel, with Helen, that fate is merely waiting to overwhelm them with sorrow to make them pay for their joys. Yet when tragedy comes, it does come in a way that makes it seem inevitable. If Helen had been less good, or Miriam less self-absorbed — but they were Helen and Miriam. Only in the end does the author bring about unnecessary cruelty; yet she makes us feel that we cannot say it is forced. It happened. Helen's is the tragedy of one who must hurt one loved person to help another. In the end she has irrevocably hurt everyone, even her poplars that she knew since childhood. Yet we feel nobility in the lives of these people; they meet events courageously. It is an absorbingly real novel.

Great Companions. Readings on the Meaning and Conduct of Life. Compiled by Robert French Leavens. Boston: The Beacon Press. \$2.50.

IN this attractive little book — small enough to travel with one anywhere, yet printed in clear, plain print not too small — there have been collected a most interesting group of passages and poems from great writers and thinkers ancient

and modern. It would be hard to think of anyone who would not often use this volume, carefully arranged by Mr. Leavens, and including Eastern and Western philosophers as well as Egyptian, Hebrew, and Mohammedan. The selections are grouped by subject; each is very short. There are the dear favorites, such as "In Flanders' Fields," and the others without which a book of inspiring pieces could not exist; but there are also many more unfamiliar and extremely interesting bits from widely scattered sources, including Paster, Epictetus, Santa Teresa, the Vedic hymns, the American Indians.

Dog Corner Papers. By William Whitman, 3rd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50.

THE familiar essay is one of the most abused of literary forms. In the name of familiarity, the author usually dresses up in floppy slippers and moth-bitten dressing gown, lights a "gurgling" brier, and has himself a time in his library for the benefit of those poor barbarians who know not the delights of intimacy with literature. Fortunately, Mr. Whitman finds no need for these faded props, and his "Dog Corner Papers" go a long way toward indicating that familiar essays can be written without cloying self-consciousness. He writes about his home, his family, books, and chance matters of interest with the pleasant informality of a man surprised in some quite usual pursuit and not unwilling to discuss whatever happens to occupy his thoughts at the moment. Bits of quiet philosophy, unobtrusively edged between the narrative sections, add a more lasting flavor and contribute to the feeling of satisfaction which the essays leave.

Benjamin Franklin. By Sydney George Fisher. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50.

IN this third edition of a popular biography Mr. Fisher adds an appendix in which he goes about proving that Mrs. Foxcroft was undoubtedly Franklin's illegitimate daughter. He substantiates his text with a number of documents to support that controversial point. Mr. Fisher makes it plain that he has no intention of dragging his hero through the mud as Washington and other eminent Americans have recently been dragged, but prefaces the new edition with an explanation that "such things must be mentioned and given their proper position and importance in a book calling itself 'The True Benjamin Franklin.'" While

not idealizing Franklin, Mr. Fisher manifests a decided admiration for him. He makes no effort to remove the man from his Philadelphian pedestal, but does a bit of dusting which helps to emphasize some of the cruder outlines. It is strange that in the orgy of Channel swimming to which we were subject a year ago no one used Mr. Fisher as authority for placing the versatile Franklin in a class with Gertrude Ederle. It seems that Dr. Franklin entertained the idea of crossing from Dover to Calais, towed through the water by a kite.

Witch Wood. By John Buchan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

HUMAN beliefs go round and round like the hour hands of a clock. In the Seventeenth Century in Salem, Massachusetts, as elsewhere all over the Western world, witchcraft was taken seriously, and many poor, simple people were executed as its alleged practitioners and devotees. Later an enlightened age discovered that these poor people were martyred to a "delusion" or a "superstition" and for many years we have united to condemn the hideous ignorance and frenzy of their executioners. During the last twenty years, however, students have labored to prove that witchcraft did exist, that — particularly in localities where living was drab and religious discipline severe — secret societies of an ancient and obscene revolt flourished under cover, that the civil and religious courts which "persecuted" witches were in effect, however stupidly or ineffectively, opposing an active and, as they thought, Satanic cult which threatened to destroy religion and society. There are few intelligent moderns today who deny the reality of the thing then vulgarly called witchcraft, who contest the hypothesis that "covens of witches" met for their foul "Sabbaths," who feel that all the testimony of the trials and all the folklore of the people can be swept away as mere hysteria. Of course the folklore and the testimony is shot through with gross absurdities and lies — a fact which by no means dismisses the whole mass as worthless or absurd.

On this background Mr. Buchan has built a fascinating story of a young minister in a Seventeenth Century Scottish parish who fought hypocrisy from above and mad self-indulgence from below and was defeated and broken by them. Few stories of late years have been more compelling or more convincing. It is at once a novel of great power and a piece of intelligent and sympathetic research.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

TWO Presidential booms have been started during the week, one quite official, the other so far tentative. Senator JAMES A. REED of Missouri has been indorsed by his State Democratic

organization as the party's logical candidate for President. Senator GEORGE W. NORRIS of Nebraska appears to be the choice of a conference of Progressive Republican Senators and Representatives in Washington. The appearance of neither candidate is cause for surprise in political circles, although the impression that an active campaign will be waged to gather delegates favorable to Senator NORRIS is interesting as an indication that the insurgent Republican bloc which supported Senator ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE's candidacy in 1924 intends to carry on in a less official way the sort of protest movement which he inaugurated.

Missouri's State Fair at Sedalia was the scene of Senator REED's appearance before the political curtains to announce his championing of American ideals and Democratic principles.

Jim Reed Nearly 15,000 persons heard him denounce the "scandals" of the HARDING and COOLIDGE Administrations, and declare that "What we need is an American policy. What we need is an American Administration that thinks only in terms of America and labors for the interests of our own people." The Missouri Senator thrashed through the oil transactions brought to light during the past six years and the Cabinet officers whose names were connected with them. He indicted the debt settlements made with foreign nations on the ground that they were schemes of "big business" to enable those nations to borrow more money in this country through being relieved of a large part of their war-time obligations. He mentioned particularly Secretary MELLON. "When MELLON was appointed," he said, "the great financial interests no longer exercised a mere influence. They moved in and took possession of the fiscal operations of the Government."

The preceding night had seen the Missouri State Democratic committee indorse Senator REED for the Presidency, and his Columbus Day speech gains significance in that light.

His Platform Although he pointed out that he could speak only for himself and not for his party, he urged his fellow partisans to "pitch our tents in the old camp of Democracy. Let us rally our forces to the flag of the Constitution; let us make our fight beneath these banners

proclaiming: The inalienable rights of the citizen, among which are liberty of conscience without coercion, criticism, or obloquy. The right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience and that 'none shall make him afraid.' The right of every citizen to regulate his own personal conduct — chart his own course through life — determine his own habits and to

The Week

¶New booms from Presidential guns. Jim Reed of Missouri opens fire. His home party indorses him. Unification of the Western insurgents. ¶Paradox in Mexico. The revolution waxes and wanes at once. Gomez rumors unproved. Obregon stands alone. ¶Miss Ruth Elder takes off for Paris. And is later picked up at sea. Another woman aspirant for transoceanic honors. ¶Another Balkan bubble swells, bursts, and then dissolves. ¶New hope for Franco-American tariff concord. Those "flexible provisions." ¶More Coolidge economy. No \$400,000,000 tax cut in sight. ¶A new women's Channel record. ¶Young Teddy breaks out again. Issues an ultimatum. ¶Cosgrave reelected Irish President. ¶Spain's new Parliament convenes — without fireworks.

control the affairs of his own household, free from all restraints, save that in the exercise of these natural privileges he will not interfere with the rights of others."

The insurgent Republican movement is the first autumn indication of the solidity with which these Western Senators have welded themselves into a program of "progressivism." The group

The Insurgents has suffered no changes over the summer. Among those represented in the first meeting — which took place in the office of Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH of Idaho — were Senator SMITH W. BROOKHART of Iowa, Senators GEORGE W. NORRIS and ROBERT B. HOWELL of Nebraska, Senators LYNN J. FRAZIER and GERALD P. NYE of North Dakota, and Senator ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin. Senator NORRIS does not believe that he can be nominated for the Presidency by the Republican National Convention, and other radical Senators share this view. Apparently their

aim is to influence the convention to adopt planks which coincide with their ideas, using whatever strength in delegates they are able to secure for this purpose. The radical group has no thought of bolting the Republican party to set up a third ticket of its own, and all of its activity is to be directed toward the national convention.

Mexico's revolution, conceived in the mutiny of a few military garrisons, is both petering out and growing. President CALLES has been inexorable in tracking down the leaders and putting them to the wall; the

larger towns have been cleared of revolution. But the insurrection has now taken to the hills. Gen. ARNULFO GOMEZ and Gen. HECTOR IGNACIO ALMADA have led their columns into the mountainous country around Vera Cruz where they have thus far eluded their pursuers. Rumors of the capture of General GOMEZ who, together with Gen. FRANCISCO SERRANO is said to have been the head of the insurgent movement, are current, but seem entirely false. No official announcement of his death has been made.

Meanwhile, in western Mexico, the Yaquis have joined the rebellion and taken up arms again against the Government which they periodically oppose.

The Yaquis This last phase is one of the most troublesome developments so far as President CALLES is concerned. The Indian tribes have always been a thorn in the peace of Mexico, and it has proved increasingly difficult to subdue them. Barricaded in their mountainous retreats, the roughness of the terrain and of their guerrilla tactics make it difficult to crush them.

The failure of the military revolution apparently leaves Gen. ALVARO OBREGON as the sole Presidential candidate. Generals SERRANO and GOMEZ were both seekers for the Presidency, and their revolution was said to have been directed against OBREGON on the ground that the Mexican constitution forbids his holding the office again. OBREGON was President before CALLES, and the constitution prohibits reelection, as the revolutionaries contend. But General OBREGON interprets the clause as meaning that no man shall be given two consecutive terms.

Miss RUTH ELDER sought the distinction of being the first woman to accomplish the transatlantic passage by air. Although she has failed in her attempt, she and her pilot, GEORGE HALDEMAN, hold the distinction of being the only unsuccessful

The Ladies

members of the tragic transatlantic air fraternity to survive their effort. On October 13, they were picked up at sea by a Dutch tanker. As this is written, little is known of the details of the rescue, nor of the causes which sent Miss ELDER's plane, the *American Girl*, to the fate of the other craft which have dropped into the sea. With her pilot and navigator, she took off from Roosevelt Field at 5.04 P.M., on October 11, choosing late afternoon rather than early morning as has been the practice of the other flyers. An American vessel reported sighting the plane that evening, flying fast and low through a beautiful, moonlit sky. Then no word was received until the report that the pair had been picked up at sea.

There is now but one more transatlantic flight in prospect. Mrs. FRANCES WILSON GRAYSON is waiting at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, for propitious weather to start her flight to Copenhagen. Now that Miss ELDER has failed, Mrs. GRAYSON will have an opportunity to gain the distinction which the *American Girl* has lost. It was from Old Orchard Beach that the *Old Glory* with its two pilots and one passenger took off for Rome last month.

The latest incident in those troublesome Balkans has evaporated in an exchange of "satisfactory" notes between Bulgaria and Jugoslavia, the countries involved.

France stood ready to offer mediation, and the League Council watched the affair with interest, but the Balkan countries have settled their own differences without outside aid. The trouble arose over the murder of a Jugoslavian general by Macedonian subjects of Bulgaria. The assassins were members of the rather extensive bandit bands which roam the mountainous regions of both countries, and when it was established that no political significance could be attached to the unfortunate incident, enmity was succeeded by amity. A note of apology from the Bulgarian Foreign Office is reported to be entirely satisfactory to Jugoslavia, which will not pursue the matter further than to urge Bulgaria to enforce strict measures against these guerrilla bands which prey upon the countryside.

Tariff difficulties between France and the United States, which arose when the former nation suddenly advanced the duties charged upon certain American goods coming into the country, seem in a fair way to be straightened out. The latest

American note upon the subject, although its text has been withheld, is said to be considered quite satisfactory in Paris. Our State Department is seeking a temporary readjustment of rates, pending the forthcoming discussions upon the subject. France is eager that President COOLIDGE take advantage of the "flexible provision"

of the FORDNEY-McCUMBER Tariff Act to reduce the duty on various French products, pending the conclusion of a final agreement between the two countries, and it is understood that the latest American note may indicate the possibility of such a move. Mr. COOLIDGE accompanied the note by a personal message delivered orally by SHELDON WHITEHOUSE, American Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, which expressed the President's sincere hope for a satisfactory conclusion of the difficulties between the two countries.

Economy is still the keynote of the COOLIDGE Administration, as is indicated by the President's latest comment upon tax reduction. Replying to a statement of the Chamber of Commerce

No Tax Cut of the United States that the next Congress should find it possible to slash at least \$400,000,000 from existing tax schedules, he stated that this organization might much better turn its efforts to interesting Congress in curbing expenditures than in urging tax reduction on the Government. Mr. COOLIDGE does not believe it will be possible to reduce taxes by \$400,000,000, because such a sum, in his opinion, would create a deficit. He has not gone on record to that effect with finality, because he will not know, until the Bureau of the Budget has furnished him with figures, how the expenses and revenues of the Government will run for the year. Also, he points out, it is not possible to tell in advance how large revenues may be expected. There are several large constructive projects to come before Congress at the next session—projects calling for large expenditures. First among them is flood control; but there will also be increases to take care of the new five-year aviation building program. "Big Navy" men are driving for more ships, and more ships mean more money. Then there is the necessity of building and repairing Army barracks which will take still more money. Figures for these expenditures are not yet available, of course.

Last summer's sport was swimming the Channel, just as this summer's was crossing the Atlantic by air. In the icy waters of early October this sport has

been revived, and two Englishwomen have made the passage. The first, Miss MERCEDES GLEITZE, a London typist, emerged on the English coast on October 8; the second, Miss DOROTHY COCHRANE LOGAN, made the swim three days later, and established a record for woman swimmers. By making the difficult passage in thirteen hours and twelve minutes, she lowered GERTRUDE EDERLE's time by an hour and twenty minutes.

Col. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, far from being abashed by the cold reception which national Republican leaders gave his indictment of Gov. AL SMITH of New York at the convention of the State's

Republican organization at Rochester, repeated his charges on October 11. The occasion was a meeting of delegates from Republican women's organizations in

New York City. Young TEDDY stated that the Democrats would be given just fourteen days to answer the charges he had made against them, and if the answer was not forthcoming, he would amplify his charges. "This is a vitally important campaign," he said, in referring to New York State's political fortunes this fall. "It is the forerunner of the campaign next autumn, and in all probability the destiny of the country will depend on what happens next fall." Colonel ROOSEVELT complains that opposition newspapers have made no attempt to answer his specific charges against Governor SMITH's administration. "There has been no attempt to meet our indictment of a foolish financial policy," he said. "There has been no answer to our indictment of a dilatory water-power policy. There has been no reply to our indictment of a State Democracy which professes to foster a nonpartisan judiciary and then proceeds to nominate Tammany stalwarts who have held judicial office only by Tammany appointment. There has been no attempt to refute the irrefutable statement that Governor SMITH is a Tammany man."

WILLIAM COSGRAVE, whose Government was returned victorious to the Dail Eireann, Ireland's Parliament, by so small a margin, was reelected President of the Executive Council by six votes. The debate which preceded his victory was bitter and threatened at times to become more than a debate. But order was maintained, and the election was accomplished. EAMON DE VALERA and his fellow members of the Fianna Fail, sitting in the Dail for the first time, took part in the discussions. DE VALERA spoke only in Gaelic, the ancient tongue of Ireland, which a bare ten per cent of the deputies understand, so it is said.

For the first time in more than three years, a popular assembly convened in Spain on October 10. This new Parliament is hardly a representative and virile body in the exact sense, for it will not make the laws, but merely recommend them to the executive power which is invested in King ALFONSO and PRIMO DE RIVERA, military dictator. The Assembly attracted no great interest in Madrid, but whether from the fact that the Spaniards have accustomed themselves to getting along without a Parliament, or to their feeling that this one didn't amount to much anyway, is not known. In due course, so it is announced, the executive plans to recreate a really representative parliamentary body which will actually make the nation's laws.

Teddy Unabashed

The Last Flight

The Balkans

Cosgrave Reelected

A Spanish Assembly

Tariff Concord?

The Channel Again

The Editor Steps Down

FROM the editor of the *Beaufort News* of Beaufort, North Carolina, comes this incisive note criticizing the attitude of Mr. George Fort Milton, Chattanooga, Tennessee, publisher, in his article, "Progressive Democrats in a Quandary," which appeared in *THE INDEPENDENT* for October 8. We need only to point out that the writer has apparently overlooked entirely the point Mr. Milton made in favoring the chances of Senator Walsh over those of Governor Smith in the South namely, that, religion aside, Smith's wetness would defeat him inevitably, while Walsh's bone-dry tendencies might save him and his party from rout, at the same time laying the anti-Catholic bogey. Mr. Milton, we feel sure, would not discriminate between the two because of the quality of their respective allegiances to Catholicism. We would call this essential point to our correspondent's attention by way of introduction to his

DEAR SIR:

The jeremiad of Mr. George Fort Milton in a recent issue of your publication is entertaining even if somewhat illogical. He predicts that the nomination of Governor Smith would "revive in a malignant form the spirit of religious intolerance," "arouse a frightful religious controversy," resuscitate the Ku-Klux Klan, and split the sacredly Solid South. All presumably because Governor Smith is a Catholic. Then he says that the opposition to Governor Smith is *not* based on his Catholicism and suggests that Senator Walsh, who is also a Catholic, would be a desirable nominee. I would like to know why Walsh's religion, which is the same as Smith's, would not kick up as big a row in the South as Smith's. Personally I think it would. I have heard a good many Democrats in this section express their opposition to Governor Smith and the reason given has nearly always been his religion. Why not tell the truth about the matter?

WILLIAM GILES MEBANE.

A MINISTER of East Cleveland, Ohio, has sent in the following comment suggested by Maynard Shipley's article, "A Year of the Monkey War," which was published in *THE INDEPENDENT* for October 1. It needs no preface from us, but is interesting as an expression of individual opinion out of the common run of theological belief:

DEAR SIR:

I would express my pleasure in reading Maynard Shipley's article, "A Year of the Monkey War," though for an opposite reason to that purposed by the writer. That thirteen States have taken up the question of the religious instruction of the

American youth is an encouraging indication that the legislators are awakening to their prime duty of securing the continuance of religious belief as fundamental to government. Without religion there is no other sanction available to courts, legislative acts and executive duties than the use of force. For without God each one's private judgment is the only test of truth, and each one's consent to a majority ruling the only authority. All government is by consent of the governed, and, if authority is not from God, in Him being the reason for right, then each individual mind is the final source of law, of what is reasonable. ¶As to the problem the legislators are working on, it is only prohibitive, that true science cannot contradict God, the author of reason and common sense and the author of faith in the Bible. Yet the difficulties of even this negative problem are great, owing to the presence of non-Christian and non-Jewish citizens in many States. As to evolution as a scientific explanation of the cosmos, while it is taught in the Bible in the story of creation, yet the reason for it is not the force inherent in dead matter, but in the creative Word of God. There is no other alternative. If it were in dead matter, what is scientifically proven as impossible — spontaneous generation — would have to be affirmed as true, as well as the identity of minerals, plants, animals, and the speaking animal. This is against the common-sense facts on which all reasoning rests. That a monkey never did, and never could, speak is scientifically demonstrable. Else not only monkeys, but all animals, could be and should be evolved by enlightened man into speakers. Evolution is not a biological, but a philosophic question, except on the presumption that thought is material. And it is within the province of legislators to eliminate any unscientific evolution that is contradictory to the religion of all the people.

¶This I offer as an individual assertion of the soundness of the Fundamentalists' stand on the concordance of the Bible with what is true in evolution.

REV. THOS. G. RING.

WE have said so much editorially against some of the more noxious boosterisms of our age and generation that we have now come to the point where, for the time being at least, we think silence will be sterling wisdom if not golden. For this reason we are tremendously bucked, to use an English word we have just learned, by a letter which has seared its way through the circuitous mail route from Cambridge, Massachusetts, over across the Charles.

DEAR SIR:

By nature I am one of those peace-loving men you see pictured in the advertisements who prefer a dressing gown, slippers,

and a friendly pipe before the hearth — with a good book in their hands — to the noisome strife of the world's busy marts. However, there are times when I feel constrained to knock the dottle indignantly from the Friendly Cutty, gird my loins in something more suitable than a lounging robe, and unleash a few winged words on some subject or other which seems calculated to agitate the public mind.

¶Now take last Saturday, for instance, October 8. On sugaring my coffee and spreading the morning paper over the toast and scrambled eggs as usual, I observed in tasty type at the bottom of the front page the advice that this was "Sweetest Day" and how about making somebody happy — and who! My whole morning, to say nothing of the toast and eggs, was ruined. Every time I passed a child on the street without buying him a stick of candy — and this happened frequently — I felt horribly guilty, and glanced fearfully up the nearest alley to see if anyone was looking. And that evening, just to add to my troubles, some good neighbor told me that Sunday was to be Fire Prevention Day. As a matter of fact, everything turned out splendidly, for it rained most of the time, thus driving home the point with one of Nature's own sermons. But I recall an earlier observance of the same day which was not nearly so fortunate.

¶It all began when Clean-Up Week was inaugurated in my home city in Ohio by the placing of rubbish containers at certain strategic corners. These receptacles met with great popular favor, and were soon filled to overflowing with débris of one sort or another. Then along came Fire Prevention Day, with a parade, led, properly enough, by a number of pieces of shiny fire apparatus. The route was lined with cheering citizens. Then some bystander, in an overwrought moment, dropped a cigarette into one of the better patronized rubbish cans . . .

¶I pause to take another notch in my belt.

¶I'm all in favor of curing the country of this day-and-week disease, even if, as some poetaster once phrased it otherwise, we have to die at our physician's hands to do it. Therefore in your delightfully intelligent editorial columns why not advocate, say, a "Take-a-Pinch-of-Snuff Week." Snuff did well by our forefathers and has been all too sadly neglected in these days of coughless nicotine. And this in turn would inspire a "Send-Your-Linen-to-the-Laundry Week." There are two good weeks right there.

¶And finally — for my belt will draw no tighter — how about a Western Union Week? This modern Mercury has given us so many happy, happy Days, Weeks, and Yom Kippurs that it deserves a good one of its own. Let us all wire Mr. Newcomb Carlton and tell him how much we enjoyed our Eat-an-Apple-a-Day Week for a month afterwards last year.

GEOFFREY MILES KENT.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

THE OVERLAND UNLIMITED. 1. Read through Mr. Peabody's article making mental notes on the qualities which make it interesting. How does the author go about making a personal experience not far out of the ordinary into an interesting article? 2. What is gained by the informal note which is struck throughout, and the frequent use of the pronouns "I" and "We"? Notice that the article might almost be a chapter out of a diary, or a few pages from a long letter. 3. How would you classify it as a composition? Is it narrative, description, or exposition? Is there any argument in it? 4. Locate Cheyenne and Chicago on a map, and estimate the distance between the two cities. Locate North Platte and Omaha, where the plane stopped for refueling. Is the route the most direct route possible? 5. See what data you are able to find on the United States air mail in current newspapers and magazines. How many routes are now in operation? Notice that the mail planes are operated not by the Government, but by private companies holding contracts for the work. Compare this with the letting of mail contracts to the railways. 6. What do you think of Mr. Peabody's descriptions of night flying, and of dawn seen from an airplane? How does he give you pictures of these things? 7. Write an article of your own describing some recent experience you have had. The experience need be nothing more unusual than an automobile ride or a hike. Try to approach the subject from a fresh viewpoint, giving it a personal touch designed to make it interesting. Write at whatever length you think the subject deserves.

PEEPS INTO A WAR CHEST. 1. What is meant in this case by a "War Chest"? What seems to be the origin of the term? 2. The author tells how British parties obtained funds in the past through the distribution of honors. What distribution somewhat parallel is often made by American political parties? 3. What do you think of the ethics of these distributions? Are they justifiable on any ground? 4. Discuss the purposes of "propaganda" for which campaign funds are used. 5. Discuss campaign funds in general, giving attention to recent controversies over campaign funds in the United States Senate. 6. Tell something about the political career of each of the following: Herbert Asquith; David Lloyd George; Bonar Law.

THE MOTHER OF YELLOW JOURNALISM. 1. It might be well in considering Mr. Bent's article to assemble three or four copies of Sunday papers published in your vicinity. Bring them to class for examination. 2. What is the accepted meaning of the term "yellow journalism"? What, according to Mr. Bent, is its "mother"? 3. Examine the papers you have brought to verify Mr. Bent's remarks about "features." Notice the copyright marks on a number of the features, and you will find that many of them—the comic strips, perhaps—come from "syndicates" or other papers. 4. Mr. Bent intimates that some of the celebrities whose articles are syndicated do not do their own writing. Do you know any cases in which the writing is done by a literary "ghost"? Does Babe Ruth, for example, write his own baseball articles? 5. Discuss in class some of the Sunday newspaper features you particularly like or dislike, trying to determine why you feel as you do about them. 6. Do you think that Mr. Bent is

justified in believing that some of the Sunday papers strike for the intelligence level of the fourteen-year-old, or even below? Defend or attack the Sunday features in a classroom discussion. 7. If the Sunday paper represents "an astonishing organization for the prevention of reading," who is to blame? Is it the fault of the newspapers, or of the public? 8. Estimate for one of the papers you have brought to class the relative amount of space devoted to news, to features, and to advertising. 9. Write an essay of about eight-hundred words on "Sunday Features," upholding or dissenting from the verdict given by Mr. Bent.

BACK STAGE IN WASHINGTON. 1. This is the first of a second series giving "back-stage" glimpses of the actors in our national political drama. THE INDEPENDENT's Washington correspondent will catch them in unconventional poses. See if you think the series more interesting than the usual type of political article. 2. Who are the men most frequently mentioned for the Republican nomination for president. Discuss the chances of Hoover, Dawes, Lowden, Hughes, and others. 3. Why are a majority of them "lying low" at the present time, instead of boldly announcing their candidacies? 4. What do you think of the correspondent's description of the President's summer as a "frost"? Have you seen any intimations elsewhere that Mr. Coolidge was not warmly welcomed in the Black Hills? 5. Are you able to identify the "Assistant Secretary of a government department" who went out in search of foreign decorations? Try to discover his name. 6. Study the jaunty style of the article, noticing the coloring given it by the use of lively adjectives and verbs. 7. Write an article of similar style on "back-stage" events in your school life.

Peeps into a War Chest

(Continued from page 402)

statesman, although he commands the respect of every party in the country, cannot any longer take an active part in politics and prefers, as is quite natural, to be independent of any party organization. In his present position he can criticize when he likes, and probably in this position he can do more useful service to the state than as an ardent supporter of the Liberal party.

The scandal caused by the honors lists of the Coalition Government resulted in 1923, under the Premiership of Mr. Bonar Law, in the setting up of a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question of granting honors. As a result of this inquiry, each Government on coming into office has to appoint a "Committee of the Privy Council," whose duty it is to examine the honors list which the Prime Minister desires to forward to the crown for approval. The patronage secretary or the party manager, as the case may be, has to sign a statement declaring that no money has passed directly or indirectly between the individual for whom the honor is asked and any political party fund. The result of this has been that the public life of England has been purified from this particular form of corruption which reached its zenith under the Coalition Government. There can in future be no more selling of honors for the sake of party funds, and those who are honored by the crown can legitimately consider that they have deserved their reward for meritorious service to the state.

SAM WILSON and PAUL RODMAN

THEY were two partners in business who had the foresight to anticipate the event which happened, the sudden death of one of them.

It was Rodman who died, and he was the backbone of the management. But the business continued its growth because partnership insurance tided over the necessary reorganization.

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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THERE have been bad mayors, dishonest, grafting mayors, low mayors of the baser sort, in the history of great American cities, but perhaps never before has there been a more annoying, a more irritating specimen of mayor than the egregious William Hale Thompson of Chicago. It is merely depressing that his political ideas should be abject in conception, false in premise, and dishonest in reasoning, but it is certainly annoying that the blatant shouting and ballyhooing of these idiocies should be accepted by the citizenry of our second largest city as wisdom, that they should not be laughed away as clowning too clumsy to be sinister.

Undoubtedly it appealed to the German vote in Chicago, and doubtless to other less intelligent national blocs in the last mayoralty election, when Mr. Thompson devoted a large part of his campaign to an attack on England in general and King George in particular. His purpose undoubtedly was to chisel Mr. William McAndrew out of his important post as superintendent of schools, and the Thompson method was to accuse him of allowing American history to be taught in the public schools from a pro-British standpoint. Now Mr. Thompson expresses the most extreme and passionate patriotism.

Such time as he can spare from the exigencies of practical politics he devotes to rhapsodies on the American flag and to worshiping the memories of the fathers of the republic.

Mr. McAndrew, in due season, he suspended. In the hearings to determine Mr. McAndrew's guilt as a British propagandist, Congressman John Gorman — a Thompson man — is reported to have read the following statements from the high-school textbooks on "American History," by David Saville Muzzey, used in the Chicago schools:

"The Boston tea party was the last straw," "The Colonies added insult to injury," "The capitol of Massachusetts was the seat of vulgar sedition," "George Washington was a tyrant, dictator, despot and the stepfather of his country," "The Continental Congress was a collection of pettifogging lawyers and mechanics."

Naturally one sits up and takes notice on reading such foul and treasonable statements. Only those students who take the trouble to dig into the textbooks themselves discover that Mr. Gorman has performed that delicate feat of manipulation known to literary critics as "lifting passages from their context." What Mr. Muzzey wrote, for example,

was, "In King George's eyes the 'Boston Tea Party' was the last straw; the Colonies had added insult to injury." This is a very different thing from the intimation that Mr. Muzzey thought King George's thoughts or used his words. Similarly, the references to George Washington were prefaced in the book by an explanation of Washington's attitude at a time when he was the target of much popular abuse. "The press on both sides became coarse and abusive. Washington was reviled in language fit to characterize a Nero. 'Tyrant,' 'dictator,' and 'despot' were some of the epithets hurled at him. He was called the 'stepfather of his country.'"

The thorough and shameful dishonesty of Mr. Gorman and Mr. Thompson has not escaped the notice of newspaper editorial writers all over the country. The *Boston Evening Transcript*, in a very able analysis of the charges against Mr. McAndrew, characterizes them as "crude blows below the belt struck to help Mayor Thompson in his groundless campaign against an unusually able . . . educator. The American people have no better opinion of a politician than of a pugilist who fights foul."

Haven't they? Perhaps not in the last analysis, but is there enough honest indignation among the voters in Chicago to overcome a political organization solidly entrenched in the spoils system, simply because its leaders misrepresent a historian and a superintendent of schools? We doubt it. Chicago knows its Thompson and endures him with occasional protests from that small minority known as the "better citizens." Thompson, a shrewd knave, knows that he can lie, misrepresent facts, and distort issues until Lake Michigan dries up, provided he wraps himself in the American flag when he appears in public and sees to it in private that "the boys" get what is coming to them all up and down the line.

Some people may find the whole thing an uproarious farce. Others, less gifted with a sense of humor, find that there is nothing funny in it at all.

A New One for the Iron Duke

BY presenting a straightforward argument for the restoration of the papal state, fifty years defunct in Italy, the *Osservatore Romano*, mouthpiece of the Vatican, has given juggler Mussolini one more riddle to think about. The Premier has recently manifested great friendship for the Vatican, cajoling its incumbent in one way or another, but at the same time he has proclaimed in strident tones the infallibility of the state, a doctrine traditionally displeasing to His Holiness. Perhaps the Vatican has decided that this is as good a time as any for bargaining. The *Osservatore* speaks:

Only Italy, which robbed the Holy See of its territory in 1870, can set matters right again now by ceding enough territory for a new papal state. If

Italy agrees to this, the Vatican is willing to resume relations of amity without demanding guarantees by the foreign powers or international courts.

And as alternative:

So long as the Pope resides in territory which does not belong to him in the territory of another power, the only possible remedy is open, clear and universally known hostility.

It is predicted by a majority of observers that Mussolini will look kindly upon the argument. For two years he is said to have had a plan for granting to the Vatican a tract of land near Ostia. Action is not expected immediately; in fact, it has not been demanded immediately by the *Osservatore*, but in definitely outlining its position the Vatican has cleared the way for negotiations in the near future. The juggler will have to do some careful thinking in the next few days. An interesting commentary on the situation will be found in John Hearley's article in this issue of THE INDEPENDENT.

Disappointment of a Passenger

NEW YORK CITY has duly welcomed Mr. Charles A. Levine, the well-known transatlantic air passenger, and congratulations are in order all around. Mr. Levine is to be congratulated on his voyage to Europe and his return from same; Europe is to be congratulated on general principles; and the United States may well shake hands with itself that this particular ambassador of good will has returned to his *patrie* without having started another European or Great War.



There was an obviously apologetic note in the New York speeches which welcomed and extolled "Charley" Levine. There was an equally obvious attempt on the part of the New York papers to present Mr. Levine as a modest, misunderstood man, "a wistful, little figure," shyly returning to a colder welcome than might have been expected, but still a welcome which covered him with modest blushes from head to foot. Now it may very well be that Mr. Levine is and has been misunderstood. Most of us are; even our wives and children occasionally misunderstand our motives and underestimate the grandeur of our souls. We solace ourselves with the words of Emerson: "To be great is to be misunderstood." But the fact remains that the blazing publicity which today is accorded to the spectacular individual demands high qualities of dignity, good nature, modesty, and common sense. These qualities were possessed in amazing degree by Colonel Lindbergh and Commander Byrd. It is Mr. Levine's misfortune that his attitude under the

white light was necessarily contrasted with the behavior of two great and unusual Americans. As a result the cheering died away and was followed by acrid criticism. Lots of stout-hearted fellows and sound men of business are pretty awful in the drawing-room, and Mr. Levine's virtues, however numerous and excellent, were not those of a popular hero and unofficial diplomat. He is the victim of a false situation and his own limitations. One may hope that now he will find his pleasure in less startling and spectacular pursuits.

Mr. Wells Observes the Chip

AMERICANS have an ear always cocked for praise from abroad, but will snarl at a whisper of censure. They are too sensitive to criticism of their national institutions, too apt to display a violent temper at the suggestion of a foreigner that all is not perfect within their borders. Such, at least, is the reaction of Mr. H. G. Wells, who describes himself as "the most cosmopolitan-spirited of critics," to a deluge of letters attacking him for his attitude in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. "One can scarcely



let a sentence that is not highly flattering glance across the Atlantic without some American blowing up," he informs readers of the *New York Times*. "No other people have so acute a sensibility. This Sacco and Vanzetti business has merely brought this testy impertinence to a head."

Doubtless there is much in what the cosmopolitan-spirited Mr. Wells believes. Leaving the Sacco-Vanzetti case out of consideration, there are numerous matters in which the United States has shown extreme sensibility. Let a foreigner praise our skyscrapers, our railroads, our farms or mountains, and all is milk and honey. Let him so much as suggest that our Government or school system is not the height of perfection, and he is sent home to the tune of an editorial barrage.

It is a curious fact, which Mr. Wells may have noticed but does not mention, that the criticism resented from a foreigner is welcomed from a domestic source. Mr. Mencken uses a hammer and his readers call for a sledge. He takes up a sledge and the public calls for a pile driver. He struggles with a pile driver and is acclaimed one of the greatest critics who ever lived. Among ourselves we thrive on denunciations.

Now that America has come of age it is time for her to place foreign critics on an equal footing with her own. She ought to welcome Mr. Wells with his friendly if unfavorable comments on American schools, American methods of democracy, and the American sense of justice. She ought to welcome him, for the sake of consistency, even were he to call

her a nation of rabble-rousers, praying Methodists, and bigoted Nordic blonds. Since we have been free in our criticism of Europe, it is only fair that we should accept a stiff dose of criticism in return.

Poland Looks to Her Currency

NOTHING is more reassuring in the economic situation of Europe than the way in which currencies, one by one, are being stabilized. The Polish zloty, less renowned than the franc or mark, is the latest to be restored to a firm footing. In the case of Poland, the financial outlook was dark until a year ago. Owing to the failure of the grain crop, a falling off in the market prices of several Polish export commodities, and an unfortunate tariff war with Germany, the zloty went on the toboggan in August, 1925, and fell below the gold franc to which it was fixed. Since then, with growing production and trade in Poland, it has been tentatively re-established at a somewhat lower figure. The Polish Legation at Washington reports that the fiscal year 1926-1927 closed with a surplus of 155,000,000 zlotys, or \$17,500,000, as compared with a deficit of \$26,500,000 in the previous year, and that there will probably be another surplus in 1927-1928.

An agreement providing a stabilization loan of \$70,000,000 was signed recently by the Government of Poland and an international syndicate headed by New York bankers. In connection with the loan, which is expected to assist the economic growth of Poland and strengthens the position of her international credit, Charles S. Dewey, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has been appointed financial adviser to the Polish Government. Thus, as in the case of Hungary and Jeremiah Smith, the United States is helping through a private individual to bring about the financial rehabilitation of a European power. If Europe regards the United States as a Shylock, she has at least found him a more pleasant broker than the old Venetian. There is little reason to believe that he will attempt to exact a pound of flesh, and a good deal to the argument that he is acting in the best interests of his clients.

Reconstruction is a prosaic business when compared with war, but it makes up in perseverance what it lacks in drama. The stabilization of Polish currency is another landmark in its advance.

To Ease the Homeward Path

THE burning patriotism which illumines the souls of Americans returning from Europe is always a little damped by the customs regulations of this land of the free. In particular the \$100 limit on articles purchased for personal use arouses ire. That limit was established years ago when the dollar bought a third more than it buys today. It was always too small to cover even the ordinary wear and

tear of travel on one's wardrobe and the souvenirs which one can hardly escape buying abroad. The exemption should be at least \$200, preferably \$300. In general the goods which American travelers accumulate overseas are not the sort whose entry decreases the sales of homemade products. Either their like are not made in America, or sell at such a stiff price that possession would be foregone by those who buy them at reduced prices in Europe. Therefore, the gain to American industry in keeping them out is pitifully small compared with the satisfaction which their use brings to individuals. The Treasury's interest dwindles to almost nothing.

In point of fact, customs inspectors do what they can to mitigate the Government's severity. They scan lightly the prices on the declarations of travelers whom they judge to be *bona fide* and amateur as contrasted with those suspected of professional smuggling. As a result, the average traveler probably brings in free considerably more than \$100 worth of merchandise, but suffers the distress of a guilty conscience in so doing. It seems hardly worth while for the nation to keep in effect a standard of values which is so generally disregarded in practice, and which unnecessarily annoys so many citizens at a moment when their enthusiasm for their country should be unalloyed.

Birth of a Robot

MECHANICAL men have always stalked through fiction with their curious, rigid limbs and their clockwork anatomy, but never until lately have they emerged into the world. Karel Capek, Czech dramatist, produced a race of "robots" which did the hodcarrying and ditch digging for society and eventually overthrew it, but he kept his creations within a play. It was left for the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company to bring them into the open. The Westinghouse inventors have produced an electric mechanism which answers questions over the telephone and is capable of operating automatic sweepers, electric fans, searchlights, or what not, in response to vocal commands. Three mechanisms of this kind are now employed by the War Department to assist in regulating the reservoirs of the Washington, D. C., water system. When telephoned from headquarters one of the mechanisms will remove the receiver from the hook, listen attentively for the request of its superior officer, and reply by notes within the human-voice register. Each machine performs faithfully the work of a man, and does it day in, day out, for a salary of nothing at all.

It is somewhat disappointing to learn that the mechanisms are addressed by tuning forks, and to discover that "there is nothing æsthetic about the synthetic man. It looks like a hybrid between a six-tube radio set and a telephone switchboard on

election night." Still, if the device resembled a dodo bird or an egg beater it would be no less remarkable for its human qualities. It is the first actual robot, a primitive of its kind. It responds only to sound, and will do nothing unless addressed in the proper tone. In the process of evolution will this robot respond to light, to color, to touch, to taste or smell? If so, we shall have to heed the lesson of Mr. Capek's play.

Benito's Best Possible of Worlds

WE are not greatly given to praising the Cast Iron Duke, Benito Mussolini, but his latest edict wrings reluctant but hearty cheers from a throat unused to vocal ecstasies. He has just told his faithful servants, the Italian people, that after the November 6 celebration of the Italian-Austrian Armistice Day they can do their celebrating on Sundays but not on week days whatsoever. Week days were meant for work, he tells them, not for celebrating Mothers or Fathers or Arbors or Saint Simon or Saint Jude. It seems that in wicked Latin countries, where the grape obtains, workmen who have celebrated Columbus Day on a Tuesday are practically sunk without trace on the Wednesday morning following. This won't do, says the Duke. Exit the week-day holiday!

This strikes us as a remarkably sound move. Our lives here in America are all cluttered up with holidays and with whole weeks and fortnights which our civic consciences force us to devote to extracurricular activities. We spend seven hard days celebrating "Become a Friend to Girls Week" and then just when we are figuring on going back to the office and doing a little work, we find that the next *semaine* is "Clean-Up Week," and we have to spend six more days cleaning up all the muss we made being friendly to girls. Perhaps the next week has only three holidays in it, Kosciusko's Birthday, Mother-in-Law's Day, and Poppy Day, but Sunday may be Septuagesima and that entails a lot of spiritual obligations. So what with golf and paying one's personal bills, that week looks like a slice of Swiss cheese. Normally, the next week would be Child Health, with Navy Day and Decoration Day thrown in for good measure — so at the end of the month we find that our output of gadgets has fallen ninety-one per cent below the standard of efficiency established by the Better Gadget Producers Association.

Now all this care and grief and inefficiency would be eliminated if we had a Mussolini who made us work on each and every week day and then blow off steam on Sundays. The only trouble is that in America, even with a working week, undoubtedly a strong league would arise to pass a new and stringent series of Blue Laws regulating Sundays — and then we would all be good and efficient and somehow not awfully happy.

Mr. Borah's Water Cure

SENATOR BORAH is a good man, with a large forceful head, and a large, forceful black sombrero hat through which at times he feels compelled to talk. In his latest outburst, when he declared that prohibition enforcement should be the



main plank in the platform of the Republican party, he not only plastered his sombrero over his eyes and mouth, and roared sonorously through it, but he also ran down any number of political streets kicking over all the most highly respectable apple carts drawn up along the curbs. The spectacle was intrinsically pathetic but not

without its humors. There were all the fine old War Horses and Wheel Horses and Favorite Sons hovering over their bright, shining apples like so many broody but optimistic hens. And there like a St. Louis tornado came Senator Borah, howling heresies and impractical politics, and in a moment all the apples were in the mud and the War and Wheel Horses raring and plunging and shying and the Favorite Sons registering the emotions of poor cousins' stepsons just after the reading of the will.

Hardened old sinners like THE INDEPENDENT derive a wicked pleasure from the explosion of a depot of petards which hoists all hands indiscriminately from the Head Supreme Petard Planter to the last and lowest Fusee Adjuster. Of course the highest soaring victim of the great explosion is Senator Borah himself, who at this writing is still way up in the air, a mere traveling dot.

Senator Borah has never objected to being alone and is doubtless enjoying his solo flight, but the other fauna of Republican politics are in less pleasant case. The one thing on which they were entirely unanimous was the heartfelt wish to leave the prohibition question strictly alone. Even so virtuous an organ as THE INDEPENDENT was upheld that prohibition enforcement was not a healthy subject for discussion by Democrats or Republicans. The solid Democratic South is dry. Northern Democracy is wet. The great Republican States, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, probably Ohio, and many others are wet or damp. Both the Solid South and the great Republican States are essential to their respective parties.

What possible political pragmatics can there be in this injection of a passionately controversial, private question into party matters? Neither the Democratic nor the Republican party has any mortgage on prohibition as an issue. Approximately half the Republicans are damp and half the Democrats likewise. The party which assumes it will lose its wets

without adding appreciably to its roster of dries. Certainly the Republican party has more to lose and less to win by such an assumption than the Democratic, for the Solid South may be counted on to cast its electoral vote for a Democrat of any relative humidity, whereas the Republicans are liable to put thirst above the tariff.

Not long ago THE INDEPENDENT suggested a middle course presenting such obvious advantages that it is clearly too good to be true. We urged that the bearded stalwarts of the somewhat mildewed Prohibition party be called forth from their nooks and crannies, that their helms be reshined, their plumes dry-cleaned, and that all good dries should unite beneath the White Oriflamme on a straight out-and-out enforcement platform. The rest of us unregenerates, we said, could go on living in sin, and voting on a lot of perfectly silly issues, like the duty on live bobwhite quail, economy, war with Nicaragua, and relief for lonely wheat growers in the open spaces. Then we should all be reasonably happy and the Prohibition party, drawing from Republicans and Democrats alike, would have a very good chance of inflicting that government by the minority which is the Sadistic dream of all reformers.

This solution would suit everyone except Senator Borah. He is one of those direct-action theorists who insist that his party support a program which he has admitted may take a hundred years to make good, and which, as a matter of fact, his party does not particularly like anyhow. In so doing, he makes his party look like a flock of weak cowards to all the blue-eyed gentry in whom the longing to reform others approaches absolute lust, and he raises a series of distressing and uncomfortable doubts in the bosoms of all those sterling Southern gentlemen who hate the damnyankee, love their juleps, and vote that the negro laborer cannot be trusted to withstand the temptations of alcohol and still make the crop that pays the bills.

The result is *nil*. Borah has made a gesture with his foot and a lot of nice red apples are in the gutter. He has clarified nothing — for the voter — and that should be the function of the honest, independent, politician whom we believe Senator Borah to be. Issues, clearly defined and honestly accepted by parties, justify the extravagant waste and the vulgar comedy of our elections and even of our representative system in general. But issues foisted on reluctant and divided partisans prove nothing except confusion and failure. The Senator knows or should know this truism, and his gesture cannot be regarded as constructive — except by fanatical admirers. He has done his cause and his party and himself no service except as he has recorded his personal opinions — and the opinions of Borah, important and valuable as they often are, do not represent more than the opinions of one honest man — and that is a very real minority in this republic.

The Push Behind Farm Relief

By Senator Arthur Capper

THE six-year fight for full and complete recognition of agriculture will be resumed at Washington this winter with a fair chance of some definite result. A new farm-relief bill, embodying the essentials of the McNary-Haugen measure, will be introduced. It will aim to provide machinery by which the farmers may, by their own efforts and at their own expense, stabilize the market for their own crops at price levels which will maintain American living standards on the farm.

Agriculture asks for no preferred economic position. All our farmers want is a chance to meet world competition under the same governmental protection given other important American industries and other vital national interests. Under these laws the country has prospered amid the greatest upset of world conditions known to history, all except agriculture, which has not yet been admitted to full membership in our protective system.

The McNary-Haugen bill favored by the last Congress may not have been one hundred per cent perfect, but it was a start in the right direction. All great steps in our progress began as experiments. This legislation is worthy of trial. It is an honest, sincere attempt to assist the American farmer to orderly marketing and orderly economic production of crops; to help him keep his crop surplus from wrecking his home market on which he depends. The Government is not required to buy or sell anything, but simply to assist him in organizing the necessary coöperative machinery for the actual handling of the surplus.

I cannot see how those who without question favor substantial tariff protection for large manufacturing interests, governmentally stabilized rates for the railroads, and interest rates fixed by the Federal Reserve banking system can consistently oppose the McNary-Haugen plan of farm relief on the ground that it will "put the government in the farming business." The proposed legislation seeks to give agriculture the same measure of protection which is enjoyed and has been found necessary for the well-being of other large economic groups. This policy has been proved necessary to national welfare, and it is not good for agriculture, which constitutes one third of the whole, to be left out.

Controlled marketing on a large scale by the farmers themselves must have a large place in the farm-relief program which Congress approves. In an average year the producers of the United States receive \$10,000,000,000 for their farm products, for which the consumers pay \$30,000,000,000. The apparent fact that the distributors of these products

cannot handle them for less than two thirds of the selling price — or twice as much more than the farmer gets — shows what a great opportunity awaits agriculture when it shall organize by commodity groups for national and for export marketing, and reduce the standing

army of toll takers which eats up its proper profits.

We have been talking about organizing the business end of farming for years and have pretty well laid the groundwork for it. Such groups as the Land-o'-Lakes dairymen, a coöperative with 84,000 members and 402 creameries, which did a \$40,000,000 business last year, and the citrus fruit and raisin growers of California have been organized on a national sales basis, and both producer and consumer are reaping the benefits. Now that the wheat pools are working toward that goal, we have reached the point where the further need is for something to bridge the gap like the Federal farm marketing board, proposed in the McNary-Haugen bill, and I believe it will come. It is more or less inevitable if we are to place agriculture, our biggest business, on the big-business basis necessary to put it on a modern and equal footing and so make farming fairly and safely profitable.

Low prices for farm products are causing more talk than any other phase of the rural economic situation, as might be expected. The price level for farm products is at 130 per cent of the prewar average, as compared with 143 per cent a year ago.

THIS is one part of the rural situation which has not been given sufficient attention. Considered from the viewpoint of human values, such a system does not allow enough leisure for reading and the cultivation of those finer qualities which we commonly associate with modern American living. It is true the progress made in the use of improved agricultural machinery — thanks to the genius of the manufacturers and the high standard of intelligence

on the farms — has eliminated part of the hard physical toil which formerly was associated with farm operations. Still, little has been achieved toward reducing the length of the farmer's workday. Despite all that, farmers note that industry, with its eight-hour day, is getting ready to cut the week to five days, and that this has already been done in several plants.

Naturally, the producers are interested in learning just how the industrial life of the country is able to perform all these miracles, and at the same time maintain the highest standard of living the world has ever known. But there is not, so far as I can find, any desire to take these good things from the people of the cities. Indeed, farmers like to see a high state of prosperity along the great white way, for then they are enabled to sell the maximum amount of food of good quality to the folks there. But they do feel their only hope of obtaining these larger rewards is to join the mad rush to the more thickly congested centers of population. There has been a steady decline in the rural population since the World War. In 1926 the net loss was 650,000 people, and when the figures for 1927 are available, we shall find no doubt they have left an even larger number of farms.

An increasing belief exists among those remaining on farms that the only way in which the average level of farm prices can be brought back to the pre-war ratio with nonagricultural products is through some agency which will enable the producers to remove the farm surplus from our domestic markets. The opinion is quite general that this can be done only through governmental assistance, the costs being prorated back to the producers. Economists who champion this theory believe the changes in our economic conditions which have been brought about by a tariff and air-tight immigration laws have placed agriculture in a position of hopeless economic inferiority; that only by the use of a heroic remedy may any change for the better be effected.

DEEPLY involved in the whole matter of farm prices are tariff rates, and this will be true to an even greater extent if a government export corporation is established. While the tariff has undoubtedly cost the farmer more than he gets out of it, I am not one of those who declare the tariff has been of no benefit to agriculture, for I think the contrary is true. At various times the price of wheat has been from fifteen to twenty-five cents a bushel higher in Chicago than at Winnipeg, especially for the better grades, as in the fall of 1925, for example. So far as I can see, this difference can be explained only by the operation of the tariff. There is no question but that the duty of twelve cents a pound on butter has been of substantial help to our dairymen, and I think it has had much to do with the progress this farm business has made in the last few years.

In Kansas, and in other States, there are many who believe the sugar schedules must be maintained. We are making real progress in developing a beet-growing industry in the Arkansas River valley of Kansas and Colorado. But it cannot exist without the present rates. More than this, I find that in sections far removed from the beet fields there is a growing belief that if this protection is reduced or abolished it will result in the destruction of the sugar-producing industry of the United States. Should this be brought about it would throw us on the tender mercies of the growers in foreign lands, and that no doubt would result in some new altitude records for sugar prices, such as we have seen in the last two years with rubber — and with sugar itself following the World War. Whenever as a people we rely on a foreign country for an essential product we find, sooner or later, we must pay an extortionate price to obtain that product.

THERE also is much comment in the Middle West about the canned beef from South America which is being sold quite generally in our cattle country, following a year in which many of our cattle raisers suffered heavy losses. Pork loins from South America also are being sold in our corn-and-hog belt. Great quantities of Argentine corn are coming to the New York market. The tariff on all these products should be increased.

It seems to me our farmers have a right to question the economic soundness of a system which permits such a situation. Why should the farmer, with his eighty-three-cent dollar, be compelled to suffer from the competition of beef and pork produced on the cheap, open ranges of South America, and at the same time be required to buy the things needed in his home, and for conducting his farm, on a market which otherwise is being given steep protection? I don't know. And apparently most of the folks in the Middle West can't understand it.

It is only simple justice to give the rural population the same measure of protection provided for our industrial workers and manufacturers. And it is no more than fair to say that a considerable proportion of the people in the cities are willing, apparently, to grant the fundamental soundness of this position. I think we should accept it as an axiom in any changes which are made in the tariff. More than this, I can see such protection will become of increasing importance with the passing of years. Many tariff duties should be repealed. The aluminum schedule is an example. It cannot be defended. I am of the opinion, however, that there will be no revision of tariff schedules at this session of Congress.

I have a tremendous belief in the future greatness of the industrial life of this country. I think there will be a steady increase in the efficiency of our methods of manufacturing and distribution and in our agricultural industry, until we shall presently

reach a point where living standards will be far more generous and widespread than they are now.

The home market will be of greater and greater importance to American farmers. Indeed, in a decade or two, I think we shall reach the point where our domestic needs will be taking virtually the entire output of our farms, and we shall be exporting very little food. Perhaps as that situation develops there may be a demand for a reduction in the tariff on farm products. But we shall do well to remember that the United States can never reach its ultimate peak of national greatness unless our rural life is established on a happy and a prosperous basis. What I think will happen is, that given the incentive the American farmer will develop his methods and our agricultural resources to the point that no other country, however favored by conditions, will be able to produce food for less.

TRANSPORTATION costs also are involved with the low level of farm prices. Here is a matter in the foreground of interest among farmers, especially the farmers of the Middle West and other classes of our people. As Secretary Hoover told us a year ago, a "row of toll gates" has been placed around the Middle West by the advance in freight rates since the war and the completion of the Panama Canal. The Middle Western farmer's competitors in Argentina, Australia, and India are nearer the seaboard than he is and reach European markets at less cost than he can. This is one of several conditions which have distorted the economic setting of this whole region.

There is a general feeling that some changes could be made in the general classification of freight tariffs which would work no hardship on the carriers and at the same time would benefit both producers and consumers. I think this extremely important even from a national viewpoint, and deserving more attention than it has so far received. Either there is something in this view, in which case the changes should be made, or else there is not. The facts could be shown by a real investigation. If the present system of freight classifications and charges is as adequate as it is humanly possible to make it, and this were made plain to the people generally, it would be of real advantage to the railroads, for certainly this would stop most of the caustic criticism of freight rates now so general.

I find there is everywhere a disposition to look even deeper into the matter of freight costs, from the long-range trend, especially in the direction of waterways development. The need for this was graphically outlined by Herbert Hoover at Kansas City in his "toll-gate" speech, and produced a strong reaction in the Middle West. I can see no reason why we should not now develop a real system of inland river-carried commerce, especially for heavy freights; also deepen the St. Lawrence River,

so that the biggest cargo-carrying ships of the Seven Seas may be loaded at Great Lakes ports. Both improvements seem to me essential in view of the steady increase in our movement of traffic, and for the reason that this nation has become the greatest commercial nation of all time. These changes would place the farmers of the Middle West nearer the markets of the world, and make the cost of reaching these markets much less.

Business men of the Middle West are taking more interest in waterways development these days than I have ever observed before. Doubtless they feel that way after paying a bunch of freight bills! I find, too, that they believe here is a place where the East should come promptly to the support of the Middle West in getting this program started. Many of them declare that unless this is done it will be necessary to organize a Middle Western chamber of commerce to fight for the just rights of this region and its tremendous resources to participate in the country's economic progress. This would be an organization, so its champions declare, "which would not concern itself with the interests of the 'protected East.'"

That the move to organize such an association has made great headway is an excellent indication of the rift which has developed between the East and the West. But those who believe in the beautiful sentiment so well expressed in the song of World War days, "Let's all be Americans now," who try to do their thinking in national terms, hope the East will give enough attention and support to the economic needs of the Middle West to avoid the threatened breach. But no matter what the East may do, there is general belief the South and the Middle West will from this time forward be able to work together on an agricultural program calculated to give them the chance which should rightfully be theirs of competing fairly in the postwar scale of living.

FARMERS receive one twelfth of our national income, then pay about twenty per cent of all the nation's taxes. Yet farmers' taxes are going higher each year. While we are thinking about legislation to help put the agricultural industry on its feet and place it on an equality with other industries, here is something both the Federal Government and the States themselves can help on. They can revise their systems of taxation, and must revise them, to put a fair share of taxation on wealth and take off the farmers' backs some of this burden unjustly borne by them. I hope the next Congress will apply the Treasury surplus to a reduction of our interest-bearing national debt.

There are other agricultural needs, such as that for more adequate credit facilities. But the dominant need of American food producers is higher prices. If farmers can get a fair return for what they grow, almost all their other difficulties will tend to adjust themselves.

Smith College Pioneers

By Rebecca Hourwich

IN our transition age for women it is interesting to find a college that stands ready to help women arrive at more satisfactory adjustments to contemporary life. William Allan Neilson, president of

That terrible younger generation is being ministered to in a dozen different ways; none of the experiments are more interesting than those which some of the colleges are conducting. Glenn Frank is setting up an experimental laboratory in Wisconsin; Hamilton Holt is making all college a workshop in Rollins. Now Smith College proposes to carry its work beyond the limits of graduation. The trustees are off adventuring on a unique experiment in education

Smith College, believes that the outstanding problem that confronts almost every educated woman today is how to reconcile a normal life of marriage and motherhood with intellectual activity, the latter not necessarily professional. He recognizes that it is futile for a college to prepare women students for a fuller intellectual life if that life is to be denied them upon graduation, or as they reach their maturity.

For one year there has been in existence at Smith College one of the most far-reaching experiments ever before tried in woman's education, the Institute to Coördinate Women's Interests. Mrs. Ethel Puffer Howes, Ph.D., once a student at Radcliffe, the University of Freiburg, and Berlin, and mother of the idea that created the institute, as well as its director, admitted to being only part of the experiment, as her duties at Smith College require her dividing her time equally each week between Northampton, Massachusetts, the site of the college, and Scarsdale, New York, where she lives with her husband and their two children. To her the most significant thing about the institute is "the thought that the hidden unconscious conflict in educated women's lives between their two main interests will be brought to light and will become a conscious conflict, with free discussion and hope of adjustment." She is convinced that a new philosophy of action for women is required, and that the emotional and affectional interests of women need happier integration with the present-day world.

With the president of the college and the director of the institute agreed that the circumstances of married women graduates often defeat the purposes of higher education and limit the opportunities of women against their will and natural desires, the institute was founded, through a three-year endowment by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Fund, "in an endeavor to discover what technique, social attitudes, and new adjustments are necessary to create a unified life for women, that will combine all their primary interests." The program includes research, experiment, the charting of results, the demonstration of methods, and the development of principles to serve as future guides.

I went to Northampton to interview President Neilson because I was impressed that a pioneer step contributing to a greater clarification of the woman's movement should have been inaugurated

under the auspices of a man famous throughout the academic world, and wherever Harvard men gather, as a "man's man." Shortly I realized that the underlying principle of President Neilson's whole régime is to pioneer, to make of the college as a whole an experiment in education that will ridicule the prevalent idea that the academic realm is remote or divided from reality.

The institute is only one of several innovations at Smith College; the tutorial system, borrowed from Oxford, has been adopted there. Smith divides its freshman classes in units of twenty-five, and maintains the small-unit system for all college purposes. There is provision for a junior year of travel abroad to perfect the student's knowledge of French, or to supplement the art curriculum. It has no cut system. Smith deans follow their class throughout the four years, remaining dean as their intimacy with the class increases, then retiring from administrative duties for a period, so that they may enjoy research and pure study.

PRESIDENT NEILSON and I talked first of the institute, and then of other schemes. "Constantly," he said, "I am asked what we are doing for women as women. The institute is a step in that direction, seeking to train women for adaptation to later life that will imply more than the present large-scale apologetic acquiescence. Of what use is it to educate girls for four years, their best formative years, direct their thoughts into particular channels, and cultivate their tastes, if they cannot continue along these lines after marriage?"

"We have had a positive demonstration from our alumnae that they wish to renew and continue their mental connection with the college, to continue the life for which we have equipped them. Nearly one fourth of our 8,000 alumnae have requested, and to them has been sent, a directed reading list recommended by a study schedule adopted by the Alumnae Association three years ago.

"The institute has been established in the belief that the urgent need of the college woman at the present time is the working out of a philosophy

of life and technique of living that shall include all her main interests. The institute will work to discover concrete, practical methods and means by which women can reach this necessary unity of their family and other interests.

"WHAT is needed now is a study first of methods of releasing women from wasteful occupation in their homes, and second, of methods of modifying present professional opportunities and opening up new possibilities for productive and satisfying occupation within the limits of normal family life. The institute will study experiments, which have been made, or are now in progress, both in America, and all over northern Europe, Germany, Great Britain, and Switzerland, of every form of coöperative household service in coöperative or community kitchens, coöperative nurseries, nursery schools, laundries, home assistance organizations, coöperative and copartnership housing, service organizations connected with coöperative housing schemes, garden cities, and similar social experiments. Investigation will be made of methods, costs, the causes of failure, and the elements of success. Such methods should be continuous, automatic, and inexpensive, and should be adaptable to modest and newly established households.

"The second part of the program calls for a study of possible modifications in the technical training for the professions. These modifications are to be suggested with a view to the opening of new subdivisions of the professions adapted to part-time work and to work which can be carried on by women at home. We are to be a graduate research department, limited to a few graduate students and members of the faculty. Our first surveys will probably be confined to our own alumnæ, and much of our laboratory experimentation will be done at Northampton."

The committee of the Smith College Board of Trustees concerned with the direction of the institute are Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation, chairman; President Ada Comstock of Radcliffe, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, and Mrs. Dwight Morrow.

That Mr. Neilson had faith in the possibility of combining family life and outside work for married women was made clear long before the institute idea had germinated. He is reported to have told his Board of Trustees: "Some institutions have a rule against a husband and wife both teaching on their faculties, and others regard a woman teacher's marriage as equivalent to a resignation. A college for women would hardly be expected to favor such an attitude; yet few realize how far Smith College has gone in the opposite direction. We have had this last year six married couples in regular academic positions, six other married women whose husbands are not on the staff, and six wives of professors who do occasional work as assistants or readers."

President Neilson believes that women in America dominate taste more than in any other country, that their æsthetic taste furnishes homes, fills libraries, controls sales in literature, determines concert programs. Hence, he feels it is of incalculable importance to give women students fundamental training in thought and taste, and an elementary appreciation of art and beauty. Sam Eliot, grandson of Charles Eliot and nephew of George Pierce Baker, has a theatre workshop at Smith. Not only does the workshop afford expression for dramatic talent, it is used as a laboratory for proper spoken English. President Neilson has been so shocked by the speech of the average girl that he has each Smith entrant take an oral English test. One third of the girls of the freshman year are usually compelled to attend a spoken-English clinic.

If President Neilson can be held to have a pet plan at Smith, it is the tutorial system. This has been a gratifying experiment for both faculty and students. In an effort to develop the power of self-direction, as well as to stimulate scholarship, students who show unusual ability at the end of their freshman year, a high average, or an exceptional capacity in the department of their choice, are permitted to apply for candidacy for honors in a special field. During the last two years of college successful applicants are relieved of classroom attendance and course examinations. Honors candidates in so far as practicable can choose their own instructors, under the guidance of a general tutor.

There is an active, alive student body to engage in these manifold activities, and an equally alive faculty; in fact, a faculty packed with brilliant men and women. They are obviously selected and retained for ability and personality. They are a fortunate faculty in that they are subject to the generous creed of a wise executive; Mr. Neilson has a consistent attitude on what are the limitations of his province, beyond which he does not trespass.

"OUR tradition is in favor of complete freedom, and our experience seems to show that such freedom produces loyalty to the college and consideration for its interests. With the writing and speaking of the faculty outside, the college has not concerned itself at all. The question as it has arisen during the present administration has always seemed to me to be, not 'Are the views of Professor X as proclaimed in his lectures or his books in all respects correct,' but 'Assuming that Professor X's views may be in part erroneous and to some people offensive, can the college afford to suppress him or his views at the cost of creating an atmosphere of censorship and hampering free thought and free discussion by fear of dismissal?' The history of attempts to limit academic freedom leaves no doubt as to the answer. The greatest universities have been the most tolerant."



The "BOWDOIN" STANDS NORTHWARD

*Donald MacMillan Takes His
Schooner Into the Arctic Circle,
to Spend Another Northern
Night in the Uncharted
Ice Fields in Search
of New Secrets
for Science*



DONALD B. MAC MILLAN

VETERAN OF MANY VOYAGES INTO THE UNCHARTED REGIONS OF THE NORTH



Photographs courtesy Houghton Mifflin Company

BUCKING THE NORTH ATLANTIC

THRESHING HOME TO WINDWARD AFTER A YEAR AND A HALF SPENT IN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH AND SURVEY OFF GREENLAND AND TO THE NORTH



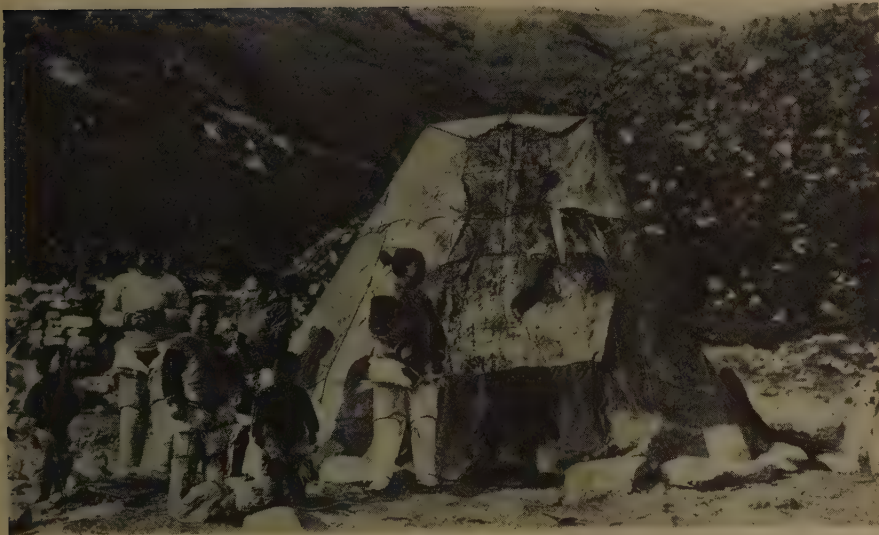
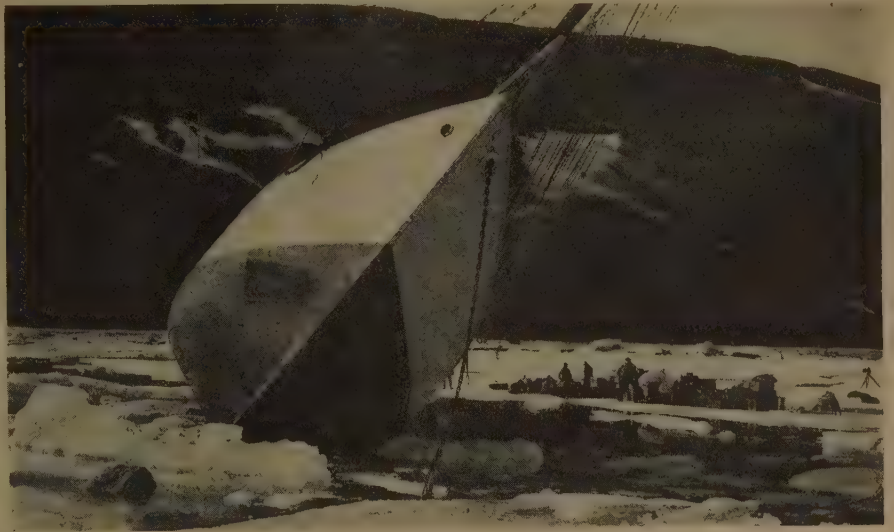
FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS THE "BOW-DOIN" LAY FAST IN THE ICE. FOR WARMTH AND PROTECTION FROM THE ELEMENTS THE VESSEL WAS WALLED IN ICE AND THE DECK ROOFED WITH SNOW

IN DEATH, THIS DREADED WHITE WOLF OF THE FAR NORTH LOOKS NO MORE SAVAGE THAN A HUSKY. IN LIFE HE IS THE NEMESIS OF UNWARY CARIBOU AND MUSK OXEN, AND EVEN MAN MUST KEEP HIS HAND NEAR HIS GUN



COMMANDER MAC MILLAN WITH TWO MEMBERS OF THE PARTY WHICH ACCOMPANIED HIM ON HIS LAST VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION, DR. WILFRED GRENFELL, FAMOUS FOR HIS MISSIONARY AND MEDICAL WORK IN LABRADOR, AND DR. GILBERT GROSVENOR, EDITOR OF THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE"

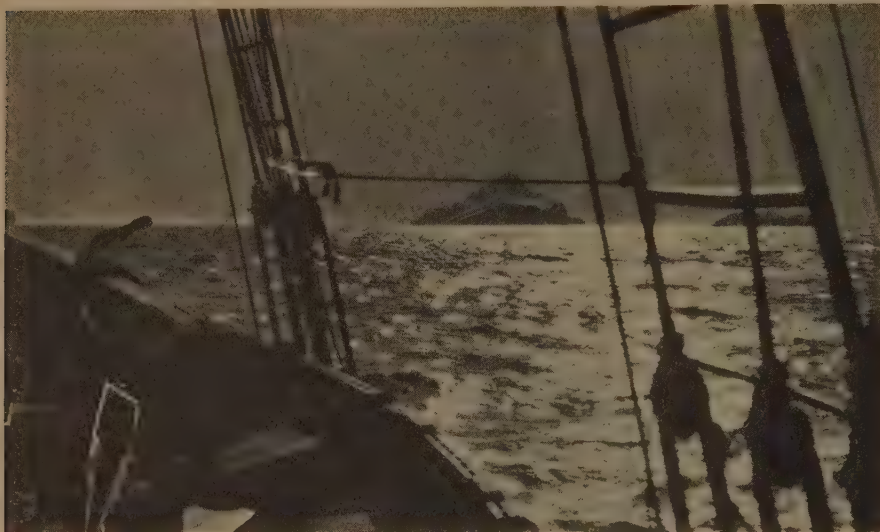
THEY WERE PRECARIOUS DAYS FOR THE "BOWDOIN" WHEN THE ICE BEGAN TO BREAK UP AT THE END OF THE ARCTIC WINTER. THE LENS PLAYED TRICKS WITH PERSPECTIVE, BUT FOR ALL THAT THE VESSEL WAS PUT TO IT TO PROVE THE STRENGTH OF HER TIMBERS



IN SUMMER THE ESKIMOS OF SMITH SOUND LEAVE THEIR ICE-AND-ROCK HOMES AND TAKE UP THEIR SCARCELY LESS CRAMPED ABODES IN SUCH TENTS AS THIS ONE SHEATHED WITH SEALSKINS LASHED TOGETHER WITH THONGS OF HIDE

IT IS IN MIGHTY GLACIERS LIKE THIS—BROTHER JOHN'S, AT ETAH FIORD, GREENLAND—THAT ICE-BERGS HAVE THEIR BEGINNINGS. AS THE GLACIER CREEPS DOWN INTO THE SEA, THE EDGES BREAK OFF AND DRIFT SOUTHWARD INTO THE ATLANTIC





THESE ICEBERGS SIGHTED OFF DISKO RESEMBLE SMALL ISLANDS AGAINST THE SUN. THE SEAS BECOME ALMOST LIKE MOLTEN METAL IN THE STRANGE LIGHT OF THE ARCTIC SUN SLOWLY DROPPING TOWARD THE HORIZON

LEAVING THE SHIP ICE-LOCKED, MEMBERS OF THE MAC MILLAN PARTY MUSH SOUTH BY DOG SLED TO VISIT THE NEAREST ESKIMO NEIGHBORS DAYS AWAY



EIGHT "MIDNIGHT SUNS" TAKEN AT ETAH IN NORTH GREENLAND. THE PLATE WAS EXPOSED AT INTERVALS OF TWENTY MINUTES WITH THE CAMERA MOUNTED IN THE SAME POSITION. FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF THE DAY THE SUN SWINGS ABOUT JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON WITHOUT SETTING

Where Church and State Conflict

By John Hearley

NOTHING in Italy's Fascist Government is packed with more national and international mischief than the existing church-and-state relationship. At the Vatican the Pope preaches the infallibility of the church, while from Palazzo Chigi, a score of blocks away, Mussolini broadcasts the "heretical" infallibility of the state. These two governmental conceptions are at opposite poles, and in them both Mr. Marshall and Governor Smith, respectively, might find not a theoretical condition but a concrete, material example.

In the age-old mind of the papacy state infallibility must be considered not only anti-Christian but also essentially pagan. There has been, however, no clear, clean-cut speaking of this traditional pontifical mind on Italian Fascism. Indeed, the Catholic Mussolini married this "mother of all heresies" with benefit of minor clergy if not of supreme pontiff. During mediæval times bigger rulers than Il Duce were excommunicated for mere flirtations with this scarlet heretic.

The pantheistic background of Mussolinian philosophy, on the other hand, has been openly noted and boldly attacked by Spanish clericalism. Catholic organs like *El Debate*, which incidentally is the official mouthpiece of Primo de Rivera, condemn "the pantheist and pagan nationalism of Fascism." This newspaper argues that the Fascist formula, "all to the state, nothing against the state, nothing outside the state," leads to imperialism and war. A similar feeling has been communicated recently to the United States. Mussolini, who not long since was regarded by the average American priest and prelate as "a friend of the Vatican," is now seen as a probable wolf in sheep's clothing. Several weeks ago, while making a journalistic tour of Italy, I visited the American college at Rome. At that time the atmosphere of this priest-making institution was heavy with pro-Mussolini sentiment.

But the Roman Jesuits even then were "not so sure," as conversation with one of them revealed. With characteristic analysis he described the various Mussolinian campaigns of elimination. He listed them in the following order, declaring that they had a certain opportunistic chronology: "First, the

Communists and Socialists went; second, the Republicans, Liberals, Catholic Coöperatives and Popularists; third, the Opposition press and its newspaper men; fourth, Latin Rite Masonry. Nothing else stands in Il Duce's imperialistic way except the church—internally considered, that is the only target left."

In Italy there is undoubtedly a still unfought spiritual war between traditional Catholic theology and Mussolini's daring theory of state. Pius XI will restrain himself apparently from discharging any heavy artillery, at least until the Presidential

case of Governor Smith is settled by the United States. In this connection, there are many Italians who predict an early papal utterance, "modernistically and democratically toned," and containing veiled references to the American polemic. Even after the solution of the Smith problem any really audible pronouncement or straightforward action against the Italian dictator on the part of the Pope is thought to be highly improbable among Italy's interested lay intelligentsia.

Practically speaking, His Holiness might well hesitate to bite the hand that feeds him. Il Duce has come out against the establishment of national churches, has legalized Catholic education, introduced compulsory religious instruction in public schools, destroyed Latin Rite Masonry, and abolished anticlericalism. All these so-called reforms of Mussolini not only enter into the woof and web of Fascist philosophy, but are directly or indirectly matters of official legislation.

The menace to American institutions of democracy in the foreign flood of Mussolinian propaganda is obvious to any intelligent investigator. This flood is channeled through such local agencies as the thousand and one Fascist branches throughout the United States, the Italian Digest and News Service, Inc., of New York, the Italian Historical Society publications, the Italian Houses of Culture being established in university centers like Columbia, and the Italo-American Fascist press. In addition, the majority of the several hundred American citizens decorated by the Italian Government during and after the war quite patently give aid and

On October 13, for the first time in the more than fifty years that church and state have been estranged in Italy, the papacy has given a tentative statement of the terms upon which it will patch up the quarrel. Mussolini's conciliatory attitude toward the Vatican is said to have had much to do with the statement. Mr. Hearley, former United Press correspondent in Italy, later, assistant to the late Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page at Rome, and recently returned from a survey of Italy, gives his impressions of the controversy—of added interest just now because of the Smith-Marshall correspondence

comfort to the imperialistic cause of Fascism. Besides, the private loans made to Italy by American bankers and the Italian stocks sold by American brokers have an extraordinary backfire of pro-Fascist propaganda.

Take, for instance, the antinational church phase of Il Duce's governmental theory and analyze its possibilities as a foreign propaganda item. There is grave international peril in it. But let Italy's dictator speak for himself. Here is an excerpt from his Camera speech of June, 1921, to which the foreign press gave scant attention:

I maintain that the Imperial and Latin tradition of Rome is represented today by Catholicism. If, as Mommsen said thirty years ago, one could not stay in Rome without being impressed by the idea of universality, I both think and maintain that the only universal idea at Rome today is that which radiates from the Vatican. *I am very disturbed when I see national churches being formed, because I think of the millions and millions of men who will no longer look toward Italy and Rome.* For this reason I advance this hypothesis, that if the Vatican should definitely renounce its temporal ambitions — and I think it is already on the road — Italy ought to furnish it with the necessary material help for the schools, churches, hospitals, etc., that a temporal power has at its disposal. *Because the increase of Catholicism in the world, the addition of four hundred millions of men who from all quarters of the globe look toward Rome is a source of pride and of special interest to us Italians.*

Machiavelli's Principe also advocated state absolutism, divorced politics from morality and made the end justify the means. Like Il Duce he had a vision of a great, world-gripping United Italy and is regarded by Fascist intellectuals as a forerunner of Fascism. The "Catholic Encyclopædia's" description of "the black prince" bears a striking philosophical likeness to Mussolini. The latter has borrowed the "glorification of the state" idea from him. Upon receiving an honorary degree from Bologna University, a few years ago, Mussolini pronounced a remarkable eulogy on Machiavelli. Italy has changed much from those war-time days, when one of the most popular pieces of propaganda against the Kaiser was an Italian treatise called "The Return of Machiavelli."

In the Sixteenth Century the Vatican placed "Il Principe" on the Index Librorum Expurgandorum. But up to this time the Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition has taken no action on the mass of official and unofficial Fascist literature, which is admittedly a reflection of that volume. This literature contains more than one title by Mussolini.

Jets of its troubled waters occasionally shoot above the Vatican's diplomatic oil. Some months ago, Il Duce promulgated a decree designed to disorganize a large section of the Catholic Boys' Scouts and incorporate it in the Fascist Balilla.

Before the decree could be applied, the Pope himself, in protest, dissolved the organization. Mussolini was weakly caressed with one epistolary hand and slightly slapped with the other in the letter of dissolution, which Pius addressed to Cardinal Gasparri, papal Secretary of State. However, the *Osservatore Romano* used stronger language in its comment upon Il Duce's decree and the Pope's response. This official organ of the Vatican without mixture of words objected to the Mussolinian doctrine that the state was the end and man, only the means. On March 1, weeks before the publication of the Marshall-Smith debate, the *Osservatore Romano* declared that Catholic organizations throughout the world must enter the field of politics sufficiently to support their doctrine of "the inviolability of human individuality." Here is a definite religious-political issue, affecting church and state, and the papal position is clearly reflected in its own newspaper. Many a Protestant analyst would view this appeal to universal Catholicism as an evidence of the Vatican's interference in the affairs of the state. If it be the contingency in which Governor Smith's "dictates of conscience" would come into play, the American non-Catholic inquirer might legitimately ask: What part in the forming of this conscience would such a papal "advance notice" have?

YET how uneasy must be the head that wears the triple crown. One pontifical ear catches the thunder of the pantheism of the Catholic Mussolini, while the other hears the far-away cry of the unorthodox Catholic Smith: "I am an American Catholic." The traditional scrutinizing curial mind has to see the potential spectre of an anathematized "national church" in that phrase, "American Catholic," and "evidence of modernism" in the governor's unmodified credo of the "absolute separation of church and state." Notwithstanding the weakness in the formally orthodox and metaphysical body of that moot Smith letter, there is challenge, whether conscious or unconscious, in that sharp, incisive concluding creed. Besides, even in the letter's body there are veins of independent argument having no resemblance to anything in the political anatomy of the hoary Vatican. These apparently led the *New York Times* to editorialize with the utmost insouciance that the papacy looked at American Catholicism as a special case. The generally accurate *Times* knows neither its Pope nor its Curia nor the universal "oneness" of official Catholic doctrine.

An American Catholic governor, aided and abetted by an American Catholic priest, might dismiss papal encyclicals with an airy wave of the mental hand, but the haughty Roman Curia does not. And this undemocratic organization with its deliberate working majority of Italian cardinals and its lack of a single American representative is

the governing agency of the universal church. These circular letters, called encyclicals, have been traditionally accepted by Catholic clergy and laity alike as authoritative if not infallible statements, looking toward world-wide Catholic discipline and welfare. This attitude toward these pontifical messages to the world's Catholic bishops has been the rule, no matter what the occasional and pontificaly unpopular exception has been. Did not four American Catholic bishops in immediate postwar days take the capital-and-labor encyclical of Leo XIII and apply it to present-day industrial relations in the United States? Was not that application realized in the social reconstruction program of the National Catholic Welfare Council with headquarters at Washington, D. C.?

Now comes the breezy governor of New York independently demanding of Mr. Marshall "by what right do you expect me to assume responsibility for every statement that may be made in any encyclical letter?" Or again, "So little are these matters the essence of my faith that I, a devout Catholic since childhood, never heard of them until I read your letter." The theological naïveté of the man must make the high gods laugh, although their vicars frown. Then, the almost facetious "you seem to think that Catholics must be all alike in mind and in heart, as though they had been poured into and taken out of the same mind." Neither supreme pontiff nor curial cardinal would find humble faith and respectful spirit in the final retort: "You have no more right to ask me to defend

as part of my faith every statement coming from a prelate than I should have to ask you to accept as an article of your religious faith every statement of an Episcopal bishop, or of your political faith every statement of the President of the United States."

Such gubernatorial language indirectly informs Leo XIII, Pius IX, and Pius X that they frequently talked through their hats. With Mussolini on one side of him and Governor Smith on the other, Pius XI is standing between the pointed horns of an historic dilemma. In this day and age a Pope must be careful lest he impale himself on either horn and see his universal authority pour away like so much lifeblood. Although to the papacy modernism is the devil's holy water, can the pontifical robe keep itself dry of every sprinkle? After all, the history of the Popes is something of a lesson in adaptability. The Vatican's zigzag, seesaw policy toward Fascism promises to continue at least as long as Mussolini is in the ascendancy, and there is no indication that Governor Smith will be excommunicated for his Irish humor and Catholic nationalism.

TO all outward appearances the modern test between the civil state, whether democratic or imperialistic, and a generally reactionary religious theocracy is thrillingly at hand. The papacy did not go out to meet the test. Now that it is here, will the Pope and his Italianized Curia ignore or dodge it? Or, since the state's conversion is practically impossible, squarely face it and conquer or be conquered?

Back Stage in Washington

Side Lights on a Happy Family Reunion

THE first great "gab fest" of the Republican National Committee has come and gone. The next we hear of these astute fellows they will be knocking their knees under the table, attempting to select a convention city that will hurt nobody's feelings. Mr. Butler's October meeting proved a decided "flop," in theatrical parlance. The reasons for the deep, dark, cavernous, and mysterious convocation still seem beyond explanation. Yet one is always seeking reasons in politics and never finding them.

Mr. Dave Mulvane of Kansas wrote Mr. Butler that he would

like to talk things over the next time both were in Washington. Mr. Joe Kealing of Indiana penned in to say that he was recovering from his latest indisposition and had a load of political chitchat to get off his chest. Mr. Butler had not seen Mr. Roy West, secretary of the committee, all summer

and felt an unquenchable desire to shake that hand of friendship. Mr. Hodges of Colorado, treasurer of the committee, also felt an urge to get together. This is the whole story of the promptings of the meeting. It did not end there, however.

Every national committeeman, including

"It's always fair weather, when Republican national committeemen get together," is the refrain which floated forth from Chairman Butler's October meeting. The mystery which surrounded this convocation of Republican party chiefs is now revealed as nothing more than the dilemma of the Best Minds as to which potential candidate was the likeliest contender for the nomination. Since none of them was able to guess at this early date, the sessions ended in the usual felicitations and expressions of friendship for the man in the White House

some colored brethren below Mason and Dixon's line, heard whispers of the conclave. They changed their collars and purchased Pullman space to Washington. The big powwow of the "best minds" was on. Everybody saw smoke. A few thought they saw fire. Twenty or more chiefs washed the clinkers out of their eyes and proceeded to look and listen. Yet if those reliable fellows, the Washington correspondents, are to be believed, a score of the leading Republican politicians of the country found little to talk about other than the state of the weather, each other's health, and the size of the White House pancakes.

IT has seemed to me that the big boys came to Washington set to push Mr. Coolidge from the eleventh-story window. At least that was the impression they gave. The Pullman porter's shoe rag was no sooner off the shining toe of Mr. Hilles' boot than he pronounced the President down for a longer count than Tunney took in Chicago. The initial buzzing of the assembled heads of the national committeemen could be heard on the far side of the Washington Monument. It was all over with Coolidge. This was the first day.

Apparently William M. Butler and Dr. Clements of Missouri had something to say. Anyway, the second day Mr. Coolidge's form was revived. By the third day it was alive and kicking. By the time the national committeemen had snatched up their satchels again the President was as firmly back in the picture as ever. Mind you, this conference was composed of the Big Men, the Best Minds, the Intelligentsia, the Practical Fellows of the Party—all spelled with capital letters. They had come to Washington "to go somewhere and do things." Where they went and what they did still furnishes one of the best laughs of the fall.

Mr. Coolidge kept quiet. Mr. Butler never opened his mouth. Dr. Clements protested his entire devotion to the occupant of the White House. Mr. Roy West was steadfast and Mr. Hodges was true loyalty. The Big Men, the Practical Fellows, who had come in to see for themselves what it was all about grew a little wary. At first, they admitted that Mr. Coolidge could have the nomination if he wanted it. Before they went away they intimated in no uncertain terms that he might be drafted.

Nothing was settled. Mr. Coolidge's statement of August 2 that "I do not choose" remained the last word from that quarter. Mr. Butler who, on that same fateful August night, had been trapped into saying in his New York hotel suite that the President could still have the nomination if he wanted it, neither added nor subtracted from that statement. Mr. Hilles of New York, having once loudly proclaimed for Coolidge, declared he did not like to go too strong on Hughes for fear his prestige would be ruined by picking another refuser. In short, after

many cigars had been smoked—Coronas are the choice of Mr. Butler—after many collars had been wilted, after all confidences had been exchanged except the pointed ones, each of the boys found himself playing cozy and refused to loosen up.

"Now there's Slem্প," said a group of politicians one night, pointing to the liquid brown innocent eyes of the national committeeman from Virginia, "what's he goin' to do?"

"Join the wagon," replied the former secretary to the President.

"Yes, but what wagon?" came the chorus.

Mr. Slem্প, whose admiration and liking for the President are well known in Washington, meeting a response most probably expressed in Mr. Coolidge's foreword to Mr. Slem্প's book, had stated the case for the crows. All were ready to "join the wagon," yet all were in doubt as to which wagon to join.

Yet the predicament in which the Northern gentlemen found themselves was as nothing compared to the quandary, nay, dismay, with which their Southern political brethren surveyed the scene. Getting off on the wrong foot proves a serious matter for a national committeeman from a Northern State, but it spells disaster or next to it for one, like Mr. Slem্প, who controls half the delegations from the South.

There are scattered in the wastebaskets of one of the most prominent clubs in Washington interesting slips of paper on which are written Mr. Slem্প's guesses of the right candidate to back in 1928. They are absorbing documents, worthy of preservation in the Government's archives. In his troubled and indecisive state of mind he doubtless would not have them found for the world. Mr. Slem্প is sitting tight. So are Mr. Mulvane, Mr. Kealing, Tieless Joe Tolbert of South Carolina, and all the other Best Minds who, during the first week in October, dulled a little the plush of the Willard's sofas.

THIS is the season of tight sitters. But the boys grow restive. They would like to know what to do. They would like to have their course pointed out to them in a reasonably clear manner. They do not wholly comprehend the New England frame of mind, best illustrated by Messrs. Coolidge and Butler, of waiting to see what will happen in the belief that what will happen will turn out for the best interest of themselves. It is my bet that some one of them will burst the bubble very soon, probably before the December 6 meeting of the full committee. The desire to reap the rewards certain to go to those who are the first to join a candidacy proves too great an incentive for any man whose designation as a politician is usually prefixed by the word "practical."

Whichever way the cat jumps—in this case the cat is Mr. Coolidge—the boys are going to keep an eye on him up to the (*Continued opp. page 440*)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

TO those interested in the reading habits of this country there can be no more suggestive spectacle than the rise and progress of "The Modern Library." These little books, costing ninety-five cents, have invaded the news stands and drug stores where once reprints of cheap fiction reigned supreme: they are obtainable everywhere good books are not usually sold—to paraphrase the formula of our publishers. Once a series on the list of a general publisher, they are now the backbone of an independent firm devoted to the promotion of these books, of which a new volume appears every month. The latest to reach me is "Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell" (Modern Library, Inc.), and I notice that Renan's "Life of Jesus" is promised before the end of the year.

Are these two works typical of the series, and if so, what light do they throw on the reading public in this country? The last three were Butler's "Erewhon," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and "Jude the Obscure." Evidently the publishers are not afraid to offer the best. Yet I have often heard it suggested that the success of such a series depends largely on the attraction of books which are, or are reputed to be, *risqué*, sexy, daring, curious, or whatever other adjective accompanies the booksellers' leer in such cases. On looking over a catalogue containing one hundred and forty-seven titles I can discover not quite a dozen which are of that type.

At that, I think I am stretching a point, for I have counted authors whose mere names are supposed to conjure up illicit hopes in the bosoms of the uninitiated, although the works in question are unimpeachable: Maupassant's "Une Vie," the expurgated edition of "The Rainbow," by D. H. Lawrence, the equally bowdlerized translations of d'Annunzio's flamboyant fictions. There is only one book by Zola, and that will not appear until next year; two books of James Branch Cabell are listed, on which the breath of scandal has never dwelt. As against the highest possible total of doubtful works, the number of first-rate authors of irreproachable respectability is overwhelming.

Why should one wonder at finding Bertrand Russell in that *galère*, since he is in the company of William James, Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Max Stirner, and the anonymous compilers of "Contemporary Science," "Evolution in Modern Thought," "An Outline of Psychoanalysis," and "The Woman Question"? What is perhaps much more curious is the fact

that only twenty American authors are presented in the series, apart from those who may possibly have contributed to the miscellaneous compilations.

Doubtless questions of copyright have largely determined the choice, in which European writers predominate. If so, there arises an interesting question as to whether it is easier to induce foreign publishers to grant the right of cheap reprint

plot to undermine and destroy true Americanism—unless it be that a true-born American will always prefer "Pollyanna" to "Jude the Obscure," and that we should rejoice the former rather than the latter is to be cheaply reprinted!

THE thought of these sterling organizations for promoting Americanism suggests another field for zealot activity. Why does not some moral expert examine these books with a view to their heretical content? If "Mlle. de Maupin" causes the inevitable raising of moral eyebrows, what is to be said for such nefarious persons as Bertrand Russell? There is more "immorality" per inch in this volume of his selected writings than in MM. Gautier and Maupassant put together. The innocent reader whose mind is formed by such ideas as are here expressed will never rise to be a King Kleagle, nor become a regular subscriber to a success magazine. The first two chapters, taken from "Mysticism and Logic," will be sad news to those who are engaged in saving us from the horrors of Darwinism. "A Free Man's Worship," as the first is called, offers no consolation to Fundamentalists, for Mr. Russell sets forth a creed which does not tally with the conventional notion of an agnostic's desolate skepticism.

His views upon the subject of the state, of education, of patriotism, of moral standards clearly demand the attention of the guardians of our welfare. For example: "There is in all conventional moralists a gross ignorance of psychology, making them unable to realize that certain virtues imply certain correlated vices, so that in recommending a virtue the consideration which ought to weigh is: does this virtue, with its correlated vice, outweigh the opposite virtue with its correlated vice? The fact that a virtue is good in itself is not enough; it is necessary to take account of the vices that it entails and the virtues it excludes."

One shudders at the thought of what may happen to the person who invests ninety-five cents in this volume and takes to heart the implications of that one sentence. And how can one be expected to enjoy the tabloids and the politicians when one hears: "I should judge a community to be in a good state if I found a great deal of instinctive happiness, a prevalence of feelings of friendship and affection rather than hatred and envy, a capacity for creating and enjoying beauty, and the intellectual curiosity which leads to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge." Beware of this man; he believes every word he says!

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

Something About Eve. By James Branch Cabell (McBride).

Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway (Scribner).

GENERAL

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

and, that being the case, how American literature fares under such a handicap? If so few good American books can be obtained for ninety-five cents, and so many piffing novels are freely offered by other publishers of cheap reprints, what becomes of our oft-professed concern for the spread of fine literature?

LEAVING dangerous and odious comparisons, I will merely observe that the popular audience for which these books are intended does not evidently mistrust foreign literature as much as the current superstition in circles expert in the mentality of the crowd would have us believe. Even the staunchest patriot will admit that a reader with few dollars to spend cannot be blamed if he prefers a volume of Havelock Ellis, Anatole France, W. S. Gilbert, Ibsen, or Tolstoy to the American fiction so generously displayed in the drug stores at a corresponding price. The American Legion and the Ku-Klux Klan—or Mayor Thompson of Chicago—ought to look into this subtle

With the Rockies for Sounding Board

By Newton Arvin

HENRY WARD BEECHER: AN AMERICAN PORTRAIT. By Paxton Hibben. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$5.00.

NOW that Mr. Hibben has gone and done it, one's first reaction is to exclaim, "Why had no one thought of doing it long ago!" Why has it not been obvious for the last ten or a dozen years — certainly since the date-marking "Queen Victoria" appeared — that in the career of Henry Ward Beecher the "new biographer" had ready to hand the richest, the most highly seasoned, the easiest to dramatize, of materials. Next to the good queen herself, there is scarcely a figure in the Nineteenth Century, not even Napoleon III, more friendly to the brush of the portraitist than the figure of the great preacher. And Mr. Hibben, like all good portrait painters, has done his work in a spirit nearer to the caricaturist's than to the photographer's. Was it the late John Singer Sargent who once defined a portrait as a "likeness with something wrong about the mouth"? Mr. Hibben, in catching his likeness, has left "something wrong."

For the book he has written cannot and should not be read or judged as a detached, judicious, "scientific" study of a noncontroversial personality. A thousand questions remain unanswered when one has finished it. Hundreds of lapses from mere objectivity can be pounced upon by the dissenter. At point after point, with no real sacrifice of truth, the emphasis could be shifted from the ground where Mr. Hibben has laid it, and the whole portrait would take on, now a kindlier, now a more imposing, aspect. The central episode in the book — the story of Beecher's trial on a charge of adultery — leaves one reader not at all disposed to partisanship in behalf of a man with Beecher's religious and social views, uncertain whether the entire truth has been told. The whole affair was clearly a shady one, and not all the shadow appears to fall on the great preacher. And one may suspect that Mr. Hibben has belittled Beecher's work in England for the Union cause only somewhat less unduly than Holmes and Lyman Abbott exaggerated it.

The whole truth about such a man as Beecher would probably prove too complex to be stated with the severest objectivity. He belonged to the type which it is easy and convenient to describe by the word "charlatan," and the gap between charlatantry and simple hypocrisy is the gap between bewildered

admiration and mere contempt. No black-and-white Chadband or Pecksniff emerges from Mr. Hibben's pages. The man who does emerge is something of a genius, a man of strangely continental proportions, a man who — to paraphrase what was said of John Stuart Mill — was not unintelligibly used by the American people to fill the breach where a great spiritual leader should have been.

It is, indeed, a chapter in the biography of the American character that Mr. Hibben has told, with a good deal of partiality. At one end, the son of Lyman Beecher touched the moribund Calvinism of the Seventeenth Century, stiffening in its fight for life; at the other end, he touched the Twentieth Century Modernism of Lyman Abbott and Dr. Fosdick, which has made its peace with science and the dogma of progress. At one end, he touched the great old Constitutional compromises that had entrenched the "peculiar institutions" of the South; at the other end, he joined hands, far too closely, with the triumphant plutocracy of the Grant and Garfield era. He was at once one of the first champions of the movement for women's rights, and one of the first clerical apologists for the gospel of business and opponents of the labor movement. The intellectual confusions, the clumsy readjustments, the wanderings between deep sincerity and doubtful conviction that all these changes imposed upon the American mind were mirrored in the dramatic inconsistencies — incoherences, at the very least — of Henry Ward Beecher's career. If he was a charlatan, he performed his tricks against a national background; his audience was a party to his conjuring just as the public of P. T. Barnum knew it was being hoaxed — gloried in its very gullibility and loved the man who did the gulling.

HE was exceptionally fitted by temperament and endowment to play that rôle for his countrymen. It has always been recognized — and Mr. Hibben merely amplifies and elucidates the charge — that his intellectual equipment was mediocre. In childhood and youth he was even regarded by his family and teachers as below the average in acumen, insight, and mental vigor. He never saw so deeply into the heart of social and moral problems that he was forced to state his solution of them in an unpopular and uncompromising way. His audiences did not have to follow him to some rigorous and distasteful logical conclusion. His real powers, as Mr. Hibben shows, were those of a great emotionalist.

His frostbitten and disregarded childhood left him at the beginning of his career with an engrossing need for admiration, sympathy, and affection; and the rest of his life was spent in multiplying and intensifying his sympathetic relationships with human beings. In him the undisciplined and misdirected emotionality of the Puritan turned pioneer found voice and a liberating gesture.

IT is on that ground, and not because it contains a commonplace tale of the priest caught *flagrante delicto*, that I should hope Mr. Hibben's book might be widely read. There is a kind of symbolism that takes it out of the merely personal sphere in the spectacle Mr. Hibben reveals of young Henry Ward Beecher moping about in the chilly inhumane atmosphere of his father's overcrowded parsonage at Litchfield, discovering his unsuspected resources of emotional expression in his elocution lessons at Amherst, evading the abolition issue, and waging war on intemperance in his early tentative years as a minister in Indiana, and finally coming into his own as a great popular pulpit orator in Plymouth Church, that extraordinary monument to American business and American evangelical piety. One visualizes a Friday evening prayer meeting in the Brooklyn tabernacle, crowded to the door with prosperous pewholders, the very galleries jammed with auditors, and the tall, bulky, histrionic figure of the preacher himself on the rostrum, his soft and ruddy countenance alight with fervor, the tears perhaps streaming down his cheeks, as he enunciates — with the Rocky Mountains for his sounding board — the great new gospel of the Love that is to take the place of the Puritan conscience. Plymouth Church becomes more than a house of worship in Brooklyn, and Beecher more than its pastor: what is taking place there is the funeral of an epoch — or the christening of another.

"Beecher stood forth a prodigious figure," says Mr. Hibben searchingly, "not by blazing a path in any wilderness, but by the fact that his inner experience was identical with that of millions of his fellow countrymen. His gift was merely that he was articulate while they were not." It is because he sees this and gives it a thematic centrality, and in spite of the overcorrected hostility with which he treats the man, that Mr. Hibben has written a book of large and perhaps lasting significance. The subtitle has more relevance than subtitles generally have.

New Books in Brief Review

The Happy Pilgrimage. By Corra Harris.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.

CORRA HARRIS was born in Georgia, and married in 1887 the Rev. Lundy Howard Harris, a Methodist minister. During his last illness, Mrs. Harris had a "heart to heart talk with her maker," and set to writing. Since then her gallant egotism has carried her through the following spiritual autobiographies, "A Circuit Rider's Wife," "My Book and Heart," "As a Woman Thinks," and "The Happy Pilgrimage." Although prejudiced and frequently ignorant, Mrs. Harris possesses one brilliant literary gift: she knows how to write racy, informal prose. Blessed with shrewd common sense, when not overwhelmed by her own opinions, she preaches with refreshing vigor. Her ability to exploit her own spiritual consciousness, her love of living, her homely experiences, her complete self-confidence, make her an ideal comforter for the masses of dreary, overworked women to whom she makes an intimate and personal appeal.

"The Happy Pilgrimage" is an account of Mrs. Harris' pilgrimage to California and of her adventures there following a severe heart attack. She encounters members of women's clubs, movie actors and actresses, and even earthquakes. Her narrative is typical of her strength and weakness as a writer. When, for instance, she discusses modern literature, she is absurd; when she retells her adventures, she does so with a splendid sense of humorous humanity. One may be irritated at her shallow platitudes, contemptuous of her philosophy, but one cannot help feeling affection for this sturdy spiritual swashbuckler, who would "choose a stout pair of wings and settle down as a peaceful old gray pigeon in Paradise. No harp, nor glittering crown for me, dear Lord!" One knows what Mrs. Harris thinks of the Lord, but one wonders what the Lord may think of Mrs. Harris.

Lives. By Isaak Walton. New York: Oxford University Press (American Branch). \$1.80.

IN this new publication of Walton's "Lives" the Oxford University Press has caused a most delectable piece of Seventeenth Century piety and humor to lie at the disposal of a meagre but appreciative purse. In a period when the churchmen of England were playing the chief rôles on the public stage, when the temper of the age pointed to imminent revolution and division, Walton set himself the unique task of recounting the lives of five leading figures in a spirit of gentle

tranquillity, emphasizing and extolling only simple virtues of kindly living and devout aspiration. Not that he reflects the austerity of Puritanism, but rather the genial and happy atmosphere of the truly cultured and letter-loving mind. No author could have been better fitted to understand and portray the worthy character of men like John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, and Richard Hooker than Walton, with his naïve and artless genius for clear, pictorial writing. A rare but not undeserved tribute has been paid him by George Gissing in the person of Henry Rycroft when he mourns, "Oh why has it not been granted me in all my long years of pen-labour to write something small and perfect, even as one of these lives of 'honest Isaak'!"

The Romantick Lady. By Vivian Burnett.
New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
\$3.50.

HERE is a book that savors of the long, delicious days of one's own more or less distant childhood. Particularly to those middle-aged souls who recall the Fauntleroy tales, "The Romantick Lady" will come with a particular friendliness of appeal. In a subtitle Mr. Burnett calls this biography "The Life Story of an Imagination." With remarkable consistency he has made it not only the account of the events in the life of Frances Hodgson Burnett, but a record of the effect of these events on a great imagination. If the style of the beginning seems a bit pursed up and mincing, it may perhaps be excused. Perhaps it is the better art to reflect in a sweet approach the period when we were taught to turn our toes out. From this rather "overdearsted" beginning, the story moves on with more humor and concludes simply with Mrs. Burnett's own summary of her life effort, "... with the best that was in me I have tried to write more happiness into the world."

Trader Horn. Edited by Ethelreda Lewis
with a foreword by John Galsworthy.
New York: Simon & Schuster. \$5.00.

I HAVE delayed reviewing this book for a long time. When I first read it, my impression was — this is too good to be true. Then I read the pæans of critics. In spite of the impressive, swelling chorus of praise, however, I continue in the impression that this volume represents an artistic, clever, convincing swindle. Trader Horn, an African trader gone sour, is here represented as an itinerant,

penniless peddler whose conversation so intrigues a literary South African lady that she engages him to write the story of his life. Half the book is his stilted, formal account of extraordinary adventures and the other half consists of his brilliant, profound conversational comments on the same. Now, to my doubting mind, it is not quite on the cards that so wise, pungent, and fluent a commentator could be at once the hopeless prig of the written word and the down-and-out tinker of the background. The authoress may have met an aged bum whose flashes of reminiscence made her urge him to write his autobiography. But beyond that — in spite of all the Literary Guild in congress assembled — I will not go. As a wise, witty work of art, "Trader Horn" is surprising in its freshness and originality. As an authentic human document it assays about nineteen per cent gold.

The Locomotive God. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: The Century Co. \$4.00.

SEVERAL years ago William Ellery Leonard rose to literary prominence through the publication of "Two Lives," a sonnet group in which he illuminated with little or no disguise a tragic passage from his own history. In "The Locomotive God," he has written in prose a complete autobiography, describing his fight, not yet ended, against neurasthenia. Few men are willing to expose their lives so completely to public scrutiny as has Mr. Leonard. The book is a skillful effort at self-analysis, sparing no details which the author believes valuable in an estimate of his "case."

Yellow Gentians and Blue. By Zona Gale.
New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

THE requirements of periodical fiction have brought forth such a flood of well-turned, entertaining short stories that one is apt to forget what great ends this brief type of fiction can search out. A collection such as this brings one up with a start to wish that large circulations did not serve as a bar to the more frequent publication of such stirring bits as these. Most of the stories are very short; none of them shows that carefully tricked-out technique which is so much the mark of the successful short-story writer, yet each leaves its deep impression — an impression which arrives suddenly, out of the genre backgrounds, and is the more striking because of the simple springs of its tragedy. Miss Gale's creative powers seem at their best in this short form.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

FOLLOWING hard upon the recent Supreme Court decision returning Teapot Dome naval oil reserve to the Government, HARRY F. SINCLAIR, oil magnate, and ALBERT B. FALL, former Secretary of the Interior, have gone on trial in Washington charged with conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the Teapot Dome leases. The Supreme Court decision, given out on October 10, was a unanimous one. It sustained the Government on all counts, stated that the lease of Teapot Dome to the SINCLAIR interests had been conceived in fraud, and declared FALL to have been "a faithless public officer." The reserve was ordered returned to the Government.

OWEN J. ROBERTS of Pennsylvania and former Senator ATLEE POMERENE of Ohio have had charge of the Government's case from the beginning, and they are appearing to prosecute the defendants before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in the present criminal case.

The trial opened on October 17, and in the afternoon of the following day, after the jury consisting of ten men and two women had been selected, counsel for Government and defense gave their opening arguments. MARTIN W. LITTLETON, chief counsel for the defense, revealed his case to rest largely upon the alleged danger that the oil in Teapot Dome reserve would be drained off into adjacent lands belonging to private persons and therefore lost to the Government. Mr. ROBERTS pointed out in his opening statement that Secretary FALL had been informed by experts in the Department of the Interior that this danger was nonexistent, and that the leases were made in favor of SINCLAIR after this report was in his hands. Mr. ROBERTS also summarized briefly the movements of FALL during the time the leases were being discussed, and mentioned the deposit of Liberty bonds to his credit, as a preliminary indication of collusion between him and the SINCLAIR interests. The Government expects to call some seventy witnesses to prove its contentions.

Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH of Idaho, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is intent on bringing prohibition into the open as a major issue of the 1928 campaign, both nationally and in State elections. His intention was made known on October 17

when he announced that he would open his campaign on November 12 with a speech in New York before the New York Women's Club for Law Enforcement. Although he has not said so directly, it is

intimated that he hopes to inveigle the Republican party into inserting a dry plank in the 1928 national platform. "If we can correctly read the purposes of the organization leaders through their actions," he wrote to the chairman of the New York Women's Club for Law Enforcement, "it is clear that both political parties propose to avoid anything in the

important matters. He charged that candidates for public office—and the coming Presidential campaign was a case in point—attempted to "creep up to the Presidential office under the cover of glittering generalities and personal friendships." He pointed to prohibition and world peace as the two fundamental issues which should be discussed by Presidential candidates. And his intimation was that neither of these important matters would receive specific attention from the candidates.

Senator REED SMOOT of Utah is back in Washington and his voice is the latest to join the predictions as to just how much the 1928 tax cut will be. Senator SMOOT

is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, so that his prophecy holds somewhat more weight than a number of those which have been so freely advanced. He sets the figure at \$350,000,000, and suggests that the cut be applied as follows: \$150,000,000 to reducing the corporation tax from 13½ to 12 per cent, \$100,000,000 to eliminating the automobile and admission taxes, and \$100,000,000 to readjusting the middle surtax brackets of the income tax. Senator SMOOT believes that the surplus for the fiscal year may be as much as \$500,000,000. He emphasizes the impossibility of predicting the amount which may be applied to tax reduction before it is known how much Congress will appropriate for flood control and other projects requiring large outlays.

Flood control was discussed as well at the meeting of the National Council of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at West Baden, Indiana, on October

17. This organization, it will be remembered, recently came in for a certain amount of criticism from President COOLIDGE following its statement that there should be a tax cut of \$400,000,000 this year. Mr. COOLIDGE suggested that the organization turn its attention to influencing Congress toward curtailing expenditures as much as possible rather than instructing the Government. LEWIS E. PIERSON, president of the council, in the opening address mentioned downward tax revision, Mississippi flood control, scientific postal rates, and private ownership and development of the merchant marine as cardinal points in the Chamber's legislative program. He charged that postal rates were not fixed scientifically, but as a matter of political expediency. Mr. PIERSON also took a leaf from Mr. COOLIDGE's book in urging economy upon the Government, stating that "Government should not harass its citizens by

The Week

¶Bitter brew for Sinclair and Fall. Criminal cases follow upon civil. The gift of Liberty bonds. ¶Senator Borah leads the elephant to water. Dr. Butler calls for decisive issues. The peril of "glittering generalities." ¶Senator Reed Smoot joins the tax-reduction chorus and strikes the note of \$350,000,000. ¶Leaders of business visit a watering place. They talk of flood control, merchant marines, cabbages, and kings. ¶A channel swimmer's hoax to end hoaxes. ¶The Vatican comes into the open. ¶Duce smiles upon the church. ¶Europe mixes chemicals. An anti-American trust? ¶Mustapha Kemal speaks at some length. ¶The White House alive with rumors of prosperity. Fewer strikes this year. ¶Journey's end for Ruth and George, with a rescue act by the *Barendrecht*. ¶Home-coming for the transoceanic air passenger, with ritual by Jimmy Walker.

way of a commitment to the upholding and maintaining of the Constitution of the United States, except perhaps an insipid, meaningless generality to the effect that they believe in law and order. They might just as well say under the present circumstances that they believe in the Ten Commandments." Senator BORAH has never swerved from his allegiance to the dry cause, and in Boston, last April, he debated the subject of prohibition with Dr. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, president of Columbia University. A verdict of unofficial judges was in his favor.

Interestingly enough, Dr. BUTLER has recently been talking along allied, though somewhat broader lines. Before the Institute of Arts and Sciences in New York on October 17, he urged a rebirth of real thinking in American life. But further, he called for political leaders who were not afraid to speak out upon im-

Dr. Butler
Speaks Out

Mr. Borah
and
Prohibition

Apostles of
Business

Teapot
Dome

Fall and
Sinclair

imposition of needless and costly procedures." In regard to flood control, he urged its necessity as a measure of national defense, and stated that it should be considered entirely apart from any other project. This, apparently, referred to rumors in some quarters that various Congressmen are planning to use the certainty of a flood-control measure as a truck horse to carry through quite unrelated projects which might otherwise be sidetracked.

From Paris on October 15 came the announcement of an alliance between German and French chemical industries. Coupled with the fact that a similar alliance existed between the

**Chemistry
Combines
in Europe** German and British industries it was accepted generally as a move to establish a

European chemical trust for the purpose of combating the American industry in the world market, particularly in South America and the Far East. It is expected that as the trust gains headway Italy and Switzerland will join in. Advance reports of the Franco-German agreement explain that the French have agreed to restrict their sales in Germany, that the Germans have promised to withdraw gradually from the French market, and that having reached an accord on the situation in Europe they will cooperate in going after world trade in chemicals. The new chemical trust is compared with the European steel trust against which the steel industry of the United States has been competing for some time. The tendency toward European industrial combinations is said to be growing; in fact, prominent European business men are quoted as favoring such combinations in all key industries.

To educate the peasants of Anatolia on recent Turkish history, President MUSTAPHA KEMAL indulged last week in a 400,000 word address before the National

**A Turkish
Marathon** Congress meeting at Angora. Commencing with a picture

of the despair which prevailed when the Allies occupied Constantinople in 1919, he traced the progress of Turkey from dark to brighter days under his own leadership. KEMAL is said to have spent six months in preparing the address, and its presentation, including rest periods, occupied seven days.

American industry and agriculture are on a sound foundation and the outlook for the future is promising, according to reports emanating from the White House after a Cabinet meeting in

**Optimism
in the
Nation** Washington last week. An analysis of the trade situation based upon information

provided by the Secretaries of Commerce, Labor, and the Treasury, was given out by the President. It showed that there had been a slight decline in building activity throughout the country, but that construction programs were moving satisfactorily; that there had been a falling off

in the net receipts of railroads but not in tonnage; that decrease in railway passenger service was continuing because of the automobile. Industry is facing fewer strikes this year, having but twenty-seven pending now as against fifty a year ago, and of the twenty-seven none is reported to be causing great unemployment. Conditions are not altogether favorable in the shoe and textile industries, but both are taking steps to accommodate themselves to changing economic conditions.

As for crops, the President intimated that with the exception of cotton they were fully as good as those of last year. If the sales of mail-order houses are taken

**Crops and
the Trade
Balance** as an index, there is a larger buying power among people generally, and particularly among the farm population.

Exports and imports are keeping up well. Imports are not so large if figured in dollars, but that is because the American producer is not paying so much for importations of rubber as he did a year ago.

Last week in these pages it was announced that Dr. DOROTHY COCHRANE LOGAN, an Englishwoman, had broken Miss GERTRUDE EDERLE's Channel-

swimming record by an

**Channel
Swim a Hoax** hour and twenty minutes. Following the subsequent

presentation by a British journal of £1,000 as reward for her feat, however, Dr. LOGAN admitted that it was all a hoax, that she had been in the water only a very few hours, and that furthermore she had filed a statement of her intentions to do just that before she left England for Cape Gris-Nez, France. Her purpose, she said, was to prove to the British and American publics how easily they could be deceived. She returned the prize money at the time of her admission.

Her act has aroused a storm of controversy both here and abroad. The Professional Swimmers' Association cabled congratulations from New York, hailing

the hoax as "a pioneer

**"Pioneer
Effort"** effort to bring about authentication of records made by

professional swimmers." Paris regarded it as a huge joke, and approved the idea back of it thoroughly. But the British Medical Association was severe in its denunciation of Dr. LOGAN, declaring the hope that "she will now sink back into the obscurity from which she never should have emerged," and added, "we shall probably leave her severely alone after the disgraceful trick she has played on everybody."

The first step toward closing the breach which has existed between the Catholic Church and the Italian Government since the unification of the country in

**A New
Papal State** 1870 when the church was shorn of temporal power

was made in Rome on October 13. In an editorial in the *Osservatore Romano*, official organ of the Vatican, the conditions upon which

friendly relations between the POPE and the Government could be restored were suggested. If the breach is to be healed, temporal power and full independence must be returned to the POPE, says this journal, and sufficient land must be ceded to the church to form a free and independent papal state. In this editorial and that appearing on the following day, the opinion was expressed that only if the supreme head of the Catholic Church were to be allowed complete temporal as well as spiritual freedom from entanglements with all Governments could the indispensable sovereignty of the Vatican over the world of Catholicism be justifiably maintained.

These statements of the *Osservatore* acted as a bombshell in official circles at the Italian capital. But in general, the consensus of opinion seemed to be

that Premier MUSSOLINI would act to take advantage

of the situation, as his efforts to arrive at more friendly relations with the Vatican have been obvious, not only since his assumption of the dictatorship, but as early as 1921, at which time he publicly expressed his anxiety over the tendency toward the organization of national churches.

The transoceanic flight of RUTH ELDER, amateur aviatrix, and her pilot, GEORGE HALDEMAN, with Paris as its objective, ended on the morning of October 13 some

**Rome
Aroused** 350 miles west of the Azores. Their 'plane, the *American*

**Rescue
at Sea** *Girl*, was sighted that morning by the Dutch steamer, *Barendrecht*, and when the 'plane came over the ship a message was dropped on deck inquiring: "How far are we from land and which way?" While an answer was painted on the deck the 'plane continued to hover above it; then she landed alongside the *Barendrecht* and the flyers climbed out on the wings. The *Barendrecht* launched a boat by means of which HALDEMAN and Miss ELDER were rescued and brought aboard. When an effort was made to take the airplane on board two explosions occurred and forced its abandonment.

The second man to set foot on European soil after a nonstop flight from the United States returned to New York on October 17. CHARLES A. LEVINE, who, with

Levine Home CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN as his pilot, followed LIND-

BERGH across the Atlantic in the *Columbia*, was taken from the *Leviathan* at quarantine by the official tug and landed at the Battery, whence he was taken at noon to city hall to be greeted by Mayor WALKER and his stalwart reception committee. Luncheon at the Hotel Astor followed, with denunciation from the mayor of those who had conducted "a campaign of whispered detraction" against LEVINE for his actions in Europe. LEVINE's belated return now leaves but one transatlantic team outstanding.

The Editor Steps Down

OUR issue for October 8 seems to have been distinctly incendiary in character. Last week we published a letter from the editor of the Beaufort, North Carolina, *News*, in criticism of Mr. George Fort Milton's article on the Democratic problem in the South. This week, from Princeton, New Jersey, we have received a second comment inspired by the same article. Although the writer evidently intended them as such, we frankly do not believe that his words are a pertinent and specific criticism of the Milton article and feel that the letter is rather a careful criticism of the Eighteenth Amendment and the attitude of the country toward it. In this regard, we take no exception here to the writer's point of view, preferring to let it argue for itself. Those who read the letter from Beaufort last week stressing the religious difficulties will find this one particularly interesting for its different perspective.

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of October 8 appears "Progressive Democrats in a Quandary," by George Fort Milton. The article seems to divide naturally into two parallel lines of thought. The one, the "quandary" itself, seems to be plainly a Democratic family matter and leaves the Republicans in a state of complete equanimity. The other train of ideas expresses with unusual clarity that perverseness of thought which has become so prevalent throughout the country in recent years.

¶Many of us, and good Americans, too, object to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution not because of what it is, but because of where it is. For nearly a century and a half the Constitution was and remained a code of government, on the foundation of which was erected a really democratic structure.

¶We deplore its use in this instance as the carrier of what is really a regulatory law. Regulation of the liquor traffic was needed; but a method to the achieving of that end should have been found which was more elastic in its working and less irrevocable in its character.

¶A continuation of the idea is found in Mr. Milton's quotation from Mr. McAdoo's letter. The text he takes from it is "nullification." It seems, from the context, that a nullifier of the Constitution is he who does not agree with the Eighteenth Amendment to that document; and that need be his only qualification. In fact, this one Amendment seems already to have outgrown the stem on which it was grafted.

¶Particularly incomprehensible to many of us is the veneration of the Eighteenth Amendment in the territory which finds need of grandfather clauses and their like to counteract the effect of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the same Constitution. The choice of the ox to be gored seems a serious one.

JOHN S. VAN NEST.

IN criticism of Charles Phelps Cushing's article in the same issue, "What Can We Do About Noise?" a correspondent from St. Louis strikes a note of slight chagrin. In all fairness, we must admit the soundness of the point he thrusts forward. However, we feel also that Mr. Cushing was not entering into a precise and academic discussion of his subject. Without any pretense of erudition he was dealing with one of the bogeys of present-day existence "according to his lights" and with the impatient fervor of the normal man whose back has been reluctantly pressed against the knobby wall of philosophy. Perhaps Mr. Cushing himself might regard the problem through different glasses tomorrow.

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of October 8 Charles Phelps Cushing makes a fervent appeal for the abatement of useless noises, in which we must all be with him. But he appears to blame science and scientists for the existence of noisy devices. These are the product of inventors, not of scientists. Scientists as such do not invent machines, they discover facts, formulate natural laws, use these to discover further facts and laws. Inventors often use these results in their work. Part of the inventor's product is good, part bad; the scientist should be held responsible for neither.

¶The chemist finds that by distillation of certain organic substances "wood alcohol" can be produced. He is directly responsible neither for the extended and valuable use of this liquid in the arts, nor for the death of men who mistakenly drink it. The scientist did not evolve the airplane, the automobile, the moving picture, or the radio, although the inventors of these used his discoveries. Edison, named by Mr. Cushing as the only scientist who offers him "even the smallest grain of comfort," is not a scientist at all — he is an inventor. ¶Having spent much of my life, I believe not unsuccessfully, in an attempt to present the work of both science and invention to the public in readable form, it grieves me beyond measure to find a presumably intelligent man who is unable to distinguish one from the other.

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK.

TWO letters have come in to us recently censuring sharply the review of "Professional Patriots," edited by Norman Hapgood and published by Albert and Charles Boni, which we included among our short book notes in this same belabored issue. For the review we make no qualification or excuse: the reviewer expressed himself as he felt the occasion warranted. To our correspondents we express regret that they should have found cause for dissatisfaction.

The first of the letters comes from

Mrs. B. L. Robinson of Boston, president of the Massachusetts Public Interests League, Inc.:

DEAR SIR:

Your review of "Professional Patriots" has decided me against renewal. If you are not in a position to learn whether or not such a book as that is reliable in its statements, you should not give your readers the impression that it is. It happens that every statement in the book concerning organizations with which I am personally connected is false. The animus of the book, is, of course, perfectly plain — to discredit every group opposing the Socialist and Communist program. The *Daily Worker*, which advertises itself as the "Voice of the Third International," considers the book such admirable Communist propaganda that it has printed it verbatim in its columns.

MARGARET C. ROBINSON.

THE second letter comes from Milton, Massachusetts, and asserts, rather more specifically perhaps, the same argument as the first:

DEAR SIR:

In your issue of October 8 I regret to see a review of "Professional Patriots" which would give your readers the impression that the book is accurate. I find in this book false statements about an organization of which I am secretary (Sentinels of the Republic), a publication (the *Woman Patriot*) of which I am a director, and a second organization (the Massachusetts Public Interests League) of which I was the first president.

¶In the book is printed a list of indorsers, of whom it says: "It is of course understood that the indorsers were not responsible for the investigation itself, nor have they all read its findings. They are in sympathy with its purpose and approach, believing such an inquiry should be given the widest possible hearing."

¶There are some seventy of these indorsers, about half of whom are teachers or clergymen. One wonders if the list is correct, and if so, if accuracy is no longer a requisite of a teacher, or tolerance that of a professed disciple of Christ.

KATHARINE T. BALCH.

REFORM of the House of Lords is a periodical British agitation. Last spring's flutter was only nicely out of mind when the fall season brought new proposals. J. B. Atkins, assistant editor of the London *Spectator*, who is contributing a monthly article to THE INDEPENDENT, discussed the venerable House of Peers in our October 8 issue. One of his statements has called forth the following comment from a correspondent in Albany, New York. Apparently our correspondent feels

a kindred spirit in Mr. Atkins, and is anxious that he should not misunderstand a change which has come about in our Government which reverses the power of the two Houses.

DEAR SIR:

Mr. J. B. Atkins is implying a comparison which fails to exist when he says that no one in England would grant to an Upper House such powers as are enjoyed by the United States Senate. Doubtless he is under the misapprehension that our House of Representatives is entirely analogous to the British House of Commons. Whereas this was probably the ideal which the Constitution had in mind, in practice it has worked out that the Senate is by far the more independent body, and bears a closer analogy to the British House of Commons in its freedom of debate than does the House. One doesn't exactly blame Mr. Atkins for worrying, however, at the prospect of a second legislative branch with powers equal to that of the House of Commons. With all the occasional objection to the manner in which our Representatives are restrained from vigorous debate upon matters of which they know little, sage and practical persons must reflect that the net result of removing this restraint would be merely to double the amount of time necessary to get anything done. Which would really mean that nothing would ever be accomplished, granting the time which Congress spends each year in passing futile and unenforceable laws.

CHESTER A. CROWELL.

Back Stage in Washington

(Continued from page 434)

very moment the hammer brings the convention to order. They may be for Hoover in November, Lowden in December, Dawes in January, and Hughes throughout the spring, but they will all be very careful to have letters of allegiance reposing in the White House files. The situation is too ticklish to do anything else. For this reason, if for no other, they will continue to sing in harmony of the fact that "Mr. Coolidge can have it if he wants it." This introduces a very confusing factor in the campaigns of the gentlemen who are already counting the White House furniture and drawing up invitation lists for *Mayflower* parties.

My long-cherished admiration for Mr. Butler—Sweet William as he is affectionately known to the *Baltimore Sun*—never reached such heights as during this latest session. Never has he appeared more uncommunicative or reluctant to talk. Not only did he refuse to make any contribution to current political knowledge, but he even refused to repeat those guarded and reluctant admissions of which he had been guilty in the past. Perhaps he was in his happiest mood when he confided to the assembled newspaper men that his fellow committeemen were simply going over the ground

preparatory to the calling of the next convention and recalling the happy memories of the last one.

"Yes," remarked a seasoned correspondent without a muscle of his face out of place, "that was a well-managed convention."

Be it said for William M. Butler that he, too, never turned a hair although there must have raced through the mind of everyone present those memorable hours in Cleveland in 1924 when a Republican convention ran away from its managers, politicians paced in front of the radio microphones raving, "What the hell do we do now?" Mr. Borah refused the Vice Presidential nomination and Lowden turned it down, the Coolidge people wanted Hoover and the convention nominated Dawes. It was a merry circus.

A "happy" memory? Not all the apple-sauce has gone out of politics yet.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

THE PUSH BEHIND FARM RELIEF. 1. Senator Capper is a prominent figure in public life. Before studying the article, it will be well to know something about the author. What State does he represent in Congress? What are his party affiliations? Look up his record to find out what stand he has taken on major problems of the day. Remember in reading this, as in some of the previous political articles of *THE INDEPENDENT*, that the author is taking an "interested view." 2. What was the fate of the McNary-Haugen bill in the sixty-ninth Congress? What were its main provisions? On what grounds was it opposed? 3. Notice Mr. Capper's reference to the movement of population away from the farm. What seem to be the causes of it? If you live in a rural community, perhaps you will be able to provide some first-hand material on this question. Discuss in class the relative advantages of farm and city life. Write a paper of five hundred words or more pointing out the advantages of one over the other. Make it a lively, personal essay, drawing on your own experience in city or country to lend interest. 4. Mr. Capper expresses the belief that "there will be no revision of tariff schedules at this session of Congress." Have you noticed in recent newspapers any predictions to the contrary? How does the new French tariff on American goods complicate matters? 5. Mr. Capper's article raises the whole question of tariffs. Be sure you know just what is meant by the term. What is a "protective" tariff? 6. Discuss some of the tariff controversies which have arisen in Congress during the course of our history. Let the class divide itself into two groups, one arguing in favor of a protective tariff, the other for free trade. 7. In connection with Mr. Capper's discussion of inland waterways, study on a map the river systems of the United States. In what regions does water transportation seem most feasible? Discuss the St. Lawrence River project. What advantages would there be in loading ocean-going ships at Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, and other lake ports? Does the plan seem practicable? 8. Is it an injustice in your mind that the farmer, receiving one twelfth of the national income, should pay one fifth of the taxes? Account for this situation. 9. Comment on the statement that "the dominant need of American food producers is higher prices." 10. Summarize in writing

the gist of Mr. Capper's argument for farm relief. Do you share his viewpoint?

WHERE CHURCH AND STATE CONFLICT. 1. Probably you have noticed in the news of the day that the *Osservatore Romano*, official newspaper of the Vatican, has suggested a restoration of the papal state. Mussolini is said to be favorable to the idea. Before reading Mr. Hearley's article look up the details of this latest move on the part of the church. Make sure that you understand the present status of the church in Italy. 2. What was the papal state? When was it done away with? 3. Mr. Hearley links the conflict of church and state in Italy with the open correspondence between Charles G. Marshall and Governor Smith of New York. Mr. Marshall denied that Mr. Smith could become President of the United States and at the same time retain his allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church. He held that the obligations imposed by the Presidency would conflict with those imposed by the church. Do you remember Governor Smith's reply? What was the gist of it? 4. What was the origin of "Fascism" in Italy? What are the main characteristics of the Fascist movement? 5. Trace the rise of Mussolini to power. Do you admire the man, or not? Compare him with other dictators, living or dead. Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of dictatorship as a form of government. 6. Make sure that you understand all the terms used by Mr. Hearley. Define: "pontifical," "pantheistic," "curial," "moot," "insouciance," "encyclical." What do you think of Mr. Hearley's figures of speech? Criticize: "The fish cooking in such a kettle were not caught in American waters." "Jets of its troubled waters occasionally shoot above the Vatican's diplomatic oil." 7. Comment on the organization of the article. 8. Sum up in a few words the main points made by Mr. Hearley.

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Sculpture

said the artist, "is a matter of throwing away what you don't want." Honest journalism is very much the same sort of art; it consists in a skillful chipping away of the unimportant, until a clear-cut, vigorous image of the news emerges, a thing of balance and beauty to the discerning eye

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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David McCord			

AS he takes up his duties in Mexico City, Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow faces the most difficult task of his career. From the legal and financial complications of Wall Street he enters upon a field which bears the same relation to Wall Street as barbed-wire entanglements to a blackberry patch. If he manœuvres his way through the entanglements, he will accomplish a job which has sorely needed doing, but lacked the man. Mexico is in a particularly disturbed condition. Not only do the problems of the land laws and religious restrictions still hang fire, but revolution and banditry run in a sinister undercurrent. The Calles Government has shown a strong and bloody hand in quelling the uprising led by Serrano, but Gomez is at large making dire if futile threats of retaliation. In the state of Nayarit on the west coast bandits have robbed the pay roll of an American-owned mine and kidnapped the general manager, a British subject. In that same region a raid was made not long before on the Amparo mines, likewise American-owned. It was in Nayarit that Miss Anderson, an American school-teacher, was fatally wounded while returning home by rail from Mexico City. Scarcely a fortnight passes without the hold-up or deliberate wrecking of

a Mexican passenger train. This does not sound like stability. All in all, the situation is not one for which a man generally gives up an important and profitable business connection in New York City.

Criticism of Mr. Morrow's appointment has died upon the lips of a few bellicose Senators. The twaddle commenced by jealous insurgents on the old score of Wall Street connections and the taint of big business has been buried under widespread approval. Any remaining doubt as to the wisdom of the appointment is dissipated by reports from Mexico City, where Mr. Morrow has been received as a man qualified by wide experience in business and law to enter upon his new and difficult mission.

Mr. Copeland in Ear Muffs

SENATOR ROYAL S. COPELAND of New York shows himself an optimist the equal of Mr. Micawber when he predicts that Governor Smith has conquered the West and won the Presidential nomination of the Democratic party hands down. And when he adds that the governor will beyond doubt be the next President of the United States he becomes a veritable Pollyanna, radiant

with cheer and sunshine for gloomy Democrats. Senator Copeland reports upon his return from the Pacific Coast that "the withdrawal of Mr. McAdoo has put hundreds of enthusiastic men and women in the Smith camp." "They are just as keen now for the nomination of Mr. Smith as they were for the preferment of Mr. McAdoo," he assures us. It seems likely that the Senator has been wearing ear muffs to protect himself against chilly mornings in San Francisco; otherwise how can he have avoided hearing the loud stage whispers transferring the McAdoo strength to Mr. Meredith of Des Moines, Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, or some other avowed prohibitionist west of the Appalachians?

Continuing his extemporizing, Senator Copeland avers that Charles Evans Hughes will be the nominee of the Republican party, and holds that Mr. Hughes, the only candidate who would have a fighting chance against Al, will fight in vain. Here again the gentleman from New York manifests a blithe optimism. Judge Hughes is certainly not the only candidate who could trouble Al Smith, nor is he sure to be a candidate at all.

Without for one moment questioning the availability of Governor Smith for the Presidency, and while recognizing his political record as highly praiseworthy, we still feel that he has a long road to travel before coming in sight of the White House. Preceding by some nine months the national political conventions, Senator Copeland's optimism must be taken with a grain of salt.

Strong Men and Surplus Funds

TAX reductionists from all bailiwicks are measuring their strength at the weight machine, each contestant endeavoring to send the indicator a little higher than his predecessor. Secretary Mellon started it all with the timid intimation that perhaps there should be no reduction at all. The Administration cast a side-long glance at the expectant public and decided that his was a wrong idea. Thereupon the official spokesman stepped from the electric vibrator to the ring. Grasping the sledge he raised it in an heroic effort,

smote the block, and shot the indicator up to the \$250,000,000 mark. Hearing no cheers he smote again, and this time hit \$300,000,000. Faint hand-claps blended with catcalls. Out of the gallery strode the United States Chamber of Commerce with an idea of how such things should be done. A hefty blow, and the machine registered \$400,000,000. Applause from the public; objections from the White House. Next appeared Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, chairman of the finance committee, one of the



strong men of the Administration. His best was \$350,000,000, a compromise figure. Last of all came the ex-champion, John N. Garner, Representative from Texas where athletics are not confined to barnyard golf. Mr. Garner must have had plenty of iron that day, for with one great gesture he whirled the weapon through a triple circle, brought it down upon the block with a whack which resounded from coast to coast, and smashed the indicator up and out of the top of the machine with a clamor of bells. He had broken his own record by doing \$500,000,000.

These prodigies of strength are of indubitable importance to the taxpayer, but in watching the performance he should remember that it is stimulated by the approach of an election year. Congressman Garner's feat is of some significance, since he is ranking Democratic member of the House Ways and Means Committee which has already commenced hearings on the new revenue bill. It is doubtful, however, if a \$500,000,000 reduction is advisable. Mr. Garner does not consider in his arguments that although the expenses on the proposed Boulder Dam and permanent flood-control projects might not exceed \$50,000,000, as he says, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929, their drain on the Treasury in succeeding years would be considerably greater. He does not consider when estimating the future revenue from corporation taxes that such revenues will not necessarily continue to increase "at the rate of about eight per cent per annum." He seems to think that because the Treasury Department has conservatively underestimated the surplus in the past five years it has hoodwinked the public instead of safeguarding public interests. All in all, he appears to have an eye on the present and little thought of the future. The figures struck by Senator Smoot and the White House sound more reasonable.

Balm for the Itching Palm

THE system of tips and gratuities, prevalent since the day of the Mermaid Tavern and before, is in for a frontal attack all along the line of organized labor in the United States. A large slice of the public, which dislikes tipping scarcely less than amusement taxes, will join gladly in the movement. If it gains sufficient headway the question of how much to hand the barber, or what amount to slip the piano mover, or with what sum to reward the janitor who gives you heat before the thermometer hits zero, will be relegated to the limbo of the past. There will be no more thought of tipping the waiter than of offering a cigar to the street-car conductor or the neighborhood white wing.

Two main arguments are given by those who wish the system abolished. In the first place, they argue that the acceptance of a tip places the recipient in a position of inferiority. This is one of the arguments

contained in the official policy of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Stablemen, and Helpers of America. In the second, they hold that employers are inclined to pay low wages on the theory that tips will provide a supplementary source of revenue. Such is the position of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, a comparatively new organization which is surviving despite the opposition of the Pullman Company. The minimum wage rate of porters is \$72.50 per month, and the average monthly compensation \$78.11. The brotherhood is endeavoring with justification to secure a minimum wage of \$150 per month and the abolition of the tipping system, but has been scorned thus far by Pullman officials.

It is only in America that the thought of ending tipping could originate. In Europe it would be as logical to talk of pulling down the sky or doing away with the moon. While approving of the attitude of the brotherhoods, we hesitate to predict that the movement will be successful even in this haven of democracy. Whatever may be said against gratuities and bribes, there is something in human nature which seems to encourage them. A number of restaurants at home and abroad have devised a compromise system under which a ten per cent tax is added to the patron's check, and extra gratuities are refused. This is an alleviation if not a solution of the problem.

He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not

SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS of Ohio repeated persistently and glibly on all occasions the assurance that President Coolidge would be renominated in June. It could not be otherwise, chanted the Senator. Like a schoolboy with one little piece to speak he repeated it so frequently that people grew tired of listening. They wished that someone would send him on an errand or stand him in a corner, or give him a harmonica to practice on. Then came the incident of the White House interview, from which Senator Fess emerged with two accounts. Narrative the first, as reported in the afternoon newspapers:

I want to have it thoroughly understood, so that all will know, that I am not talking for Mr. Coolidge when I say that I believe he will be drafted, but I must admit that I was very much surprised by the emphatic scolding which he gave me today. . . . I must admit that I came away with the impression that the President will not consent to be drafted.

Narrative the second, produced a few hours later—in time for the next morning's papers:

I went to him on some business, and just as I was leaving I told him that no man had ever been so strong with the people as he. "Yes," replied the

President, "I have noticed what you have been saying about my being renominated. I wish you would not repeat those statements. Coming from one so close to me and my family it makes it look as if I were insincere."

According to this corrected account there was nothing during the interview to suggest that the President would not accept the nomination were it handed to him, nothing to change the Senator's belief that the President would be nominated. As for the first account: "Where in the world did they get that idea? Nothing like that happened at all."

Narrative the first makes it seem that Mr. Coolidge was goaded by the Ohio Senator's incessant chant into the supreme act of adding something to his twelve words of August and thereby clarifying his own position. It gives the impression that the bad boy received a lecture with no mincing of words and a spanking such as is seldom meted out in the Administration family. Narrative the second is more collected. It nullifies, to a large extent, the first. It suggests—between the narratives—an unwritten episode, a humming of telephone wires between the White House and the Senate Office Building. Mr. Coolidge may have repented his morning's garrulity and reflected sagely that the moanings of a wounded Fess were a greater evil than his silly pæans of a deathless and dogged Republican loyalty.

Out of the whole matter comes the happy prospect of a silent Senator. If Mr. Fess wishes to advance himself in the estimation of Ohio Republicans he will probably use less noisy and monotonous means in the future. Likewise, there comes the rumor that Senator Fess is not the only man who has been laid on the carpet for droning on about the chances of drafting Calvin for another term. As for the President, he has committed himself no further, after all. The twelve words still stand to all purposes unmodified, unstrengthened. It is our firm conviction that Mr. Coolidge is out of the running in 1928, but it remains for him to admit the fact definitely.

Those Terrible Turks

SENATORS and Representatives engaged in loosening their tongues for another session of Congress should be interested in observing the oratorical methods of Mustapha Kemal, President of Turkey. When they have revived their venomous aspirates and smoothed their explosive labials they will do well to accept Mustapha's recent address as an example of something to be avoided. Commencing one sunny Saturday afternoon the eloquent Mustapha delivered in installments a speech which filled six days and used up about 400,000 words. In essence it was a résumé of Turkish history since 1918, probably the most thorough résumé of

anything since the completion of the last Federal census in the United States. Mustapha is said to have had it in preparation for six months.

Its most interesting aspect is not its content, but the good grace with which it was received. There is no report to show that a single auditor fell asleep or left the hall during an installment of the Presidential harangue, nor is there evidence that the doors were guarded. Either Mustapha Kemal is a spell-binder or Turks are immune to an overdose of talking. When it was over Mustapha Kemal wept, the audience wept with him, and a lachrymose deputy, overcome with emotion, endeavored in vain to express his gratitude. For all his demagoguery and vigor Senator Jim Reed could not bring about a climax like this; neither could Senator Borah nor La Follette minimus nor any tear-squeezer of the House. Some of them could talk for six days, but we advise them not to try it.

Mr. Thompson's Little British War

IF "Sport" Hermann is going to burn in Grant Park, Chicago, the hundred remaining volumes of those given to the public library by Queen Victoria and the people of London, it might be a good



idea for the authorities of Harvard University to junk the famous Germanic Museum because Kaiser Wilhelm II had a hand in its collections. It might be well, on the same principle, for the United States Government to dismantle the Statue of Liberty and sell it for scrap iron because it happens to be the gift of France. The idea of book

burning is one altogether worthy of the mentality from which sprang the famous Chicago motto, "Throw away your hammer and get a horn." A no less desirable slogan for those who would rid us of foreign relics is "Throw away your books and get a pickaxe." If this is not adequate, Mayor Thompson and Mr. Hermann will undoubtedly be able to go it one better.

It is surprising to notice that several German societies in Chicago have supported the mayor in his advance against the British villainy in school and library. It is astonishing to discover Mr. Thompson suggesting that Otto L. Schmidt, president of the Chicago Historical Society, has disgraced "the German-American blood that flows in his veins" by defending Superintendent of Schools McAndrew. We did not suppose that an intelligent German element in the city would fall for the mayor's hymn of hate.

The latest news from Chicago adds all the more weight to the appraisal made of the Thompson régime by Victor S. Yarros in this issue of THE

INDEPENDENT. Big Bill's administration is an excellent example of popular government at its worst, and a bonfire of books in Grant Park would add considerable emphasis to the argument of Will Durant who contends against Bertrand Russell that democracy is a failure.

The Nation Works Skyward

OFFICIALS consulted their watches and spectators stirred restlessly. Lieut. Col. Benjamin B. Foulois studied the darkened sky and shook his head gravely. "I think he may have been delayed," said the colonel. Harry F. Guggenheim, president of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics, did not agree. "He will be here on schedule," Mr. Guggenheim said. At one minute before the appointed hour of two a gray monoplane swept down through the rain and taxied to a hangar on Mitchell Field. The *Spirit*



of St. Louis had completed the tour in which it visited every State of the Union, and during which its pilot attended sixty-nine official dinners, made approximately one hundred speeches, rode twelve hundred miles in parades.

It is estimated that more than 30,000,000 people saw the *Spirit of St. Louis* during its three months' swing around the country. Coupled with the trans-oceanic flights of Colonel Lindbergh and others, it did much to increase the enthusiasm for aviation in America. It has helped to swell the monthly volume of air mail from 96,925 pounds in April to 146,088 at the present time, an increase of almost fifty per cent. It has encouraged municipalities to build and improve airports, has brought "air-mindedness" to people formerly distrustful of air transportation. The nation owes thanks to Colonel Lindbergh, who has proved himself far more than a daring stunt flyer, and to Mr. Guggenheim, whose backing made the nation-wide tour possible.

With increasing air-mindedness, provincialism in the United States will have small chance of survival. The East, which still regards Paris and London as somewhat more accessible than San Francisco or Los Angeles, will look across the continent. The Pacific Coast, where New York appears as far distant as Yokohama, will recognize that all is not "effete" on the opposite side of the country. A day may even come when Los Angeles will forego her monopoly on climate, Boston abandon the *Mayflower* complex, and the Corn Belt admit that the sun does not rise and set within the confines of the great valley. Air travel, air transportation, air mail, may do even more than radio, telegraph, and railways, to destroy sectionalism in America.

Scanning Loans Through Official Eyes

WHEN Senator Glass of Virginia recently issued his broadside against the Department of State for "passing upon" the loans made by private American banking houses to foreign nations or foreign enterprises he merely echoed the sentiments which have been rankling in the breasts of some of our more important financiers for the past five years. Ever since the memorable day early in 1922 when President Harding called to the White House a group headed by Mr. J. P. Morgan and suggested voluntary coöperation between banking houses and the Government in the matter of foreign loans, there has been a constant undercurrent of grumbling. It did not become articulate, however, until Senator Glass brought the whole matter into the open.

In brief the argument on both sides is as follows: The banking group, having acquiesced in President Harding's suggestion that before concluding a loan they should advise the State Department as to its general nature and receive word from that Department that no objection was offered, soon discovered that the mechanical process of obtaining the "no objection" statement became rather irksome. In some cases, due to bad telephone connections or the failure of the Treasury and Commerce Departments to pass their advice on to the State Department, a delay of a day or so might ensue. This to an anxious banker is most annoying. But worse still is the possibility of having the Government enter a real objection, and so catapult Washington into very private business. In March, 1922, when the bankers patriotically agreed to play ball the possibility of interference seemed remote, but in more recent times, when Washington frowned on a coffee valorization loan to Brazil or a potash monopoly loan to a Franco-German group, or a contemplated loan to the state of Prussia, or an unproductive loan to a French Government department, the system lost its earlier patriotic charm. This became governmental interference with a vengeance, and bankers rued the day that their spokesmen had agreed to coöperate with the Government. Furthermore, they point out that to interfere with such loans merely transfers the business to London or some other capital and the undesirable loan is consummated anyhow. Hence, the Glass tirade and the ringing in of such empty arguments as the danger of having the Government visa loans because of the false impression which might be conveyed to bond purchasers that the Government had indorsed such issues.

The Administration argues, and in our opinion argues quite rightly, that foreign loans are a matter of very great concern to the nation as a whole, not bankers alone. It points out that no legal right is

vested in the Government to prohibit any loan whatsoever — the agreement with bankers was purely voluntary and in the public interest. It knows that there is a great surplus of capital in the United States, that American bankers fall all over each other in foreign capitals trying to secure profitable loan agreements, and that, say what anyone will, the Government is always called in if, after a loan is concluded, trouble develops. For instance, a clash will shortly develop between the Allies on one hand and the American banking groups which have loaned money to Germany on the other over the question of priority in payments. Then surely the bankers will appeal to Washington for help.

Never has the Administration breathed a word against any constructive loan to any nation. In the case of the potash and the coffee and rubber loans, the purpose of the lenders was to use American dollars to assist foreign monopolies in raw materials to raise the price of these commodities to the American farmer and the American consumer — not exactly a patriotic purpose or one in conformity with the Administration's attitude toward such measures as the McNary-Haugen price-fixing bill. Any open discussion of these particular projected loans could hardly redound to the credit of their backers and the governmental opposition seems to us well grounded.

Other nations all exercise some direct or indirect control over the export of capital. They recognize that foreign loans can never be entirely dissociated from state diplomacy or from national economics. In most cases they employ private loans as a direct diplomatic leverage with which to obtain concessions. Our Government never has and probably never will go to any such extreme. Such almost inconsequential supervision as it has exercised has been distinctly in the public interest and without fear or favor. We doubt whether the supervision should have legislative sanction, since in its present form of voluntary coöperation it is never likely to become oppressive. As to the Government's approval of the business risks involved in any given foreign loan, this can best be answered by the specific denial of such approval in every State Department reply as well as the standard final "no objection" clause which reads "I beg to state that, in the light of the information before it, the Department of State offers no objection to this financing." If such a statement can, as Senator Glass implies, be used by banks or brokerage houses for the furtherance of sales on the ground that the Government has approved the issue, then the onus lies squarely on the salesmen involved, not upon the Department of State. All told, Senator Glass has raised an issue which can perhaps be argued with some justice on either side as long as it is confined to a matter of principle. In practice the Government has exercised its extralegal power with the utmost fairness.

Presenting Big Bill Thompson of Chicago

By Victor S. Yarros

AFTER Chicago's April election, which resulted in the defeat of Mayor Dever—an intelligent and progressive public servant—by his predecessor, William Hale Thompson, called "Big Bill" affectionately by his admirers and contemptuously by his political foes, several amazed Eastern periodicals sent their best amateur psychologists to Chicago to study the mayor elect, form an impartial estimate of his intellectual and moral personality, and interpret him for a curious and perplexed national electorate. Was Mr. Thompson a hero, a magnetic leader, a man of destiny, a formidable candidate for the Presidency, many asked themselves. Or was he a freak, a political accident, a clown popular with the moron elements and the groundlings generally, but quite negligible in serious and responsible politics?

This question, it should be explained, was a perfectly natural one to put and discuss freely by reason of the notorious and amazingly negative record of Mr. Thompson as mayor of Chicago for the eight years, 1915-1923. The gentleman was no stranger to newspaper readers, and they had taken it for granted in 1923 when Thompson stepped down from the mayoral chair and discreetly refrained, despite the urging of fools and subservient friends, from running for a third term that he had definitely retired from public life and would devote himself to his favorite sports and amusements for the rest of his days. His return to power under very dramatic circumstances, and the large majority he received over the good-government candidate, Dever, were phenomena of a disturbing character, challenging attention and comment.

The analysts from the East, it may be stated in passing, were not overpowered by Mayor Thompson's greatness and, on the whole, were disposed to vote him a picturesque, clever timeserver and an adroit politician. But it was plain that he puzzled them; they gave their judgment with apparent hesitation; they were not sure of their own diagnosis. Thus it becomes necessary to "present" Mayor Thompson to the nation in the light not of necessarily limited opportunities for observation and study, but in the light of a political and public record that covers nearly thirty years.

Big Bill Thompson has made himself a national figure simply by leaving the nation aghast that a man who had made so colossal a failure of two terms as Chicago's mayor could be elected to a third. And now Big Bill is casting a longing eye toward the White House. Mr. Yarros of the *Chicago Daily News* draws an annihilating portrait of this political blunderbuss, who promised in his last campaign to keep King George out of Chicago and Chicago out of the World Court

Chicago knows Thompson thoroughly, and it is not particularly proud of him. He regards himself as a Presidential possibility, and thousands of persons not distinguished either for intelligence or genuine interest in the higher problems of government, administration, and diplomacy share his own flattering estimate of his claims; but these are not and never will be taken seriously by any responsible or important group in the community. The truth

regarding Mr. Thompson can be stated in a few words: He is indolent, ignorant of public issues, inefficient and incompetent as an administrator, incapable of making a respectable argument, reckless in his campaign methods and electioneering oratory, inclined to think

evil of those who are not in agreement or sympathy with him, and congenitally demagogical. He can make extremely effective speeches on the lowest of political planes. He can capture audiences and make them feel that he is one of them—but there are few thoughtful persons in any of his audiences. His charges against opponents are wild and often preposterous, and it is sometimes felt and said that no sane man would descend to the Billingsgate and the depths of absurdity that mark his utterances.

THERE are those who dismiss Thompson as a cunning and deliberate humbug, but such judgments are unjust and superficial. He is perfectly sincere. He is never *willfully* untruthful or unfair. The monstrous and silly charges that he makes he really believes in, being incapable of real thought. Here are the relevant facts about his career:

He was born in Chicago in 1869 and received a common-school education. At the age of fourteen he went to Wyoming as ranch cook, brakeman, cattle owner, and cowboy. At the age of twenty-one he returned to Chicago after his father's death to take charge of the family fortune and to engage in the real-estate business. He has been interested in all "manly" sports and has been director general of sports in the Sportsman's Club of America. He has not needed to struggle for a living, and has been able to travel, to hunt and fish, to make friends, and to practice the art of mixing. He entered municipal politics in 1900, when he was elected alderman from the second ward. Strangely enough,

his sponsor at that time, the man who introduced him to politics — according to the recollections of an old-timer and an active citizen highly respected in Chicago — was William Kent, now of California, a political radical, a free trader, and a courageous fighter of spoils and corruption. In 1902 Mr. Thompson was elected commissioner of Cook County. He has been a member of various national commissions and a delegate to several irrigation and waterway congresses. He has been interested in playgrounds and claims to have secured the first appropriation for a public playground from the city council. He professes to be a staunch supporter of public schools and an advocate of cordial co-operation between school and home.

POSSESSING thus many elements of popularity, Mr. Thompson, running as a Republican against a weak Democratic candidate, was easily elected mayor of Chicago in 1915. Although those who knew him well gravely shook their heads and expected little from his administration, many gave him credit for good impulses and honorable ambitions. He had protested his love for Chicago and predicted for it a brilliant future, and it was thought that he would endeavor to give it a constructive and progressive administration, first of all appointing fit and able men and women to office. As a matter of fact, his appointments were generally unfit, in some cases to the point of scandal. His Civil Service Commission lost no time in becoming — in the words of the Chicago Voters' League — a "wrecking crew." Law, economy, service, and decent regard for public opinion meant nothing; his appointees wasted public money like drunken sailors; he soon alienated the support of most of the city's civic, industrial, and commercial bodies and incurred the sharp and indignant criticism of the self-respecting newspapers of the city by his policies, his appointments, and his denunciations of all his opponents. His administration was not even on speaking terms with the better elements of the city, including the leaders of industry and commerce. City hall under his appointees became a byword and a reproach; he himself became a candidate for the Presidency and paid little attention to the difficult and important problems of the city. His advisers were either incompetent or dishonest, and the police department became so corrupt that even its commissioner stated publicly that more than half of his officers grafted and protected lawbreakers.

Despite these debits, Mr. Thompson was re-elected in 1919. He had posed as the foe of the public utilities, of the traction companies, of the bankers, of the rich tax dodgers. He appealed to prejudice, hate, malice, and stupidity; in war time he promised a five-cent street-car fare and good car service at that fare; he threatened the

traction companies with forfeiture of their franchises should they wickedly resist him. The courts eventually knocked those notions on the head, and the car fare is still seven cents. After his reelection Mr. Thompson was rather suddenly converted to the doctrine of public ownership of local transportation facilities. He exploited that asset for some years and gained thereby support in reform circles pledged to municipal ownership and willing to sacrifice good government and taxpayers' millions.

The second Thompson administration was even more inefficient and wasteful than the first. There were nauseating scandals in several departments, and the community at last became weary of Thompsonism. Meanwhile the extraordinary mayor had heard of the League of Nations controversy, the World Court controversy, and other postwar questions, and decided to join the irreconcilables. He has been preaching "America first" ever since. In 1923 he was discreet enough not to run for a third term, but Mayor Dever's stand on the prohibition question gave Thompson his third opportunity last spring. Dever is a theoretical wet, and the people of Chicago were never in doubt about his attitude. Rival gangs of bootleggers and beer runners began to assassinate one another, and these crimes of violence, accompanied by wholesale corruption of the police, caused the community to despair of the cause of law and order and to fear that government had completely broken down. Dever issued orders to the police to suppress the lawless traffic, but succeeded only in angering thousands of wet Democrats, and it soon became clear that Dever was through. His reelection became impossible, no matter how many virtues he might display in office.

THOMPSON was elected last April because he was wet, as "wet as the Atlantic," in his own words; because he told the voters he would fight crime but ignore prohibition; because he received ninety-five per cent of the negro vote, the negroes regarding him as their friend and champion; because he is the representative of "liberalism" and *laissez faire* to tens of thousands of sports, male flappers, cabaret patrons, gamblers, and other beneficiaries of the wide-open-city policy; and finally because he is rabidly anti-British. During the war between America and Germany he was more than ostentatiously neutral; he said and did many things — and omitted to say or do many others — that led the pro-Germans to regard him as distinctly one of them. He never made an address to the American recruits or the returning soldiers, and he never gave one word of comfort to the Allies. He endeared himself to the pacifists as well as to a few defenders of free speech by his refusal to prevent antiwar or anticonscription meetings.

When Thompson first announced his mayoral

candidacy against Dever, not many of his opponents took alarm. Thompson, they thought, could not possibly come back. But he soon disabused them of that confident notion. In a city like Chicago a politician of Thompson's type can come back if the numerous elements opposed to good government find a common issue and, in addition, get a certain amount of support from groups usually arrayed against them. Prohibition was the winning issue, while Thompson's flappedoodle and balderdash about King George's interference in American affairs, about that same harmless sovereign's control of the Chicago public schools through such alleged tools and agents as Superintendent William A. McAndrew, about the insidious conspiracies of foreign nations to entrap Uncle Sam and strip him of his powers by making him a member of the World Court, helped to increase Thompson's popularity among the boneheads and the gullible illiterates. It must be admitted, however, that Dever lost the support of several thousand voters who normally stand by the good-government candidates. The teachers in the public schools, for example, disliked the superintendent of education because he had insisted on discipline, on hard work, and on subordination to central authority. At least ninety per cent of them voted against Mayor Dever on this absurd "school issue."

Since his election Mayor Thompson, as usual, has paid more attention to flood control, to waterway development, to King George, to the alleged lack of patriotism in the school histories of America than he has to the many difficult and complicated problems of the municipality—traction, subway construction, budget making, reorganization of the city departments, reduction of the heavy tax rate, and so on. He no doubt finds city problems too dull and too trivial for his august consideration. He reveals no knowledge or comprehension of important Chicago bills before the State Legislature. When he cannot decline a committee invitation to appear and talk about such bills, he deals in truisms and pointless generalities, pleading lack of familiarity with "mere details."

And this gentleman is again a candidate for the Presidency of the United States! He has announced his intention of running against former Governor Lowden if the latter is not opposed by any other formidable Illinois candidate. Mr. Thompson has an old grudge against Lowden, who was pro-American and pro-Allies during the war and who,

as governor, resented the attitude of the then mayor of Chicago toward antiwar agitators. The Thompson machine can scotch Mr. Lowden's candidacy, and a truce between them seems impossible. The Thompson candidacy for President may be regarded as a rich joke in the East or the Far West, but already there is much speculation as to the number of colored delegates the friends of that candidacy can contrive to secure in the South. Thompson is probably not exactly a household name in the rural sections of the South, but in the cities of that region he is well known. He has posed for years as a champion of the "black brother" and has accorded Chicago negroes coveted "recognition." His floor leader in the city council for several years was a negro, and the city's black belt is supposed to enjoy particular immunity from police attention. The chief beneficiaries of this benevolence, alas! are not the negro churches or lodges or legitimate enterprises—since these *need* no immunity—but the keepers

of dubious cabarets and blind pigs. Chicago, thanks to Thompson's ostensible and much exploited friendliness toward the negro, has become a sort of Mecca for colored workers from the near South. The newcomers need jobs, and employment is rather scarce just now; but Thompson is always splendid in promise and the negroes expect prosperity as a result of his plans and roseate pictures.

Mayor Thompson professes a deep and acute

interest in national and international problems. He even deals with the tariff. As already said, however, he never argues any of these questions. Just now he is defying the Federal War Department in connection with a water-metering ordinance passed by the city council under Dever at the instance of that department in consideration of the permit to the Sanitary District of Chicago to divert water from Lake Michigan. Thompson promised the voters on the stump to get rid of that ordinance. He is meeting with difficulties, but some of his intimate friends have said that he is not afraid of the War Office, and could bluff it if he cared to by inviting the Federal Government to send troops to Chicago to stop the diversion of lake water. What a hero he would be in the eyes of the mob! His appointees on the Chicago board of education are doing their best to oust Superintendent McAndrew, whom Thompson denounced as a stool pigeon of Great Britain! The idiocy of this charge is manifest to all who can (*Continued on page 464*)

Portrait of a Zealous Public Servant

"Incidentally, members of the aldermanic body are expressing the hope that the start of the fall meetings will enable them to see the mayor more frequently in the future. It was said he was in the city hall only once during the month of September, and that at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Until today his record of visits to his city hall office in October is also said to amount to one. That was on a legal holiday on Wednesday, when he invited some railway officials to confer with him on the big south side terminal ordinance." *From a regular city-hall report in the "Chicago Daily News," October 11, 1927*

Back Stage in Washington

Insurgents and Applesauce

LAATEST among the splashings in the political pond is the movement of what was formerly called the "insurgent" group into the comparatively peaceful channels of active coöperation with the Old Guard. Here is a mystery.

This merry group of wild fellows formerly took singular delight in their irregular antics. They rejoiced in their designation of "insurgents." It made them the bad men of the party. They were singled out for particular attention by the newspaper writers. Now they have dropped the cloak of their former pride and simply want to be known as Western Republicans.

"Do you think the insurgents will —" began a tactless reporter to Senator Borah the other day to be cut short with: "What the . . . do you mean by the word 'insurgent'?"

"Members of the conference" — this proves the only collective phrase by which the group now wishes to be known — are very touchy indeed. "Radical" and "La Folletteites" are terms to be shunned henceforth. But it is like calling a Ford by any other name. The rattle they make will be about the same. The thing has possibilities. Not enough to frighten anyone at present, but possibilities nevertheless.

Borah and his playfellows are setting out in amicable spirits to perfect some sort of Western coalition that will be workable. It may be true enough that members from States west of the Mississippi have never been able to put up with each other's vagaries long enough to whistle the same tune through to the end. But the impossible may happen even in politics, and the sweet spirit of reasonableness in which the best minds are entering upon their present enterprise betokens almost anything — should it last.

Even Borah himself, who has hitherto always attempted to dissociate himself with his own shadow, is attempting to play ball. We do not have to pursue this line of thought very far to perceive that should the junta be accomplished it would result in a formidable block of votes. Blaine and La Follette of Wisconsin, Norris and Howell of Nebraska, Brookhart of Iowa, Johnson of California, Borah of Idaho, Nye and Frazier of North Dakota, Norbeck and McMaster of South Dakota,

The Senate insurgents, who used to be very, very bad, have now decided to be good and play ball with their Republican colleagues. In fact, they are no longer "insurgents" at all: they are just Western Republicans. Our Washington correspondent has been digging a bit more for accomplishments of Chairman Butler's Republican National Committee meeting. But it's no use — there isn't any more

Couzens of Michigan, are a Jolly Roger band of twelve, bold enough to sink at pleasure the frail craft of any of the Administration's best-laid plans.

Not all of them are yet in Washington. The "conference" so far consists of five — Borah,

Norris, Nye, Brookhart, and Frazier. This distance away from the active political season they have been all amiability and their sessions have been duly publicized by Mr. Borah at his daily three o'clock meetings with the newspaper boys who make the rounds of the Senate Office Building. Their grist keeps the mills of the front pages working, and they need only perform trivialities to achieve a headline. Lucky fellows.

They have put out George Norris as their Presidential candidate, but they have left the way wide open to follow the readiest listener to their tales of woe. The Norris boom is a joke which even, so my spies inform me, brings a smile to the sober and slightly dyspeptic face of "Grumbling George." There is no one, not even in the gaudily minded liberal group, who believes that Norris has a ghost of a show of capturing the delegates of a single State other than Nebraska. Talk of entering his name in seventeen State primaries proves the merest twaddle. It would be as difficult to nominate him as it would be to name Aimee Semple McPherson.

SOME of the shrewder fellows have seen in the Norris racket an undercover movement for Bill Borah. This is very plausible, but like Norris the Presidential ambitions of the Idaho Senator cannot be taken very seriously in this, the fourth year of the Good Calvin. Borah has been a possibility since the American Legion discarded safety pins. There was a time when he might have headed a great liberal movement. But not now. There's no sentiment that way. Borah knows it. He has no longer any illusions about sitting in the White House with Alice Longworth at his knee.

While in a legislative way the Western conference may be a very potent force, as a factor in choosing a Presidential candidate it proves almost negligible. They must inevitably swing to one of the near liberals; one half of one per cent radicals, tame fellows, milk-and-water sort of chaps.

Undoubtedly this furnishes the reason for the

scant attention paid to the "I want to be good" plea newly sprung from the West. If there was a possibility of the West uniting behind a man who could impress the thousand-odd delegates that make up a Republican convention, the Mellons, the Hilleses, the Butlers, and the Rorabacks, who control Eastern destinies, would sit up and take notice. They fail to be intrigued by a Norris or a Borah or a Hiram Johnson.

THE mention of Mr. Butler's name reminds me that I am accused of skipping over his recent meeting with scant attention to the mighty doings underneath the surface and with too much gayety.

My defense must be that Mr. Butler's conference was the greatest pifflebund that has held session in Washington for many a day. Others may have found deep doings. But my own diligent research and the investigations of my small army of confidential spies persuades me more and more of the triviality of the scenes locally enacted. Of course great things should have been done. Action was written on the political skies. But they weren't, at least so the brightest fellows about town report.

In one quarter only did I find a variant from the stony-faced reception that awaited the working colleagues in the party's big powwow. It has been reported to me by agencies unusually reliable that C. Bascom Slemph, who came off the steamer from Europe fairly rollicking with pious demands and hosannas of hope that Coolidge would again be a candidate, received a subtlety of greeting that only such a seasoned politician would recognize. He was, in fact, greeted by both hands, an unusual depth of feeling to be exhibited by Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Butler, or indeed as the sum total of their sentimentality.

Needless to say, Mr. Slemph was tremendously impressed. He can detect a flicker of the eye as

quickly as the next fellow. He can translate a handshake into terms of support or opposition.

Now Mr. Slemph is not for Coolidge. Far from it. But as holder of Southern delegations it pays him well to know which way the wind blows. Mr. Slemph is still in a quandary. The tide of political opinion is swinging back to the theory that Coolidge may be the candidate in 1928, after all. I hereby plump him back in the political pool precipitately.

Joe Kealing, the sage of Indiana as well as its Republican national committeeman, dismayed his brethren by confessing that nine out of ten delegates from his State would be for Coolidge should they ever be given the privilege of voting for him. At this frank admission several of his colleagues rubbed their eyes and grudgingly admitted the same conditions in their respective States. A group of national committeemen who came to Washington to tie a millstone about the President's neck found that they would have to put up with poor pussy after all. None dared take the offensive. They are now awaiting the Overt Act.

Which one of the present candidates can oust the President? Hughes has emphatically declared for him. So has Hoover. Dawes, out of all decency, cannot fire off the political blunderbuss. Uncle Andy Mellon, of all the inner crowd, alone has approached the limit by stating that in his opinion Mr. Coolidge has removed himself.

Perhaps he has. If the nomination were suggested to him now he might decline it. But June is very far away. It will take a more definite statement than "I do not choose" to clarify the atmosphere. If he is nominated without saying another word he will not turn it down. A learned doctor, who has seen many Presidents, remarks that it usually takes a shot of cocaine to get them out of the White House when the day of parting comes. The pain is terrific, the twinge severe.

The Dunes

All up and down the quick and quiring shore
 New tide marks and old ruin of the sea
 Trouble the dunes in their white constancy
 Where bands of veering piper played before.
 Nor relics of a rich and elder war,
 Nor the red salvage out of black Tibet
 Shall measure the flood of sand and seasons met,
 As if eternity were at the door:
 Perhaps the stave of a Chaldean tun
 A finger-splinter from the grainy deck
 That young Ulysses trod; the timeless wreck
 And dissolution of things long begun
 When Polo journeyed under the Pleiades,
 And lotus bloomed along the eastern seas.

DAVID McCORD.



ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL COACHES IS ROBERT ZUPPKE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, ALMA MATER OF THE FAMOUS WHEATON ICEMAN, RED GRANGE. HE IS SNAPPED WITH CAPTAIN REICH OF THE 1927 TEAM

FOOTBALL—ITS MENTORS

*Between the Sport and Those Who Play It Is the Coach.
Here Are a Few of the Middlemen*

FIELDING "HURRY-UP" YOST, FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS FOOTBALL COACH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN AT ANN ARBOR, HAS RESIGNED IN FAVOR OF TAD WEIMAN TO TAKE UP A POSITION ON THE UNIVERSITY FACULTY

ALMOST UNMATCHED AS A CREATOR OF ATHLETES IS HUGO BEZDEK OF PENN STATE. HE IS SHOWN HERE WITH HIS STAFF OF ASSISTANTS, SIX OF WHOM ARE FORMER PENN GRIDIRON STARS



All photographs on this page from Wide World





Herbert

ARNOLD HORWEEN, HARVARD 1921, IS STILL YOUNG AS A COACH, BUT HIS WORK AT HIS ALMA MATER IN CAMBRIDGE IS BEING CLOSELY WATCHED BECAUSE OF THE INNOVATIONS IN STYLE WHICH HE HAS INAUGURATED. HE IS SHOWN HERE WITH CHUCK CARNEY AND DUKE DUNNE, TWO OF HIS CHIEF ASSISTANTS, AND MANAGER MAGEE

T. A. D. JONES OF YALE HAS BEEN THE BONE OF CONTENTION AMONG ZEALOUS ALUMNI FOR FIVE OR SIX YEARS, BUT STILL HE CARRIES ON—IT IS SAID FOR HIS LAST SEASON THIS YEAR—WITH THE CONFIDENCE OF HIS MEN. HE IS FOUND HERE WITH GEORGE CONNORS, YALE'S DIMINUTIVE ATHLETIC TRAINER AND TRACK COACH



Wide World



Wide World

WILLIAM ROPER OF PRINCETON HAS PRODUCED MANY FORMIDABLE ELEVENS. HE IS NOTED PARTICULARLY AS THE MAN WHO INTRODUCED THE HUDDLE SYSTEM INTO EASTERN FOOTBALL. WITH HIM IN THIS PICTURE IS CAPT. C. R. MEASER OF THIS YEAR'S TEAM

HARRY STUHLBREHER, ONE OF KNUTE ROCKNE'S FAMOUS "FOUR HORSEMEN" AT NOTRE DAME A FEW YEARS AGO, IS NOW HEAD COACH OF THE TEAM AT VILLA NOVA COLLEGE IN PENNSYLVANIA



All photographs on this page from Wide World

POP WARNER HAS PRODUCED WINNING FOOTBALL TEAMS AT LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY FOR YEARS. HE LACKS THE APPEARANCE AND THE TRAPPINGS OF YOUR TRUE COACH, PERHAPS, BUT THERE IS NO QUESTION OF HIS ABILITIES ALONG THE ACCEPTED LINES

HEAD COACH HOWARD JONES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, SHOWN HERE WITH HIS STAFF, IS A BROTHER OF YALE'S FOOTBALL MENTOR. ALTHOUGH THEIR STYLES OF PLAY ARE RADICALLY DIFFERENT, AND ALTHOUGH A CONTINENT SEPARATES THEM, THEY HAVE BOTH ACHIEVED NOTABLE SUCCESS

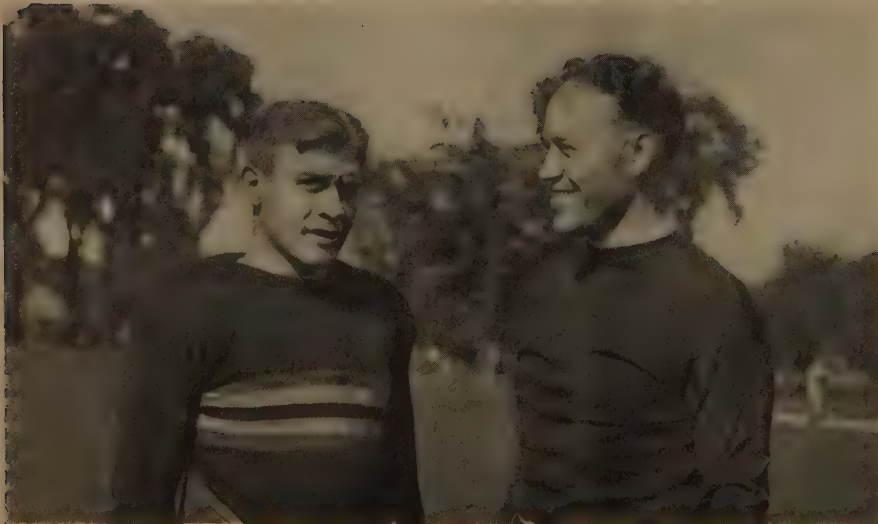




MAJOR CAVANAUGH HAS BEEN FOOTBALL COACH AT DARTMOUTH, AND MORE RECENTLY AT BOSTON COLLEGE. THIS SEASON HE HAS TAKEN UP HIS DUTIES AT FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, IN NEW YORK. WITH HIM IN THE PICTURE IS ONE OF HIS ASSISTANTS, TONY COMERFORD, HIMSELF A GLAMOROUS FIGURE IN THE GALLERY OF FOOTBALL STARS

All photographs on this page from Wide World

HEAD COACH CROWLEY SUCCEEDED THE LATE PERCY D. HAUGHTON, HARVARD'S MOST RENOWNED COACH, AT COLUMBIA, AND IS CARRYING ON THE RENAISSANCE IDEA WHICH HAS BEEN URGED AT THE NEW YORK CITY UNIVERSITY IN RECENT YEARS



UP THE RIVER AT THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT, CAPT. BIFF JONES IS GETTING READY TO TURN A TRICK OR TWO ON THE NAVY. HE APPEARS GENIAL OVER THE PROSPECTS, AS DOES TEAM CAPTAIN HARRY WILSON

A Prescription for the Public House

Great Britain Surveys the Road to Prohibition

By J. B. Atkins

NO temperance proposal in recent years has had better backing from men of all parties than that known as the Oxford bill. It was originally introduced by the Bishop of Oxford, and though he is dead and the bill has been overhauled and has since been sponsored by the Bishop of Liverpool, it is still popularly called the Oxford bill. In the House of Lords a short time ago it suffered a smashing defeat. Its friends must see now that it has no hope of success. It has lost ground instead of gaining it. If this bill which represents the greatest common measure of agreement among "reformers" cannot prosper, it is difficult to see what measure can meet with greater success by way of compromise.

Yet there are certain glaring defects in our public-house system which wait to be remedied. The possibility of effecting the remedies is being sacrificed to the fanatical retention of phrases that belong to a past condition of affairs, and to the maintenance between the trade and its enemies of a war that has ceased to have any real meaning.

It is necessary to look back in order to understand Britain's case. A generation or more ago nearly all reform was based on the assumption that prosperity of the trade necessarily meant the demoralization of the people. The richer the trade became the clearer was the proof that it was pushing its poisonous wares at the expense not only of the pocket but of the character of the nation. The "drink traffic," as it was called, must be ended. The real objection, sometimes avowed but often unavowed, was, even then, prohibition. The reformers, in fine, hoped ultimately to get rid of all public houses, but as they knew that immediate prohibition was impossible they settled down to try to reduce the number of public houses as quickly as possible. To try to improve a public house and make it "respectable" was paltering with the enemy, whitewashing the devil. No, gradual extermination of the pest was the only policy for Christian men!

It was not till the war came that this ancient assumption was proved to be quite unfounded.

During the war the state through a board of control exercised extremely strict supervision though leaving the trade — except in two or three small areas — in private hands. It was a miraculous period. The board raised the price of drink and shortened the hours of opening for public houses. Drunkenness virtually disappeared. Meanwhile, the trade was

more prosperous than it had ever been before. It much more than recouped itself for lessened sales by the higher prices.

One would have thought that the temperance reformers, noting these unexpected phenomena, would adapt their reforms

The spirit of Volsteadism is as uncompromising in Great Britain as in this country, and the curious insistence of the reformers upon all or nothing is a familiar phenomenon to Americans. Mr. Atkins, British correspondent of THE INDEPENDENT, discusses the problem in a thoroughly constructive manner. England will never vote prohibition, he believes, but the reformers refuse to concentrate upon a section of the field where they might well make improvements — "the obliteration of the low-class public houses." Instead of making public houses place their emphasis upon recreation rather than drinking, they insist on prohibition or nothing

accordingly; but so bemused are they by phrases that they carry on as though no new startling fact had been imported into the argument. The trade is still the only enemy. The trade, instead of being compelled to apply some of its great profits to improving itself still further, is attacked as though it were capable, in spite of all the Government might do in the way of even stricter control, of ruining the whole nation. The trade must go! Either there must be no drink, as the minority of reformers wish, or drink must be sold, as the majority of those supporting the Oxford bill wish, by those who have no private interest whatever in the amount sold. The trade as a private concern is in either case threatened with extinction. It spends hundreds of thousands of pounds every year in defending itself, and the reformers never fail to put up the necessary hundreds of thousands to continue the fight.

MEANWHILE, it seems to countless onlookers like me, who do not believe in prohibition but want sobriety and respectable public houses, that all these hundreds of thousands are wasted. The waste, indeed, is in Talleyrand's phrase worse than a crime; it is a blunder. The hundreds of thousands over a measurable period of years would give us all the improvements we require. The change needed is not the substitution of the state for the private trader, but the enforced transformation of the squalid drinking dens in crowded industrial

areas. The transformation could be accomplished with the least danger, partly by encouraging and partly by compelling a trade which would be always strictly controlled. It would be accomplished with the greatest danger of pledging the credit of the state and adding another to our tangle of handy political wires.

NOW that the Oxford bill after several trials has exploded, the reformers are left with no clear policy, only with their bundle of phrases. This is a strange fact when we reflect upon the great part temperance reform played in the past. The Liberal party in its grand days, for instance, never faced the country without giving temperance a high place in its program. As I write these words I see a program for the Liberal Summer School, and I find that temperance is not even mentioned. No doubt there is a special and easy explanation of this omission. Sir Herbert Samuel is now the manager of the Liberal party, and he does not believe in local option, at all events as local option is applied in the Oxford bill. Now Sir Herbert Samuel's hints have the force of law with the Liberals. They are grateful to him for having put his immense organizing abilities at their disposal, and they would rather never mention temperance reform again than estrange him.

Even without any new legislation we shall go on becoming gradually a more sober nation. The change in my lifetime has been extraordinary. Saturday evenings and bank holidays used to fill the towns with lurching, pugnacious men and screaming women. Now you have to look far for a drunken person even on a holiday! What has been the cause? Lord Dawson of Penn, the distinguished physician who did more than any single speaker to break the Oxford bill in the House of Lords, says general social progress. Dr. Arthur Shadwell, a very close observer of industrial economics, says higher price of drink and shorter hours of opening. I believe both are right, but it is necessary to apply their explanations precisely. Unquestionably the general cause of increasing sobriety over a long period has been education, which has brought a broader view of the amenities of life; better housing; the better feeding which has been made possible by higher wages, and the spread among wage earners, who have more energy than formerly, of a love of open-air sports and physical fitness. But though this is generally true the rather sudden improvement of the last few years, and particularly during the war, requires a special explanation and this is provided by higher prices and shorter hours.

The Oxford bill was the result of a fatal alliance between those who are in effect prohibitionists and those who want "disinterested management," that is to say, the placing of the trade in the hands of a board appointed by Parliament. It is an alliance

between men who regard drink as an accursed thing and men who are ready to give it a perpetual sanction. The bill proposed to divide England into fairly large voting areas, and to give the voters in each area three options: 1, no change from the existing system; 2, disinterested management; 3, no license. The first option of "no change" was, of course, thrown in to give the measure a nice democratic appearance of endowing each area with complete power to do as it wished. There was a reservation, however. If an area voted for no license or for disinterested management it could never return to the existing system. There was not really to be "full popular control" at all, though the bill promised it.

Apart from not fulfilling its own claims the bill was open to all the usual objections that are justly raised to local option. Local option is necessarily a kind of class legislation. A majority of well-to-do people may deprive others of their only club which is the pub. Positive law enters into a region where positive law has no right to be; voters are called upon to decide for their fellows what is properly a matter of individual judgment. And local option is bound to end in disappointment in two particular ways. The areas which consume most drink and are obviously in the greatest need of restriction will probably have a majority for drink. The "respectable" areas may vote themselves dry though they have never been disgraced by any drunkenness. In Scotland, where local option is in force, there are very scanty results. A self-denying vote in one area is counterbalanced by a revulsion of feeling in another; throughout the country the average net result is nothing. The same sort of thing would certainly happen in England.

IN order to introduce this system of stereotyping negation we are asked by the friends of the Oxford bill, who are as well meaning as they are unwise, to pay an enormous penalty. The penalty is that the trade would be effectively prohibited from improving itself and that the most hopeful of all roads of progress would be barred. A moment's reflection will show why this must be so. The voting in the local-option areas would take place every four years. The owner of public houses, that is to say, stands his chance of having sentences of death passed on him every four years. Will he spend money on improving his property, on improving those inferior houses which are the blot on the whole trade, if he knows that his possession may at any time be taken away from him? Of course he will not. He may be a public enemy, if the temperance reformers are right, but he is not an idiot.

There seems to me to be only one way of wiping out the blot, and that is that there should be an agreed policy between the moderate reformers and the trade itself, which has been rapidly learning that respectable conduct is its true insurance for the

future. The prohibitionists and the supporters of disinterested management are simply tripping one another up. The latter had much better make up their minds to drop the prohibitionists. It is admitted that we could never have prohibition in this country unless the nation voluntarily laid the ban on itself. But it never will.

THE problem, then, is to raise the level of all the public houses that fall below a certain standard of decency. It is also to aim at making them as far as possible places of general refreshment and recreation instead of mere drink shops. We are not without excellent models for this ideal. The Carlisle district retains the state-managed houses which are a relic of the special war conditions. The principle of administration has been "fewer and better." Many licenses have been extinguished — rather too many, I fancy, judging by the overcrowding in the surviving houses — and the houses which were kept have been transformed. Narrow bars, where the implication of the place used to be "Drink or get out!" have been turned into spacious rooms where a man can bring his wife without reproach, and sit comfortably and talk or play games at his leisure. The architecture, the furniture, and the decorations are agreeably simple and tasteful, and the psychological effect upon rough people is remarkable. They feel that they must be on their best behavior in such places.

It is not, however, necessary to have state ownership in order to get such improvements. The state as drink owner would be liable to a political pressure, different in kind but perhaps worse in results than the pressure which the temperance propagandists allege the publican puts upon his customers to buy drink. The trade itself has inaugurated a system of "improved" public houses of the refreshment-house type. These houses are conducted by salaried managers, instead of by ordinary publican tenants, who receive no commission on the sale of alcoholic drinks. They are spacious and put the emphasis on entertainment, games, and talk, rather than on mere drinking. The trouble is that these improved houses are relatively so few that they touch only the fringe of the problem.

I am convinced that the hope for the future lies, as I have said, in partly encouraging and partly compelling the trade to provide a better service.

Hitherto most of the licensing justices have refused permission to the owners of public houses to enlarge their buildings. They have acted on the entirely fallacious rule of thumb: "The more space the more drinking." The Carlisle experiment has blown that theory into smithereens. The trade should be given conditional security — security so long as it observes an appointed standard. If legislation to this effect were introduced the justices would all follow the lead of their enlightened colleagues, who have already rid themselves of the old hallucination. Improved houses could then become universal.

Again, the Government would do well to change the system of taxation. At present the taxation is on the premises. The owner of a wretched, cramped house who sells a good deal of drink makes handsome profits, and the owner of a spacious, improved house is hard put to it to avoid a loss. This is a nightmare of inversion. The taxation ought surely to be on the alcoholic content of the drink. That would work fairly and beneficially for the people. I should also like to see it made illegal to pay commission on the sale of alcoholic drink.

This restriction would be only part of an overhauling of the whole administration of the trade which is at present in a hugger-mugger condition.

The Case Against the Monkey

Thirteen States have considered bills this year to prohibit the teaching of evolution in their schools. And the fight has just begun. What are the Fundamentalists aiming at in their campaign to push evolution from the schools? No man is better fitted to answer this question than Rev. William B. Riley, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and president of the Christian Fundamentals Association. The Editors have therefore requested him to state the reasons for his militant crusade against evolution. Dr. Riley is captain of the Fundamentalist host. More than any other man, he is devoting his energies to making this widely accepted theory a forbidden subject for instruction in State-supported schools. His important article will appear in our issue of November 12

This immense trade does not provide regular graded, lifelong employment as it should. It is full of alleys that lead nowhere. The trade must provide employment as much esteemed as the public house of the future will be.

On such lines as these there might be an agreed policy. I am sure that

in a few years the problem of drunkenness would then become negligible. But is there any hope of an agreed policy? I am bound to confess that I see very little. The temperance reformers will not even speak with the enemy in the gate. They mistrust him so profoundly that they think he will wriggle out of any net set for him by the Government. And so we are faced with this curious state of the drink problem: no distinct policy is before the public; money is being poured out on attack and defense; all too little money is being spent where it is required — on the obliteration of our remaining scandal of the low-class public houses. Once bring to bear an enlightened pressure in this direction and a great part of the problem is solved. But no out-and-out dry will countenance it.

The Shadow Stage

The Foreign Element

By Perceval Reniers

THE director of that little German masterpiece, "The Last Laugh," has made his first picture in America. His name is Fred W. Murnau, and the title of the picture is "Sunrise." I think it is pretty bad, and, while it does not necessarily follow, I think the masses for whom it was diligently but inadvisedly prepared will award it a short and lean career. I should not be surprised to hear, however, that it is such a howling success in "the Central of Europe" that Herr Murnau will be called back to his native Pilsner by popular acclaim. That would be a pity, for any man who can do so exceedingly well with the ancient business of the last laugh should certainly be given another crack at "came the dawn" no matter what the cost. I sincerely hope that Mr. William Fox, well-known producer and importer, will see to it in his customarily open-handed fashion.

"Sunrise," you will gather, is Teutonic. That might have sufficed for its dismissal ten years ago, but it won't do now. The films of "Du Barry" and "Siegfried" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" are also Teutonic. The German label has stood for more genuine cinema excitement since 1918 than that of any other European country. So, to begin all over again, "Sunrise" is a Berlin director's notion of how a theme may be made universally touching. As a starter, almost any story of a man's frustrated attempt to kill his wife will do, the essential thing being to diagram it with the utmost deliberation in the terms of the dear, stodgy, eternal peasantry. According to the recipe, passions and pleasures are to be poured like thick glue from these lumpish vessels of the soil, thus achieving a dramatization of Everyman and Everywoman Everywhere!

But of course Murnau is up to something. It probably has to do with "knocking the shackles of realism from the film." All our German friends from Max Reinhardt down seem to have an itch for that thankless job. These heavy, elemental folk of "Sunrise" are just a cut above the *über-marionette*. What they feel and do is so undistinguished, so banal that it might be symbolic of all common behavior, with the result that the emotions and gestures of the piece fall just short of being stylized in their stark simplicity. Against this severe and homely background the director can throw the complexities and sophistication of his camera, alternating his arrestingly beautiful peasant interiors with trick dissolves and

photographic fireworks that are sheer camera magic. While the scheme is well designed to make the pictorial artist happy, the total outcome is unmistakably soggy. I doubt if it will touch even the simple hearts of the American peasantry, brought up with such strict reverence for "The Angelus" and "The Man with the Hoe."

With the flopping of "Sunrise," Mr. William Fox must feel sorely misled. He did the right thing, surely, and did it handsomely. He played his part in the American raid on the best talent in the German studios when he imported Herr Murnau. That was not only the vogue; it also seemed the logical thing to do. For if Lubitsch and Murnau could make pictures in Germany that excited paroxysms of critical glee when shown in America, why should they not make pictures in America with the same pleasing results?

HAVING seen Herr Murnau safely bestowed on Hollywood, Mr. Fox again did the proper thing. He let him have his head, or at least a sizable portion. If so many people agreed that what was wrong with American pictures could be remedied if only the foreign directors were permitted to be themselves in Hollywood, it was worth a try. And after all this, to have a doughy picture laid on one's stoop, a picture that is proving hard to sell even in combination with a movietone of the Cast Iron Duke of Italy—that is enough to sour one on art and artists forever. Unhappy Mr. Fox!

As I have said before, it is to be hoped not. Our picture makers have learned a good deal more than they will admit from Murnau's colleagues who preceded him here: from Ernst Lubitsch and Ernst Vajda and Hans Kraly and Emil Janings. It is not improbable that they should get something from Murnau. After all, his subsequent stories need not be furnished by Hermann Sudermann, who contributed "Sunrise," and consequently some of the *echt Deutsch* viewpoint may disappear. No one who has not seen the second-rate German stuff that the Little Cinema Theatres have been lading out can fully understand how very tiresome the *echt Deutsch* viewpoint gets to be.

From Lubitsch, the first of the Germans to be enticed to Hollywood, we have had nothing lately of any account. A picture of "Old Heidelberg" called, all inclusively, "The Student Prince in Old Heidelberg," recently began a run at the Astor Theatre and Lubitsch is credited with the

direction. Still we have nothing of any account. Contrary to the official publicity screamer for the producers that, upon joining forces with them, Lubitsch "requested above everything else that he be permitted" to do this film, the assignment must have given him the blind staggers. It is a hundred-to-one shot that any intelligent director who is asked to do another picture on the hopeless love of the crown-prince for the barmaid has a sudden seizure of no ordinary *migraine*. "The Student Prince" seemed to this observer to be about as sparkling as warm soda pop, going completely operetta about halfway through. I do not see that any of this can be laid up against Lubitsch.

The influence of the foreign element on the so-called American films—we must face this horrid truth sooner or later—is sufficient just now to make many of them anything but pristine, one hundred per cent American films. What with leading men and leading comedians from England, directors from Germany, Sweden, and France, and leading ladies from whatever countries engender such names as Banky and Garbo, it is doubtless high time for some sort of action by the Klan. And surely there is something in the situation for the use of Mayor William Hale Thompson, Chicago's own Nathan Hale.

AS yet the French colony is small. There is the man who directed "The Cat and the Canary" rather pyrotechnically, and his name, I believe, is Paul Leni. In particular, there is Harry d'Abbadie d'Arrast, and from his name and his adroit way with screen comedy we may assume that he is not without Gallic blood. If memory serves, he had some apprentice job or other on the Chaplin lot during the making of "The Gold Rush." The point of the moment is that he is associated as director with one of the most ingratiating bits of artifice in which that elegant of elegants, Adolphe Menjou, has appeared, namely, "Service for Ladies." The same pair has since done something called "A Gentleman of Paris." Though fairly diverting, it wouldn't greatly have mattered if I had not mentioned it. "Service for Ladies," on the contrary, that gilded romance of a Parisian head waiter, will remain among the mentionables for some time to come. For both d'Arrast and Menjou have been apt pupils in the school best suited to their own bents—the Chaplinesque. And the two of them in combination were bound to strike sparks.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

WE have all heard of the critic, although we may not remember his name, who declared that, whenever a new book was published, he read an old one. Likewise, of the gentleman who said: "*Je ne lis plus, je relis.*" A variant upon these two attitudes has supplied me with a great deal of interest and amusement: Whenever an author's second or third book seems to be achieving success — commercial or otherwise — I refrain from reading it until I have read its predecessors. If I have already read the latter, I reconsider them in the light of the author's newly fledged fame. Sometimes, if the circumstances suggest it, I turn to a neglected book by another writer, only to find there everything which is regarded as constituting the peculiar merit of the work now being "boosted."

We all know of certain good books which have earned neither money nor fame for their authors, while volumes, no better and often worse, on the same subject are a success. I have so often mentioned examples of this when discussing the successful cases that I shall mention no names. Less invidious are the distinctions between first books of merit which have not come into their own until the writer, by a later success, draws attention to them, and those later works so often of equal or less, but never of greater, distinction.

It was "A London Venture" which first attracted attention to Michael Arlen, and even gave rise to the rumor in London that it was written by George Moore. Returning to this country in 1920 I discovered that the book was about to be published in an American edition. It was published, and it was practically ignored. A couple of years later, Michael Arlen was famous over here. Yet, "A London Venture" is not only his best book, but it contains everything which his delighted admirers regarded as the quintessence of Arlenism. If "The Lay Anthony" and "Mountain Blood" were not Joseph Hergesheimer's best novels, they were assuredly of more than enough importance to draw attention to him before the success of "The Three Black Pennys." Norman Douglas is the idol of the sophisticates, and even of intelligent people, yet the book that made his name, "South Wind," was born and died here, unhonored and unsung. "Old Calabria" and "Fountains in the Sand" were also available, but they no more made him popular than did the publishers make Conrad popular who vainly tried to sell his best books.

These profound meditations are suggested by a much advertised book, which I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing, "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne" (Bobbs-Merrill). The adjectives which enthusiastic reviewers are hurling at it may be excessive, but they do not surprise me, for I have been re-reading F. J. Hudleston's "Warriors in Undress" (Little, Brown), the author's first book, published in the dim past of autumn, 1926. I cannot recall having heard an allusion to this

imbecilities of human nature in general, and of military human nature in particular, as he is proud of the traditions of the institution and the profession with which he is officially connected. War Office, with all thy faults I love thee still, is the sentiment inspiring him.

He uses American colloquialisms almost correctly, though he does refer to a certain New York street as "The Large White Thoroughfare," and his historical reflections are tinged with Anglo-American humor. "If on the 8th of May, 1767, Charles Townshend at dinner had not drunk too much champagne," and if the House of Commons had listened to the advice of Alderman Beckford, "father of the author of *Vatbek*," Mr. Hudleston suggests that "the Boston Tea Party might never have taken place, and we might now . . . be using instead of the languid 'Hear! Hear!' the vivacious 'Attaboy!'"

FOR sardonic humor no chapter gets to the heights of that on Garibaldi. By the time he concludes it, Mr. Hudleston has reached a condition bordering on indignation — a rare state for him. "France had many humiliations to suffer in 1871 at the hands of 'that there Beastmark,' as the Cockney of the period termed the Prussian statesman. But, perhaps the greatest humiliation was that the France of St. Louis, of St. Jeanne d'Arc, of the Roi Soleil, of the Great Napoleon, should have had, as sole ally against the Teuton hordes, this toothless and impotent old lion and his pack of jackals."

Wellington, of course, is a fruitful source of the kind of anecdotes and information in which this book abounds. At Waterloo the duke and Lord Anglesey engaged in this animated exchange of impressions: Said the latter, "By God, I've lost my leg!" "Have you, by God?" replied Wellington. But most of the stories, if a credit to iron discipline, do not show the duke in a very pleasant light. In a much more sympathetic sketch of "Frederick, the Soldier's Friend," who was George III's favorite son, the Duke of York, Mr. Hudleston draws a portrait of the real John Bull of tradition, and quotes him as admitting Wellington's military talents, but as thinking him "false and ungrateful," never giving credit to his officers, and "unwilling to put forward men of talent who might be in a situation to claim some share of credit, the whole of which he was desirous of engrossing himself." This disposition, alas! is not confined to warriors.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Promised Land. By Ladislav Reymont (Knopf).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

Something About Eve. By James Branch Cabell (McBride).

Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway (Scribner).

GENERAL

Since Victor Hugo: French Literature of To-day. By Bernard Fay (Little, Brown).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

entertaining volume in the reviewing circles where our national book advertising is done. The literary megaphones were silent, and at best Mr. Hudleston may have some clippings showing that his book was reviewed in the United States, but not by those who have the power to enchant the ear of the Baker and Taylor Company, the American News Company, and those other potentates of the bookselling business without whose enthusiasm we poor authors are helpless.

THE genial general who enlivens Bernard Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" should make an excellent subject for Mr. Hudleston, who is librarian at the British War Office and has already given ample proof of his ability to write with a cynicism as genial as Burgoyne's — as reported by Shaw — of officers and gentlemen. "Warriors in Undress" is the work of a man who is as pleased by the

The Refinement of Nationality

A Review by Charles R. Walker

THE RISE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION. By Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. \$12.50.

IF there is any subject from poultry raising to religion that has not been offered to the public in "outline" form, the neglect will be supplied shortly. Publishers, having discovered an appetite for knowledge in synoptic and pellet form, will hardly stop now. It is no part of the reviewer's intention to disparage outlines of literature, history, or salesmanship, but to point out that this isn't one. In rapidly turning its leaves and looking at the chapter headings, it appears a distended Wells outline applied to the American scene. But though the book is distinctly popular in tone and surveys the whole American scene from the red men to Cal, it has peculiarities that throw it outside the outline category. It is long enough to be an actual history of America; its modern-mindedness and easy style make it a good layman's history; and the originality and depth of Professor and Mrs. Beard's research make it impossible for the professional historian to neglect it.

For a long time there has been the need of an account, not of America's political and economic development, but of *all* the factors, social, cultural, political, or economic, that make up for better or for worse what we term American civilization. The political and economic events of history play their full part in the Beard book, but they are viewed, together with geography, education, costume, literature, and all the other elements of life, as tributaries to a single stream. The story is the story of the stream, and not of the battles, elections, and books that make it up. No other American historian has tried this job on anything like the scale or with anywhere near the success achieved by the Beards. It is comparable with the work of Green and Trevelyan in England.

From the problems of English colonization in the Seventeenth Century to the distressful condition of the farmers in President Coolidge's Administration, original research and a saturation in the original documents of the case make the Beards' story both salty and authoritative. Repeatedly the book crosses and contradicts the textbook legend of history, and repeatedly takes issue with rooted opinions of all classes. It points out, for example, to the distress of family pride that of all the so-called Cavalier families of Virginia but three can trace their lineage to the nobility of England, a handful are descended from the minor

gentry, and the rest of the "Cavaliers" derive from the middle and lower classes. Though doing full justice to the amenities of the old planter civilization, it points out that the laws on the Virginia statute books against immorality were as savage as those of Massachusetts. The chapter on Provincial America should be read by every present inhabitant of the United States. A better idea of the various cultures out of which modern America has sprung can be gained here than from all the textbooks on America put together. The variety rather than the rigidity or the narrowness of Colonial American life is the impression that the Beards record and document. One example is sufficient to make the point clear. In the dark ages of Puritanism, when Jonathan Edwards was thundering his grim theology of hell and damnation, Benjamin Franklin at the head of a group of freethinkers and atheists was founding his scientific society in Philadelphia which entered into active communication with the best scientific minds of England and the Continent.

The skull of dead historical theory and the living face of propaganda stare up from the chapter on the Revolution. It outlines with brilliance and brevity old and new views on "the causes." Here in admirable if ironic summary is the old American anti-British version, and the opposite and equally decisive anti-American British version. Then there is the "racial interpretation," and the view of certain British liberals that the American Revolution was simply a triumph of British liberalism in America.

"THE Rise of American Civilization" is unusual in tending toward the untechnical, the simple, and the popular, but, on disputed and critical issues, indicating the evidence and as a rule giving opposing viewpoints. The history is as free from a conscious thesis or special pleading as any ever written. Nevertheless, like any decisive writing it has a definite viewpoint, which is always apparent and may irritate readers with antagonistic views and no intellectual imagination. The authors believe that the nonpolitical aspect of history is the most important and the most neglected. Hence, there is a great emphasis upon economic causes. Nevertheless, cultural and social influences are fully and brilliantly represented. The Beards hold no class in any peculiar reverence, and display at times a certain scholarly glee in exposing the claims of all of them: of Puritans, Cavaliers, business men, or Wilsonian idealists. But on the whole, as wealth and privilege

have dictated more orthodox legends than any other group, wealth and privilege, when legends are to be exposed, draw the lion's share of the Beards' attention. Theirs is the liberalism of the open mind, full of curiosity about every phase of life and determined to tell the truth about it.

ONE legitimate criticism of "The Rise of American Civilization" is inspired by its length. Although it "reads fast," and though for all its length economy is shown by the authors in selecting from an illimitable sea of source material, it is much too long. Two volumes of eight hundred pages each are discouraging for the lay reader, and it is he who should read the book through as a whole. Many critics have been enthusiastic about the work, but there has been a tendency to attack the last half. Mr. Mencken found the Colonial matter to his taste, but as the Nineteenth Century pages failed to gee with his ideas of American boobyism, he found fault with volume two. In my own reading of the later chapters I was conscious, beneath the same lively approach, the same critical keenness, the same largeness of human interest, of an uncertainty in performance. This, I believe, is inevitable because the recording of recent events tends more toward journalism than toward history. The long view, the illuminating generalization into which fall a multiplicity of whirling details, is impossible. Either the details must be recorded in a kind of chaos, or a generalization guessed at which may endure, or which may pass away within the decade. The chapters on the war and the peace fall into the last category; the chapter entitled "The Machine Age" into the former. I don't want to be misunderstood. I see no way in which this more recent material could have been turned more completely into history, and in some ways these pages are the most stimulating of all, but I question whether they belong with the rest. The vivid but scholarly story of American civilization could have been carried up to the eighteen-eighties in the authors' first manner, and with some cutting put into a single volume. Then why couldn't another book—in a frankly tentative and journalistic tone—have followed to supplement the first and bring the story to 1927?

When specialists have finished making their specific criticisms of the Beards' book, as is inevitable and desirable, the work will remain as the first attempt to tell fully, popularly, and accurately the whole story of the making of American civilization.

New Books in Brief Review

History of Anthony Waring. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

THE fever for outline histories has attacked May Sinclair. The "History of Anthony Waring" is not a history at all, but the synopsis of a novel with just enough conversation added to fill 131 small pages. Anthony's life was not a happy one. His mother died when he was small; his Aunt Sarah was given to fits of temper. When Anthony reached manhood he decided against the law, his father's profession, and entered a publishing house where he became literary adviser to the firm. Meanwhile, his private life was not successful. He fell in love with a flirt, a prostitute, and finally the trained nurse who cared for him during an attack of pleurisy. This was the most unfortunate affair of all, for Ellen after marriage turned out to be a jealous shrew. Mr. Waring, Senior, died because he could not bear to live in the same house with her, and Anthony quickly ceased to care for her. A few years later he fell in love with the wife of an absent friend, but virtue resisted inclination, and he bade her farewell along with the promise of happiness. After this he lived to a meaningless old age and died of a welcome heart disease.

Perhaps it is as well that May Sinclair did not elaborate on her mournful entertainment. Although simple and direct with flashes of power and vitality, too much is left untold to bring to life the fugitive characters that occupy the brief chapters, or to make significant the shadow of one funeral falling across another.

Dream of a Woman. By Remy de Gourmont. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

IN the letters which make up this lyric and sensual tapestry of love, Remy de Gourmont weaves the narrative of four tangled love affairs. "Dream of a Woman" is literature of the mind, the art of impotence; and the sterile figurines whose life and gayety suggest a scene after Watteau, whose very sadness is but a twist of the imagination, move gracefully against the lush background of the author's imaginings. The men are practiced in perpetual and self-conscious infidelity; the women in the tender nuances of desire. They write letters to one another, and in beautiful prose confess the secrets of their emotions. They are young, they are happy; life is a vague or poignant sex consciousness. "Dream of a Woman" has been ably translated by Mr. Lewis Galantière, whose style admirably suggests the delicate prose of the original. Remy de

Gourmont enjoys a subtle, imaginative mind, a feeling for emotion, a sense of beauty; what he lacks is the virility, the touch of reality, which fertilizes impotence and brings to a work of art life and vitality apart from that of its creator.

Right off the Map. By C. E. Montague. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.

TO the large class of readers who say they are sick of most modern novels we recommend C. E. Montague. Here is charm of style, unconfused thinking, and a good story. "Right off the Map" is the story of a war in Ria, and the nice people who disbelieved in war but when the time came acted perfectly logically, very nobly, and entirely contrary to their principles. The newspaper editor and his predicament in leading these nice people, and Willan, the gallant ex-soldier who takes up arms again for the sake of a war that is different, the noble and thrilling feats of the patriotic little army, and the heart-rending climax make a tale that is amusing and exciting and has a biting moral that is obviously uncomfortable. Those who can may overlook the allegory, and still find a story of real people told with a humorous sympathy that makes it splendid reading. But in disregarding it, they will lose that fine irony of which Mr. Montague has already proved himself a master.

Caste. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

MAY an American girl, beautiful, aristocratic, heiress to one of the world's large fortunes, shatter precedent and convention by marrying a Jew, who among his own race is also an aristocrat, wealthy and gifted beyond any other pianist? In "Caste" the answer is a loud and lusty "No," uttered with horror by her Gentile friends, and with disgust and fury by his Jewish family and friends; but the principals of the affair have their own ideas. Around such a problem Mr. Hamilton writes his story; the result is a very interesting novel of modern life, with characters that are the perfection of their types, and with backgrounds that vary from Florence to New York and from Paris to London. Mr. Hamilton is well equipped with a good narrative style and a plentiful supply of wit to keep his story from becoming too tense. He has handled a delicate subject boldly and yet carefully, and succeeds in holding the reader's interest at top pitch to the very end.

Cow Country. By Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

IN eight illustrated stories and articles Will James takes in a few "pinnacle tips of the range world." One article is on the wild horse and what is to become of him. There is a story about an English lord who buys a cow outfit. His struggles to modernize it illustrate the problems of the cow country. In another story James tells of a show hand among the cowboys. And so it goes. Those who enjoyed the author's earlier books, "Cowboys North and South," and "The Drifting Cowboy," will welcome this. James knows the cow country and the cowboy. He knows how to tell a story in the cowboy vernacular without being melodramatic or affected. Better still, he knows how to illustrate his stories with drawings that are spirited and authentic. Will James himself was a cowboy. He belongs with Siringo, Rhodes, Andy Adams, and a few others among the chroniclers of range life who know what they are writing about. Such men are growth of the soil; their books possess historical value. For this reason Will James' slender stories and bold sketches are more interesting than all the movies and the whole potpourri of "Western fiction" lumped together.

Knocking Around. By Frank H. Shaw. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.

THIS autobiography of a free-lance sailor, author, officer of a Q-ship, and adventurer in general is—as the critics say—more interesting than any novel. It is written with the freshness and individuality of a born rebel, yet the author somehow is less interested in dramatizing himself as a world-wandering hero than in pointing out with a sardonic grin the times and places in which he found society a sham and the great men of the earth so many stuffed shirts. It is a modest book unless the reader feels that it is impertinent for any ordinary, adventurous man freely to criticize the admirals, lords, generals, principalities, and powers who solemnly muddle the affairs of this world. I do not feel this. The author tells what he felt. His superiors were often dumb, dishonest, or self-seeking. He thought so then and he thinks so now. Most intelligent individuals have met superiors of this kidney and have disliked and distrusted them exceedingly. Mr. Shaw is not bitter; he is rather grimly amused by the human comedy of which he was so active a part. His frank record of hardship and male danger is, frank, honest, humorous, and extravagantly interesting.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

MR. SCARLAT MONDSTIREANU, the errant citizen of Roumania who is still known to some in his native land as Crown Prince CAROL, has caused no end of worry to the ruling faction since the death of King FERDINAND on July 20, 1927. His latest indiscretion has been revealed in the arrest of M. MANOILESCU, Under Secretary in the Cabinet of former Prime Minister AVERESCU, and the discovery in his effects of several compromising letters, said to reveal that CAROL is willing to become king of Roumania should sentiment be revealed in the country strong enough to make such a *coup d'état* feasible. M. MANOILESCU has been incarcerated in a military prison, martial law has been declared throughout the land, and CAROL is watching events from France.

Premier JON BRATIANO issued a statement concerning the incident which said in part: "The truth is that former Crown Prince CAROL attempted to send an invitation to the heads of the various parties, including the Premier, with the object of inducing the Roumanian people to give up their decision on the question of his recall to the throne. Since such an act was a direct attack on constitutional order and the safety of the state, MANOILESCU, the agent through whom the letters were sent, has been arrested and brought before the court. The Government is firmly determined to preserve national order, and it will take all necessary measures to prevent any further attempts of a similar nature."

The Roumanian tangle goes back to the last century when the father of the three BRATIANO brothers who now hold power in the land was able to place himself at the head of the Government. His sons have carried on and, together with Prince BARBU STIRBEY, still hold the balance of power in the Government. It was through a disagreement with the BRATIANOS late in 1925 that Crown Prince CAROL was led to take the drastic action of renouncing his rights to the throne in favor of his infant son, Prince MICHAEL. Upon the death of King FERDINAND, MICHAEL, who has just passed his sixth birthday, was crowned king. Since CAROL first abdicated, there have been rumors that he would attempt to reclaim his rights to the throne, but during his father's lifetime, a ruling was issued which made the abdication irrevocable. Since FERDINAND's death, a similar ruling has been passed, expressing it as the sense of the Government that the Roumanian people would rest upon their

earlier decision to exclude CAROL from the throne. The former Crown Prince has issued several statements from France, where he lives in exile, asserting that he would return if his people wanted him back. The BRATIANOS have exerted all their influence to suppress any indications of a desire upon the part of the people to welcome him back, and he has been forbidden to cross the border.

The present incident would hardly have attracted such wide attention had it not

FESS of Ohio. But not quite. Senator FESS came from the White House on October 20 intimating that Mr. COOLIDGE had expressed displeasure over his constant reiteration that the President would be drafted in 1928, despite his unwillingness to serve another term. According to the Ohio Senator, Mr. COOLIDGE "scolded" him for his enthusiasm. As reported by the Associated Press, he said: "I must admit that I came away with the impression that the President will not consent to be drafted." Mr. FESS later denied the impression that Mr. COOLIDGE had been harsh with him, and revised his earlier version of the interview to make the President say: "I wish you would not repeat those statements. Coming from one so close to me and my family it makes it look as if I were insincere." Mr. COOLIDGE, in other words, has hardly clarified his position with regard to 1928. In fact, the situation is just where it was.

Mr. FESS' colleague in the Senate, Senator FRANK B. WILLIS of Ohio, holds an opposite view, however. He thinks that the President has taken himself out of the race, will not accept the "drafting" which Senator FESS predicts, and has

opened the lists to other contenders who could hardly announce their candidacies until they were sure Mr. COOLIDGE would not allow his name to be considered. That being the case, Mr. WILLIS has made a gesture toward the Presidential ring, and if he has not actually tossed his hat, at least it is poised for the throw. After a visit to the White House, the Senator outlined a program which he believed should be carried out by the next Congress, and which was read by some as being the Ohioan's own Presidential platform. Flood control occupied a prominent place, as did tax reduction. Senator WILLIS' figure upon this controversial subject is \$250,000,000. He believes that the \$400,000,000 suggested by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States is frankly impossible of achievement.

Rear Admiral THOMAS P. MAGRUDER criticized the Navy Department in a recent article in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Secretary WILBUR announced that

no disciplinary action was contemplated. But on October 25, Admiral MAGRUDER received a telegram from Secretary WILBUR, relieving him from command of the Fourth Naval District and of the Philadelphia Navy Yard as of November 5, at which time, he is to report to the Secretary at Washington. The telegram was a surprise to Admiral MAGRUDER and

The Week

¶ Carol wants to come back. But his agent is arrested. An important letter. Did his father repent? ¶ Mr. Fess visits the White House. And still believes Mr. Coolidge will be drafted. Mr. Willis doubts it, and Ohio divides against itself. ¶ The "indiscretions" of Admiral Magruder. Secretary Wilbur acts peremptorily. Recollections of the Mitchell case. ¶ Another system closes down. Trotsky and Zinovieff out for good. The way of the die-hard. ¶ Mr. Morrow in Mexico. ¶ The Fall case drags along. But important witnesses cool their heels. ¶ Mr. Thompson's war with Britain. There will be no bonfire. But a zealous search for British propaganda goes on. ¶ A libel suit. ¶ Viscount Cecil, Britain's free-lance apostle of peace.

been for the character of one of the documents taken from M. MANOILESCU when he was arrested at the Roumanian border. This document is alleged to be a photographic copy of a letter written by King FERDINAND to Premier BRATIANO just before his death in which he revoked his former decision, and asked the Premier to recall CAROL. Should it be proved that the copy is of an authentic letter, it is expected to have a strong bearing on the situation. What makes it seem even more important is the intimation that CAROL's wife, mother of the present king, is going to Italy, where she will meet her husband.

The succession to another throne is increasingly the subject of political gossip. Mr. COOLIDGE, who holds the throne securely at the present time, almost added a more definitive word to his "I do not choose" statement of last August according to comments by Senator SIMEON D.

An Important Letter

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Mr. Fess Talks

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The System Closes Down

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apparently to others who imagined that the Navy Department did not intend to discipline the admiral for his utterances. It appears that since the publication of his article, the Department has sent a questionnaire to Admiral MAGRUDER requesting him to state specifically some of his suggestions for reaching economies in the Navy. Subsequently, he was twice asked to amplify what he had originally written. Secretary WILBUR has promised to make public this correspondence. Meanwhile, he has made no statement which would indicate the Navy's reasons for disciplining the admiral. The present case recalls the tempest which arose around the charges of Col. WILLIAM MITCHELL that the Air Service was being consciously retarded by line officers of the Army, and his eventual court-martial.

This time, those two irreconcilable revolutionaries, LEON TROTSKI and GREGORY ZINOVIEFF, are shorn for good of their power in Soviet Russia. Their expulsion from the Central Committee of the Communist party, which is the ruling executive force in the state, was announced two weeks ago. Now, according to the Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, *Pravda*, the official newspaper of the Government, has explained the reasons for this summary action. Four indictments are brought against the men: factionalism, correspondence with ex-Communists outside Russia, association with non-party elements in antiparty propaganda, and refusal to approve the Government manifesto recently issued at Leningrad. The last of the four is the most important. TROTSKI, ZINOVIEFF, and other members of the Opposition were against the manifesto which they said was a deceitful attempt to make it appear that the Soviet Government was adhering to its original revolutionary character, whereas in reality it was approaching a *petit bourgeois* state in character. The Opposition, so *Pravda* alleges, has reached that condition of thought where its members are "agin the Government" as a matter of principle, no matter whether that Government is working for the best interests of the country or not. Doubtless the whole matter of these objections will have its final airing at the All-Russia Congress to be held in Moscow in December.

No diplomatic appointment of recent years has caused such widespread approval as that of DWIGHT W. MORROW to the United States Embassy in Mexico City. Mr. MORROW arrived at his post on October 23 and paid a call the following day upon the Foreign Office where an appointment was made for his formal presentation of credentials. In Mexico, comment upon Mr. MORROW has been of the most favorable sort. His connections with J. P. Morgan and Company, his legal training, and his signal success in

New York recommend him as a man eminently fitted to straighten out the difficult tangle into which affairs between Mexico and the United States have snarled themselves. In speaking of Mr. MORROW's appointment, the Mexican *Universal* says in part: "The question between the United States and Mexico has been justly said not to be political, but, fundamentally economic. . . . It is certain that it is fitting that technicians of economics and of business should be those to study them, and Mr. MORROW is indisputably one of the most able at the present time." The Mexican Government took every precaution in the present unsettled state of the country that no harm should reach Mr. MORROW during his railway journey from the border to Mexico City.

Wrangling over technical points at law is hindering considerably the progress in Washington of the trial of ALBERT B. FALL, former Secretary of the Interior, and HARRY F. SINCLAIR, oil magnate, charged with criminal conspiracy to defraud the United States Government in the Teapot Dome oil lease. Thus far the court has almost invariably ruled in favor of the Government, and by twice rising to speak in open court Mr. FALL is believed to have shown impatience at the tactics of his own lawyers. Many of the principal witnesses, including THEODORE ROOSEVELT, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Col. ROBERT M. STEWART of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and bankers from Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, and New York, are now in Washington, but the slow pace at which the trial is moving suggests that it may be many days before they are called upon to testify.

The campaign of Mayor WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON of Chicago to rid his city of the British taint moves rapidly forward with two main objectives: the purifying of the schools and the reform of the public library. The trial by the school board of Superintendent McANDREW has flagged slightly, but new warfare has broken out with the institution of a \$100,000 libel suit against former Congressman JOHN J. GORMAN by Dr. DAVID SAVILE MUZZEY of Columbia University, whose history text was among those accused of containing British propaganda. Mr. GORMAN is the Thompson henchman who made the accusations. In the Chicago public library have been discovered a number of books presented by Queen VICTORIA and prominent citizens of London after the great Chicago fire of 1871. These and other suspected volumes are being examined by U. J. HERMANN, sportsman and promoter, who is instructed to remove any which he finds inimical to American institutions. For several days it was thought likely that Mr. HERMANN would burn all offending volumes in a bonfire in Grant Park, but

Mayor THOMPSON has now announced that such a bonfire is not sanctioned by the city hall. EDWARD J. BOHAC, lawyer, is seeking as a taxpayer to prevent the wanton destruction of taxpayers' property, and is endeavoring to obtain from the circuit court an injunction restraining the city government in its campaign of library censorship. In the meantime Sir EDWIN STOCKTON, a Manchester business man, has invited Mayor THOMPSON to spend a week as a house guest at Jodrell Hall, Cheshire, in order to "learn something about Great Britain and its inhabitants."

A plea to Great Britain to reduce her fighting services, to support in every way possible the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations, and

Apostle of Peace to keep bureaucrats at home and abroad from undermining the work of the League,

was made by Lord ROBERT CECIL, former British Cabinet member, speaking recently at a meeting of the General Council of the League of Nations Union in London. It will be recalled that Viscount CECIL resigned from the BALDWIN Cabinet not long ago because of his disapproval of the methods pursued by Foreign Minister Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN in the naval disarmament conference between Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. He has consistently championed disarmament and the League. His London speech was his first public utterance since his resignation. Lord CECIL pointed out that fourteen shillings out of every pound paid in Great Britain in taxes were contributed to the cost of past wars or wars in the future.

"When some of us advocate the enormous importance of international peace we are not guilty of a kind of international knight errantry," he said. "We are thinking of the interest of humanity in peace, but we also are

His Speech thinking of the vital importance of peace to this country and its empire, and reduction of armament is a condition of enduring peace. In the opinion of many people, we cannot do this unless other countries do the same. The case then for disarmament by international agreement appears to me to be complete . . . we ought to support in every way we can the efforts which are being made by the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations . . .

"We have always recognized in this Union that Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN has done much, especially by setting up the practice of Foreign Ministers to attend the meetings of the Council and the Assembly to increase the prestige of the League. We beg him and the Government not to be weary of well doing, above all not to allow the bureaucrats at home and abroad to undermine the organs of procedure of the League by substituting agencies based on the less desirable practices of the old diplomacy."

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The Editor Steps Down

TWO weeks ago we published an editorial article discussing the quite overemphasized question of the overemphasis of football. It seemed almost too much to expect reasoned and logical reactions to any such opinions as we expressed just as the football season was hitting its proper stride. And as a matter of fact, we had not hoped for any, since we have been frankly steeped in the game every week-end since the season began and are disinclined to prove our convictions while under emotional stress. However, a letter has come in from a college graduate in New York City which is so temperately couched and reasonably put forth that we are bound to acknowledge it at least. We still mean what we said two weeks ago, but the climax of the season is too near, as our correspondent probably feels as well, to make "doing battle" over the subject either pleasant or profitable.

DEAR SIR:

There has been an immense amount of talk during the past few years about the "overemphasis of football" in our American colleges. Many prominent men, both college graduates and those who have not taken a degree, have written articles on the subject, and magazines and newspapers all over the country have written violent editorials. I wonder just how many of those who make the most noise are really honest about it? I have just returned from a football game in which my Alma Mater was defeated; and I have just read your editorial "Demoting the Half Gods of College." And yet without any display of fireworks I should like to assert that I consider your argument largely piffle.

¶ You quote Mr. George Owen as if he were not, as even you must admit, a rare exception. You deplore the fact that a good football team can be the "making" of an obscure college. You say that football absorbs the fall week-end, the implication being that all those affected waste much valuable time that might otherwise be used to better advantage. Personally, I see no reason why a good team should not make the reputation of a college. Certainly there are many small colleges, infinitely valuable within their scope, to which such reputation is a legitimate and inestimable gift of Providence—and football. And as for the time it takes—well, what of it? Certainly the public, the graduates, and the students enjoy the game. I'll assert with little fear of contradiction that the writer of your editorial does, also. Why shouldn't one spend his time at a football game if it redounds to the credit of his college, gives pleasure to himself, and is honestly enjoyed—as I believe not without good evidence that it is—by the great majority of the players.

¶ I am willing to grant that certain definite evils have resulted where football has been magnified within the college itself to the end that emphasis has been wrongly placed on it rather than where in those instances it belonged. But I believe that

the vitality of the game will affect, and does affect, the vitality of its sponsoring college pretty fairly in direct proportion to its healthy nourishment by an enthusiastic graduate and student body.

¶ I have no desire to do battle with you over this problem; it is largely, I believe, a personal one, as I believe your argument must have been. It is a personal question with me, and I offer my opinions sincerely for what they may be worth.

ROLLIN CARLTON.

Presenting Big Bill Thompson of Chicago

(Continued from page 448)

think at all, but McAndrew has been suspended and there is a solemn farce in progress called a trial. Some eighteen counts of fake indictment against the superintendent—a veteran educator of national reputation, marked ability, wide information, and exceptional devotion to the welfare of the schools and the children in them—are being examined by a political jury.

But you cannot fool even big and heterogeneous cities all the time. Locally, another reaction against Thompsonism is inevitable. He has dropped the public-ownership issue,—for reasons not quite clear,—is willing to give the traction interests another franchise, even an indeterminate grant, and seldom attacks the "rich tax dodgers" and the "corporate plunderers" that served him so well in the past. He is even indorsing dry candidates for Congress, despite his "dripping wetness." He is already slipping, in fact, because his appointees cannot or will not give decent service.

Can Thompson, with or without the aid of Len Small, governor of Illinois and candidate for a third term, make himself a national figure even for a short space of time? There are observers who say that he could stampede the Republican National Convention by a characteristic Thompson speech—full of stage thunder, empty bombast, sham patriotism, sham progressivism, sham nationalism. In politics, according to a proverb, it is the unexpected that happens. Sensational newspapers and cynical correspondents are playing into Thompson's hands by interviewing him, solemnly quoting his opinions, magnifying his importance, treating him as a national and international figure. The press can make and unmake public men, it must be admitted, but it must have *something* to work on, and in the case of Chicago's six-foot mayor there is, intellectually speaking, absolutely nothing. Even in politics you cannot go very far without a certain native intelligence.

The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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WHATEVER one thinks of Mr. Mellon's policies for the financing of the Government, one cannot but admire the courage with which he has consistently advocated unpopular tax measures. In his latest tax proposals he adheres steadfastly to a principle with which we have the utmost sympathy. Instead of following popular clamor and exempting a large group of small taxpayers from further Federal taxes, he has maintained the position that the bulk of the citizenry should bear its share of the cost of government even though that share is extremely small and extremely expensive to collect. It is a matter of principle with him, realizing, as he does, that perhaps 200,000 citizens have paid in the past and probably always will contribute the great bulk of income taxes. So likewise with the automobile, amusement, and similar taxes. These are unpopular, yet they represent only a just share of what many citizens who pay no direct Federal taxes can and should contribute.



In so far as a reduction in the corporation levy is concerned, this suggestion of Mr. Mellon's has met approval on all sides. In addition the suggested reduction in the income brackets between \$15,000 and \$90,000 represents only fair relief for a group which was discriminated against in earlier tax-reduction programs, and so should meet with little opposition. The repeal of estate taxes may well be argued either way. Since the repeal of gift taxes the former bring in less and less revenue as they are evaded by gifts before death. Likewise they are covered by adequate State taxes in all but one or two States, and it hardly seems an important matter for the Federal Government to retain Federal legislation because of inadequate action on the part of a very few States. Finally, they are a distinct nuisance and difficult to interpret. Our sympathy rests entirely with Mr. Mellon's suggested repeal.

Perhaps the Secretary is overmodest in setting his total reduction figure around \$225,000,000. Democrats and the United States Chamber of Commerce seem to think so. Their opinions are based upon past experience, and there is every reason to suppose that this year's surplus will also run well in excess of Mr. Mellon's estimate. But what the

optimists fail to remember is that the nation has a huge national debt to reduce. The extra surplus, applied to this end, reduces by so much the burden future generations must carry, and so performs a function as useful or more useful than temporary relief to taxpayers during a single year.

Mistrial in Washington

IF appearances are to be trusted any more than jurors, Harry F. Sinclair considers himself in a desperate situation and has taken dark measures to work himself out of it. With the ruling of a mistrial by Justice Frederick Siddons in the case of the Government against Sinclair and Albert B. Fall, it looks as though he had only succeeded in involving himself more deeply. There is nothing encouraging for him in the affidavits filed with the court by ex-Senator Atlee Pomerene, chief government counsel, charging "close, intimate, objectionable and improper surveillance" of the jurors. It will be interesting to see what prompted Juror Edward J. Kidwell to hope for an automobile "as long as this block," and to find out who was responsible for the shadowing of jury members by fifteen or more Burns detectives. These things will be probed by the District of Columbia Grand Jury, and there will be a retrial, probably in January. In the meantime the best that can be said for Mr. Sinclair is that he makes an excellent villain, capable of meeting defeat with a shrug of the shoulders.

If there was any faith left in the conduct of Harry F. Sinclair this latest development has destroyed it. Tampering with a jury is a crime which gnaws at the very roots of justice, and the indication that Mr. Sinclair is involved in such tactics adds discredit to an already discreditable record. Mr. Sinclair is astute and worldly-wise, but seems prone to use his wealth and power in wrong directions.

Mr. Curtis of Kansas

SENATOR CHARLES CURTIS of Kansas, a politician who knows mushrooms from toadstools, seems to have reached the conclusion that Mr. Coolidge is through. He shows evidences of having gone behind the twelve words and discovered their full significance. Otherwise, it is doubtful if the Senator would have allowed himself to be shoved forward as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. In August he was given a tentative push by admirers in Kansas, but demurred. Between then and the publication of the letter placing him in the running he has had at least two occasions to sound out Mr. Coolidge.

The gentleman from Kansas voted for the McNary-Haugen and soldiers' bonus bills, both of which were opposed by the President, but in general

he has been the first friend of Mr. Coolidge in the Senate. In the former measure his attitude was undoubtedly determined by the demand of his constituency at home. Outside these truanxies he has championed the cause of the President as Republican whip and floor leader, thus distinguishing himself as a loyal supporter of the Administration. Certainly, in view of his closeness to the President and his expressions of hope that Mr. Coolidge would run again, he has not admitted his own candidacy without first fathoming the White House silence.

The possibility that Senator Curtis will become the Republican nominee is slight; he and his supporters are the first to admit it. His influence with the farm element is considerable, but unless Lowden is put out of the way it will count for little in the way of convention votes. His chances are admittedly no greater than those of Harding in 1920, and it will require a deadlock such as that which boosted Harding to the front to give him even a show.

Graustark in Roumania

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON could not write a more complicated novel of intrigue in Graustark than history, according to current report, is writing for itself in Roumania. The outstanding difference lies in the fact that a new Graustark novel would begin with a title-page and end with a last chapter, whereas the complications in Roumania have their roots concealed deep in Balkan politics, and no definite end in sight, unless it be a new turmoil in Central Europe. All the elements of romance are present. King Michael celebrates his sixth birthday with toy windmills and a new kite, while his father, abandoning a mistress in Paris, plots to regain the throne. Under Secretary Manoilescu, apprehended with documents revealing the plot, is taken from a railway train at night and unceremoniously clapped into prison. The documents supposedly prove that Carol wishes a referendum put to the people on the question of his return; in addition, there is mention of a letter hitherto concealed in which King Ferdinand requested on his deathbed the return of Prince Carol. Premier Bratiano rises from a long illness and takes measures to thwart the plot and maintain his iron rule. He unleashes a new army of detectives and undercover men. Princess Helen, mother of the boy king and abandoned wife of Carol, postpones a trip to Florence in order to avoid the appearance of fleeing the crisis. Queen Marie sides apparently with the Premier, but makes no commitments.

There is a conviction among many that the return of Prince Carol and the overthrow of the Bratiano brothers would be of more benefit than harm to the country. The Bratianos have exploited the resources of Roumania for the advantage of an oligarchy, have tampered with elections to further their dictatorial

designs, and stamped upon the wishes of the people. There is some question, however, as to how great an improvement the return of Carol would bring. For all their doubtful methods the Bratianos have at least endeavored to keep their country abreast of the times. Carol, judging by the estimate of those who know him best, is not one to continue the modernization of his country. Perhaps, after all, a choice between the iron-heeled brothers and the vacillating prince is one between evils.

O Indianapolis!

AS proof that Chicago has no monopoly on puerile mummery the city of Indianapolis has recently gone in heavily for slapstick stuff. The problem in Chicago is to put up with one mayor; in Indianapolis it has been to decide which of six or seven claimants was the rightful officeholder. Troubles long brewing came to a head on September 22, when John L. Duval, then mayor of the city, was found guilty of violating the Corrupt Practices Act, required to pay a fine of \$1,000, sentenced to thirty days in jail, and disqualified from holding public office. Small matters of this kind bothered Mr. Duval not a whit. He appealed the case to a higher court, reiterated his claim to the office, and declared that if anyone was to replace him it should be his wife, whom he had, with some forethought, appointed to the position of city controller, since the incumbent of that office automatically succeeds the mayor in case of his deposition. But the common council of Indianapolis held a different view. The council proposed that Mrs. Duval, having been appointed by her husband after his conviction, was not a legal officeholder, and proceeded to name Claude E. Negley, its presiding officer, as mayor *pro tem*. This put three claimants in the field: the Duval duo and Mr. Negley. Mrs. Duval promptly appointed Attorney Ira M. Holmes as city controller, and resigned in his favor. Then there were four. In the meantime up popped Walter Myers, Democratic candidate against Duval in the 1925 election; William C. Buser, formerly city controller under Duval; and Joseph Hogue. The latter claimed that Duval had never had a clear title to the mayor's job, and that the office reverted to him, Hogue, city controller under the previous administration. Thus there were seven.

A temporary settlement was effected when Holmes withdrew following an adverse court decision, and other candidates, including the Duvals, fell into the background. Mr. Negley ruled alone, awaiting a meeting of the council to select a man to finish Duval's uncompleted term.



Nineteen-thirty will be a great year for Indianapolis, for the municipality then goes over to the city-manager plan of government. Meanwhile its citizenry will have time to reflect on the wages of graft. With Thompson blubbing to the north, Vare and his gang using a steam roller to the east, and Fall and Sinclair upsetting Washington, it would be well for the whole country to join in a period of reflection.

More Jobs for the Marines

THE listing of foreign securities on the New York Stock Exchange is an innovation more significant than the small notice given it in the daily press might lead one to believe. It means that the exchange has been forced to take notice of the tendency of private investors in this country, and of the newly organized "investment trusts," to place their capital in foreign fields. It is another indication that the American investor is finding South American street-railway companies and European manufacturing no less available for his money than the enterprises of Gopher Prairie. As Melvin A. Traylor, president of the American Bankers' Association, pointed out in his keynote address at the association convention recently, the problem of foreign investment now belongs to Main Street as well as to Wall Street. Mr. Traylor declared that at the close of 1926 American investors held foreign securities in excess of \$12,750,000,000, and that there had been a material increase in this figure during the current year. He accepted these as facts which portended the end of isolationist blather. "I have an idea that there are thousands of American citizens whose instincts of self-preservation and whose sense of property rights may somewhat incline them to take heed of what is happening in the rest of the world," he said.

But in addition to silencing the isolationists, the increasing stake of workaday citizens of the United States in foreign enterprises is likely to bring pressure to bear from many new directions upon the State Department. When revolution knocks the stability of some South American principality sky-high, hundreds of embattled merchants and farmers in this country will appeal to our Government because dividends from the Ridiculamente Can Company are threatened with extinction. When trouble brews in Europe, the State Department will be besieged by stockholders' protective associations favoring this or that course in order to save Rathskeller preferred or Balkan common. If dollar diplomacy is a sinister menace today, what is it to become when these things occur?

Since 1919 the State Department has carefully heeded whispers at home before turning its megaphone abroad. It has watched and followed closely the popular temper of its own people. With an

increase in the purchase of foreign securities, it is likely to find that temper somewhat more animated. The whispers will be louder. If our financial stake in Europe had been greater in 1914 our course might have led to war on one side or the other sooner than it did. What will happen if some European nation floods our market with its securities at some future time and gains a firm hold on our purse strings, remains to be seen.

It's the Old Army Game

A CORRESPONDENT for the *New York Evening Post* has dug up evidence of a plan among British, French, Italian, and German diplomats, with Spanish in the background, to reshuffle the cards in the Mediterranean area.



The plan, in which Sir Austen Chamberlain's fine Anglican hand is said to have had a large share, is described as opening the way for a "Mediterranean Locarno." France would surrender to Italy her mandate over Syria and the Lebanon, receiving as compensation the Spanish zone in

Morocco. Italy would agree not to meddle in a military way with the Balkans or Anatolia, promising at the same time to interfere in no way with the affairs of Tunis. She would grant Great Britain economic guarantees in Syria, and come to an agreement with Great Britain over matters in Arabia. Germany is involved because she would be given a mandate, long coveted, over her lost Cameroons. The alliance thus arranged would be more than a Mediterranean dicker, in the opinion of many observers. It would form a potential union against Soviet Russia on the one hand, and provide on the other a combination for friendly bargaining with the United States over the question of debt settlements.

At first sight there is little to commend in this arrangement. It seems, in a way, to suggest a reversion to the prewar system of diplomacy, with bargaining to build up a "balance of power" and little thought of permanent peace. It is outside the League of Nations both in spirit and practice. It bears all the earmarks of a scheme to put Great Britain in the saddle for a ride away from Geneva.

Still, some of the details of the plan are not objectionable in themselves. France has never been particularly happy in Syria, and Italy can hardly fare worse. Syria would give Italy a region in which she might plant some of her surplus population. As for Morocco, that turbulent bit of North Africa would be as well off under complete French control as under the dual protectorate of France and Spain. What Spain would lose in her troublous Moroccan zone she might gain through financial assistance

from the great powers. If these things could be brought about through the agency of the League, and not outside it, they would seem less a reversion to Machiavellian methods.

Greek Meets Greek

HOW different are the Greeks of today from those Levantines whose decadence Byronic poets lamented a century ago. Now, it seems, the modern Greek has thrown back to his heroic forbears. President and Admiral Paul Kondouriotis may have a name which sounds like a nervous affliction, but apparently there is nothing wrong with his nerves or with the bony structure of his head. When an assassin shot at him recently, the bullet struck him in the temple, but aside from a cracked bone — which one is not specified — no damage was done. Early reports that the bullet bounded back, slew a fruit merchant, and mortally wounded the proprietor of a shoe-polishing establishment seem to be without foundation. But the fact remains that a first-class pistol bullet, traversing only the windshield of the Presidential motor, hit the Presidential brow fair and full, and got the worst of the encounter.

We submit that this executive must be of heroic mold. As our office wag remarked on reading the news dispatch: "A Phidias come to life!" Indeed the whole gesture was Zeus-like in its simple grandeur. How tame and artificial seem the diversions of our American representatives! Take, for example, the new indoor sport recently inaugurated by the men of vision in Danville, Illinois, as chronicled in the *American Mercury*:

To demonstrate a bullet-proof vest, James Letts, a salesman, stood up before the Rotary Club here and had a policeman fire a revolver at him. The bullet struck the vest, lead splattered about the room, and three persons had to be treated for minor wounds.

This is a sad picture in which the three wounded Rotarians supply the only comic relief. The unsportsmanlike device of the bullet-proof vest, the professional policeman as contrasted with a Simon-pure amateur assassin! It looks a good deal like "one of those things."

Not that we haven't some really fine skulls in our own Government. There are heads in Congress from whose rugged brows a bullet would bounce back like a ping-pong ball. But we venture to say that if you asked one of those Representatives or Senators to let you shoot at him, he would take refuge behind a bullet-proof vest or a filibuster or the Anti-Saloon League. We lack confidence in our own skulls — and that is a pitiable thing. When Greek meets Greek, on the other hand, attack is countered with an equally strong defense, and there isn't a headache in a barrel of it.

A Rebel Come to Judgment

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN was no believer in the phrase, "My Country, Right or Wrong!" Perhaps his racial heritage — he was a Jew, born Isidor Witkowski — predisposed him against mere blind nationalism, but certainly his entire life proved the eminent independence of his judgments, his individualism, and his lonely courage. He was a gadfly to the Junkers when the Junkers ruled Germany; he was a muckraker in the affairs of the Kaiser's court when the Kaiser was very literally the "All highest"; he was an amazingly bold critic of Germany's responsibility for and conduct of the war when such criticisms — in the midst of hostilities — smacked perilously of high treason, when at least they gave aid and comfort to the enemy. He was agin the Government because he believed the Government to be wrong, immoral, corrupt. He was intensely sincere, a constructive as well as destructive critic, a brave and brilliant man.

Such men are needed in every country. And yet, they are uncomfortable blessings; as a rule we dislike them intensely; occasionally we rise with a howl of rage and destroy them — they perish, martyrs to their own convictions. Particularly in a democracy such men are detestable. We are taught in standardized schools that the majority is always right. When enough skillful propaganda, misrepresentation, and reiterated formulas have convinced the public that God wishes us to go to war with China, or that His purposes will best be served if we annex Mexico for Mexico's own good, when the moment arrives for the bands to play "Over There," and flags flap, and Four-Minute Men orate, and George Creel sharpens his pencils, then the Maximilian Hardens of this republic who raise their thin, fanatical voices in protest are not praised as high-minded, conscientious critics, leavening the lump of mob psychology. On the contrary, they are denounced as traitors, as suspects; they are herded off to Leavenworth; they are lynched by patriots inflamed by noble sentiments and bootleg gin.

Now, of course, it is always possible and indeed probable that the majority, the public, if you like, may be right and the conscientious individual wrong. There is nothing inherently noble in opposition. Indeed, there is a kind of impudence, a degree of egotism about the man who decides that the whole regiment is out of step except himself which approaches the sublime. Surely it is reasonable to suppose that the decision of millions is wiser and more righteous than the decision of one man.

Not to the true protestant! He will always make up his own mind — or think that he has done so. The world may call him crank, fanatic, Bolshevik, traitor — there he stands being true to his convictions.

What to do with these thorny spirits constitutes a

major problem in statesmanship and public ethics. In time of national danger and crisis, the first duty of statesmen is to save the state. If in their opinion that safety is seriously jeopardized by clamant protestants, it is right and proper to sacrifice such individuals for the good of the majority — but with what care and how humbly such power must be exercised if one would avoid shameful injustice and eternal ignominy! Christ protested against things as they were, and the powers that were destroyed him as a menace to public safety. Jeanne d'Arc obeyed the voices and her convictions, — and there was nothing to do with her except to burn her. John Brown — a crazy old man — led an expedition to steal the property of fellow Americans. He was properly hanged — and his soul goes marching on.

Where does the right of the individual to the active practice and preaching of his convictions leave off and the rights of the public begin? Nearly every great problem has two sides and a middle, and there are good men and true who hold to one or the other side with passionate, religious conviction. Consequently, the country's decision must always seem wrong to the minority; to them Stephen Decatur's — "My Country, Right or Wrong" — is only the easy formula of a patriotic moron. They must abide by the sound tradition of American individualism and stick to their own private convictions.

This, we believe, is right. We must have individuals in our regiments, stubbornly out of step — else we become mere regiments, organized herds, led we know not whither by generals whom it would be foolish to trust. We must have protestants, and the thornier and the stubbomer they are, the better. Else we take our ideas from the canned goods of hired propagandists or of tame editors who jump when newspaper proprietors crack the whip.

Maximilian Harden opposed his Government when his country was at war for its life, when millions of his fellows were dead or dying for a cause they believed just, when it was in all human probability too late to retreat. In so doing he helped, perhaps, to kill a great many innocent compatriots — merely on the strength of his own, personal convictions. To our mind he was wrong, guilty in a relative sense, as the men who started the wholesale slaughter were guilty. At that point, it seems to us, the rights of the individual have ceased. Harden was a defeatist in the German camp. Whether the struggle was right or wrong from the world or the individual standpoint, there was no place in that bitter wilderness for a voice to cry out "Have done!" It is amazing that he was allowed to do so and survive. The Hardens of this world are healthy medicine up to a certain point, but practical common sense tells us that they are vicious when they protest in the middle of a major operation. The protestant will save us from ourselves, but he must not be permitted to kill us — innocent and guilty alike — to satisfy his own convictions.

A Square Deal for Genesis

By W. B. Riley

IN the interest of clarity, the utmost calmness must characterize any discussion of the reasons which should lead every State to adopt anti-evolution laws. To my mind, there are five predominant reasons: first, such laws are Constitutional; second, they satisfy a popular demand; third, they are manifestly fair; fourth, they restrict no scientific research; fifth, they form the only method of redress. Perhaps the most direct scheme of discussing the whole problem is to take it up under these five distinct heads.

Whenever a matter of deep concern to the university itself is before the public, the *Minnesota University Daily*, a student publication, has editorials emanating from the pens of older and capable men. Last winter that paper carried an editorial in the form of a warning, in which the writer admitted that if the Minnesota anti-evolution bill was adopted, it would stand any test to which it might be subjected, even though it were taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. A concession like that reveals the writer's intelligence, and his familiarity with court decisions. Kindred questions have already gone to various State Supreme Courts, and even to the Supreme Court of the United States, and their decisions are on record. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, at the end of a long and bitterly contested trial in the Andover case, decided that the money, even of dead men who believed in God and His Word, could not be taken by unbelieving Unitarians and utilized in the furtherance of their philosophy of life and religion.

That is the very principle at stake here. A recent letter from a Unitarian said, "Why should we build colleges, will you tell me, when the State schools are now teaching exactly what we believe? Why should we not leave it to them to do our work?" It is a strange procedure to have a State attempt to become the teacher of a philosophy of life and religion held by only a despicably small section of its citizenship. No State has a right to impose the opinion of a small, though it be a bigoted, minority upon the citizenry who have no sympathy whatever with its tenets.

The Supreme Court of the State of Oregon, in

ruling upon a law passed by the Legislature which sought to compel all people to educate their children in the State schools, had this to say: "The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this Union repose, excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only. The child is not the mere creature of the state;

those who nurture him and direct his destiny have the right, coupled with the high duty, to recognize and prepare him for additional obligations."

If that were not a fundamental of law, fatherhood and motherhood would lose their meaning, and the home would cease to possess any vital claims upon the child — a result that would be not only deleterious, but

destructive to our American form of civilization.

In the case of the Scopes trial in Tennessee, a law far more nearly approaching a religious demand than is that proposed for uniform consideration was sustained by a majority of three to one on the supreme bench, and the ruling, in citing kindred cases, adds, "A case involving the same statute reached the Supreme Court of the United States, and the integrity of the statute was sustained by that tribunal." Obviously, such laws are Constitutional.

TO show that anti-evolution laws respond to a popular demand, I need only cite my own experience. I have debated this subject seventeen times in leading cities of the country. With a single exception, and that before the rationalists of Chicago, my majorities — the audiences voting — have been from three to one to 150 to one. Certainly those debates revealed a cross section of society.

Every atheist and every Unitarian is opposed to us. Many liberal preachers who still draw their salaries from evangelical denominations, but have long since quit the evangelical faith, are opposed to us. Every rabid rationalist and anarchist is in bitter opposition to this action, but their numbers, combined, are a bagatelle beside the great host of sound, sane, and even scholarly citizenry that count the teaching of this philosophy, at the expense of taxpayers, a moral, ethical, and educational outrage.

That great educator, William James, never spoke a truer word than when he said, "When you defer to what you suppose a certain authority in scientists as confirming these negations, I am surprised. Of all insufficient authorities as to the total nature of reality, give me the 'scientists' from Münsterberg up, or down! Their interests are most incomplete and their professional conceit and bigotry immense. I know no narrower sect or club." So-called scientists, then, can hold themselves responsible for the rebellion which their impiety and egoism have combined to produce. In the last analysis, the people of any State should determine what they want. They should not take orders from a half dozen or even a few hundred of their servants, even though they hold school positions.

IT is hardly necessary to prove the fairness of anti-evolution laws. "There are but two theories of the universe now before the minds of adequate men. The one is the creative theory, accounting for all by the acts of God. The other is the Darwin theory, explaining all by a law or principle known as evolution."

It is not necessary to go into the merits of these theories here. I am abundantly willing, and I think capable, also, of doing that with any head professor on the American continent who wants to meet me in open discussion. But suffice it to say, in the language of Lewis Trenchard More, the great University of Cincinnati scientist, in his recent lectures before Princeton: "Many of us do not see why the idea of an incomprehensible natural law is more rational than the idea of a God." That, however, is not the question at issue. The Bible has been forced out of the public schools. Christianity itself has been silenced. The State university used to open its chapel daily with prayers and with the reading of Scripture. That is all changed, and we are not in rebellion about it, for we do not believe in the union of church and state; but when it is proposed to end the teaching of the creative theory, confirmed by Scripture and science alike, and to adopt the evolutionary philosophy which finds confirmation in neither science nor Scripture, then we protest.

When the Science League of America was formed in California a few years ago, and Maynard Shipley was elected president, with such Unitarian and atheistic backing as constituted his board, made up of David Starr Jordan, T. J. See, William E. Ritter, Luther Burbank, and others of like mind,

Shipley flaunted before the world the objective of the League itself. Here is his language: "The League's primary aim is to keep evolution in the public schools and to keep the Book of Genesis, as a counter-explanation as to man's origin, out of the public school." How is that for fairness?

In demonstration of their determined anti-Christian program, Maynard Shipley, David Starr Jordan, and their confederates protested last winter against the growing practice of letting children go to their respective churches for religious training in school hours. Has the state reached the point where it is willing to say that the aim of the Science League of America shall become, the animus of state education? Having put out of the schools "the creative theory," let us be fair now and force out also "the evolutionary hypothesis," and leave our unsophisticated children to reach, in the maturity of their intellects, an impartial decision as to which is true. In other words, we are asking the men that oppose us to treat us as we have treated them.

It is untrue to say that such laws restrict the advance of science. There is not a single realm of scientific investigation that will be affected. The scientists can go on searching for bones as much as they like. They can go on trying to find facts with which to bolster their philosophy as ardently as they please. What we are demanding is that the philosophy wait until the bones are discovered and the facts are forthcoming before it boasts itself as being a science or braggartly demands adoption.

In his Toronto address, William Bateson, the greatest of biologists, a man who had really given time and thought to the subject, admitted that there were no proofs of the theory, saying, "We cannot see how the differentiation into species came about. Variation of many kinds, often considerable, we daily witness, but no origin of

species." He even went so far as to say that "time could not complete that which was not commenced."

They claim it took at least ten millions of years for a five-toed rat to evolve into a one-toed horse. Then why their haste? Possibly in ten millions of years from now they may have the historical proofs of evolution. But why impose upon the present generation such remote possibilities? Or why do as Huxley did, admit to scientists that they are without proof, and tell plain workingmen that the proofs were abundant.

If one listens to certain deliverances of this moment he would imagine that this was a fight between

"The Bible has been forced out of the public schools. Christianity itself has been silenced. The State university used to open its chapel daily with prayers and with the reading of Scripture. That is all changed, and we are not in rebellion about it, for we do not believe in the union of church and state; but when it is proposed to end the teaching of the creative theory, confirmed by Scripture and science alike, and to adopt the evolutionary philosophy which finds confirmation in neither science nor Scripture, then we protest." — W. B. Riley

intelligence and ignorance, between scientists and hodcarriers. On the contrary, this is a contention between university men and university men. There is not a man intelligently advocating an anti-evolution bill in any State in this Union who is not a friend of science and is not also in favor of research. Christianity is the mother of education, the patron and friend of true science, and there is never an instance in history in which she has set herself in opposition.

Professor More explodes that whole hypothesis and shows that it was rather a case of one scientist in the church against another. Galileo was a churchman! Why not, then, give the church and Christianity the credit of having made his discovery? Copernicus was a churchman! Why, again, does not the honor of the Copernican system belong to the church? Newton was a churchman, and an ardent Christian. Kepler and even Darwin himself were ministerial students at one time, and Mendel was a papist monk. But for the church, science would be in her swaddling clothes, and but for the quarrels of scientist with scientist, the church would never have been involved in any controversy against any true discovery.

When Darwin brought out his "Origin of Species," was it a church council that condemned it? Not at all! The greatest opponents that he ever knew were Adam Sedgwick of Cambridge University, who declared that to follow him in this philosophy would be to end in a "mire of folly"; and William E. Gladstone, the greatest scientist in government the world has ever seen, himself a university product; and Virchow, Germany's leading

scholar, and Sir Richard Owen, "the first anatomist of his age."

No, no, these gentlemen who champion evolution in the schools are not up against "organized ignorance." They are increasingly compelled to meet their equals, and even their superiors from a scholastic standpoint; and on that very account they are destined to rout and defeat.

Finally, it is obvious that state legislation is the one and only way of redress. We have not hesitated to legislate against many iniquities, why not this? Was piracy upon the high seas stopped without appeal to law? Was dueling outlawed without recourse to law? Was polygamy discontinued without legislative enactment? Were the American slaves emancipated without an amendment to the Constitution; did the liquor traffic quit business because Christianity breathed on it, or was it put out of business by legislative enactment?

This false and infidel philosophy will not flee before the breath of the church; but the state, constituted as it is of a mighty majority of men who believe that there is a God back of creation, and who hold that the universe is accounted for by His creative acts, has a right to say to its salaried servants: "You shall not force the Christian philosophy out of our own schools and, contrary to the will of parent and taxpayer alike, impose, instead, your infidel conception upon the minds of children who have not as yet reached their 'teens, nor even upon the immaturity of boys and girls in high school and college!" In other words, the state has a right to legislate for itself and is not to be put under the feet of a self-appointed oligarchy of Darwinites.

Turkey Goes Western

By Alexander I. Nazaroff

FIVE years have passed since the Turkish Republic emerged victorious from the "war of independence" which it waged against Greece and, indirectly, the whole of Europe. The freedom and national sovereignty which it asserted with undeniable heroism and, perhaps at times, with a certain chauvinistic *naïveté* are now firmly established on the basis of international treaties, and no one seems to threaten them any longer. Yet the years of test are not over. A momentous and dramatic internal struggle is now going on at Angora, so momentous, indeed,

that the very existence of the young republic is threatened. It is the struggle between two antagonistic conceptions and two mutually excluding cultures, between the old and the new, the time-honored Mohammedan tradition and the "positivistic" Western civilization which is the note of the new Turkey.

European influence began long since to ooze into Turkey. Already at the end of the Eighteenth Century there were Turks who believed that the salvation of the "sick man of Europe" lay in his adoption of Western ways. Some eighty years later the liberal and

Though born a Russian, Mr. Nazaroff knew intimately the old Turkey of which he writes as well as the new Turkey which emerged from the World War. He was a witness at first hand of the Kemalist uprising from the days of its inception, and has since followed its development closely. His writings of middle European affairs have appeared in many newspapers and magazines in this country during the past eight years

enlightened Sultan Abdul-Mejid tried to reorganize along European lines the obsolete administrative system of his realm. The Young Turks, who had started out in 1908 as revolutionists and radicals, went still further: they succeeded in limiting the authority of the sultan, in setting up a parliamentary régime, in enriching the country with railroads, universities, — very bad ones, — factories, and so on. Yet in spite of all these attempts Turkey remained an essentially Asiatic, mediæval, and somnolent land.

Then, emerging from the ruins left by the Great War, Kemal Pasha rose miraculously to power. While the war for independence which he waged against the Greeks was still in progress, all Turkey believed that he was fighting to save the old Ottoman Empire. In numerous speeches and proclamations he called the believers to rally round his banners "for the defense of Islam and of the Sultan from Christian invaders." The believers obeyed his call and the "Christian invaders" were expelled. The whole nation hailed the Ghazi as a hero and a demigod. It was a whirlwind of enthusiastic worship, adoration, and admiration.

YET no sooner was the final victory won in 1922 than the Ghazi began to Europeanize. Instead of patching up the half-ruined building of the old Turkey, he upset it, shattered it to pieces, and discarded it as so much cumbersome rubbish. He abolished the sultanate, ousted the last scions of the Osman dynasty from Turkey, and set up instead an ultrademocratic republic based on the universal suffrage of both sexes. The believers were astonished. But Kemal Pasha went much further than that. To this political revolution he added the most radical cultural revolution. He unveiled the women and gave them civil and political rights, equal to those of the men. He put an end to the caliphate, this thirteen-centuries-old Mohammedan papacy. He separated church from state, nationalized the extensive properties of the mosques, and closed the Mohammedan "monasteries," or *tekkés*. Thousands of monks — or dervishes, to follow the Islamic terminology — who preserved the almost prehistoric mystical traditions and practices of the Orient were chased out of their mountain refuges and scattered all over the country. Religious schools, which were almost the only schools that existed in Turkey, were closed, and the organization of secular schools was decreed. Finally, the country which was hitherto considered to be the most fanatically religious in the world heard from its President the astounding words: "Those who want to believe in Allah may do so. This is their private affair. But educated men believe only in science. They do not fool themselves with supernatural things invented by priests."

In the Orient, where the masses are conservative and ignorant, fanatical and superstitious, a reformer must be especially astute and cautious. But Kemal

Pasha seems never to have had any fears. He is a natural leader whose orders are obeyed submissively. Yet there is in him something of the obstinate Oriental despot as well. His religious faith in the omnipotence of material progress, in efficiency, in machinery, in all modern appurtenances is both naïve and touching, and into the bargain may greatly contribute to the future development of Turkey. But his despotic desire to change, metaphorically speaking, in a half hour the psychology of a whole people which it would normally take years to change seems often shortsighted and unwise. In his revolutionary zeal he often acts cruelly and brutally, sparing no susceptibilities, no mental habits. Kemal Pasha declares that he is "a man of destiny," and that he is "fated to regenerate Turkey."

Telephones ring and typewriters rattle in the administrative offices of Angora, emitting decree after decree. Girl secretaries with traces of lipstick and of rouge on their faces and with a desperate confusion of ideas in their emancipated minds rush from desk to desk, operate adding machines, or flirt. Sounds of a fox-trot broadcast by a phonograph in the near-by restaurant are heard. In these few years the city of Angora has changed almost completely. It is still a small, squalid, and villagelike place, picturesque and full of bedbugs; yet now it sparkles with new, many-storied European buildings, with moving-picture theatres and even with dance halls where, at night, Turkish girls — Oh, horror! Oh, wonder! — melt away in the arms of their partners, for the Ghazi encourages the *rapprochement* between the two sexes which hitherto existed only in blind marriages. Electric lights, automobiles, and straw hats add a finishing touch to this Asia which has become Europe.

IN the first National Assembly of Turkey there was only one political party — Kemal Pasha's Nationalists. But during the elections of 1924 Ghazi's enemies organized themselves into the Progressive party and, in spite of the pressure that the authorities brought to bear upon the electors, polled a large minority of votes. This was a telling symptom: Kemal Pasha's popularity was quickly waning. All elements dissatisfied with the new régime were represented in the Opposition: the formerly powerful Moslem clergy, the liberal but not radical Turkish business men, the Young Turks, who were now quickly recovering the popularity which they had lost after Turkey's defeat in the World War, and finally the conservative and pious Anatolian peasants. Even some of Kemal Pasha's friends and captains now sided against him. Kemal Pasha found himself obliged to place at the head of the new Cabinet one Fethi Bey, a soft and pliant politician who enjoyed the confidence of both Nationalists and Progressives. This was interpreted as a concession, the atmosphere cleared up, and it seemed that a

middle course on which both the old and new Turkeys would agree had been found.

Yet it was exactly at this time — February, 1925 — that a terrible Kurdish uprising broke out. The Kurds never have been properly incorporated into the administrative organization of Turkey. They retain their archaic tribal organization. Sheiks, the hereditary chieftains, wield an enormous authority based mainly on religious law; they are small sovereigns within their respective districts. In pursuing its policy of unification the Angora Government tentatively endeavored to make the Kurds pay regular taxes, but tax collectors were greeted for the most part with assassinations.

THE uprising was started by Sheik Said, the daring chieftain of the Nakhibendi tribe, who secretly recruited a whole army and accumulated depots of ammunition. In a week's time it spread throughout Kurdistan. What was still worse, Turkish peasants in many places joined the ranks of the rebels. This was a real counter-revolution, a rising of the old Turkey against the new. Sheik Said's slogans found response far beyond the borders of Kurdistan. He favored the resuscitation of the abolished caliphate, election of one of the scions of the Osman dynasty to the caliph's throne, the defense of Islam and the expulsion of "atheistic rulers" from Angora. The Government found itself obliged to send to Kurdistan an army of 70,000 men, and it was only after two months of genuine warfare that the uprising was quelled.

This was rather the beginning than the end of the struggle between the two Turkeys. As soon as the crisis was past, a campaign of reprisals against the parliamentary opposition was started. During the uprising the Progressive party had sided firmly with the Government, yet now it was accused of having secretly sympathized with the rebels. The uncompromising Nationalist Cabinet of Ismet Pasha which had replaced the liberal Cabinet of Fethi Bey ordered the suspension of fourteen opposition papers, started suits at law against a number of editors, and issued warrants for the arrest of scores of oppositionists, including some members of the National Assembly. Opposition clubs in many cities were raided by the police, searched, and closed. While the uprising was in progress the Assembly gave to the Government dictatorial rights and suspended the action of constitutional guarantees. With the worst of the trouble over order was reestablished and life resumed its normal course. Yet the Government refused to surrender these special rights; in fact, it hasn't surrendered them yet: Turkey lives today under the "extraordinary régime" which was introduced in 1925 and reduced to zero the ultrademocratic constitution of the republic. Profiting by this, Kemal Pasha enunciated in 1926 a new and interesting political doctrine. "Turkey," he declared, "is

not ripe to have in its National Assembly an opposition party. Opposition means criticism, and criticism means enmity. Consequently, those who criticize the Nationalist party are its enemies, and the enemies of the New Turkey."

This new version of the centuries-old attitude of *l'état c'est moi* accounts for the fact that the Progressive party was not allowed to figure at the elections of 1926 as a political unit and to carry on a regular electoral campaign. It is true that some of its leaders were returned to the National Assembly; yet they reentered it simply as so many individuals who were personally popular in this or that city.

Meanwhile, the violent Europeanization of the country continues. The Moslem Friday has been replaced as a national holiday by the "heretic" Sunday; a gambling house has been opened in the Yildiz Palace where the last Turkish caliph had lived; the Swiss civil laws, irreconcilable with the conceptions of the people, have been introduced instead of the religious laws — the *Sheriat*. All this irritates more and more the patriarchal Turkish peasant whose conceptions are still inseparable from religion, whose habits are still based on the religious laws, who still lives in the Fourteenth Century. And the discontent grows; Kemal Pasha who was once adored by all now finds himself obliged to travel through the country at breakneck speed in a hermetically closed car with police lined up along the roads to keep the spectators at a respectful distance. Prisons are overcrowded, the whole country seethes with spies and *agents provocateurs*, the atmosphere of fear and suspicion prevails.

A FEW months ago the Ghazi escaped death at the hands of a terrorist by a hair's breadth. Kara Kemal, formerly an outstanding Young Turk, worked out a detailed plan for assassinating the President. At a turn of the road leading from Angora to Smyrna Kemal's accomplices were to throw from ambush bouquets with bombs concealed in them. Yet half an hour before the arrival of the car the conspirators were seized by the police. In connection with this plot two hundred persons were tried and seventeen of them were executed.

Soon after the disclosure of the plot the National Assembly passed a law by virtue of which Governmental offices in Turkey may be held only by persons who participated in some way or other in the Kemalist movement of 1919-1922, transforming the party of Kemal Pasha's supporters into a caste of rulers segregated from the rest of the population. Will this caste be able to secure the triumph of European culture in Turkey? Will it be able to transform Turkey into a European state — not only on paper, but also in reality? Or will it simply degenerate into a little group of corrupt dictators, as the Young Turks degenerated fifteen years ago? This, of course, the future alone can show.

NINE YEARS AGO

*Some of the Wounds Left
Bleeding in 1918 Have Closed,
and Only the Scars Remain.
But There Are Others
That Will Never Heal*



AT ST. JULIEN — 1927 —



Both photographs by Antony

1918 — HILL 62



All photographs on this page by Antony

1914-1927

IN NOVEMBER OF THAT NIGHT-MARE YEAR, 1914, THE CLOTH HALL OF YPRES WAS REACHED BY GERMAN SHELL FIRE, AND THE DESTRUCTION DID NOT CEASE UNTIL NOTHING BUT THE SHATTERED STONES WERE LEFT TEETERING PRECARIOUSLY UPON EACH OTHER ABOVE THE RUINS

THIRTEEN YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE WAS TAKEN. AT THE RIGHT IS A SECOND PICTURE, TAKEN FROM THE SAME SPOT AS THE FIRST, SHOWING THE CLOTH HALL OF YPRES AS IT LOOKS TODAY



AT TWILIGHT THE DESOLATION SEEMS EVEN MORE COMPLETE. IF SUCH A THING WERE POSSIBLE. THE REMNANTS OF THE WALLS AND TOWERS LOOM AGAINST THE SKY LIKE GIANT TREES IN A WORLD OF UNREALITY

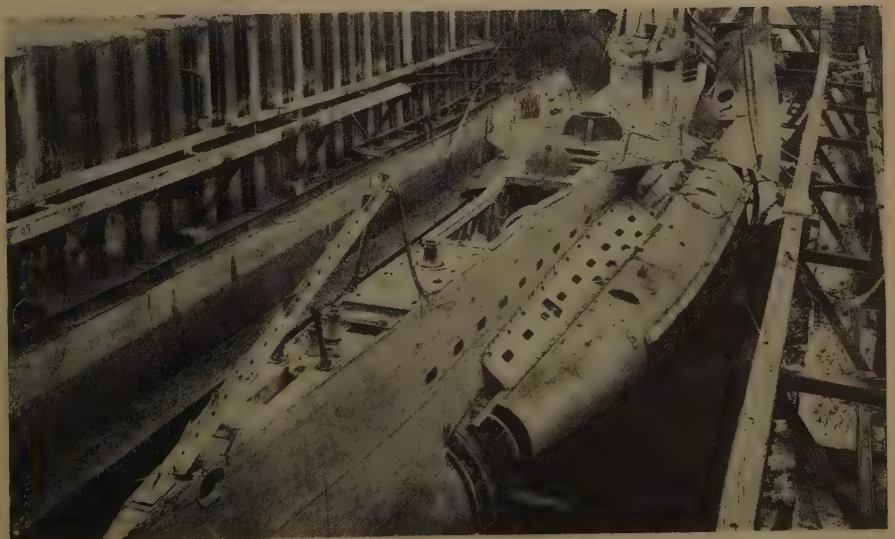
1918

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A 38-CENTIMETER GUN IN ONE OF THE GERMAN COAST BATTERIES IN BELGIUM AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. WHAT WAS NOT DEMOLISHED BY ENEMY FIRE WAS DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS BEFORE THE ARMISTICE



AT THE LEFT IS PICTURED WHAT HAD BEEN A MACHINE SHOP IN NORTHERN FRANCE BEFORE THE FIRING BEGAN. NOT A FACTORY OR A PIECE OF MACHINERY IN THE AREA OF FIGHTING WAS LEFT INTACT

WHEN THE GERMANS EVACUATED THE NORTH SEA PORTS WHICH THEY HAD USED AS NAVAL BASES DURING THE WAR, EVERYTHING OF POSSIBLE USE TO THE ENEMY WHICH COULD NOT BE MOVED WAS TREATED AS WAS THIS SUBMARINE IN DRY-DOCK FOR REPAIRS





Courtesy of Arthur Lionberger

1927

HERE AT THE LEFT IS ONE OF THE RELICS OF THE WAR WHICH IS LEFT FOR THE TOURIST TO SEE. IT IS THE CEMETERY—OR AT LEAST A SMALL PART OF IT—FOR AMERICAN DEAD AT BELLEAU WOOD

ANOTHER GRUESOME MONUMENT FOR THE TOURIST—ONE OF THE TRENCHES ALONG WHAT WAS THE WESTERN FRONT, PRESERVED ALMOST INTACT IN ITS DESOLATION



Courtesy of Arthur Lionberger



THE CLOTH HALL OF YPRES WILL PROBABLY NEVER BE REBUILT, BUT WORK IS NOW IN PROGRESS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE CITY'S MAGNIFICENT CATHEDRAL, WHICH WAS SERVED LIKE SO MANY OTHERS BY GERMAN GUNS

Making Patriotism Hum in Darkest Chicago

By Victor S. Yarros

THE supersimian performances of Big Bill Thompson and his motley crew of greedy spoilsmen, cheap mountebanks, weak nobodies, and illiterate censors have for several weeks promoted the gayety of America and the rest of the world. To be sure, the circus will not last long; it is too crude and vulgar. Big Bill is slipping fast and hanging himself with a rope of his own manufacture, as the disgust and contempt of the intelligent elements of Chicago's citizenry find emphatic if impolite expression.

At a meeting of ministers, for example, the whole school-library row was characterized as "organized asininity." The *Chicago Tribune* dismisses the scandal with the words, "You cannot reason with bunk artists." The *Daily News* tells Thompson and his inquisitors that they cannot understand a book when they try to read it. Outside Chicago, they are saying that when a city elects such a man as Big Bill for its mayor, it must lie in the bed it has made, take the consequences of that lapse into civic insanity, and with as much fortitude as it can summon await the end of the nightmare.

Still, it is not altogether a joke to have political clowns pass upon the merits and spirit of books written by scholarly historians or by eminent sociologists or economists, and denounce their authors for alleged lack of patriotism, of fairness to their own nation, or of corrupt or contemptible subserviency to foreign powers. And there is danger, too, that in other communities the example of darkest Chicago may be followed and campaigns started against books in schools or libraries that the pothouse patriots may think anti-American, anti-Christian, or anticapitalistic.

But the origin and true inwardness of the school-library farce in Chicago must be set forth soberly. When Big Bill was making his campaign for the mayoralty and emphasizing the idiotic King George issue almost as much as his dripping wetness, he repeatedly called William A. McAndrew, superintendent of schools, a tool and stool pigeon of the British monarchy. His specifications or instances were either absolutely false or else perversions of small, unimportant, humorous utterances that no person of ordinary intelligence has found in the least objectionable.

Big Bill Thompson's little war with Great Britain goes merrily along. Not satisfied with placing the city's superintendent of schools on trial for alleged lack of patriotism, Chicago's mayor has assigned to a former stage hand the task of smelling out British propaganda on the shelves of the public library. Mr. Yarros of the *Chicago Daily News* briefly and graphically draws the curtain from one of the nation's major imbecilities

Mr. McAndrew came to Chicago about four years ago to take charge of the public schools. He had not applied for the job; he was assistant superintendent of education in New York, was happy in that position, and the community appreciated his ability and integrity. But at that time Chicago needed a new superintendent of schools. The board of education was clean, antispills, enlightened, and free. It wanted a vigorous, experienced, courageous superintendent, for the schools required a good deal of overhauling. It wanted a man who would fight aldermen and ward politicians if they meddled with education, and who would raise the standards of efficiency in the entire system. One Chi-

cago educator suggested Mr. McAndrew, whom he knew well and admired. A committee of disinterested citizens and school trustees went to New York to negotiate with McAndrew. They asked him to come to Chicago for an interview with the full board. He came, was offered the vacant post, and declined. The board insisted, and he promised to consider the matter. He telegraphed to four leading Chicagoans, former associates and friends of his, asking their advice. Each of his own motion

replied: "Do not take it." They were all too familiar with the greed and provincialism of local politicians. But McAndrew, despite this disheartening unanimity, decided that it was his duty to take the tough job and clean up the system.

HIS troubles began the day after he became superintendent. He made enemies among politicians and timid, routine-ridden teachers. He made one or two strategic blunders and alienated valuable support. Soon he became unpopular among the less independent and less progressive teachers. But the public, the press, and the civic bodies stood by him, and so did the majority of the old, reputable board of education appointed by Mayor Dever.

As an educator of national reputation, Mr. McAndrew needed no defense. The attacks upon his character or loyalty by Big Bill and his followers were generally dismissed as sheer buncombe. But Big Bill pledged himself, if elected, to get rid of McAndrew, which meant that in filling vacancies on the school board he would appoint persons who could be trusted to thrust law and good sense aside

and obey orders from the mayor's office without a murmur of protest.

Big Bill was elected, and in a surprisingly short time secured a majority of the school board. That majority — timid, weak, unrepresentative — vainly sought for several months to discover something in Mr. McAndrew's record whereon to base a charge of incompetence or disloyalty. Of course they could not frame up a plausible case. But the failure to discover anything reprehensible in his record did not prevent one or two of the Thompsonites on the board from demanding his resignation, from threatening him with summary dismissal, from impugning his patriotism, from calling him a humbug and a pretender, from asserting that he had demoralized the school system by his arrogance and tyranny.

At last, in September, the tools of Big Bill on the board mustered sufficient courage to suspend McAndrew, prefer charges against him and order a "trial." He was accused of insubordination and of fostering pro-British propaganda in some eighteen counts. Of course, the jury was packed, and the verdict a foregone conclusion from the beginning. The charges are silly and dishonest, but they will serve the purpose. The trial is a dismal farce; irrelevant evidence is admitted with a recklessness only possible to malignity or imbecility; cranks and nincompoops are permitted to testify concerning alleged propaganda by or in behalf of Great Britain which they read into all manner of works they cannot or will not comprehend; passages are dragged from their context and garbled or distorted willfully to make some sort of case. And so it goes.

As to the insubordination — even if proved McAndrew cannot be legally discharged for it. His term is fixed by statute, his duties and functions as well as his prerogatives are prescribed and defined. There is not a scrap of evidence worthy of the name to show that in even a single instance he refused to carry out an order properly issued to him by the board of education. He has, if anything, been too patient and too good-natured under a board politically and intentionally constituted to make his position impossible and unbearable.

McAndrew's four-year term expires next January. He had not desired nor expected reappointment. He might have been permitted to finish that term without malicious and offensive interference. But that would not have satisfied the megalomania of Thompson. Of course, McAndrew has the right of appeal, and his case will doubtless be taken to the highest court of Illinois. His attorneys and friends have complete confidence in his final vindication and in the corresponding humiliation and confusion of his detractors and enemies. But what does the gang care about the ultimate outcome of the farce? What it wants is control of the school budget, of contracts, of fat jobs, of places for pets and favorites.

And what of the Chicago Public Library? What of the wild and insane talk of burning all the pro-British books in that institution? What of the even more absurd and childish talk of burning all revolutionary books and leaving nothing not one hundred per cent American or one hundred per cent Babbitt? The brilliant idea of carrying the McAndrew war from the schools to the library was Thompson's own. To him belongs full credit for that epoch-making decision. He announced that he had written or would write a letter to one of his appointees on the library board — one "Sport" Hermann, a former stage hand and now a theatrical manager — instructing him to invade the library, examine all books under suspicion, and take suitable action. Here the record is a bit confused. The public got the impression that Big Bill ordered the public burning of all heretical books by the county hangman, but in open court Big Bill's lawyer has denied that and claimed that the "burning" clause was added by the overzealous Hermann, if not by British secret agents determined to make Big Bill and his crew utterly ridiculous.

The farce is not over yet, even though there will be no sensational bonfire on the lake front, no orgy or carnival of ignorance and boneheadedness, of asininity and folly at the expense of learning, thought, culture, and common sense. The community is in revolt against these characteristic manifestations of Thompsonian politics and Thompsonian boobyism. The gang is, to repeat, discrediting itself and betraying fear of outraged intelligence and affronted decency. There is a limit to what even the deluded followers of Big Bill will stand. Eight years ago, that limit was reached after a long series of rank scandals in the city hall. This time, the end of the sordid and monstrous farce will be reached sooner. The bunk artists will "get the hook," to use their own elegant language. They are becoming a bore and a nuisance.

It is a mistake to dub the so-called trial of McAndrew another Scopes case. The Tennessee anti-evolution movement was pathetic and mediæval, but it was sincere. It was based on fallacious ideals, on irrational fears, but it was genuine. The McAndrew trial is without a single redeeming feature. It is dishonest and hypocritical. It is treated as such by all the educated and intelligent men and women of Chicago. The assaults at the trial upon the University of Chicago, upon distinguished scholars and professors of history, are too mendacious and crazy to deceive anyone. The "patriotism" of the prosecutors of McAndrew is nauseating. It is a combination of intellectual prostitution and crass stupidity aggravated by spite and vindictiveness.

And this is why, among other reasons, the farce has its tragic and disquieting side. This is why the intelligent citizenry of the country cannot afford to dismiss it as nothing but a screaming riot of coarse fun. There may be other Thompsons in the land.

Back Stage in Washington

Introducing the Lord of the Budget

IN traveling about the Washington circuit one soon begins to gather that there is one person more unpopular than the Comptroller General of the United States, J. R. McCarl. This is saying a lot. In official circles, among one's Army and Navy friends, Mr. Mc-

"Under our present system of unified defense in the hands of the Director of the Budget," writes our Washington correspondent, "the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy can propose what they choose as essential part of their duties and trusts. But the Lord of the Budget, and not of battle, can tell them whether they can have it or not." The Lord of the Budget is firm in his demands, and it is rumored that at least one Assistant Secretary with whom he has clashed may resign because of his arbitrariness

Carl is considered quite a horny-headed individual, with cloven feet and a fine red tail with a fork on the end of it. Mr. McCarl is the gentleman who disapproves the vouchers of Army and Navy officers for subsistence and other worthy causes, causing them no end of confusion and deprivation as they must inevitably sail somewhat close to the wind, their salaries being far from large.

But go one step higher in the official scale, one rung above the pettifogging of the disliked McCarl and his arbitrary rulings, and one runs into much profanity, not to say blasphemy, over Brig. Gen. Herbert M. Lord, Director of the Budget. The general from Maine, with a penchant for sticking in the cents as well as the dollars, now considers himself above the reach, or rather the need, of those small courtesies which are frequently the essential part of official contact. He proves a lord unto himself, arrogant and aloof, surrounded by many lesser chieftains who use the President's name in vain.

Unless I am very much mistaken, someone will shortly take a fall out of the good Lord which should shake a few of the digits from his budgetary brain. His assumption of authority, his gradual presumption to use the name of the President, has so irritated the lips of several Secretaries and Assistant Secretaries that they are primed to let loose such a barrage as the general has never heard before.

There has recently appeared in the public prints a somewhat sketchy account of a quarrel between the Director of the Budget's office and the person of the Assistant Secretary of War, one Hanford MacNider, skilled in speaking his mind, popularly supposed to be afraid of neither man, god, nor beast. It seems that one fine morning the Assistant Secretary, then Acting Secretary in the absence of Mr. Dwight F. Davis, was called on the telephone by a captain in General Lord's office and ordered to be present at a perfunctory and trivial meeting. The word did not come direct to Colonel MacNider, but

through one of his subordinates. Nevertheless, in the round-about fashion in which official business must be transacted, it reached headquarters soon enough.

The reply was sent that Colonel MacNider had already expressed himself on this matter of routine, that he had

no further views to express; it was all "jake" with him, he would send a subordinate from his office to put his official O. K. on the matter so that the cogs of government might grind on.

"Oh, no," replied the captain attached by the Army to the Budget office, "your presence is directed. This office has the authority to order anyone before it, even Cabinet officers. Of course," the captain excused himself, "we do not usually do that."

A hurried survey in the War Department of the budget law revealed that the Director of the Budget had no real authority to order about Cabinet officers, among whom the Assistant Secretaries must be counted. The upshot was that Colonel MacNider sent his compliments and did not attend the meeting.

THERE entered upon the scene at this point one Smithers, an Army officer attached to the good Lord's office. Smithers invoked not only the name of the good Lord, but the higher authority of the President of the United States. To no avail. With his thumb firmly planted on the underlined paragraph of the law, Colonel MacNider stood his ground. Go he would not unless the President of the United States ordered him.

There then took place that practice, popularly dubbed "running to mama," for which General Lord's office has become famous. On the official stationery of his office General Lord stated the matter to the President with the request that the Assistant Secretary be ordered to attend his meeting. The letter was almost placed in Colonel MacNider's hands. Not quite. For it got only as far as the door of the executive offices when a messenger was dispatched to retrieve it. The matter rests there as this is written with the bold colonel certainly master of the field of battle.

There are many stories on General Lord which deserve mention, although not in such great detail. During the reign of Garret (*Continued opp. page 488*)

The Curtain Rises

By Ralph Sargent Bailey

STRAIT drama, thrilling mystery, Gilbert and Sullivan, in that order — as well-balanced a theatrical ration as one could wish. Mr. Somerset Maugham has turned his hand to almost everything in the way of writing during the past twenty-five years, and almost without exception his works have revealed a core of cynicism or satire. It was so with his recent plays, "The Circle" and "The Constant Wife," both brilliant and bitter pieces to be classed as "comedies of manners." Now in a changed and more sombre mood he has reworked one of his own stories into "The Letter."

Those who recall the polish and the wicked humor of his thrusts in the earlier plays will be disappointed by the unrelieved harshness of "The Letter." To be sure the play is not unremittingly savage — there are moments of fine tenderness and understanding. But these serve best to bring out in bold relief the tragedy and frustration of the dominant motive. In craftsmanship, Maugham has not slipped appreciably, except for a very few points at which he lets his words pile up too much momentum of their own. But his satirical wit and epigrammatic pungency are absent. Instead, you have a tired and baffling irony which finds beauty and strength only in its inevitability.

In brief: the wife of an English planter in Singapore kills the man who has been her secret lover for half a dozen years. That her real motive may not be discovered, she lies and bribes her way to acquittal, honestly as much for the sake of a husband whose adoration arouses in her only a boundless pity as to save her own neck. The play ends almost as it began, the husband tortured by a disillusionment which cannot stifle his love for his wife; the wife still loving the man whose body she has riddled with five deliberate bullets. But in spite of all its repellant aspects and its unnecessary cruelty, it does allow the playwright to demonstrate that love may be an agony as well as an ecstasy.

If you have here a new and on the whole a disappointing Maugham, you have a superb Katharine Cornell. Here she is not the dream woman of "The Enchanted Cottage" nor yet the moody and delinquent Iris March. She is a creature of fire and ice, of sublime courage and cringing terror, of perfect cruelty and as perfect gentleness. Through no other player could be revealed so fully the illnesses of the flesh that the soul may fall heir to, and the ability of physical anguish to express itself in terms of infinite spiritual suffering.

You cannot escape the sincerity of the author; you cannot — and you have no

desire to — escape Miss Cornell. Take them both as they would have you and you will be shaken more than you care to admit, though not, certainly, by any regrets for the quality of your emotion.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan" is one of those hyphenated plays properly tagged as melodrama. First of all, it is glorious entertainment. Beyond that it is chiefly distinguished for two items: the one, Miss Ann Harding, who turned a brilliant paradox in "Tarnish" a few seasons ago; the other, the fact that the curtain is never lowered. The observer takes his seat and notices with some surprise that the stage is disclosed as a conventional court room — and is quite empty. At the right rise the judge's rostrum, the clerk's and the stenographer's desks; in the center are the usual tables for counsel and reporters, at the left the grille of the prisoner's dock, a bench for the witnesses, and seats for those who must be in at the death. Drab bars of light, through which the dust motes drift lazily, slant across the stage. A court officer enters and scans a newspaper. Two cleaning women appear, casually waving their dusters over the furniture and exchanging the morning's gossip. Gradually the room fills; the winsome defendant is led in; someone cries "Hear ye, hear ye" as the judge takes his seat; the play begins. Twice the court declares a recess, and the stage assumes an ecclesiastical solemnity violated only when an attendant takes a sandwich from a paper and munches idly.

THE play is neither new nor particularly original. Bayard Veiller, who is now reported working on a script of "Elmer Gantry," has counted heavily on his few technical novelties. His central character — known as Mona Tree in the "Follies" — is on trial for her life, charged with the murder of her lover. A mysterious brother appears to take over the defense at the psychological moment, and of course in the end Mary Dugan is acquitted. For two acts the author progresses swimmingly; then he seems to falter. Chiefly because he cannot help himself he allows the quest for the true murderer to become dominant, — the audience is long since convinced of Mary's innocence, — and with a clever series of climaxes the villain is cornered. At that second the stage should have been darkened and the house lights turned on while the audience was still gouging holes in its collective palms with its finger nails. Instead he goes through the rigmarole of turning the case over to the jury-audience for a formal verdict, and the gorgeous moment has been lost.

Miss Harding has little to do on the

whole, but the second act, hers by right of eminent domain, gives her opportunity for a magnificent bit of emotional acting. Players and watchers are left utterly at her mercy and the "trial" of Mary Dugan is over almost before it has begun.

WINTHROP AMES' current production of "The Mikado" is also, in its own way, superb entertainment. But it is of a gentler and less specious variety. There will be many rock-bound Savoyphiles to cry that high-handed liberties have been taken with the memory of Gilbert and Sullivan, and perhaps they will be right. But what liberties! If it be a crime to bring fresh fire to a tradition that has begun to cloy through half a century of indiscriminate reverence, then Mr. Ames is guilty of high treason. For, as in the "Iolanthe" and the "Pirates" of last season, he has thrown the accumulated idols of Savoy revivalists from their niches and given us Gilbert and Sullivan as he believes they were meant to be. Time was, the headshakers say, when "The Mikado" was played simply and trippingly, as it should have been, with a care for all the sly pokes and innuendoes that the mischievous Gilbert aimed at his fellow men of the 'eighties. Who is this Ames that he should hang his stage with such brilliant and exquisite colors and clothe his players in rich silks and satins? Who is he to pitch his company to a modern tuning fork and give them their lines for the sheer charm that is in them? But the producer has gone his way undisturbed, putting into his work all the care and sympathy and skill at his disposal.

The result must be supremely satisfying to all but the most fanatically captious. The joy of the players in their own antics is infectious: Yum-Yum surveys herself in her mirror, and the audience readily concurs when she finds her image the loveliest in all Japan; Pooh-Bah laments that his family pride should be so often mortified by the clamor of his purse, and the spectators cluck in sympathy; Ko-Ko mourns that so worthy a man as he should be boiled in the Mikado's cooking pot, and the witnesses to his desperation shudder comfortingly. Sir Arthur's melodies, too, work themselves into the blood, until portly captains of finance kick the chairs in front of them while their ladies beat time to the measures with their lorgnettes.

Leaving the theatre, one kindly old gentleman stepped in my hat and thanked me gravely for my contrite apology. At least I think it was my hat — we were both humming "Tit-Willow" a little off key and did not notice.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

EVER since I emerged from the state of indignation which is characteristic of youth, I have been unable to join very heartily in denunciations of the press. Probably the worst that has been said about it is as true as the worst that has been said about most of our human-all-too-human institutions, beginning with that grotesque biped, man himself. The elementary classification of people into the wicked and the virtuous has its counterpart in the superstition that there is a free press, devoted to the good, the true, and the beautiful, and a commercial press, enslaved to the corrupt purposes of the interests.

Neither of these beliefs has carried much weight with me since my years of adolescence. The "free" press is often so unfair in its zeal for some panacea that it commits the same sins of omission and suppression as the newspapers reputed to be swayed by advertising and the machinations of capitalism. The fact that a paper takes no advertisements and advocates state ownership of railways is no guarantee that it will welcome a good article proving that state-owned railways are worse managed than those privately owned, or that, aside from its hobbies, it is less prejudiced or more intelligently edited than papers of less altruistic pretensions. On the whole, my own experience has been that I have had less editorial interference on papers without a missionary purpose than on those whose ideals brought tears of recognition to every honest eye.

Silas Bent's "Ballyhoo: the Voice of the Press" (Boni & Liveright) has one supreme merit, among all examinations and denunciations of the press, and that is, the author does not ride any particular hobby to death. He is a widely experienced and very practical newspaper man who has no recipe for a millennium, journalistic or otherwise. He has simply amassed an astonishing volume of evidence to prove that the press, as its apparent power extends, is losing all real influence, all dignity, all sense of proportion, all intellectual honesty. He examines the problem from all sides, never oversimplifies it, and presents the reader with such a store of facts that one's only complaint is the embarrassment of making a choice.

If one has any illusion that the tabloid papers are an evil influence because they overemphasize crime and sport news, then one must reconcile that belief with the fact that the most sober and sedate of the New York newspapers gave "four eight-column 'streamer' headlines" to the signing of the Armistice and the overthrow of the Hohenzollerns, and "three

eight-column 'streamers'" to the Dempsey-Tunney fight. "The London Times," writes Mr. Bent, "announced Wellington's victory in less than a quarter of a column. No one will pretend that this was adequate from the modern viewpoint of enormous headlines and floods of poppycock, but

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Avarice House. By Julian Green (Harper).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

Something About Eve. By James Branch Cabell (McBride).

Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway (Scribner).

GENERAL

Our Times: America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan (Scribner).

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan (Knopf).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

the *Times* had no apologies to offer; indeed, it put the news of one of the world's decisive battles at the bottom of a column."

MR. BENT notes that the first four days Lindbergh received over 27,000 columns of newsprint, "which makes conservative a guess that in all he was the subject of print enough to fill four volumes of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'" To Lindbergh's hop-off a leading newspaper gave thirty-seven columns, "while it could spare but one column to a jail sentence for Harry F. Sinclair, millionaire prime mover in the Teapot Dome scandal." In another sensational event, the Hall-Mills case, "a single newspaper required twice as many words as Will Durant needed to tell 'The Story of Philosophy'; and this author himself was one of the 'trained seals' who helped overcrowd the press of the United States with balderdash about the Snyder-Gray trial."

If I have selected, early in Mr. Bent's volume, just one aspect of the problem which he so exhaustively and resourcefully considers, it is because his whole indictment appears in embryo in these quotations. If Lindbergh's flight was important, it was obviously not so important as

its display in the press implied. The sentence on Harry F. Sinclair may not have deserved more than one column, but proportionately to Lindbergh it very obviously did. Once upon a time, in my innocence, the explanation of this disproportion would have seemed clear. The Teapot Dome scandal was being hushed up by a wicked capitalist newspaper. I am sure at this moment the eminent author of "The Brass Check" would say that such was the case. But, if anything emerges more clearly than another from Mr. Bent's book, it is the fact that the press is more frequently hysterical and idiotic than it is corrupt and Machiavellian. If the Dempsey-Tunney fight and the end of the World War loom equally large in the headlines, some other cause must be sought than the alleged subservience of the press to big business.

FAIRLY and temperately Mr. Bent deals with the influence of big business and advertising. Like most people who are not fanatics on the subject, he regards the question of suppression at the instance of advertisers as one of very minor importance. The influence, such as it is, exerted by business firms on newspapers is indirect, in the sense that it is not an influence directly assisting a particular advertiser, but an influence exploiting a general state of mind and upholding a general attitude toward production and consumption. If the public did not respond to advertising slogans and display advertisements, these would disappear. As it happens, the proportion of advertising and the nature of it in America differ markedly from advertising conditions in England and on the Continent. Why? The answer to that question is the answer to most of the points raised by Mr. Bent.

Mr. Bent regards 1900 as the turning point in America. Since that date the art of "ballyhoo" has progressed to such a point that the proportion of news to advertising has been increased as follows: News, 55.3 per cent in 1900; advertising, 32.1. In 1925: news, 26.7; advertising, 60.5. In the same period "opinion" fell from 7.1 to 2.2 per cent. Understanding by opinion the expression of more or less intelligent, independent comment, we arrive at the picture which Mr. Bent presents of the American press.

An examination of any European paper during the past twenty-five years would reveal similar changes, though not so marked. On each side of the Atlantic the press offers what the public wants. Those who offer what it ought to want usually fail. A sad world, my masters.

A Firebrand for President

A Review by Arthur Pound

ANDREW JACKSON: AN EPIC IN HOMESPUN. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

THIS brief biography — one can read it in an evening — reveals the seventh President of the United States as a homespun hero, a backwoods Cyrano. The terms of other frontier Presidents were cut short by death, but Andrew Jackson played the Presidential rôle for eight years, during which he made the country step lively to the rough tunes scraped by rustic fiddlers in log cabins.

Andrew Jackson's chief stock in trade was a great and fiery soul. His military record, against Indians, Spanish, and British, establishes him as the one American general of his time who never lost an engagement. Against mutiny, famine, and lack of promised supports, he prevailed through the sheer strength of imperious will. The picture which Johnson pens of Old Hickory, sick and wounded, setting forth on the Creek campaign a month after he had been wounded in a silly shooting affray, is enough to show why Andy Jackson was, first and last, the frontiersman's ideal. He could stick it.

Jackson might be so sick that he had to be lifted into the saddle, but it is of record that once started, he did not quit until the job of conquering southern Alabama was completed. He was the only American commander in the War of 1812 who was uniformly successful. Later, when he went after Florida on the slimnest of hints from Washington, he calmly accepted the risk of being disavowed by his superiors if he failed. Legally, that was an outrageous performance, but in a military sense, as a wilderness campaign, it was superb in every detail, proceeding like clockwork to its destined end on an appointed day. When there were no wars, he usually had a feud or an affair of honor on his hands, through which he came with a reputation so fierce that Congressmen dreamed of having their ears cut off when the general started for Washington. Some of these vendettas appear silly at this distance, but perhaps they served their purpose in keeping Andy Jackson in training for his big bout with the seaboard interests.

As President, Jackson saved the Federal Union by standing like a rock against nullification by South Carolina. There is no finer gesture in American history than that of the old warrior, ambushed in a banquet where every speaker had cottoned to nullification, rising to confound

the assembly with the simple toast: "Our Federal Union; it must be preserved." To the end of his days Jackson protested that he would have hanged Calhoun higher than Haman, as a traitor, if South Carolina had walked out of the Union during his Administration. The present biographer makes the interesting conjecture that with Calhoun hanged on that score in 1833 there would have been no Civil War in 1861. Certainly Old Hickory had the Federal forces in condition and position to coerce South Carolina with lightning strokes if there had ever been an overt act of secession by that State; and, as a Southern man, he could have done that job with less resentment than a Northerner. Not that he would have cared about resentment.

JACKSON'S latest biographer makes a plea in extenuation of the "spoils system" which the seventh President sanctioned. Under King Caucus the Congressional leaders secured their rewards in important offices, but there was no need to find small berths for big men. Jackson's organization, however, was built on small men who, after victory, promptly hustled in to get theirs. Lewis, the politician behind Jackson, did not invent the spoils system; he merely extended it. Perhaps so; but the effect was disastrous nevertheless, and the country suffered for years from the shifting of government servants.

In forcing the liquidation of the Bank of the United States, Jackson acted in line with his frontier experience and convictions. Being what he was, it was a natural act, yet hurtful to the country. The Bank no doubt needed reforming and decentralizing; but it was far from being the wicked institution painted by its foes. Even at its worst it was better than no national banking system at all. But of public finance, as he soon demonstrated in the asinine procedure of loaning the Federal surplus to the States, Jackson had little grasp. In his private business operations he could always make money as a planter and lose it as a merchant. So, in office, he could pay national debts and accumulate a surplus; but he went wrong on distributing his surplus, just as he went wrong in distributing goods in Tennessee. Adept at handling men and land, Old Hickory was a landlubber afloat in the sea of capital and credit. At that he might have left the Bank alone if Clay had not raised the issue in the hope of trapping the old fox.

It was to be expected that a fire eater like Andy Jackson would have adventures

out of office as well as in. He battled, it seems, everywhere but at home in those spacious log mansions he reared for himself and his true love, Rachel. He fought in court rooms as in campaigns, in taverns as in chambers of state. In youth he seemed to court duels for their own sake; in middle life he reserved them to confound indecent references to his life with Rachel whom he married in the belief, honestly shared by her, that she was a divorced woman. Mr. Johnson, to his everlasting credit, does not etherealize Rachel; but he does full justice to that intensely vital pioneer woman, nurse, manager, and helpmeet, who kept her man's true love to the end of a cruel and stormy chapter. No matter how high he climbed, Andy Jackson had eyes for none but Rachel; and the cross of slander they had to bear through life as a result of their legal error, soon rectified, united them against a carping world. Rachel died six weeks after Jackson's election to the Presidency; killed, he thought, by partisan attacks of so vile a nature that they would have no place in party organs of the present. Under this burden of grief Jackson went to Washington, there to omit the customary call upon his predecessor because Adams had not seen fit to repudiate the party organ which had slandered Rachel.

A MOST successful biography in its painting of a soul geared to challenge convention, to dare everything for a cause, to suffer everything for a love. A firebrand President, whose ardor burned undimmed from first to last, a beacon to his friends, a terror to his enemies. No saint, no legalist, he could hit men, institutions, and nations below the belt without a qualm. In war and politics he had one goal — victory; but in private life his first thought was honor. The President credited with inventing the spoils system returned to the Hermitage from the White House with \$90 in his pocket. To clear up his debts at Washington he had to sell his cotton crop, so closely had his Presidency sheared the once substantial savings of a lifetime. Dying eight years later, Old Hickory left little except his mark, broad and indelible, upon the map and history of the United States.

There are more authoritative and better documented biographies of Andrew Jackson than this one, and there will be even better ones as time goes on, for Old Hickory's was the sort which will not down. Nevertheless, this is a stirring book, vigorously written and marching to its conclusions with as much snap as Old Hickory showed against the Creeks.

New Books in Brief Review

An Unmarried Father. By Floyd Dell.
New York: George H. Doran Co.
\$2.00.

FLOYD DELL is a member of that sincere group of artists who excite the police, and for the most part bore the public, who deserve a better audience than they receive, and who carry along the tradition that literature may be an art rather than a meretricious profession. "An Unmarried Father" is conceived more in the spirit of a "reformed radical" than a "radical reformer." Norman Overbeck, about to be married to a girl in Vickley, discovered that he was the father of a child by an art student. He caused his engagement to be broken and offered himself in marriage to Isabel Drury. She refused him since she wished to continue her career as a painter, and arranged for the child to be adopted. In revolt at this, Norman left his father's office to avoid the scandal, went to Chicago to find work, and adopted the child himself. A rather weak young man, Norman was aided by the counsel of Dr. Martha Zerke, medical director of the St. Thecla Child Adoption Society, through his period of indecision and spiritual uncertainty. The novel closes with the suggestion that Isabel will marry Norman and perhaps give up art, since she is more a mother and less an artist than she is willing to admit. Mr. Dell is without question sensitive to environment, an idealist who sees in human weakness the impracticability of ideals, and who yet believes. Far from being an incitement to loose living, such books as "An Unmarried Father" are thoughtful and sincere and lead to a greater understanding and morality than all the tawdry ideals that the professional moralist makes such capital of in books, pamphlets, and pronouncements.

Count Ten. By Mildred Evans Gilman.
New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

MILDRED EVANS GILMAN has taken material adequate and suitable for a book of short stories and has woven it all into her new novel, "Count Ten." There is no denying that the novel is interesting, but it suffers from the necessity, due to lack of space, of leaving characters suspended in air, or depositing them rather lamely back where they started from. The underlying story — the gradual transformation of a small New England town from a sleepy, dignified village to a bustling, modern business center — is ably told and possibly justifies what seems to be an overdose of suicide, thwarted love, births, and meanness of one sort or another. Mrs. Gilman has a

keen sense for characters, and depicts them vividly. Miss Stella, one of the most human of Southfield's spinsters, affords an excellent contrast to Elsie Clark, an intensely modern product of the Middle West. All are interesting and far more than just types. The ending is little less than dismal — only the more unpleasant people find happiness.

The Aristocratic Miss Brewster. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

"THE Aristocratic Miss Brewster" will delight Mr. Lincoln's readers as much as has his long list of earlier novels. Here again is a story of a small Cape Cod town, "Snob Town" this time, and Mary Brewster, most aristocratic of the aristocrats, is the central character. How she conceals the dwindled state of the once-flourishing Brewster fortunes from her fellow townsmen and takes a position in the town bank, — a daring move for a young lady of her position in 1904, — and the ensuing story of her business relations and ultimate romance with Capt. David Cummings, not one of the aristocrats, makes delightful reading. Writing in his own element Mr. Lincoln cannot be surpassed.

Three Wives. By Beatrice Kean Seymour.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

"THREE WIVES" deserves more than passing notice as a modern novel a bit better than the usual run of its type. Mrs. Seymour takes three girls through half a dozen years of hectic married existence in London. Each demands a great deal from matrimony, and the ensuing successes and failures make a very readable story that is not quite as improbable as it appears at times. Mrs. Seymour writes vividly, although her tempo becomes somewhat exaggerated at times. Her philosophy as expressed through the varied problems with which she deals is keen and real.

Respectability. By Bohun Lynch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50.

SOMETHING to be feared and hated is the type of respectability that has given its name to Mr. Lynch's novel — the hard, resisting shell of the mid-Victorians. Esther Wade defies it, running away from her detestable husband and going to Italy with Dick Orgrave. He is the most satisfactory of lovers, and for a while their life is perfect. But in the end respectability defeats Esther and her

baby is left to the care of a thoroughly obnoxious but conscientiously virtuous aunt. The child struggles against the same atmosphere that thwarted her mother, but — fortunately, perhaps — we are not quite so respectable nowadays, and she manages to break away with greater success. It is a good story, excellently told. Any bitterness there may be is well controlled and untinged by malice. Toward the end Mr. Lynch lets his enthusiasms creep into prominence, but his discussions of antiques and pictures are interesting and are not entirely out of place.

The Romance of the Atom. By Benjamin Harrow. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50.

THAT physics and mathematics are infinitely harder to popularize than biology or history is obvious. They are abstract sciences, and abstraction is not congenial to popular taste. Yet in this story of the atom is a volume that compares favorably with Slosson's "Creative Chemistry," the greatest work perhaps of scientific popularization in our time. Harrow records the development of the new views of scientists regarding the nature of matter by a narrative of discoveries about the atom. But he begins much earlier with the alchemists, down through Priestly, Mendeléeff, and others. He gives enough of the lives of these heroes of science to make his narrative interesting, but not so much as to obscure his exposition, making for imaginative readers a new world from an old.

In a Yun-Nan Courtyard. By Louise Jordan Miln. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.00.

THOSE who have felt the thrill of China through the eyes of Louise Jordan Miln will rejoice in her latest novel. There are comments aplenty that Mrs. Miln's pictures of China fail to tally with the originals. However this may be, they are drawn with a conviction which is entirely satisfactory to the majority of readers not possessed of first-hand knowledge. "In a Yun-Nan Courtyard" is no exception. A girl from Poughkeepsie, a man from Oxford, an American missionary, a Chinese bandit, a wealthy wax merchant, and a Chinese girl make up the cast; and if the bandit is the only link between the Western characters and the Chinese, it matters little; each episode is delightful. A sense of beauty and a remarkable descriptive power make this story far more than just enjoyable reading.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

THIRTEEN days after ALBERT B. FALL and HARRY F. SINCLAIR were brought to trial in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia for conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the Teapot Dome oil leases, the trial was suddenly and dramatically brought to a close. On November 1, former Senator ATLEE POMERENE and OWEN J. ROBERTS, government counsel, presented Justice FREDERICK SIDDONS with affidavits indicating that detectives from the WILLIAM J. BURNS agency had placed the jurors under constant surveillance. Affidavits also implicated Juror EDWARD KIDWELL, who is said to have expressed himself as indifferent to the prosecution's case, and convinced that it would be a "hung jury" — that is, that the jury's deliberations would end in disagreement. He is also alleged to have stated to DONALD K. KING, Washington newspaper man, and J. RAY AKERS, a street-car conductor, that he expected to get a car "as long as this block" in case SINCLAIR and FALL should be acquitted.

On November 2 when court convened, Justice SIDDONS discharged the jury and declared a mistrial. Government counsel have already informed the defense that they would ask for a new trial in January. A grand jury has been impaneled to investigate the allegations contained in the affidavits presented by ROBERTS and POMERENE.

Meanwhile, neither FALL nor SINCLAIR has had any statement to make.

Many and various have been the tax-reduction plans proposed by legislators and Government officials at the hearings in Washington of the House Ways and

Means Committee. Ideas as to the amount of reduction possible range between \$200,000,000 and \$500,000,000. Secretary of the Treasury MELLON, first to appear before the committee, named \$225,000,000 as the most advisable figure in his opinion. He submitted a program calling for 1, reduction of the corporation tax from 13½ per cent to 12 per cent; 2, permission to corporations with net income of \$25,000 or less, and with not more than ten stockholders, to file returns and pay the tax as partnership or corporation according to their choice; 3, revision of the surtax rates on individual incomes between \$16,000 and \$90,000; 4, repeal of the estate tax; and 5, exemption of the income derived from American bankers' acceptances held by foreign central banks

of issue. To the surprise of many he opposed any change in the remaining war-time taxes, including the three per cent on automobiles and the ten per cent on admission tickets selling for more than seventy-five cents. He maintained that "unless we are to rely almost exclusively on direct taxes paid by a few . . . these are the kinds of taxes which should be retained." Notwithstanding a surplus for the last fiscal year of \$635,000,000, and

reduction by \$400,000,000, while Representative GARNER of Texas, Democratic tax expert, attacked the MELLON plan and set a still higher figure.

Senator PETER NORBECK, nominal Republican of South Dakota and generally rated as one of the Western Progressive group, has surprised other members of the "Western conference," as these Senators are now calling themselves, by indorsing the Presidential candidacy of ex-Gov.

FRANK O. LOWDEN of Illinois. The insurgent group has already indicated that Senator GEORGE W. NORRIS of Nebraska would be its choice, and NORBECK's defection is the earliest evidence of a break in the ranks. "Economic justice for the Northwest will be the major issue in the coming Presidential campaign," reads Senator NORBECK's statement. "The States affected must make a common cause, and support a candidate for President who is friendly to our paramount need. But this is not sufficient. We must give our support to some candidate who has a chance of winning. The logic of the situation points to former Governor LOWDEN."

U. J. HERMANN, theatre manager and former stage hand commonly known as "SPORT" in Chicago, whom Mayor THOMPSON of that city appointed to probe the Chicago Public Library in search of pro-British books, or books containing pro-British sentiments, struck a snag in the person of a local judge on November 1. Mr. HERMANN, the court orders, must tell all he knows about American or any other history, state in writing and in detail just how extensively he has compared various history books, whether he has ever taught the subject, whether he has any natural or acquired prejudices against history or the history of any country, and whether Mayor THOMPSON had ordered him to remove or burn any book from the library. Mr. HERMANN is given until November 22 to hand in his answers to the questions, which were propounded by certain citizens and library officials who resented the mayor's action.

The mayor meanwhile maintains firmly that he is representing the will of the people, and continues to press his case against Superintendent McANDREW of the Chicago schools on charges of insubordination. Whether or not an injunction will be granted restraining him and his agent, HERMANN, from censoring the library may depend largely upon the result of the agent's replies to the questions put to him.

The Week

¶Detectives, a new car, and a mistrial. Sinclair and Fall will defend themselves again in January. But the grand jury will investigate. ¶Mr. Mellon has a plan. Only \$225,000,000 for tax reduction purposes. But Senator Simmons and Representative Garner, Democrats, would knock off more. ¶Senator Norbeck is for Lowden. ¶"What do you know about history?" "Sport" Hermann runs foul of an inquisitive judge. But Chicago's mayor is standing pat. ¶The Pan-American Congress. Mr. Hughes will go. And possibly the President. ¶Colonel Lindbergh finds his job. ¶Prince Carol awaits his hour. And Roumania wonders. ¶The Russians will play ball. ¶Tangier in trouble again. A new set-up in the Mediterranean? Italy sends a squadron. And the black shirts turn out. ¶France tightens her influence in the Balkans. ¶Greece's President survives an attack.

a probable surplus of \$455,000,000 for the present, Mr. Mellon argued that the reduction must be based upon the probable surplus available in 1929. This he estimated at \$274,000,000.

Senator SIMMONS of the committee, after a visit to the White House, appeared and took issue with Mr. MELLON's plan. He agreed with the Secretary on the re-

peal of the estate tax and reduction of the middle surtax brackets, but urged a reduction of the corporation tax below the twelve per cent of Mr. MELLON, and the abolition of the automobile tax and other nuisance taxes. He declared that reduction should certainly reach \$400,000,000. JAMES R. MACCOLL of the United States Chamber of Commerce reiterated before the committee the chamber's demand for

Chicago's
Censor

The Mellon
Plan

Other Plans

When the Pan-American Congress convenes in Havana, Cuba, next January, the delegation from the United States will have as its chairman and official spokesman **CHARLES EVANS HUGHES**, former Secretary of State. There is a very definite possibility that President COOLIDGE himself will go to Havana to open the congress and sound the keynote which is expected to find echo in new harmonies between the nations of the Americas. With Mr. HUGHES in the delegation from this country are such notable figures as **HENRY P. FLETCHER**, Ambassador to Italy, who formerly served in Mexico, Chile, and Cuba; former Senator **UNDERWOOD** of Alabama; **DWIGHT W. MORROW**, newly installed Ambassador at Mexico City; and President **RAY LYMAN WILBUR** of Leland Stanford University. It is hoped that this distinguished committee may be able to resolve some of the misunderstandings which have followed upon the difficulties in Mexico and Nicaragua and over the Tacna-Arica settlement.

All questions as to what Col. **CHARLES A. LINDBERGH** would do after completing his 22,000-mile tour of the nation in the interest of commercial air expansion were answered on October 31. According to a statement issued by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, the famous flyer is to accept an advisory position with that organization and will have a free hand to do anything he sees fit by way of stimulating and developing constructive interest in commercial aviation throughout the country. It was under the auspices of the Guggenheim Fund that Colonel LINDBERGH undertook his whirlwind flight across the continent and back, touching at all the principal cities in each of the forty-eight States. Therefore, it is not greatly surprising that he should definitely affiliate himself further with his recent sponsors. Just what course LINDBERGH's efforts will follow was not stated, nor was the salary at which the young aviator will be retained.

Former Crown Prince **CAROL** of Roumania stated on October 29 — the day on which his mother, the Dowager Queen **MARIE**, celebrated the fifty-first anniversary of her birth — that after three months of importunities from the National Peasants' party he had at last decided to admit officially his candidacy for the throne of his father. It had been his intention ever since King **FERDINAND**'s death last July to refrain from any definite step in defense of his rights until such time as danger of popular discord might be removed. But following the arrest of Under Secretary **MANOILESCU** at the Roumanian frontier and his indictment for high treason because of the Carolist declarations which he was carry-

ing, the royal exile broadcast his intention to wait for "his hour to sound," which occurrence he foresees for the near future, or as soon as his countrymen are allowed to see the situation in its proper light.

The Soviet Government, which had previously refused to collaborate in the disarmament conferences of the League of Nations, sent word recently to Sir **ERIC DRUMMOND**, League Secretary, that it was willing to work with the new disarmament commission. The Soviet had held back on the ground that it could not send delegates to Switzerland in view of the assassination at the Lausanne Conference in 1923 of **VOSLOV VOROVSKI**. Commissar **TCHITCHERIN** of Russia now informs Sir **ERIC** that with the settlement of the **VOROVSKI** incident by the Protocol signed in April between Switzerland and the Soviet his Government is in a position to cooperate. Along with Soviet cooperation in the League's economic conference, it is regarded as an indication that Russia wishes to return to the European diplomatic fold.

The Moroccan city of Tangier which occupies the northwestern tip of Africa has been a pawn in the game of nations for a century and a half. In an older day, the Moors used to launch their attacks against Spain from its convenient harbor.

In the last century, after Great Britain had acquired Gibraltar, it occurred to **NELSON** and other imperial minds that Tangier was a necessity to British security. If it could be made a neutral city, so much the better; if not, then it must be made English. Toward the close of the Eighteenth Century, the neutral status was acquired, a zone of some 200 square miles was set up around the city, and it was placed under the governance of various foreign nations which had interests in the country. When France acquired a protectorate over Morocco and sublet the northern portion to Spain, the international area cut an important slice from the zone of Spanish influence. Ever since, the Spaniards have been eager to acquire jurisdiction over Tangier, claiming that their administration of the city's difficult and troublesome hinterland was impossible without this key district. A month and more ago they made formal petition for the city which was promptly denied. Now they are about to negotiate with France for an improved status.

On the eve of this conference, Italy has resorted to grand-stand methods in flamboyantly dispatching a naval squadron to Tangier under the command of the Prince of Udine. The excuse for the visit was the dedication of an Italian school in the palace of the former sultan, but the visit was made the occasion for an enthusiastic Italian demonstration, black shirts were in evidence, and the whole

effect has been to give other powers the impression that Italy will not consent to any readjustment of Tangier's status unless she is consulted.

In 1923, a new agreement was reached between the powers directly interested in the city: France, Spain, and Great Britain. Subsequently, the convention was ratified by a number of the other powers which were parties to the Algeiras agreement of 1906. The United States and Italy refused to approve the new status. Eight nations are concerned in the government of Tangier, but the 1923 agreement vests the administration in French, Spanish, and British officials.

The present question between France and Spain may be complicated by Italian objection, though it is improbable that France will agree to give Spain added constitutional authority

A Reshuffle over the city. Indeed, there are rumors afloat at the present time of a reshuffle in the Mediterranean sphere whereby Spain would relinquish entirely her protectorate over northern Morocco, leaving the territory entirely in the hands of France. France would give up its League of Nations mandate over Syria to Italy, allowing **MUSSOLINI** his long-demanded territory on which to farm out some of his surplus population. Sir **AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN**, British Foreign Minister, is said to favor this scheme. Certainly, presentation of Tangier to Spain would not meet with the British statesman's approval, since it is a definite tenet of British policy that Tangier shall remain a neutral zone.

France, meanwhile, has been quietly manœuvring in the Balkans to complete her sphere of influence there. Foreign Minister **ARISTIDE BRIAND** has announced that on November 15 a treaty of friendship and mutual defense would be signed with Yugoslavia, and with the consummation of the convention, France is comfortably associated with Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Yugoslavia, and Poland as her allies to the east. The situation is not particularly gratifying to Italy, so it is said. Premier **MUSSOLINI** is believed to have used every effort to prevent the consummation of the treaty, but it was a foregone conclusion after the Italo-Yugoslav dispute over Albania.

Greece's President, Admiral **KONDOURIOTIS**, survived an attempt upon his life by a twenty-five-year-old assassin on October 30. The President was leaving the city hall of Athens and had just entered his motor when the assailant stepped from the crowd and fired through the windshield. Dispatches say that the bullet passed through his hat, wounding him in the temple, though not seriously. The assassin was a young Greek who had been disappointed in securing work.

Hughes to Cuba

Lindbergh Finds a Job

Troublesome Tangier

Carol Awaits "His Hour"

Balkan Dickers

Serious Assault

Italian Theatricals

The Editor Steps Down

EACH year the American Red Cross makes its appeals for members throughout the nation. And each year not only does the response of the people become greater, but the inestimable value of the organization itself becomes more and more apparent. Once again the annual membership drive is on, and again we trust the reaction will be generous and spontaneous. For obvious reasons, the Red Cross needs national support more urgently this year than it has perhaps since the close of the World War, and that we may possibly further the cause of that support, we are glad to publish the following statement which was recently sent in to us from the society's headquarters in Washington:

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1927, the American National Red Cross aided victims of seventy-five major and minor disasters in the United States and at one time had under its care more than half a million homeless persons. Included in the list of those who suffered the ravages of fire, wind, and water, were 60,000 persons affected by the Florida hurricane of September 18, 1926, and approximately 750,000 victims of the Mississippi Valley floods last spring. In these two disasters alone, catastrophes of unprecedented violence and magnitude, did the Red Cross find it necessary to appeal to the public for funds to "carry on."

¶Although more than 3,000,000 persons enlisted in the relief organization last November, it is obvious that the total bulk of membership dues paid at the time of the last roll call could not have paid one eighth of the cost of relief operations in these two disasters. More than \$20,000,000 were needed for the work which included the rebuilding of thousands of homes, the replanting of orchards and thousands of acres of farmlands, temporary shelter, and rationing for three fourths of a million destitute persons. In the other seventy-three disasters, many of which would have been classed as "major" in an ordinary year, the Red Cross paid, out of the membership dues, the bulk of the cost of the relief work.

¶It is significant that, in a year that will go down in Red Cross history as a year of violent disasters, the usual peace-time program of the organization was carried on without loss of efficiency or energy. A total of 768 Red Cross public-health nurses were on duty in isolated communities and in various cities and the First Aid and Life Saving Service was conducting business as usual, in spite of the fact that personnel of both services had been pressed into disaster duty. More than 30,000 persons qualified as life savers during the year and thousands received first aid certificates. Eleven First Aid and Life Saving institutes were held to train leaders.

¶From November 11, Armistice Day, to Thanksgiving, the American Red Cross

will conduct its eleventh annual roll call for members, during which 250,000 men and women, wearing the Red Cross workers' badge, will go among the people inviting them to enlist for service. Dues which are paid at the time of the roll call will finance local Red Cross work and also supply funds for the national and international Red Cross program during 1928.

ON October 26 a rather surprising letter came into our hands from a correspondent in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. On the subject of the Sacco-Vanzetti case we have nothing to say; so far as we are concerned, editorially, the book is closed. The principle of boycotting all Massachusetts organizations, however, because of the assumed transgressions of the State Government in connection with that now notorious case is a different matter, and one which we frankly feel to be narrow and pernicious — based upon reasoning which is not only essentially fallacious but foolish. However, we shall allow the letter to do the greater part of the arguing for itself:

DEAR SIR:

I've received your introductory offer circulars. You'll have to change your place of business if you wish my subscription and that of a lot of others out here who are not "Reds" but who are carefully scrutinizing all the advertising in their mail these days to see if it emanates from Massachusetts, the State that kills men on unproven evidence. The attorney-generals from nearly every State in the Union in their annual convention at Buffalo recently refused to indorse the verdict on the ground that the evidence in the opinion of some was not conclusive! These men would surely wish to uphold the courts but declined to do so in this case.

¶Your Governor Fuller, while Congressman in Washington, on November 10, 1917, in a speech which you will find in the *Congressional Record*, advocated the "crucifixion of the whole brood of Anarchists, Bolsheviks, I. W. W.'s and Revolutionaries" and, when he got his chance, carried out his threat. If that speech did not show prejudice, what could? Massachusetts is afraid of its foreigners and it may well be in view of the low wages paid and consequent living conditions. I never saw worse slums than found in back of your own State House. You arrest the bootlegger, but you uphold your authorities when they violate the Constitutional right of freedom of speech and assembly on your Boston "Common."

¶Send one of your editorial writers to Milwaukee and let us show him our 500,000 men, women, and children, the great majority of whom are of foreign birth or parentage — Germans, Scandinavians, Bohemians, Austrians, Poles,

Russians, Slavonians, Italians, Greeks, and so on, who are made a part of the body politic and who work and live side by side with native Americans in cooperative harmony — a city without strikes, where you will find thousands upon thousands of families living in their own little cottages; and then compare it all with conditions I have personally seen in Holyoke, Lawrence and Lowell. It was a Lowell who helped send Sacco and Vanzetti to their deaths. I note that the Boston newspapers, in their editorial columns following the execution, asked the country now to regard the thing as a "closed incident," but murder "does not down" so easily — the tragedy will go down in the histories of the period as one of the great blots on the century.

¶I speak feelingly as I am a native of Massachusetts — ten generations of my ancestors lived there — and it is a source of personal humiliation and shame that *vengeance* and not *justice* should rule in the old Bay State. I joined with other educators from all over the country in a plea for mercy, not knowing that the whole thing was decided in advance and that the appointment of a committee to review the evidence was only a smoke screen to conceal the real intention of those in power. To "Have Faith in Massachusetts" at the present time is to deny Christ and all His teachings.

LUTIE E. STEARNS.

SO wide has been the interest aroused among our readers by Maj. T. H. Thomas' series of articles on the great battles of the early years of the World War, and so controversial have been some of their more salient points, that we have induced the author to write at least three more for us. The first of these, "Von Kluck and the British," will appear probably in our issue for November 26. The other two now on the way concern "The Old Contemptibles at the Marne" — touching directly and authoritatively upon the Galliény legend which has been so widely argued of late, and the fighting in the Dardanelles. They will be compiled with the same minuteness and skill that have marked their predecessors, and, as heretofore, the author's excellent maps will clarify the more complicated points of military strategy.

We sincerely hope that Major Thomas may be prevailed upon to extend his series even further to include the later campaigns of the war and its phases in other quarters than the western front. In spite of its proximity, already for the expert in military tactics the panorama of the months preceding the Armistice is becoming rapidly clear. Major Thomas, we are convinced, is just such an expert; and beyond that, he is a writer of very rare distinction.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

A SQUARE DEAL FOR GENESIS. 1. The author of this article is one of the leaders in a movement to prohibit the teaching of evolution in the public schools of the country. The movement is being carried forward in the State Legislatures. An example of the anti-evolutionary legislation favored by Dr. Riley is found on the statute books of Tennessee, where it is provided "that it shall be unlawful for any teacher in any of the universities, normal and all other public schools of the State, which are supported in whole or in part by the public school funds of the State, to teach any theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." Articles by opponents of the anti-evolutionary movement have appeared from time to time in THE INDEPENDENT. In order to understand both sides of the question, it would be well to refer to some of these, or to statements made elsewhere by the evolutionists. Four articles dealing in part with this subject by Dr. Albert C. Diefenbach, who opposes Dr. Riley, were published in successive issues of THE INDEPENDENT commencing with that of January 8. Still another, favoring the cause of evolution, was written by Maynard Shipley for the issue of October 1. Read these and Dr. Riley's article in a critical spirit, weighing their arguments and accepting no statement without testing its logic. Supplement Dr. Riley's arguments with those of other anti-evolutionists. Then make two lists, one containing the points of the anti-evolutionists which seem to you valid; another those of the evolutionists. 2. Write an essay of 1,000 words or more supporting or opposing the movement sponsored by Dr. Riley.

TURKEY GOES WESTERN. 1. In order to establish a background for study of this article it is advisable that the class divide itself into groups to report upon various developments in the life of Turkey. The reports may be either written or oral, but from them the class may gain a comprehensive picture of Turkey today. The following are possible subjects for such reports: a. Turkish history since the World War; b. Recent changes in the form of government in Turkey; c. Territorial changes in and around Turkey; d. The Westernization of Ottoman life; e. Mustapha Kemal, the man; f. Mustapha Kemal, dictator and diplomat. Others may be suggested by the class. 2. What was the "war of independence" waged by Turkey against Greece? 3. How has Turkey acquired the title of "sick man of Europe"? 4. What is the significance of the title "Ghazi"? What does it mean? How was it obtained by Mustapha Kemal? 5. To what religious group do a majority of the Turkish people belong? 6. What is the caliphate? 7. What contemporary ruler besides Mustapha Kemal lays claim to being "a man of destiny"? What figure in history is generally called by that name? 8. Draw a parallel, if you think it feasible, between Mustapha Kemal, Mussolini, Primo de Rivera. 9. Comment on the original meaning and the American connotation of the word "sheik." 10. Translate: "*L'état c'est moi.*" To what ruler is the statement generally attributed? 11. What was the movement of the "Young Turks"? 12. Comment on the author's statement that Mustapha Kemal's rule has established "a caste of rulers segregated from the rest of the population." 13. Is the outlook for the future dark or bright as pictured by Mr. Nazaroff?

MAKING PATRIOTISM HUM IN DARKEST CHICAGO. 1. Last week Mr. Yarros sketched in THE INDEPENDENT the high points of Mayor Thompson's remarkable political career. This week he takes up in some detail the two latest objectives of "Big Bill," the elimination of "British propaganda" from the schools, and from the public library. The mayor contends that many of the history texts used by

Chicago school children have a decidedly pro-British slant. Refer again to your own history text, and see if you can find anything pro-British about it. 2. Should a history make heroes of all national figures, such as Washington, Hamilton, Hancock, and villains of their opponents? Is it unpatriotic to suggest that our forefathers were not unselfish, not motivated by purely altruistic motives? 3. What is history? Can a history ever be altogether impartial? How can at least an approach to impartiality be made? 4. Discuss the claims and counterclaims made by European nations on the question of the origin of the World War. Do you believe that war guilt can be ever definitely fixed upon one nation? Compare these with views as to the origin of the American Revolution. 5. What, according to Mr. Yarros, has caused Mayor Thompson to assail Superintendent McAndrew and the history textbooks? Does the mayor seem to be motivated by an interest in education, in history, in patriotism? 6. Mayor Thompson's treatment of the Chicago school problem brings up the whole question of school control. Obviously, schools should be kept out of politics, but the question is "how?" There is also some doubt as to whom — parents, educators, or administrators — the direction of school policies should be intrusted. In the college field it has come down to the question of whether trustees or faculty should have the upper hand. Discuss these matters among yourselves, suggesting remedies if you are able to find any. 7. With the material furnished by Mr. Yarros, supplemented by any you may find in recent newspapers and magazines, write a character sketch of "Big Bill." Compare him, as a type, with Superintendent McAndrew. 8. Define the following terms used by Mr. Yarros: spoilsman, mountebanks, prerogatives, one hundred per cent Babbitt, vindictiveness. Comment on the style of the article.

Back Stage in Washington

(Continued from page 481)

Winston as Under Secretary of the Treasury, General Lord sent downstairs for the Treasury surplus. Winston quite naturally replied that he would be glad to supply figures on the surplus as soon as Lord would send down figures on budget estimates. One had to be subtracted from the other before a conclusion could be reached. Lord, swimming in the heavenly hierarchy he has created, refused to comply. For many weeks there existed in the Treasury the extraordinary picture of an Under Secretary refusing to furnish figures on the surplus while Lord refused to furnish figures on his estimates of expenditure.

One of the prettiest episodes enacted in many a day occurred recently during a military show put on by the Army War College in behalf of an Army charity. Tickets of admission cost \$1, but most of the officials were given complimentary ones. Greatly to the confusion of his official dignity and his customary attention to details, General Lord was found inside the lines without the stubs of admission. Imagine, if you can, the uncontrolled glee of the assembled brothers in arms as they saw him run out the gate by a hard-boiled sergeant of infantry until the price of admission had been purchased anew. I should like to know who put the sergeant up to the trick.

The Lord of our Budget ranks high. At official functions — matters of precedence are of great importance in Washington — the angel of the President follows the

Cabinet and stands ahead of the ambassadors. He is an independent officer, responsible only to the President for whom he frequently attempts to speak.

In all fairness it should be admitted that the relations between the Chief Executive and his budget officer must necessarily be close, and unless the President backs up this very important member of his own office that gentleman's efficiency and usefulness would be very small indeed. However, as anyone at all familiar with official routine must know, it is one thing to order a man of nearly equal rank to do a thing and quite another to request it pleasantly.

The fight between the good Lord and the executive departments has practically reached a point where the Cabinet officers are ready to turn over their entire duties to the general and let him run the national defense of the country. Under our present system of unified defense in the hands of the Director of the Budget the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy can propose what they choose as essential part of their duties and trusts. But the Lord of the Budget, and not of battle, can tell them whether they can have it or not.

The Lord situation, like the McCarl situation, will take care of itself when it has gone too far.

But if an Assistant Secretary of War does resign because the Director of the Budget has taken over his duties I imagine that this Lord's name will be taken in vain. And when it is there lies the probability that a certain commandment will be broken, for the fellow has no difficulty in making himself articulate. His vocabulary is immense and fluent, and — as his friends say, he fears neither man, Lord, nor beasts.

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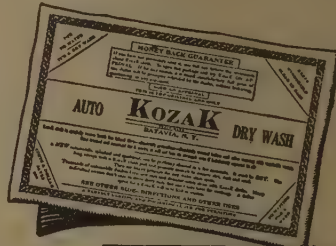
Dull film is a deposit which forms on a glossy automobile finish. It comes from the use of soap and water, oil and wax polishes. Road dust and engine exhaust combine with and harden it. It forms gradually, so that the car owner really thinks the finish is being worn off. Water washing won't remove it, and polishing just adds to it. In time this dull film eats into the finish, just as rust eats iron, destroying the original lustre of the car. It should be cleaned off several times a year and especially before the cold weather causes ice to form over it.

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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A. K. Laing			

WITH villages combed by flood waters or torn away altogether; with highways washed out and railways crippled for a long time to come, Vermont faces one of the hardest winters in her history. Not all of the State has been flooded, but every corner of it is affected in one way or another. A State which is by no means wealthy finds itself in a situation which would tax heavily the resources of the most opulent.

Vermont is primarily agricultural, supplying farm and dairy products for the Eastern market. A large part of her tillable land is in the valleys; there, also, are most of her pastures. Flood waters rising across these lands have wrought untold damage, sweeping away barns and houses, engulfing such live stock as could not be driven to higher ground, undoing the work of fall plowing and planting. At the same time, many of her small manufactories, situated upon the rivers, have been gutted by the very force which turned their wheels. Worst of all has been the destruction of homes, with accompanying loss of life.

If the New England flood was smaller than that in Mississippi and Louisiana, it was more terrible because it was more sudden. It came at a time of

year when no one could anticipate it, and began to recede just as the first snowfall served notice that winter was approaching. Winter and rough weather will be formidable enemies to Vermont this year, but even before they have set in, reconstruction of her transportation systems, her agriculture, her industry, is under way. Vermont steered a lone course through the Revolutionary period, and never since have her people been anything but self-reliant. Even now they are reluctant to call upon others for assistance. The nation, admiring their fortitude and pride, will do all in its power to help them in adversity.

Courage in the Granite State

NEW HAMPSHIRE REFUSES HELP

Governor Says State Can Handle Its Own Problems

SO ran newspaper headlines on November 7, 1927, just after New Hampshire, along with Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, had suffered the greatest and most unexpected flood disaster in its history. To us these curt, almost ungracious, headlines sing a refreshing and unusual

song. New Hampshire during the last few years has been guilty of the customary commercialized sins. Chambers of commerce, Rotary clubs, men of vision in general in that lovely land of mountains and rivers have clamored and clamored successfully for the debasing of her traditions and the prostitution of her beauty. Her roads have become lanes for the selling of hot dogs and soft drinks; her mountains have been asylums for the exploitations of fat Jews and lean Gentiles; her rivers have been sold to corporations and many of her politicians have been hired fellows of the baser sort.

Yet when floods swept over town and meadow, something atavistic stirred in the New Hampshire breast, some ancient memory whispered that the old ways were the best, that States, like men, must stand on their own feet, must take the bad luck with the good, must meet the bill when it falls due and pay the piper if it takes the last cent in the till.

Did New Hampshire broadcast howls for help? Did she even moan feebly and gather her threadbare shawl about her and whine to her sister New England States in the name of the Presidential Range, Daniel Webster, and the Amoskeag Mills? She did nothing of the kind. She said, "This is our trouble and we can attend to it. Send us a little flour and yeast, for which we will gladly pay, and that is all we need, and — thanking you again, but we are very busy — that's that."

There are worse misfortunes than any loss of property. Among them may be listed the loss of self-respect and self-reliance, of courage and independence. We commend the short and simple headlines of New Hampshire's governor to the people of these United States. Ponder and consider them, and then reflect on flood relief, the dole, farm blocs, and the tariff as a local issue! If our national anthem is to be "I've taken my fun where I found it," let us, at least, underwrite the second line without reservation, "And now I must pay for my fun."

Mr. Gilbert, Efficiency Expert

AS Agent General for Reparations Payments under the Dawes Plan, S. Parker Gilbert, graduate of Mr. Mellon's school for bright young men, is altogether within his rights when he recommends changes in the financial policy of the German Government. In his recent note to Finance Minister Koehler he has not exceeded his rights, but only shouldered the responsibilities of his job. Mr. Gilbert charges the German nation, the states, and the communes with overborrowing and overspending. He maintains that the system whereby all tax funds flow into the national treasury, from which they are disbursed to states and communes as need arises, "cannot be considered a provident arrangement for the Reich." He comments unfavorably upon the proposals to increase pensions and official salaries,

questions the measure under which the Government will compensate its nationals for loss or damage to private property during the war. He likewise questions the plan of a general school law for the Reich which he expects may entail excessive costs. He concludes that "these tendencies, if allowed to continue unchecked, are almost certain on the one hand to lead to severe economic reaction and depression, and are likely, on the other, to encourage the impression that Germany is not acting with due regard to her reparation obligations."

The text of the reply made by Finance Minister Koehler has not been given out, but judging by the summary released to newspapers it counters specifically all of Mr. Gilbert's criticisms. Herr Koehler holds that loans have been made with caution and used for productive purposes. He confesses that there may be faults in the financial system, but declares they cannot be rationalized until the economic system is rationalized. He insists that the sums required for increasing pensions and salaries are much smaller than the agent general believes, that the plan to compensate German nationals for war losses results directly from provisions of the Versailles Treaty, that the costs of the school measure will "play no rôle whatever in the near future." "The impression that Germany will disregard her reparation obligations cannot be justified," he concludes, "nor can there be any doubt of the Government's readiness to assist in transfers within the limits set by the economic and financial policies. The German Government has never artificially prejudiced the possibilities of transfers, and rejects any idea of doing so."

With both sides setting forth their views clearly there is hope for a satisfactory solution of the Reich's financial problems. Patience and coöperation will be needed, for within a year the amount due from Germany under the Dawes Plan rises from 1,750,000,000 to 2,500,000,000 gold marks annually.

Germany will do well to heed Mr. Gilbert's sharp criticism of her financial methods. But Germany's creditors, including the United States, must help her, in every way possible, to meet the increasing transfer payments. There is one suggestion in Herr Koehler's reply upon which our own protectionists may well reflect: "The German Government views with serious concern the developments in some of the countries where German goods are sold, since only a lowering of the existing barriers can assure to Germany the export excess necessary to meet her payments." Hampering German trade on the one hand and exacting reparations payments on the other is doubtful policy. Following hard upon the tariff controversy with France, it gives added evidence of the pitfalls which beset our "splendid isolation." If we are to ignore them, we ought at least to do so with our eyes open. It is time the left hand knew what the right hand is doing.

A Little Group of Willful Men

THE name "Western conference" has become so thoroughly tied up with athletics that it is going to be hard to think of anything besides Alonzo Tagg, Robert Zuppke, and football cheer leaders, when it is mentioned. Recently, however, the "irreconcilables" of the Senate, meeting together in Washington, have given it a new connotation. They have appropriated it for themselves, and at the mention hereafter of those hefty syllables all good Progressives are expected to think of Mr. Borah, Mr. Norris, Robert M. La Follette, Jr., and

the rest of the Senate wrecking crew.

In its Washington huddle the new Western conference team put across one disputed first down when it named Mr. Norris as its candidate for President. No one thought that Mr. Norris could be elected, but he seemed likely to trouble some of the other candidates for the Republican nomination, notably Mr. Lowden. Except for this one thrust the team achieved nothing it deemed suitable fodder for the press. At this point, unfortunately or not, Senator Peter Norbeck, South Dakota broken-field runner, tried a new shift play and carried the ball across the wrong goal line. He came out flatly for the candidacy of Mr. Lowden, and the opening game of the season was turned into a dismal rout. In giving out an "I am for him" statement Senator Norbeck explained that while he was entirely in favor of economic justice for the Northwest" as advocated by Mr. Norris and his colleagues, he believed in throwing the conference support "to some candidate who has a chance of winning."

Mr. Norbeck's whirlwind move is of considerable importance in the political field. Quite possibly it will turn others of the irreconcilables in the direction of Mr. Lowden, for a number of them, including Senator Blaine of Wisconsin and Senator McMaster of South Dakota, have given no audible cheers for the Norris candidacy. The irreconcilables have reached the first signpost in their latest flight from Rome. In the early November twilight the question becomes, "Which way?"

The Ninth Anniversary

ON the ninth anniversary of the Armistice which closed the "war to end wars" there is a good deal of speculation about the where and when of the "next" war. Mr. Thomas Edison, while experimenting with rubber plants, announces that the United States must have a rubber-growing industry within her own borders because she will eventually be fighting a European combination of nations. Dr.

Emil Ludwig, German historian, writes in the London *Observer* of an impending European conflict:

We are threatened by a fresh war not owing to the abyss which separates Stalin and Mussolini, but owing to the too well known, ridiculously antiquated and really tedious colonial disputes turning on questions of prestige and fleets which have disturbed Europe ever since the fall of Bismarck, and in which the peoples themselves have never shown any interest. Even the Balkans emerge like an ancient crone from the general submersion, and are seeking to incite the stars of the European stage to conflict.

Even the most heroic idealists of 1918 have lost their visions of enduring peace. There is a growing presentiment that the idea of a "war to end wars" originated in myth and was capitalized by propagandists, opportunists, worldly-wise men, to further their own devices. There is a prevalent conviction that war is inevitable in the scheme of human affairs; that man is a quarrelsome animal designed by nature to kill members of his own kind. Economists tell us that war is a means of relieving the pressure of population against food supply.

However this may be, there is nothing to be lost by continued efforts to preserve peace through political means. There is one political agency — the League of Nations, and with it the World Court — which survives, if precariously, the time of repentance and idealism. The League is the one sign left that people talked in 1918 about the "outlawry of war." Herr Stresemann, M. Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain should not forget the original intent which motivated the formation of the League in their efforts to solve the colonial and Balkan problems to which Dr. Ludwig alludes. The United States, for her part, should look critically but not with prejudice upon League activities. If there is any hope for lasting or even temporary peace, it lies at Geneva. If the League is reduced to ritual or scrapped altogether, Armistice Day will become nothing more than a holiday to celebrate disillusionment.

Grist for the Divorce Mills

WAILS rise from here and there in the newspapers of this republic occasioned by the recently published statistics upon marriage and divorce. It seems that while marriages have increased in a ratio somewhat below that of the natural increase of population, divorces have advanced in a perceptibly larger degree. This is generally supposed to be a pretty horrible thing, and a symbol of the decay of the American home.

We suppose it is, in theory, a horrible thing, and yet, how natural it is! As we survey our friends and acquaintances, it seems to us almost inevitable. Marriage is an institution which harnesses obviously unfit and improper partners into a theoretically lifelong team. If it were not for "the children"

and for a lot of other social factors of greater or less relative importance, most of these solemn yokings would fall apart from sheer mutual dislike at the end of the so-called honeymoon. Comparatively lenient divorce laws dissolve the more frivolous and least rational unions in an increasingly higher percentage. This condition is not deplorable in itself. The deplorable thing is the lack of education, the lack of foresight, self-control, and common sense which permits so many ill-advised, impossible, ill-considered, and sensual marriages, and then dubs them sacramental unions of body, soul, and spirit, sworn to fidelity forever and ever, amen.

We are not opposed to divorce, but we are opposed to stupid marriages. They result in stupid children, in misery, and in shameful loss of self-respect and character. Fewer and better marriages! say we, and not — More marriages and less divorce! The right to marry should be confined to people who have demonstrated certain qualities of knowledge, adjustability, and character. Instead of giving degrees qualifying mere Bachelors of Arts or Sciences, our universities should pick out a few of the wisest and most hopeful students of the humanities, and send them out into a wasteful world labeled as "marriageables" or "marriageable bachelors" of their respective categories. So, something might be done. As it is, unfit will go on marrying unfit and no religious injunction or foggy solemn oath will prevent such marriages from dissolving in the test tube of life as it is lived.

A Sherlock Brought to Judgment

NO amount of red herring such as that dragged across the trail by William J. Burns, head of the Burns Detective Agency, should be allowed to halt the investigation of jury tampering in the Fall-



Sinclair trial. No sooner does the Government press its charges against the defense, in whose service the agency seems to have been engaged, than Mr. Burns makes counter-charges against the Government. He declares that the only shadowing of jurors which has come to his knowledge is shadowing on the part of govern-

ment agents. His own detectives? They have been engaged only in protecting jurors from government tampering. He accuses Harris L. Lamb, Special Assistant Attorney-General, with having shadowed Norman L. Glasscock, Juror No. 4 in the Fall-Sinclair panel. Mr. Lamb denies that he ever before heard of, much less shadowed, Juror Glasscock, and provides an alibi sufficient to discredit the Burns story. Juror Glasscock, brought to the fore, declares that he never before saw Mr. Lamb.

This ruse by Mr. Burns is transparent, childlike, but goes to show the kind of thing the District of Columbia grand jury will have to wade through in getting at the facts. It discredits the myth of the noble detective, so popular in literature; proves again that those behind the jury shadowing are not particular about their methods or the methods of their agents so long as they see a chance of squirming out of difficulty.

Civic Pride in Philadelphia

A GOOD share of the blame for boss rule in government lies squarely with the electorate. As an example of what a group of politically minded citizens — Pennsylvanians, in this case — will do, take the recent infelicities at the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia. Senator Reed Smoot of Utah, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, was speaking on problems of national debt and tax reduction. Here was a man who knew more about his subject than a whole army of flatulent political bosses knew about anything — a man



who had something to say and was anxious to say it. Did the assembled high-minded, straight-thinking populace manifest any concern over the problem, or any show of courtesy toward Senator Smoot? Not if reports of the meeting are to be trusted. Hardly had the speech commenced when the crowd began to manifest restlessness. Restlessness grew into defiance, and defiance took the visible and extremely audible embodiment of a brass band, which blared into the hall with complete disregard of the speaker. When the disturbance was over, the Senator commenced anew, but presently came another. The Senator wiped his brow and sought the doubtful solace of ice water. Band followed band, and to supplement the charivari a battalion of Philadelphia maidens marched down the aisles attired in yellow slickers, manoeuvred on the stage, turned their backs to the audience, and revealed in black type, "Vote the Straight Republican Ticket."

It is not certain that Senator Smoot is a spell-binder, nor that he chose an opportune moment, amid the fever heat of Philadelphia local politics, to deal with a national problem. What was Senator Smoot doing in Philadelphia, anyhow? If a man is to be judged by his friends, the Senator's new associates do not redound to his credit. His reception in Philadelphia is a sorry commentary on the electorate, yet the very thing he might have anticipated from those favorable to the cause of William Scott Vare. Doubtless the memory of it will lead him to watch his step more closely, to scrutinize more carefully the company he keeps.

When the Capitol Doors Swing

SENATOR MOSES of New Hampshire has expressed a mild degree of grief over the prospects of the seventieth Congress. It is surprising, considering the large amount of important business to be transacted and the increasing possibility of deadlock upon deadlock, that our whole legislative throng has not broken down and wept upon leaving home and hinterland. The fact that only one of them has admitted worry goes to show of what adamantine stuff legislators are made. Saint George sparring with the dragon, Theseus rounding a corner to meet



the Minotaur, Perseus with his mirror backing toward the Gorgon, were not less valiant than our stout-hearted Senators and Representatives now closing upon Washington. Consider, for a moment, the conflict which will be precipitated there.

In the House the Republican party will have a comfortable working majority, mustering 238 votes against 194 for the Democrats, two for the Farmer-Labor party, and one Socialist. Among those 238, however, will be upward of ten insurgents whose regularity is doubtful, and whose sympathies are at the opposite pole from those of the Administration. In the Senate there are forty-eight Republicans, including Smith and Vare, to oppose forty-seven Democrats. If Smith and Vare are bludgeoned out of the Senate Chamber the Democrats will have the advantage by one vote, at least until new appointments are made. Senator Shipstead, the Farmer-Labor member, is counted upon to side with the Republicans, thus making the numerical strength of the two groups forty-seven-all, but in the Republican ranks are La Follette, Borah, Brookhart, Frazier, Norris, and a number of others, whose regularity is by no means assured. Two weeks before the battle it appears that Vice President Dawes will preside over a maelstrom.

Into an unruly House and a divided Senate will come three outstanding problems and a slew of less urgent but no less troublous matters clamoring for solution. Farm relief, tax reduction, and flood control lead the van. The first of these is no stranger either to Congress or the public; it provided the principal fireworks in last year's pyrotechnic display, and has been sending up Roman candles and frequent skyrockets ever since. From Rapid City this summer the Administration sent out an ill-fated trial balloon which was brought down in short order by snipers in the tier of central States. Another Administration scheme, the Jardine plan, is still afloat and occasioning considerable excitement.

Secretary Jardine would set up a farm board "consisting of able men who understand agriculture and are sympathetic toward the problems." Its method of appointment is doubtful, but "this board would be a recognition of a public responsibility toward agriculture in encouraging sound business methods in agriculture, and in minimizing price fluctuations due to unpreventable surpluses and shortages." Behind it would be a new statistical service, and "a revolving fund from which the board could advance to commodity organizations, according to law." Up to this point the plan does not differ greatly from the McNary-Haugen measure. It is in the methods for stabilizing farm prices that the two plans diverge. The McNary-Haugen idea is to dump surpluses on the world market and assess the resulting loss against producers through an "equalization fee." Under the Administration plan stabilization corporations would buy up and store surpluses; there would be no dumping abroad, no equalization fee.

As for permanent flood control in the Mississippi Valley, it promises to be a costly business. Five Army boards have collaborated in preparing the plan, and are expected to have it ready for the opening of Congress. It is said to depart from the faith in "levees only," and to include provision for spillways, notably one to connect with the Atchafalaya River. There is some talk of "source control," involving provisions for reforestation in the upper reaches of the valley. The cost is estimated at between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000 over a period of ten years. Associated with the flood-control plan, rightly or not, is the Boulder Dam project incorporated in the Swing-Johnson bill, under which power developments would be made on the Colorado River at Boulder Cañon, and the Imperial Valley of California protected against floods. Besides these public works, there are the questions of Muscle Shoals and the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway.

With farm relief, flood control, besides military appropriations on the schedule, there is considerable debate as to the amount of tax reduction possible. Administration plans do not rise far above \$200,000,000; Democratic proposals climb to two and one half times that amount. With a Presidential campaign in prospect, the idea seems to be to push appropriations into future budgets and to give the public a gratifying cut for the next fiscal year.

Here, taken all in all, is fodder for a boisterous banquet, kindling for a tremendous legislative conflagration. Senator Borah comes out of the West and talks prohibition; La Follette joins him in marshaling the insurgents; the President tries to hearten the public with a report of favorable business conditions, but in some respects the report suggests anything but widespread prosperity. The Administration arms cautiously while Democrats incline to braggadocio. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit*, but for the present, trepidation is in the air.

New Pages for Young Eyes

By Henry Beston

NOW that I have completed my annual review with the books standing in piles on every piece of furniture I own, my mind wanders off for a moment to the books of my own childhood. It was the 'nineties, and though I was a good little Americano, the books which were given me were often of British authorship and manufacture. I wonder if other infants of the 'nineties had this same experience, and sat by a New England fireside, their ears full of the howling of a New England north-easter, reading "Chatter-box" and the Henty books. I remember those English books and annuals. I had a typical one; it was called "Uncle Sam's Story Book," and on its tobacco-brown cover stood a picture of Uncle Sam sprawled out in a chair—quite an American Uncle Sam. But inside you found a pirated or a bought-up English storybook full of nice little stories about little Cecil and Victoria's visit to the vicar, anecdotes about the London zoo, and novelettes about mysterious and charming young governesses who fell in love with one's young but fully bewhiskered uncle. The pictures, as I remember them, were quite Tennysonian: punts in placid English rivers, little girls in sun-bonnets, hayfields, rustics, English ladies and gentlemen of the late 'eighties, and British soldiers in show uniforms and bearskin shakos. The books as a whole were well written, genteel, and genteelly snobbish.

No, there was very little American material. The boys had the best of it, for they could put their hands on tales of the Wild West, Indians, and the prairies, the Frank Merriwell kind of thing. Cooper was but little read. Turning now to this material scattered all about me, I note how we have created a juvenilia and a wonderland that is entirely our own. Our characteristic American world of mechanisms has already begun to appear; I find talking engines and garrulous steam shovels figuring in the autumn issues. American nature, American birds; the American scene—all that is consolidating its position. It is just as well. We may as well begin to form the American soul in its early years.

It was beginning to get cold. Gusts of autumnal wind were shaking the leaves out of the elms; pretty soon there would be a glasslike film of ice on the

horse trough just outside the barn. Charles, the rooster, was quite upset about it; Henrietta, his wife, was troubled, too; and even Hank, the horse, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb, the spiders, faced the long, cold months in a none-too-contented frame of mind. Then one day Charles had a long conversation with a swallow about going south. Charles thought it would be a wonderful thing if the domestic animals would only follow the swallow's example. So he held a meeting in the barn, explained the swallow's migration idea to the other barn animals and induced them all to go south to Florida. The swallow obligingly furnished them with a map.

So begins Mr. Walter R. Brooks' "To and Again" (Knopf), one of the best bits of civilized fooling that I have read for some time. The story of the migrating animals is told with extraordinary reality. Its fun is wholesome and genial and flows naturally out of the story; it is never pumped up and it never descends to clowning. Migrating barn animals—how hideously easy it would have been to spoil it all, to ruin the delightful idea, with the slightest touch of comic supplement! Mr. Brooks has avoided every pitfall, and, moreover, his story is just the right length. Mr. Knopf presents it in an unpretentious but pleasant binding, and the black-and-white pictures which go with it fall in well with the text. I do not recommend this for the comic-supplement child; I recommend it for the child with a sense of fun and the beginnings of a civilized and human mind. Here's the best thing he has had for years.

ABRACADABRA and over the wall we go. A garden in the Versailles style, a blue lakelet edged with white marble worn away by the waves of a thousand fairy years, a giant castle with walls and towers, a great blue mountain and a cloud, and somewhere and far-away, now heard, now unheard, a sound of loveliest music. I shall take up the collections first. The first collection is entitled "Playmates in Print"; it is edited by Edna Whiteman and published by Nelson. Of the collecting of collections there is apparently no end. This is a harmless little gathering assembled by an editor who has worked with children. It is one of those things about which the critic can say nothing specially pleasant or

Mr. Henry Beston, himself a well-known author of fairy tales and books of high adventure for boys and girls, surveys the publishers' autumn list of juveniles. The feature which strikes him most forcibly in considering the modern juvenile is the presence in many of the books of the spirit of the "machine age," the tendency of authors of children's as well as adults' books to write in terms of actual life and experience rather than according to the traditional Henty formula

unpleasant. I notice that Miss Whiteman restores the familiar "Goldilocks and the Three Bears" to its original folk-tale form. Instead of Goldilocks eating up the porridge and sitting in the chair, a fox named Scrapefoot does these things. To my mind, Miss Whiteman would have done better to let Southey's story go, for the poet put literary flavor and delicacy into a casual rustic myth. Goldilocks is a pleasant little person, her name has become almost as familiar to us as Cinderella's, while we can have Scrapefoot, the fox, in any number of folk tales. Another collection is entitled "A Treasury of Tales for Little Folks," with Marjory Bruce, editor, and Thomas Y. Crowell, publisher. The editor has drawn too heavily on folk tales, and the illustrations have a folk-tale violence that I do not care for. There are too many grotesques and ogres. Editors do not seem to realize that the body of folk-tale material has to be adapted for children with the greatest care. After all, folk tales were originally grown-up tales. Some are nothing but degenerate myths full of the old bones of primitive cruelty. I see nothing in this particular collection to recommend.

Let us go on into the garden and see the new people who have been invented and written about during the year. Here is "Canute Whistlewinks," by Zacharias Topelius, the "Hans Andersen of Finland." The description in quotes is not unfair, for the stories are pleasant but thin; they are indeed the work of a secondary Andersen. What I like best about these Topelius stories is their northern atmosphere, their sense of snow and cold and ice. Longmans, Green is the publisher. In "Goosetown Tales," by Alice Lawton (Thomas Y. Crowell), I find various stories built up of the characters and incidents in Mother Goose. For instance, the verse about "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son" who "stole a pig and away he run" becomes an original story in this book. The idea is an amusing one, but Miss Lawton does less with it than one might expect. If she adds nothing much to the stories, she takes nothing from them; sometimes the verse and the story are practically identical; surely she could have done better with such material. I have an idea, however, that children will like these stories better than I do.

FAR down a pleasant alley of the formal gardens I find two books all by themselves. I look at them and wonder what I can possibly say. They are published and sent out as children's books, but actually they are not. What can we say of the growing number of books that are supposedly "juveniles" yet are really "adultiles"? Consider the first, Mr. Kreymborg's "Funnybone Alley" (Macaulay). Now, I like Mr. Kreymborg's work — I like it very much; but what am I to make of this vague evocation of children in a dream alley of

New York, of this tapestry of poetic feeling in which nothing happens and no characters take on definition, of this intellectual fantasy with its intellectual jesting. Consider this sentence — Mr. Kreymborg will forgive me for having torn it from its context: "For there sat Mrs. Crimins primed with the latest interruptions," and this phrase, "A preliminary promise as to the brevity of introductory remarks . . ." What do you make of it? Is this kind of thing written for children? It may be written for them, but alas! they won't read it. Another "adultile" is "The Magic Pawnshop" (Dutton). It is well written, but it is not for children; it may have broomsticks and fairies, but they are for a grown-up mind to play with, not for children to believe in. The soul of the book is its well-bred, intellectual banter. The plot concerns a little girl in Greenwich Village who pawns her conscience. I find this kind of phrase: "The mechanism is complicated and the parts so fragile . . ." Can't you hear the modern young ladies in boarding school? No, this is not children's fun.

AH, here is a whole batch of books for smaller children. Here is "Pantaloons," by Elizabeth Keeley Stokely (Doran), a big, pleasantly illustrated book giving the lively adventures of a fairy-tale clown in a fairy-tale circus. Children will like this, I am sure. Another Doran book, "The Last Dragon," by Dan Tothero, ought to go straight to their hearts. Mr. Tothero tells of the last dragon in the world and of the children who found him because they believed in him. Both the dragon and the children are delightful creations, and the story is spiced like a cake with amusing adventure. Altogether a very pleasant book, and one sure to be read over and over again. Mr. Arthur Bowie Chrisman's second collection of Chinese fairy tales (Dutton) is another book for the Christmas shelf. He has entitled this one "The Wind That Wouldn't Blow." The stories are as good as ever, — rather a miracle when one is trying to repeat a success, — and Mr. Chrisman has managed to convey a pleasant impression that they were originally told orally. Else Hasselriis has illustrated this collection with the same kind of silhouettes we found in the first. I like these silhouettes very much; they are rather a rest from an overturned paint pot of color. "Pillowtime Tales," by Patten Beard (Rand McNally), are for the little fellows, pleasant little tales — anecdotes might be a better word — with a good-behavior morality. I for one have no objection whatever to a little morality in the literary pudding. As long as it is not rubbed in offensively, it does children no harm. Indeed, I wish there were more such pleasant guideposts to good manners.

The rise of the human spirit against the slavery of machinery has extended this year to the world of juvenile books. This one, "The Giant Sorcerer,"

by William Whitman, 3rd (Houghton Mifflin), is in many ways the most original and imaginative single story of the year. It deals with the kidnaping of a little girl by Mechanus — a kind of giant robot who symbolizes the increasing pressure of machinery on our bodies and souls — and her rescue by her brother. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Whitman might have done more with his idea and his plot, for though the figures of the story are appealing, the incidents in which they move are thin. And I cannot forgive him for the odd *volte-face* he makes at the end of the book. When Mechanus has been overthrown by the boy in the story, with the help of nature and the animals, he is allowed to reestablish his power on the plea that without him we should actually have to do without tinned food, radios, phonographs, and so on: in a word, without the very gifts which have soured life by emptying it of its own impulses to creation. Let me not cavil too much, however; the idea is interesting, original, and imaginative, and I wish Mr. Whitman luck with it. In "A Merry-go-round of Modern Tales" (Dutton) we come upon the other school. Here we have the modest motor truck and the disobedient train. As long as we live in a mechanized world, I suppose this sort of thing has got to come, and I must say that Miss Caroline D. Emerson has done it skillfully and entertainingly. Here are other good things: "The Lion-Hearted Kitten" (Macmillan), good, simple little stories for youngsters of the early bedtime-story age; "Skitter Cat and Major," by Eleanor Youmans (Bobbs-Merrill), a pleasant tale of a real dog, a real cat, and a real family; "George Washington Lincoln," by Margaret Loring Thomas (Appleton), an account of a little boy's trip abroad alone — children will find this amusing, informative, and readable, and parents will find it a good book to read aloud; "The Indian How Book," by Arthur C. Parker (Doran), an excellent, clean-cut, and complete account of how Indians lived; and "The Skin Horse," by Margery Williams Bianco (Doran), a delicate and touching little story of a little boy and an old, old toy.

PICTURE books — let's see. "The Somersaulting Rabbit," by Marian Bullard (Doubleday, Page), is an excellent account, with page pictures, of the rabbit who would turn somersaults and try to be a night animal. And then we have a whole series of delightful picture books issued by Macmillan. They are called "The Happy Hour Picture Books" and cost fifty cents apiece. These little books are the most successful color books of the kind I have ever seen and, moreover, just the right people have been found to illustrate them. If I were in the business of printing children's books I would kidnap Mr. Frank Dobias, Mr. G. M. Richards, Mr. Elmer and Mrs. Berta Hader. All the illustrations are good, those of Mr. Dobias being particularly to my

liking. The subjects of the books are the Ugly Duckling, Jack and the Bean Stalk, Hansel and Gretel, the Pied Piper, and various other fairy folk.

THERE are many more books which seem to me to deserve special mention. The first is "Gessar Khan" (Doran), a Tibetan legend retold by Ida Zeitlin and illustrated by Theodore Nadejen. Here one has the fairy tale at its modern best, and the modern printer at his best. I say fairy tale, but the material with which Miss Zeitlin worked was really an Asiatic hero legend. I have never read the original, but perhaps I do not need to since reading this spirited and vigorous version. For Mr. Nadejen's pictures I have only the highest praise; he has caught in them something of the elusive mystery of Asia, and there is an Asiatic rhythm to the drawings and paintings. As a piece of bookmaking, "Gessar Khan" has no superiors and scarcely a rival on the autumn tables. "Jungle John," by John Budden (Longmans, Green), is another book for the discriminating. It is written by an Englishman and deals with the Indian jungle and its animals. It is illustrated by another English resident of India, Maj. Gen. H. J. P. Browne, C.B., of the Fifth Royal Gurkha Rifles, Frontier Force. I give the whole title because it adds a flavor of the book. John is a little boy who is taken out into the jungle by his father, an officer in the Indian Forest Service. Any boy who likes to read about Indian wild life will like this very readable narrative. Of course, there is a deal of hunting in it, and this I might possibly quarrel with, for I believe that we must now watch over the wild life of the earth with utmost care. Big-game hunting ought to be stopped and stopped forever; it was always apt to be a massacre. The only reason that I let "Jungle John" through the lines is because the killing in it is usually done for a reason. Major General Browne's pictures are first-rate. In "Gay-Neck," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, we have the story of a carrier pigeon who served in the war. It is beautifully told, and the emphasis, instead of being on killing or hunting, is on mercy and kindness. The book is published by Dutton and illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. "Tewa Firelight Tales," by Ahlee James (Longmans, Green), is an excellent compilation of Tewa folk tales told by the Indians of San Ildefonso Pueblo. The illustrations are by Indian artists of the pueblo region. "Tales from Pirate Isles," by Frances Jenkins Olcott, is another compilation, the sources of this book being folk tales of Eastern seas. The flavor of the East has been quite marvelously retained by these stories, and the pictures have been done by an artist familiar with the region. Miss Olcott might have left out a joke or two about cannibalism without injuring her book, and there is a reference to blood-drinking that has no particular place in a children's (Continued on page 512)

Give the Children's Editor a Hand

By William Whitman, 3rd

ONE of the most interesting and at the same time most progressive branches of modern publishing is the department of children's books. The novel and essay, the volumes of biography and history appear in much the same style as they did ten or

fifteen years ago, and the problem of their successful manufacture and sale has scarcely altered. But children's books have changed in the last few years, and the practices of present publishing suggest that this change is to be permanent.

In the first place, from the publisher's point of view "juveniles" do not behave like other books. Although they seldom sell particularly well during the first year of their appearance, if they become popular their sale is prolonged over many years with scarcely any effort on the part of the publisher. Books like "Tom Sawyer," Aldrich's "Bad Boy," and the "Jungle Books" sell as well today as they did twenty years ago. But brilliant juveniles are few and the return on merely good books so slight that few authors of ability write professionally for children. It is difficult to serialize a juvenile because there are comparatively few magazines which print them, and even these cannot afford to pay much. There are no motion-picture royalties, and the book royalties for the first year, even when the work enjoys a considerable popularity, cannot compare with the royalties on a successful novel whose initial sale is so much greater. These reasons with one or two brilliant exceptions prevent first-class writers from attempting to write books for children unless they happen to have a story in mind that demands telling. The old stories are still in most cases the best, and very few new ones of importance appear each year despite the great quantity of volumes that are brought out hopefully each fall for the Christmas Tree deluge of gifts.

Many of the best books for children were written originally for grown-ups: "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Ivanhoe." A fruitful source of juvenile material is the primitive legend and folk tale and ballad adapted for children. But good writers and great writers occasionally write children's books at one time or another as well as books for adults. Thackeray, Stevenson, Kipling, and others have contributed their share beginning

The increased demand for children's books has forced publishers to pay more and more attention to this branch, until recent years considered an unimportant side line. Mr. Whitman, formerly head of the children's book department in one of the large publishing houses, is also the author of several juveniles. His article is an illuminating survey of recent trends in children's books and a criticism of a few timeworn traditions which still hamper the publishers

as far back as 1765 when "The History of Margery Two-Shoes," suspected as the work of Oliver Goldsmith, first appeared in flowered and Dutch-gilt paper under the imprint of John Newbery, that "philanthropic bookseller of St. Paul's Churchyard, who has

written so many little books for children."

But the problems confronting the publisher of children's books are much more complicated than the author's. From the mass of material which the publisher receives each year he has to cull his list of juveniles. Over ninety per cent of the manuscripts are useless, the great mass of them either imitations of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Peter Rabbit" or lifeless and wooden accounts of child life. Historical books, books of adventure, books about school life are usually more competently done; but the urge to repeat over and over again what has successfully gone before seems to be the failing of the great majority of writers.

WHEN the publisher adds a manuscript to his list, he must find an illustrator to interpret the text. This is not so essential with stories for older boys and girls, but a necessity with books for children from four to twelve. It is by no means a simple task, for good illustrators, like good authors, are few and far between, and original, competent work is soon recognized and employed at prohibitively high prices for all except the superlatively illustrated editions of standard books. Moreover, illustrators usually confine themselves to distinct types of work—the fairy story, the animal story, the historical or the modern story.

The art of successful publishing is the art of exploitation, but children's books differ from other types of publications in this respect. In the first place they are sold chiefly at Christmas time to people who do not read them, who, generally speaking, know nothing about them; they are sold without the help of advertising campaigns on a competitive basis as they lie displayed on the bookseller's counter. Moreover, children's books are usually considered a side line of legitimate publishing, and so are frequently neglected by publishers' salesmen for the easier and more spectacular sale of popular novels and biographies. Booksellers are cautious and

prefer to invest their money in books on which they receive a quicker return, being frequently indifferent to and ignorant of what is best each season.

MODERN publishing has attacked this problem in an interesting fashion. Most of the largest and the best houses have established separate departments under the guidance of a children's book editor who selects the texts for publication, hires the illustrators, arranges the type and format of each book, and gives her enthusiasm — in most cases this work is being done by women — to fresh channels for the suitable exploitation of children's books. Concurrent with this development has been the rise of the children's bookstore, where a special point is made of the display and sale of juvenile literature, the inauguration of Children's Book Week, and children's book-review pages in the most up-to-date newspaper literary supplements. That more people are becoming interested in what they give their children to read, that more money is being spent on children's books is obvious from the fact that these publishing and bookselling activities flourish.

The result of this increasing consciousness of the possibilities of books for children is extremely heartening. At no time in the history of publishing have such beautiful and satisfying juveniles been made. While the art of writing has remained fairly stationary, the art of making attractive books for children has increased enormously, due mainly to the skill and ingenuity of editors; and better books at all prices are being offered to the public. In general this product is divided into two classes: the recognized standard books which have a steady sale from year to year, and new books by known and unknown authors. Of the former, lavishly illustrated editions appear on the market at unusually low prices. This is possible mainly because the publisher, sure of a steady sale, can afford to manufacture on a quantitative basis and so at a reduced cost. And as the illustrator is usually selected for his name as well as his illustrations, the book enjoys a double sales value. Also, in many cases where the books are well designed and published at a low cost, the libraries buy them for their reading rooms.

Of the new books brought out each year, the same general principles hold true, but with the difference

that the publishing risk is much greater. Established books may be reillustrated and still make use of the old text plates from which the book was originally printed. Frequently the copyright has lapsed and there are no author's royalties. New books receive no such help. Children's books being expensive to make, the publisher usually puts the money ordinarily laid aside for advertising into the make-up of the book itself. And since children's books are seldom reviewed by newspapers, advertising appropriations being small, a new children's book gets comparatively little publicity, which means in turn that the public is uninformed and is forced to rely on appearance and the bookseller's casual recommendation. Every so often a book like A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" enjoys the applause and popularity of a best-selling novel — but this is unusual and such sales are seldom counted on. Here the ingenuity and taste of the children's book editor is invaluable. She must contrive to make an attractive book giving the appearance of lavish illustrating which can be manufactured at a low cost.

THERE are, of course, exceptions. Books for girls and boys of high-school age, stories that approach the novel in substance, do not need to be so well illustrated as stories for younger children. Then there is the publisher who prints cheap books wholesale for the department stores, whose product is generally more harmless than harmful, and whose gross methods are not sufficiently successful to find universal imitation. And it is to be regretted that certain houses, through lack of taste and a false sense of economy, fail to bring out their children's books in a modern and attractive style. Booksellers occasionally object to a modernity that they do not understand. But in general they are forced to move with the times. Children's books are the subjects of a wholesome activity. The making of them, if not the writing, is slowly but surely approaching the dignity of an art which is modern, stimulating, and progressive. The pernicious attitude that what was good enough for one generation is good enough for the next is slowly giving way to a less narrow-minded conservatism. As the child is father to the man, so are good children's books fathers to a broad and intelligent education.

Norwich Mill Pond: Winter Afternoon

Ice demons crack a hundred hidden whips
As daylight wanes, and purple shadows grow,
Seeking the East with slender finger tips.
Then silence falls; and lightly over snow
There steals a murmur from forgotten lips,
The ghost of laughter perished long ago.

A. K. LAING.

Through the Gates to the Child's Library

*Some of the Drawings—Each
Season a More Integral Part
of the Books They So Richly
Illuminate—from the Pub-
lishers' Autumn Lists for
the Young Bibliophile*



FRONTISPIECE DRAWN BY WILLY POGANY FOR "LOOKING OUT OF JIMMIE" (E. P. DUTTON & CO.), BY E. H. FLANDERS



ONE OF E. H. SHEPARD'S CHARMING DRAWINGS FOR CHRISTOPHER ROBIN'S THIRD BOOK, "NOW WE ARE SIX," BROUGHT OUT THIS FALL BY E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY



ONE OF DUGALD WALKER'S DECORATIONS FOR THE MACMILLAN REPRINT OF JEAN INGELOW'S FAMOUS COLLECTION OF TALES, "MOPSA, THE FAIRY"



ARNOLD HALL HAS CONTRIBUTED SOME SPLENDID PEN-AND-WASH DRAWINGS TO THE NEW MINTON BALCH EDITION OF THAT OLD STAND-BY, "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"



DOROTHY LATHROP HAS ILLUSTRATED THE NEW HARPER EDITION OF "MOPSA, THE FAIRY" THE SECOND REPRINT OF THAT CLASSIC TO BE ADDED TO THE LIST OF BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS THIS AUTUMN



AN ENTERTAINING SCISSOR-CUT BY LISL HUMMEL FOR THE MACMILLAN EDITION OF "THE GOOD-NATURED BEAR," BY RICHARD HENRY HORNE



TWO OF FRANK MCINTOSH'S EXQUISITE DECORATIONS FOR ZACHARIAS TOPELIUS' "CANUTE WHISTLEWINKS AND OTHER STORIES," PUBLISHED THIS AUTUMN BY LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY



A DRAWING BY E. H. SHEPARD FOR HUGH WAL-
POLE'S "JEREMY," INCLUDED IN THE CHILDREN'S
LIST OF GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



ANOTHER OF FRANK MCINTOSH'S IL-
LUMINATIONS FOR "CANUTE WHISTLE-
WINKS"



"CHRISTOPHER ROBIN
HAD WHEEZLES
AND SNEEZLES,
THEY BUNDLED HIM
INTO
HIS BED"

THE STRIKING BLACK-AND-WHITE DEC-
ORATION AT THE LOWER RIGHT IS ONE
OF MANY DRAWN BY BORIS ARTZYBA-
SHEFF FOR DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI'S
"GAY-NECK," PUBLISHED E. P. DUTTON,
AND COMPANY



"SO POOH AND I GO WHISPERING . . ."

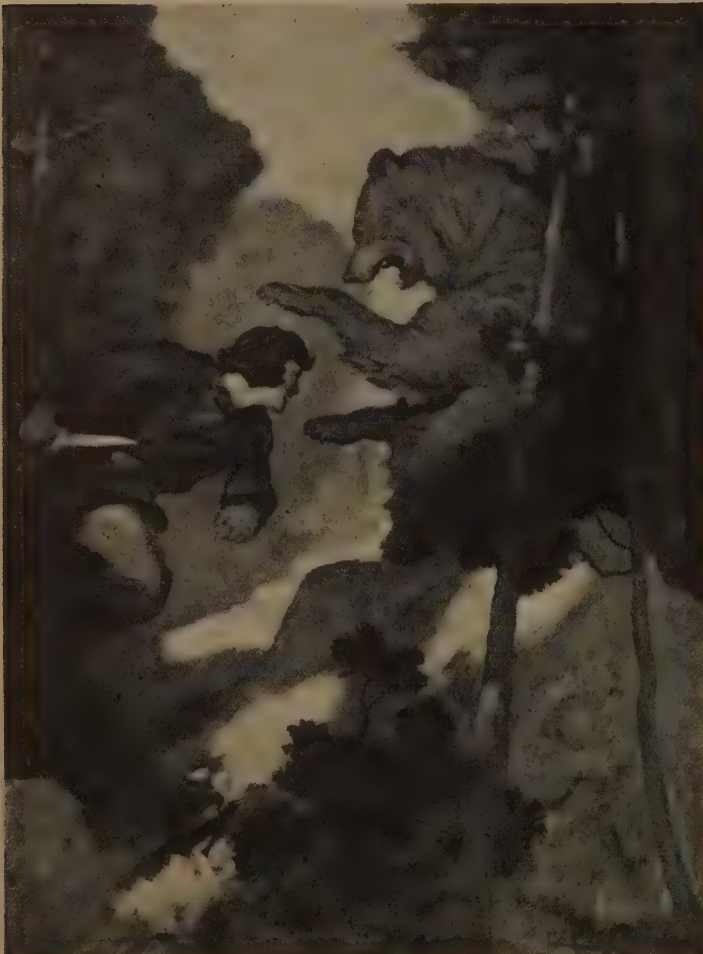




ANOTHER OF WILLY POGANY'S ENGAGING PEN DRAWINGS FOR
"LOOKING OUT OF JIMMIE"



A. H. WATSON'S IDEA OF "THE DRAGON WHO DIDN'T," FROM "SAILS
OF GOLD," PUBLISHED BY SCRIBNER'S



FROM THE OLD WALTER CRANE ILLUSTRATION IN A NEW
MACMILLAN EDITION OF TALES BY THE BROTHERS GRIMM

AT THE LEFT IS A REPRODUCTION OF ONE OF N. C. WYETH'S
VIVID ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR FOR JULES VERNE'S
"MICHAEL STROGOFF," PUBLISHED BY SCRIBNER'S

What Europe Thinks of Us

By John Carter

MANY Americans have a pleasantly flattering idea that the rest of the world in general and Europe in particular are waiting with bated breath and bulging eyes on the next prodigy of statesmanlike opinion that is about to emerge from our official circles. During the past few years we have, beginning with the war, got used to the assumption that whatever we said or thought or did was of dramatic interest to every portion of the planet. Not one of our leaders, not one of our newspapers, scarcely one of our public men but has acted as though Europe scanned the columns of the *Podunk News Gazette* with daily anxiety until it should know its impending fate.

We are an important nation. We are, perhaps, the most important nation in the world. But we are not the only important nation in the world. And we are no longer important in the way we think we are. We are not politically important. We are not morally important. We are important only economically and financially. Because of that fact, nations, corporations, and individuals that wish to profit from our economic wealth or to borrow from our financial resources have made it a point to appear solicitous of earning our good opinion; but neither nations, corporations, nor individuals are anxious to have our good advice, nor do they fear our political power.

We have deceived ourselves the more readily because there was once a time — from 1914 to 1922, to be exact — when Europe did crave both our moral and political support. Again to be exact, the two portions of the balance of power, the Allies and the Central Powers, each desired us to enter the war on their side. After we had entered the war, the Allies desired to have our military and financial resources exerted on political lines favorable to them. At the Peace Conference our political and economic resources made us much solicited as makeweights in the give and take of diplomatic negotiation. After the signature of the Versailles Treaty the Allies sought to cement a dictated peace by integrating us in the European balance of power through the League of Nations. Since our rejection of the Versailles Treaty Europe has concluded that we have nothing to offer them in a political line. When we scrapped our postwar Navy at the

Washington Conference, Europe concluded that as a military factor we were definitely out of the equation. Since then her only interest has been in our vast financial resources.

Naturally, the American public has as yet little inkling of the change that has come o'er the spirit of our dream. Our internationalists hailed the rejection of the World Court with an even wilder clamor than Woodrow Wilson accorded to the rejection of the League of Nations. We have gone on breaking the

heart of the world, in the eyes of the Eurocentric Americans, with every step we have refused to take. We broke it with the League; we ought to have done something about the Geneva Protocol. We broke it again with the World Court; somehow or other we ought to have been represented

Europe is not sitting up nights worrying about what this country says and does, however important we may imagine we bulk in world affairs, thinks Mr. Carter of the *New York Times* who has just returned from Great Britain and the Continent. "What Europe actually does think of the United States is very simple and to the point," he writes. "They don't think much of the United States and they think *about* the United States hardly at all"

at Locarno. Our prestige has fallen; our idealism has vanished; we are crass and materialistic and cynical; we are imperialistic — and so on and so on.

What Europe actually does think of the United States is very simple and to the point. They don't think much of the United States and they think *about* the United States hardly at all. America does not bulk large in European public or private opinion. Europe is bored with us, ignorant about us, and apathetic in all matters peculiar to us. France and Germany, Italy and England have — in their opinions — far better things to think about than a rich and smug republic 3,000 miles away, without an Army worth considering and with a Navy which the British navy could take on without much apprehension for all the "parity" which we thought we had and didn't take the trouble to get at and after the Washington Conference.

THE average American tourist reads the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* or the *New York Herald Tribune*. He sees a lot of news about America and feels at home. But let him pick up a French or a German or an Italian or even an English newspaper, and he will be put to pains to discover a single item more than three inches long about this mighty republic. While the American Legion was in Paris, for example, the French papers gave it prominent attention on their front pages; but it is doubtful if a single French paper gave it half the space that

was cabled over to any one of a dozen American papers from the Paris correspondents. And it was almost ignored outside of France and America. The London papers carried brief daily notices, not one of which was as much as a column.

EVEN more difficult for us to understand is the European attitude toward our politics. An American Senator can get up on his feet and spout all day about our relations and policy — nay, duty — toward Europe; the European papers will ignore him. The Dempsey-Tunney fight attracted far more attention than did President Coolidge's famous "I do not choose to run in nineteen twenty-eight." Europe is more interested in the next Ford car than in the next American President. A Lancashire cotton spinner detained at Ellis Island receives more space in English papers than Senator Borah's pronouncements. Even the Franco-American tariff negotiations — closely as they touch all European interests — are treated with ironical brevity by most European papers. To be precise, France has a tariff based on the bargaining principle. The American tariff lacks all features of reciprocity. There is a clause in the Tariff Act which the French think might be manipulated so as to assure reciprocity. Will we so use it or will we not? That's all the French think of it. Every other European country hopes that a tariff war will result — the more trade, then, for them. On our part, we wax enthusiastic over most-favored-nation clauses. We print columns of news, day after day, about what the French Cabinet thinks, what the French press thinks, how our notes are regarded by Europe, and so on. In France, and throughout Europe, all they care for is what we are going to do.

That is the basic factor in Europe's opinion of the United States. The Europeans don't care what we think. They don't care what we say. They only care what we do, and they have come to believe, since the war, that we aren't going to do anything. In the meantime, they intend to do as much as they can. They form their steel and chemical trusts. They legislate such measures as the famous Stevenson Rubber Restriction Act. They build the largest navies they can afford. They assign to their own nationals as much of the raw materials of the world as they can lay their hands on. They keep up a propagandist barrage against the possibility of American economic exploitation of Soviet Russia. They do not think that we will recognize Soviet Russia in time to get any effective hold on Russian resources. They feel reasonably sure that we will do nothing, in a political or military way, to lend the authority of power to our opinions, aspirations, or ideals. Why, then, should they care about what we think?

America, on the other hand, has come to have an oversensitive regard for every breath of political opinion which comes from Europe. We have many

great financial, political, and economic interests in Europe; a large trade, international and industrial loans, a legitimate fear — confirmed by the Napoleonic and the World wars — of what a European upset can do to derange our national life. But we make the mistake of paying more attention to what Europe says than to what it does. Scarcely a European statesman but can "plant" anything he chooses to utter in a dozen important American newspapers by the simple act of getting up and saying it. The result is that our public pays far more attention to Viscount Cecil's ringing arguments for a lowering of British armament than it has to the steady increase of British naval armament in the last five years. Our press has given far more space to the disingenuous Gallic arguments for debt cancellation than, say, to the steady refusal of France to cancel her war loans to Russia. Any time the League of Nations turns over in its sleep the fact is trumpeted from a thousand editorial offices and pulpits. But the same instruments do not seem to have any power when it comes to appraising the manifold shifts and twists of diplomacy — balance of power and Soviet — in the crucial area of Europe, the border states.

The real blame for this state of affairs — when we care more for the opinions of the Hon. Basil Wither- spoon, defeated Liberal candidate at the recent by-election at Barstow-on-Puddleby than for a *coup d'état* in Esthonia which may produce a war; and when Europe is more troubled over the growing export trade of American boot laces to Monaco than over the political chances of Al Smith — is divided. If it means that American public opinion regarding Europe is jumpy, uncertain, and characterized by an unwholesome inferiority complex, it also means that Europe is allowing itself to be ignorant and apathetic toward an increasingly important world power. Europe is so ingrained in realism that she forgets it was the idealistic "crusade" which poured American food, men, and money into the tottering line in 1918. America is so enamored of ideas as to forget that history plays no favorites and that the punishment of weakness or division of counsels is always sure.

YET the situation is not without its comfort, even for those Americans who are most affronted by European apathy. If Europe is forgetting more about America every year, America is learning more about Europe. Much of America's knowledge of Europe is as useless as an acquaintanceship with Montmartre dance halls or Piccadilly bars. Much of it is inaccurate, as well. But some of it is true and some of it sticks. Our national passion for education — by which we mean information — is of greater value to us than is Europe's predilection for uninformed superiority. Our Government is broadly responsive to our public opinion and a public recognition of Europe's real nature and basic problems is slowly

crystallizing in our national consciousness. Some day this body of public opinion — even as built up on the vaporings of discredited politicians harping on defunct partisan squabbles which compose an undue share of our current news from the Continent as exemplified in the statements of such men as Lloyd George, Clemenceau, the ex-Kaiser, Nitti, Venizelos, and Kerenski — will be of service to our Government if ever it is faced with another serious European crisis. Similarly, Europe's ignorance of America — that incredible peasant ignorance which says, "So you are from America. You must know my brother. He lives in Peru" — may eventually lead democratic Europe into misconceptions of American sentiment as grotesque as those which underlay the British naval proposals at Geneva.

It would be a mistake, however, for Americans to feel that all they need to do is to wait. There are plenty of well-informed circles in Europe, people and institutions whose life work it is to gauge the precise situation in other countries. These circles know the truth about us and, on a Continent where autocracy has never been entirely discredited and where democracy has never been unmitigated, they are exceedingly powerful. Europe's experts know, and the public knows only what the experts think it best for the public to know. So long as the autocratic principle remains a power in Europe's public life — and it is still immensely powerful in Europe's vast bureaucracies — so long will Europe's ignorance of

America be a real asset to Europe's Governments. Here, to get results, we have to educate the public; then we have to educate it again; and finally we have to educate it once more. In consequence, it is difficult for our Government to obtain prompt action of any sort. Public opinion is quite capable of rejecting, through the Senate, a very advantageous treaty. At almost any time, and for almost any purpose, Europe's experts can create the right atmosphere for any practical arrangement they choose.

TO come back to what Europe thinks of us: Europe's public is, as we have said, ignorant and apathetic. The furor over Sacco and Vanzetti was based, primarily, upon the fact that the two Europeans were about to be executed by Americans. Even so reputable a writer as H. G. Wells burst into unmeasured denunciation of Governor Fuller and Judge Thayer on the sole strength of the Frankfurter pamphlet which, able as it was, was not an entire reconstruction of the trial. This anti-American outburst was a simple instance of Europe's irritation and dislike of this country which happened to find a convenient outlet. An almost identical outburst occurred, it will be remembered, in 1926 over the "Uncle Shylock" business. There will be other outbursts. They will not be tokens of any overwhelming interest of the world in this country, but merely of dissatisfaction, distaste, or disgust because we are what we are and not what Europe is.

Back Stage in Washington

The Borahmeter Registers Squalls

AS a more or less constant attendant at the parleys of William E. Borah, spokesman for the little group of irreconcilables of the Senate, I marvel more and more at the thin bond of sympathy which keeps them together. Here is a political movement which might assume storm proportions were it not for the fact that each member of it is a prima donna unto himself. In this long prepolitical season they have banded themselves together in a bond of general friendship. When the gavel falls, the pot begins to boil and the hair to fly. I do not see, for the life of me, how Borah, Norris, La Follette, Nye, Frazier, and Brookhart can keep in the same bed without kicking each other out.

The whole history of their political life is made up of inability to get

along with themselves and the general world. They have so many points at difference which are fundamental that before the winter is over some of them are going to engage in verbal fisticuffs, or I miss my bet. It would seem as if the whole show so elaborately staged by Borah and his younger liberals is farcical. There are some observers in Washington so cynical as to suggest that the ballyhoo is only meant to put Mr. Borah back in the limelight as a Presidential possibility who can never be nominated, much less elected. These sour fellows

What do the Western Senators talk about when they get together in Mr. Borah's office? Well, they have agreed on several matters, says the Senator from Idaho. But just what those matters are, no one has been able to fathom. Meanwhile, the Presidential possibilities have been increased by the surprising advent of Senator Curtis of Kansas, Mr. Coolidge is still keeping the political fellows guessing, and Hoover stock has advanced sharply on the candidates' exchange

carry some weight by pointing out that seldom before has Borah's national political stock fallen so low. Since 1912 he has been brought forward every four years as a man whom the great liberal sentiment of the country might chase. He

has always succeeded in eluding this portion of the electorate. Now he has seized upon the prohibition question as a means of hoisting himself by his boot straps and the more irrational element among his Republican colleagues as a skeleton army to put himself back on the map.

BUT even with Borah it is conceded that he has sense enough to appreciate that his chances of a Presidential nomination are smaller than a flea's tooth. Nevertheless the cynical retort that just at this period every four years he has grown accustomed to being made much of, to looking upon himself as a lion roaring in a conservative wilderness, as the rallying point of the lost sheep, as master of the flock. He misses this attention. So much for Borah. He presents his usual enigma.

"Tell us, Senator," he was recently asked, "what is it all about? We have been seeing you every day. We don't know what you are driving at. It seems as if your group must fall apart upon their own irreconcilability. You have been in conference for a month. Have you agreed upon anything?"

This was a direct question, a fair question.

"Yes," replied the Senator, "we have agreed on many things."

There was a silence in the room, and a pause. Finally someone had the temerity to ask:

"What are they?"

"I am not prepared to say just yet," replied Mr. Borah, and the expectant group departed dismally and ignorantly. They knew that the agreements were not on farm relief, prohibition, or taxation: three major problems of government.

It is symptomatic of the conferences in Senator Borah's office that he constantly repeats, "Did you ever see politics start so early in a Presidential year?" Yet it is Borah who is continually setting the match to the political woodpile, first on Presidential material such as Norris — rather green stuff that does not catch well — and then on prohibition, farm relief, and possibly taxation.

While professing that they are liberalists but not the nucleus of a third party, members of Borah's Western conference group carry behind them the long tail of renegadism. Did Borah bolt Taft for Roosevelt in 1912? He did not. When La Follette was struggling valiantly for over 4,000,000 votes in 1924 Borah was supporting the conservative Calvin Coolidge. Did Norris, now the leader of liberalism, come to the aid of La Follette in 1924? He did not. He sat silently at home in Nebraska. Now young Bob La Follette is touring Wisconsin asking his father's wet friends to support the candidacy of the arid Norris. A rather noble gesture on the part of the enthusiastic young Senator, generous and forgiving, considering the niggardly response made by the Nebraskan three years ago.

Of the group, all except Borah believe heart and

soul in the equalization fee of the McNary-Haugen bill. Will they discard this cardinal principle of their faith to preserve the harmony of their ranks? Hardly. Where are they on the taxation question? Borah — Borah, of all people — would reduce the corporation income levy! Shades of La Follette! Where has the liberal movement in the country come to when it can include among its leaders such exponents of heresy who support the millionaire class.

As a calibrator of Presidential candidacies I must record the new high level attained by Herbert Hoover. It would now appear as if some astute political fellow were working for the man. Publication in the *Kansas City Star*, and thence throughout the West, of the part, or rather the *no* part, which Hoover played in fixing the price of wheat during the war marks a distinct upward step for the Secretary of Commerce.

My spies inform me that Hoover intends to make the most of this break, which was not an accidental occurrence produced by the mere good will of the *Kansas City* newspaper. The impression among Western agriculturists that Hoover was responsible for the wheat price fixing of the war proves so deep-seated that it will take some time and more publicity to erase it. The simple declaration of Dr. Harry A. Garfield that Mr. Hoover had nothing to do with it whatever will not blot out an impression which time had allowed to grow into a conviction before it was denied. The step, however, is one of many which Mr. Hoover can be expected to make, paving the way for smooth running when the spring warms his candidacy into a real growth and the buds of his aspiration begin to take visible form.

NO one has yet deciphered the intentions of Mr. Coolidge, although Senator Curtis of Kansas has cast caution to the winds and, without the formality of clothing himself in the bathing suit of stereotyped issues, has dived boldly into the pool of the Presidential race. If anything left Washington distinctly flat it was the Curtis candidacy, despite the fact that it came quite unexpectedly and was draped in the romantic and mysterious prelude of a trip down the Potomac on the *Mayflower*. Nor has the smart spanking administered to the irrepressible Fess served to unload the minds of the doubting Thomases who believe that, after all, Calvin Coolidge will be the candidate. Mr. Curtis was far from the political thunderclap necessary to clear the atmosphere. A perfectly pleasant fellow, he is not even ranked much above Longworth as a potential possibility. He is no cyclone from Kansas to sweep the boards. His availability is most largely confined to his lack of color and his possibilities as a harmless medium of compromise.

The frequent and bold manner in which the Assistant Secretaries of (Continued on page 512)

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

REMEMBERING "The New Age of Faith" (Viking Press), by John Langdon-Davies, I knew that the author had a nice sense of sardonic humor, which was more effective than a thousand logical arguments. Consequently, I rejoiced at his selection of a dangerous theme for his second book, "A Short History of Women," which the same publishers have just issued. Nobody could be better equipped than he to discuss a subject which would have been developed fifteen or twenty years ago in such a haze of feminist sentimentality as to render the "modern woman" as incredible a phenomenon as the "young person."

There must be many people as venerable as myself who can remember the happy days when one seriously argued that a woman who smoked or worked or voted was not necessarily disreputable, and when one pointed out triumphantly that an intelligent woman had more sense than an idiotic man. Only in the most advanced circles could one find acceptance for these paradoxes, and one's reward, alas! was finally to listen to people who declared that, once women had votes and offices, sin and sorrow would disappear from the world. Women were the creators of life, therefore they would abolish war. Women living at home were in a state of economic dependence; once they depended economically upon an employer, they would be emancipated. Women wasted time and money on pretty clothes because they were parasites compelled by a harsh destiny to attract men. Let them depend upon a job for their livelihood and they would at once dress rationally and hideously, thereby rescuing seamstresses and dressmakers from the degrading task of catering to useless luxury.

A lot of water has flowed under the bridges and a lot of blood has flowed into the trenches since then, but we are perhaps further off than ever from that feminist millennium, although whatever freedom women desire has apparently been accorded to them. The only trouble is that the ungrateful things are not giving up to the lofty claims once made on their behalf. Their clothes are more rational, but, thank God, they in no wise resemble the "rational clothing" once recommended as a stage upon the way to feminine salvation. Femininity seems to have definitely taken the place of feminism, and women are reaping the advantages of both. What could be surer to both parties in the controversies which waxed so fiercely as to whether

women should or would lose their charm, if the emancipators had their way?

Mr. Langdon-Davies surveys the scene of progress and notes that the political emancipation of women is complete, and that their economic emancipation is "almost as far advanced as it is for individuals of the male sex." There remains, however, another form of emancipation, the emotional, and this "had not

of the home. In fact, if I am not deceived, they find that the process which was supposed to "desex" women, to destroy their femininity, has actually provided them with new and more powerful snares for the delight and torture of the male.

Mr. Langdon-Davies, at this point, interjects an alarming note. In Communist Russia and capitalist America, he insinuates, dire portents are visible. "American men subjected to the discipline of present business methods must become, as a group, less and less interested in life, and more and more absorbed in making a living. . . . Already they have reached the stage where another interest excels their interest in women. Finding themselves therefore amply provided with the means to do what they like and finding also that their own sex is better educated, more alive emotionally and imaginatively than the other, what will American women do?"

THE author says that "at no distant date, instead of the phrase 'a woman's place is her home,' we shall hear repeated interminably and idiotically the words 'a man's place is his office.'" Women, according to Mr. Langdon-Davies, "will continue the process of deintellectualizing men until these become convenient robots, they will patronize and denigrate the arts and literature and reorganize social institutions to suit themselves. . . . Finally there will be discovered and elaborated a strange concept, the Male Character, and the male human animal will find himself hidden and forgotten beneath an artificial creation embodying all the traits which render him most convenient to his wife."

These are words as full of horror as any that ever predicted the blessings of feminism. Obviously, the only remedy is to shout: "Man's place is in the home." In a properly constituted woman-made world, men would be the relaxation of the female warrior. Men should not coarsen themselves by going out into the world of practical affairs. Their genius for abstractions and generalizations designates the home as the place where they safely weave their theories, write their epics, and dream their dreams. When their womenfolk return after a hard day's work, they should find these graceful creatures ready to entertain them with a bright theory or a beautiful thought. Mr. Langdon-Davies has brilliantly treated a frivolous subject with all the seriousness it deserves. Women should read it with a smile; men with a frown of consternation.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Counterfeiters. By André Gide (Knopf).

Avarice House. By Julian Green (Harper).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway (Scribner).

GENERAL

A Short History of Women. By John Langdon-Davies (Viking).

Our Times: America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan (Scribner).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

Circus Parade. By Jim Tully (Albert & Charles Boni).

until quite recently been so much as begun." In the old days, it is true, we used to admit that women had emotions, and we even complained that they were suppressed and thwarted by the conventions as to what was "nice." Our program was to allow women to express this side of their natures, but we hastened to add that they would be so superhumanly improved by freedom that they would practically have no emotions to express. Being emotional was part of the old bad tradition, and no self-respecting modern woman would be so silly.

OPPONENTS of female emancipation find their worst fears unfounded. However, it would be a mistake to assume that the emancipation of women has resulted in a denial of all the hopes of the pioneer feminists and all the fears of their opponents. The champions of the feminine woman are, I think, better off on the whole. At least, I rarely hear them complaining of the present product of the movement for getting women out

Portraits of a Presidential Possibility

A Review by S. B.

ALFRED E. SMITH. *A CRITICAL STUDY.* By Henry F. Pringle. New York: Macy-Masius. \$3.00.

UP FROM THE CITY STREETS: ALFRED E. SMITH. By Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. \$2.50.

I HAVE no idea what the future has in store for me," said Al Smith last January in his fourth inaugural address as governor of New York. "Everyone else in the United States has some notion about it except myself." And if there is an unconscious note of egotism in the last part of the statement, it will be justified by the time delegates to the Democratic National Convention are packing their satchels next June. For Al Smith has poked himself head and shoulders above every political figure in the United States as a center of interest. His wetness, his religion, his Tammany godparents, his alleged city-mindedness have set moving heated controversies all of which have the common end of proving either his availability or his lack of it for a leasehold upon the White House.

In such a community of interest, biographies of Governor Smith command a hearing regardless of whatever literary merit they may possess. In fact, it is quite probable that the literary interest of such estimates may be discounted entirely. In the case of Mr. Hapgood and Dr. Moskowitz, it is doubtful if more than the barest consideration was given to this side of their task. Certainly the style is pedestrian enough. Whatever life the pages possess is contributed by color which their subject himself infuses. Mr. Pringle pays more attention to vitalizing his subject. He is too keen a journalist to let so good a piece of copy as Al Smith get by without the "human-interest" angles. And as a result, his biography is decidedly the more interesting of the two.

It is perhaps inevitable that both books should come under the suspicion of being "campaign biographies." Mr. Pringle can side-step the charge without much difficulty. His portrait is too frank, too forthright to be of any considerable value along this line. What, for example, would cautious campaign managers say of the author's colorful prophecy that if Al Smith were to become President his inevitable link with the sidewalks of New York "would fade into the misty realm of forgotten things, along with the dear dead days when Al Smith wore a brown derby and called across to the barkeeper of many a tavern to scrape off the foam or to fill the

glasses again"? Such sentences, politicians fearfully assert, may be entertaining, — even true, — but they are not good for a man's Presidential chances.

"Up from the City Streets" comes unfortunately nearer to fulfilling the aim of a campaign biography. Dr. Moskowitz is one of the governor's close friends and advisers. Mrs. Moskowitz, we are assured by Mr. Pringle, has been of the utmost value to Al in advising him, editing his speeches, keeping watch of his advantages when they open up. With this in mind, the book bears something of the stamp of an official utterance, though it contains no actual indorsement from the executive offices in Albany. Its authors have been primarily anxious, however, to get before the people of the country a picture of Al Smith's accomplishments. They plumb his origins in the house where Brooklyn Bridge and Alfred grew up together; they picture St. James' parish in which the boy's social outlook was molded; they take time to sketch in the background of neighbors and friends. Inevitably, there is a discussion of the early affiliation with Tammany which resulted so favorably for Al that the organization sent him to Albany in 1903, to learn the ropes of legislation, find keen interest in the devious ways of popular government, and remain to master its intricate problems.

THE greater part of the book is devoted to Al Smith's achievements in office, his rapid strides upward from the time of his first committee appointment until in 1915, when he became the Democratic candidate for sheriff of New York County, the press of New York City, Republican and Democratic alike, joined in eulogizing his accomplishments and mourning his loss in Albany. No one can read through the impressive record without conviction that Al Smith's record as legislator and executive of his native State forms an enviable springboard from which to project him into national politics. It is doubtful if any of our Presidents has gone to Washington with the assurance of so much accomplishment. It is notable that no one has ever successfully attacked Governor Smith upon the results of his almost passionate devotion to working for the interests of his State. The book adequately achieves its purpose of placing before the country a proof that Al Smith has showed himself of sterling qualities as an executive. It delves somewhat more charily into the matter of his wetness, to state that "if left entirely free, Smith would have paid less attention to the liquor question than he was forced to pay.

... 'The gulf between one element the party and me,' it goes on to quote a governor, 'is that the radical dry element looks upon drink as a moral question, look upon it as an economic question, was solving itself. Now that the amendment has been passed the only practical way of improving the situation in the State would be for us to have the privilege of putting lighter drinks on our side in attempt to destroy the habit of strong drink. If it were possible for us to permit light wine and beer it would be easier to concentrate against strong drinks. Probably, though not certainly, we could win the fight against them even in the State of New York under these conditions.'

BOTH books deal with the question of Smith's religion, Messrs. Hapgood and Moskowitz rather briefly yet without adequate proof that the governor himself never allowed it to color his decisions upon public matters, Mr. Pringle with the colorful aspects of the Smith-Marshall letters in the *Atlantic Monthly*. And Mr. Pringle launches into a more hypothetical refutation of William Allen White's charge that Governor Smith is still "town-lot Sir Galahad." The discussion is hypothetical because, properly enough, Smith has said little upon national problems. Obviously, much of the objection raised to him throughout the nation is the same sort of objection raised by communities to any figure from a part of the country which they do not know and do not understand. President Coolidge suffers the same embarrassment at the hands of the Western element despite last summer's quixotic junket to battle the windmills of farmer discontent. Smith must contend with the suspicions of rural and small-town voters toward the apparition of a "slick city feller" in the White House.

It is too much to expect that these two books will be read by a large portion of the electorate. Most voters will be content, always, to bask behind the convenience of unsupported generalization. It is a pity. For both books are honest attempts to present a leading and important national figure in his true light. If Mr. Pringle has succeeded the better of the two, it is only because he has conceived his study without the customary irreverence of the newspaper city room. That he respects and admires Governor Smith and feels him in every way available for the Presidency is patent; but his regard does not blind him to the human qualities of the man, and the picture which steps from his pages has much of the boisterous, kindly, and occasionally blatant qualities of Al Smith.

New Books in Brief Review

The Mad Carews. By Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

MARTHA OSTENSO comes nearer to fulfilling the high promise of "Wild Geese" in "The Mad Carews" than she did in its predecessor, "The Dark Dawn." Once more she is writing of the soil which she knows so well and of the narrow, circumscribed lives of those who take their living from it. This time, as a relief from sordidness, she gives us the romantic Carews, whose men are rich, irresponsible, and always charming, and whose women are blindly adoring, utterly dominated, and always waiting to rescue their men from the results of their folly. This tradition is broken only when Bayliss Carew marries Elsa Bowers, a girl from the Hollow. She believes that she marries him merely to escape from the drabness that encircles the folk of her community, but in reality she has always loved him, and in the end she saves him from the fate of the other Carew men. Miss Ostenso's style vitalizes such a plot, with a true sense of the soil which is its background. And beyond this, which is a familiar of her first two novels, there is growth and broadening in the romantic flavor which she has lacked before. If "Wild Geese" and "The Dark Dawn" offered from their unrelieved drabness, there is an indication here that Miss Ostenso is learning to leaven her tragedy with contrast material. It is a definite step in her development.

John Paul Jones, Man of Action. By Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. \$5.00.

A WELL-DOCUMENTED biography whose value would be perhaps more definite if it were just a trifle more usual and dull. The author, in his attempt to present the man as he was, has somehow contrived to romanticize him quite as convincingly as the really romantic historians would have done, but without the conviction of those full-blown, one hundred per cent liars. Mr. Russell with an imposing erudition creates a Jones quite as romantic as Jones' own conception of himself — than which, as the orators say, nothing could be more romantic and Eighteenth Century. He makes a really heroic attempt to get down to brass tacks and essay the achievements of his hero at real values, but always he is upset by Jones' own unconquerable pre-Byronics, and by the verdicts of the trembling ladies who look him at his face value. Aside from this tendency to glorify his subject, the author has written a first-class biography of a man who was, after all, important;

one of those individuals on whom life and destiny have set their seals for better or for worse: a moody, powerful man, subject to childish gusts of emotion, capable of blinding flashes of greatness. Such a man was Nelson; such, perhaps in a lesser degree, was John Paul Jones. The last word of his story has not yet been written, but the next to the last is found in this illuminating volume.

Bouquet. By G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

EVERY lover of the grape will clasp this volume to his or her bosom with appropriate blessings or groanings. It describes, in a detail which is positively harrowing to us prohibitionists, a trip through France which had for its purpose a decision as to the relative values of the wines of Bordeaux and those of Burgundy. This eternal question, tested at how many *disputations des vins*, is in this volume recounted in all its horribly fascinating detail. Four human beings gave their best attention and critical ability to a conscientious trial by dinner and the result was zero. They continued in their several prejudices, but what a lovely time they had! How charming a story of their pleasures and their headaches. I recommend it to all the officers of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is enough to make Wayne B. Wheeler sit up in his righteous grave and roll over three times, say his prayers, and gnaw the headstone which crowns his work. Here civilized people frankly explore an aged but living mystery and rejoice in its debatable excellences. It is an impossible book in a country given up to Fundamentalism, Rotary, and Vision.

White Hands. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

IN his latest novel Arthur Stringer treats a somewhat ancient theme. Janet and Paddy Winslow are eager to escape boredom in the fevered activities of their set. Their suddenly alarmed father prescribes a remedy in tune to his experiences. He takes them to a lonely island in his Canadian timber country, and leaves them there with very slender resources and living reduced to its simplest elements. Paddy, as evidence of her excellent sporting instincts, readily adapts herself to her environment, fulfills its demands, and through her efforts gains an appreciation of the meaning of life, bidding well to justify her father's plan. Her older sister, however, remains

obdurate — her only interest her attraction to men. The two serve as excellent contrast material. The story is in many ways rather slight, but it is entertaining.

Escape. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

WHAT its author declares is his last play concerns an English soldier and gentleman who escapes from prison, where he has been doing time for an accidental murder. The play revolves in several directions the old question of justice as opposed to law, of social instincts and social duty. Galsworthy is undoubtedly grinding the same old axe, but with rather less seriousness than usual. Written by any other man, "Escape" would take its place among those other modern comedies which are spiced with the necessary grains of social satire. Still, it is a good play to read, and there is no question whatever about the sureness of the playwright's hand, the broad sympathy of his intellect. If it is really Galsworthy's last play, it is worthy of the honor, despite its comparative tranquillity.

Patriots off Their Pedestals. By Paul Wilstach. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.75.

A HASTY glance at Mr. Wilstach's title gives the impression of another debunking spree with the Founding Fathers, as Mr. Harding used to call them, emerging a shabby second best. Nothing could be further from the author's purpose. Through seven pleasant sketches of Washington, Franklin, Patrick Henry, Hamilton, John Adams, Jefferson, John Marshall, and Madison, he sedulously follows the milder purpose of letting a little sunshine in upon the graven seriousness of traditional portraiture. A quiet humor beams out from the scanty anecdotes he recalls of Washington, and Franklin's busy curiosity receives another boost. There is a mild question as to whether "If that be treason, make the most of it!" ever burst from Patrick Henry's lips, and a reworking of the newer biographical material upon this man whose oratory held his hearers spellbound, but was ineffective once the silver stream had stopped. He stresses the courageous in Hamilton's public baring of his private life, and Adams' nervous, dogging pen is recalled. Altogether, the essays throw light upon the men we are too often prone to regard as something more than men and less than human. They are pleasant leaven for the more exhaustive sort of biography.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

WHILE flood-control plans were being discussed in Washington to guard the Mississippi Valley from an occurrence similar to that which devastated its area last spring, New England

New England's Flood

was suffering a similar and wholly unexpected disaster. Rain began to fall in the section on November 3, and by evening had increased to a downpour. From three to seven inches of water fell in some localities. Smaller streams, carrying more water than is usual at this time of year, were suddenly swollen and poured their increased volume into the Connecticut and Merrimac rivers. Dams and bridges were carried away, villages inundated, death, destruction, and suffering followed.

The disaster was the more terrible because entirely unexpected. In the case of the Mississippi flood of last spring, the crest of the waters moved at such a comparatively slow rate that

Destruction

communities along its course were able to make some sort of preparation for it, moving live stock and valuables to higher ground. The New England flood left little time for preventive measures. The rain came, the rivers rose, and disaster was in their midst before the stricken realized what had occurred. Vermont was hardest hit. New Hampshire also felt much of the storm's violence, some portions of Massachusetts were affected, and Connecticut to a less marked degree. So far, the known dead number 118, but there are a score of persons missing, at least three quarters of whom are assumed to have perished. The largest loss of life was reported from the smaller towns and villages of Vermont.

The storm was a great blow to industry since its greatest force centered in the mill district, where shattered dams have worked havoc in the water-power situation. Farmers in northern

The Aftermath

Vermont are also faced with calamity in the shape of a lack of tillable soil. In many districts the waters swept away the rather thin layer of fertile earth which surmounts the rocky underpinning of the State, and left almost nothing upon which crops could be planted. Train service, interrupted because of washouts and the destruction of bridges, is being slowly resumed with the re-routing of trains. Red Cross, Army, and Navy cooperated in carrying relief to the stricken districts. President COOLIDGE was particularly active in directing Federal assistance for the sufferers.

Mexico's revolution finally fell apart upon November 4 with the capture and execution of Gen. ARNULFO GOMEZ in the

mountainous terrain of Vera Cruz. With General GOMEZ was captured his nephew, Col. FRANCISCO GOMEZ

End of a Revolution

VIZCARRA, who suffered a similar fate. A subsequent report records the capture of two other important officers among the rebels and leaves no doubt that the revolt has been finally crushed. General GOMEZ, together with General SERRANO, who was captured

The Week

¶The waters rise. New England inundated. Vermont and New Hampshire hardest hit in an untimely and unexpected flood.

¶Mexico's revolution is at last broken. General Gomez and his aids executed. Obregon master of the field. ¶Tax reduction. The Ways and Means Committee concludes its hearings. Mr. Coolidge supports Secretary Mellon's estimates. ¶A grand jury deliberates in Washington. The great detective himself. Government shadowing, too? Mr. Lamb objects.

¶Mayor Thompson descends upon Washington. Three male quartets. A rally on Capitol Hill. ¶Mr. Gilbert issues a warning. And the Germans reply. A critical year approaches for the Dawes Plan.

¶More hostilities in Nicaragua. And casualties among the Marines.

¶Ten years of revolution.

within twenty-four hours after the revolt had begun on October 2, was the leader of the rebellion which, according to the original plan, was to have been made effective first in Mexico City and in Vera Cruz. SERRANO was to have gone to the town of Cuernavaca, a few hours' march from the capital, placing himself in command of the garrison there, and marching back at its head upon the city. GOMEZ complained that SERRANO had failed to carry out his part of the bargain. But SERRANO was hardly to blame. Apparently the rebels made their plans in blissful ignorance of the fact that President CALLES was keeping close watch of their operations and was in possession of the detailed plans of their proposed movements. When SERRANO reached his objective, he found that the garrison had been replaced with loyal troops; he was captured and executed.

GOMEZ and his forces in Vera Cruz were likewise defeated shortly after the beginning of hostilities, and some of the leaders

were captured and executed, though GOMEZ and a few others escaped. Apparently they have been hiding

Obregon Supreme

in the mountains under conditions of the utmost privation. The erasure of GOMEZ from the scene leaves General OBREGON in possession of the field so far as the Presidential election next July is concerned.

On November 10, the House Ways and Means Committee concluded its hearings for individuals, corporations, and others interested in the make-up of the new revenue bill. The work of drafting the new bill was begun on November 14, and

Tax Reduction

Chairman WILLIAM R. GREEN of Iowa hopes that the matter will become the earliest business of the House when Congress convenes on December 5 so that it may be passed before the holidays and sent to the Senate for consideration. President COOLIDGE has supported Secretary MELLON's recommendation that the tax cut for this year be no more than \$225,000,000. Mr. MELLON has predicted that the surplus will run well toward \$455,000,000, but is eager that conservatism be exercised in tax reduction and that a substantial reduction be made in the national debt. Mr. MELLON's principal recommendations are a reduction in the corporation levy from 13½ to 12 per cent, repeal of the Federal estate taxes, and a reduction in the tax on individual incomes from \$19,000 to \$70,000, the so-called "middle brackets." Mr. MELLON does not favor repealing the automobile, theatre ticket, and stamp taxes which now yield approximately \$131,000,000 a year. His contention is that a certain portion of these taxes are paid by a large group of the public which does not contribute directly to the Government.

Representative GREEN believes that the tax cut should not exceed \$300,000,000, but Representative JOHN N. GARNER of Texas, Democratic spokesman on the

Estate-Tax Fight

Ways and Means Committee, is urging \$400,000,000 — the figure given by the United States Chamber of Commerce — and even \$500,000,000. A fight is expected over Secretary MELLON's proposal to repeal the inheritance tax, although President COOLIDGE favors the proposal.

Deliberations of the grand jury which is investigating in Washington the charges of Government counsel that an attempt was made to tamper with the jury in the FALL-SINCLAIR trial, continue to turn up new leads. Government counsel, former Senator ATLEE POMERENE of Ohio and

Jury Tampering

OWEN J. ROBERTS, charge that the jurors were subjected to improper surveillance. Data seized in a room at the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington among the effects of CHARLES J. RUDDY, who had charge of the shadowing for the Burns Detective Agency, show that detectives had gathered information about each juror including a general character estimate, in some cases a statement of his financial condition, information about his family, and other matters which might have been of interest. WILLIAM J. BURNS himself was before the grand jury on November 7, considerably incensed, according to reports, by the implication that his men had been improper in their shadowing of jurors. When he emerged from the jury room, Mr. BURNS talked to pressmen. "The public has been led to believe that we had no right to shadow and observe this jury," he said, "but I say now that we were clearly within our rights. The defense has exactly the same right to shadow and observe juries as has the prosecution. Of course, we would not assert that anyone has the right to approach a juror, for that is against the law. Furthermore, I will say that in our investigation we found the only tampering with the jury was done by a Government agent."

This latter charge had to do with H. R. LAMB, special Assistant United States Attorney-General. A BURNS agent reported that LAMB had been seen conversing with Juror GLASSCOCK at Potomac Flying Field for fifteen or twenty minutes on

Mr. Lamb
Objects

October 29. Mr. LAMB, when confronted by the charge which was made in an affidavit filed with Justice FREDERICK SIDONS who heard the evidence in the Government's case against FALL and SINCLAIR, which came to an abrupt halt in a mistrial on November 2, denied that he had ever been to Potomac Flying Field in his life. He did not know Juror GLASSCOCK, he said, and he could show that the car in which he was alleged to have driven to the field was undergoing repairs at the time it was said to have been seen.

HENRY MASON DAY, vice president of the Sinclair Exploration Company, who was the contact man with the BURNS operatives, appeared before the grand jury and refused to testify.

Mr. Fall's
Illness

He was warned by counsel for the Government that any testimony he might give would be used against him. Meanwhile, ALBERT B. FALL, former Secretary of the Interior, who was on trial with HARRY F. SINCLAIR upon charges of conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the leasing of Teapot Dome oil reserves to the SINCLAIR interests, is ill in Washington. His condition has been reported as serious although not dangerous. Mr. FALL is sixty-six years old.

Accompanied by three male quartets

and a host of retainers, Mayor WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON of Chicago, champion of America first, last, and always, descended last week upon Washington and took up headquarters in the Mayflower Hotel. The flag-draped lobby gave the impression that a political convention was in progress. On the morning of November 8 the mayor, along with Gov. LEN SMALL of Illinois and others of the retinue, was given a breakfast audience at the White House, where, over bacon and eggs, he discussed with Mr. COOLIDGE the problem of Mississippi flood control. Later in the day he rallied his followers on Capitol Hill at a hearing of the Flood Control Committee of the House. Senators WATSON of Indiana and HARRISON of Mississippi orated enthusiastically for the occasion. The mayor's party distributed pamphlet literature dealing with British propaganda in school books. That same morning Mr. THOMPSON conferred with General JADWIN of the War Department on the matter of Chicago water meters and the Lake Michigan water level. General JADWIN hinted afterwards that he would not object to a ten per cent reduction in the metering ordered by the War Department.

In a note written to the German Government on October 20, but not made public until November 6, S. PARKER GILBERT, Agent General for Reparations

Mr. Gilbert
Scolds

Payments under the Dawes Plan, criticizes the financial policy of the Reich, declaring that overborrowing and overspending are leading toward an economic crisis and threatening success of the plan. Mr. GILBERT declares that officials of national, state, and commune governments "are developing and executing constantly enlarging programs of expenditure and of borrowing, with but little regard to the financial consequences of their actions." He names recent proposals to increase pensions and salaries, to compensate German nationals for war losses, to embark upon a campaign of spending in the schools, as dangerous tendencies. He censures the taxation system under which all revenues go to the Federal treasury and are disbursed from there to states and communes. He maintains that "if present tendencies are allowed to continue unchecked the consequence is almost certain to be serious economic reaction and depression, and a severe shock to German credit at home and abroad." He expresses the belief that by reversing the present tendencies and resorting to strict economy the Government may save the situation.

Finance Minister KOEHLER replies for the Government that results achieved prove the funds obtained at home and

Germany's
Reply

abroad to have been rationally employed. He holds that although the development "may have been too rapid at various points, no crisis is feared, and too great

expansion could in any case only be laid in the smallest degree to the measures of the government." While the German press has attacked Mr. GILBERT for meddling in local affairs with which he should have no concern, the Government does not accuse him of overstepping his rights. Both sides are looking toward a solution of Germany's financial problems. German agitators who favor a unified republic and the abolition of the federal states are using Mr. GILBERT's criticism of the tax system to further their arguments.

A report believed to be authoritative has come from Managua, Nicaragua, telling of the death of Lieut. E. A. THOMAS and Sergeant FRANK DOWDELL, American

Casualties in
Nicaragua

Marine aviators, after a fight at close quarters with a band of guerrilla outlaws.

The flyers disappeared on October 8 after their plane had crashed in the underbrush on Mount Chipote. The story of their death is one of heroism, of a long battle against heavy odds. Unhurt by the crash the two men were able to detach a machine gun from the wreckage, elude outlaws who set upon them, and escape down a deep valley. In the valley they made prisoners of two outlaws whom they encountered, and forced them to lead the way toward Jicaró, the nearest town. A mêlée was precipitated when one of the prisoners attempted to escape, and the aviators, one of them seriously wounded, were forced to take refuge in a cave. Following a trail of blood left by the wounded man a body of thirty or forty outlaws overtook them and killed them.

Sunday, November 6, saw the beginning of a monster celebration commemorating the tenth anniversary of the overthrow of the Russian monarchy and the establish-

Moscow
Celebrates

ing of the Soviet Government. Monday was marked by a parade of 30,000 picked

and superbly trained troops through the streets of Moscow, followed by a procession of more than a quarter of a million selected representatives of the Communist proletariat. Red banners, bunting, and streamers flew from the tops of the buildings or were festooned along the thoroughfares. At night red flares lined the streets and red lights shone from every doorway and window. On top of the black tomb of LENIN stood President KALININ of the Soviet Republic, reviewing the marchers tirelessly hour after hour. During the day memorial meetings were held, in the Red Square and Theatre Square, and in the evening, as on the day preceding, the leaders of the party spoke in the Grand Opera House. STALIN, the swarthy and silent Georgian who is the final power in the inner circle of the party's chiefs, said but little, leaving the inflammatory speeches to his colleagues. Everywhere and always was to be heard the strains of the "International," and everywhere the likeness of LENIN was in evidence.

The Editor Steps Down

IT seems that line storms, Lochinvar, the little gray home, and Senator Borah are not the only natural phenomena of the West. From the confines of this nation's bloc belt has sprung a new wonder to dazzle our editorial eyes, warble a siren song into our editorial ears, and leave finger prints on our otherwise immaculate piqué waistcoat. Like Venus he has sprung, full formed, upon the sands of Nebraska, and assured us that if we don't bow down and worship we're missing much that is good in life. With what modesty he finds becoming he promises to spread himself over a weekly page in THE INDEPENDENT in a way that will amaze all comers. To introduce another figure out of our own comparatively limited erudition, like Nausicaa he would play ball with us, and furthermore, he is prepared to wash all manner of soiled linen shiny white in a river of ink.

Well, we are ready to play with him. To be sure we scoffed at first; and perhaps we shall yet remain to pray fervently. But frankly, we find him one of the most subtle and disarmingly waggish satirists it has ever been our pleasure to meet.

He—hereafter we shall call him the Unknown Sage of Omaha—has that enviable ability to arrive at an honest likeness of his subject by caricaturing it. With the best nature in the world he takes his fellow men by the ears and cracks their heads, and their foibles, together. And while he is doing it, he seems always willing to thumb his nose at his mirror. We believe that our readers will find in the Sage's weekly remarks as delightful a tonic as we have found in the early contributions. Certainly readers will always discover in them a refreshing individuality and an engaging point of view. Sometimes, perhaps, they may even find reason to ponder, as we do, the legend that will head the page: "If You Know What I Mean." THE INDEPENDENT for November 26 will carry the first dispatch from Omaha; we commend it to the attention of our friends.

EVERY so often one of our interested friends is cordial enough to write in for no more important reason than that he likes THE INDEPENDENT and wants us to know it. Such a spirit is manifested by the principal of the Odessa, Minnesota, public schools, who wrote under date of October 31 the very kind and heartening note published below. Such tempered and considerate expressions as his are immeasurably appreciated by the editors of any publication who try to preserve in their work a reasoned sanity and integrity of purpose. It is axiomatic that the

proponents of one side of any controversy cannot please the proponents of the other, but they may at least meet the respect which an earnest and straightforward opponent always deserves. THE INDEPENDENT makes no effort to please everyone, but it does endeavor to appeal to the reasonableness of its readers and to gain their respect.

DEAR SIR:

I am enjoying THE INDEPENDENT. I like it when "The Editor Steps Down." Nothing demonstrates human asininity more conclusively than those letters sometimes do—*ipso facto*. I always smile to see a subscriber "bawl out" the editor and swear against renewal. It reminds me of a childhood playmate who would go right home if he couldn't be the "whole cheese." Invariably, I have found it true that he who loses his temper at a criticism or gibe is he who is ignorant of the strength of his own position—possibly because of the inherent weakness of that position.

Dear me! What book would pass muster if it contained no false statements? It might be desirable that our textbooks reach this ideal, but they never will. As for other books met with after formal education is left behind—what fool wants to read a book he entirely agrees with? And who would want to write a book that would not advance something new, perhaps unsettling, for consideration. I know too many professional patriots to bother reading the book that started this train of thought. But if "Professional Patriots" in the book or out are too much for you, then read T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert." You'll get the idea there of what a professional patriot isn't. As to Communists, I imagine there are more criminals in Chicago or New York to worry about than there are Communists in the entire United States. And Mayor Bill Thompson wastes time stealing his thunder from the patter of the professional patriots.

N. C. KEARNEY.

FROM Tujunga, California, comes the following interesting note which is self-explanatory:

DEAR SIR:

I am delighted to see you come out for an increase in the \$100 customs exemption, for it has been one of my pet reforms for years. You might be interested in my particular version of it, which is to allow the traveler to bring in free from two to three dollars' worth of goods for every day that he has spent outside the United States, with a minimum exemption of from \$100 to \$200. This seems to me a fairer scheme than a fixed exemption for all travelers regardless of the duration of their trip; and one that is more likely to surmount the appalling conservativeness of Congress in such matters.

CARL H. P. THURSTON.

Back Stage in Washington

(Continued from page 506)

various government departments are stating their views, many of them at divergence with those of the President, leads me to believe that there will be some vacancies in the near future. I do not mean that the gentlemen will be asked to leave the government service. Far from it. The President is not the kind of man to go so far. He has always stuck to a man as long as he could possibly avoid the necessity of making a change.

The kind of speeches that are being made simply indicate that certain Assistant Secretaries contemplate retiring to home endeavor within a few months and are desirous of getting a number of long-suppressed sentiments off their chests before they go. Apparently the pressure comes entirely from within, and whatever check has been put on their safety valves is of their own devising. However, that doesn't necessarily prevent the explosions from being all the more violent or poorly tuned when it does occur. But whatever the causes, as a result the White House is being bombarded by stirring epistles from military organizations, Cabinet officials are raising their eyebrows and wondering if the brisk fall weather has anything to do with it, and officers in both services are clapping their hands for joy.

Applicants for short-time service as Assistant Secretaries will form in line on the right.

New Pages for Young Eyes

(Continued from page 496)

book. The fewer gruesome and barbarous images we put into young minds, the better.

I shall take up first among the adventure stories those with a background of history. "The Trade Wind," by Cornelia Meigs (Little, Brown), won a prize of \$2,000 offered by the publishers for the best adventure story for young folk. It well deserves its honor, for it is vigorous, dramatic, and alive. All young people will like it and grown-ups will find pleasure in its pages. "The Regicide's Children," by Aline Howard (Scribner's), will please both boys and girls, though I imagine that girls may like it best. The historical background of the book is our own early Colonial period. "For the Glory of France," by Everett McNeil (Dutton)—well, here is a real boys' book, addressing itself to boys, written for boys. I like all Mr. McNeil's stories of the French explorers, not only because he writes them so sympathetically and well, but also because the French have never received the credit they deserved. This particular book deals with the adventures of boys who go to explore New France with

Champlain. "The Quest of the Sea Otter," by Sabra Conner (Reilly & Lee), deals with the fur trade at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. I would like this book better if it began by telling something about the time in which it takes place. I like at least a hint about the date; it helps to place the events and gives the reader a foundation. "Alison Blair," by Gertrude Crownfield (Dutton), gives me a clue right away, for the very first sentence of the book is: "It was February in England in the year 1755." This same book is one of the best and most skillfully written history stories for young people — girls especially, perhaps — that the year has produced; it is a really distinguished work. Another good romance is "The Splendid Spur," by A. Quiller-Couch; the Dorans have just reissued it in holiday form. The period of this book is that of the Civil War in England.

So much for adventures and history. Of pure adventure tales I like best the boy Scout story entitled, "The Secret of Spirit Lake." It is by Joseph B. Ames, and the Century Company has published it. Not only has Mr. Ames a very rare understanding of the adolescent mind, but he also has the power to build up a good plot and to tell a good story. I recommend this book to anyone who wants a boy's book without any particular airs. "The Quest of the Moon Fish," by C. Bedell Conroy and W. Don Harrison, is another story which youngsters will like. It tells about a mysterious fish in an Indian river and of the efforts of two boys to land him. "The Flight of the Gray Goose," by Francis Lynde (Scribner's), will please many with its pictures of Western ranch life. A good deal of the action concerns an airplane mystery. "Sea Dogs," by Covington Clarke (Reilly & Lee), is a good story about smugglers on the Great Lakes. My last batch consists of books which may be read by either boys or girls but are really better suited to girls. "The Real Edward," by Christine W. Parmenter (Little, Brown), is a charming story of family cooperation and loving trust. "The End of Promise," by Margaret Lynn (Little, Brown), is a fine, stirring story of a girl who accompanies her pioneer parents to the distracted Kansas of the slavery days and the Civil War. It is well written and carries a fine message of courage. "Teodora," by Eleanore M. Jewett (Harse & Hopkins), strikes me as the best of the girls' camp stories. Its youngsters are individuals, it is written with care, and it is plausible and entertaining. But there, I have come to the end of the ends and must leave all these new friends behind. Good-by, all of you; good-by fairy tales, boy scouts, Indians, explorers, and adventurers; good-by sin, and may you bring a world of happiness and understanding to the boys and girls who are waiting for you outside the garden wall.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF US. 1. Read through the article, noticing first what it has to say, second, its structure. 2. How does the author's conception of what Europe thinks of the United States differ from that of the average tourist returning home from abroad? How does it differ from that created by foreign visitors who come here full of praise? Account for the differences. Does Mr. Carter's presentation of the case change your own ideas on the matter? 3. Give examples of newspaper writing or public utterances in which it seems to be taken for granted that Europe is watching "with baited breath and bulging eyes." Do you agree with Mr. Carter that the authors of these are deceiving themselves? 4. Comment on the statement that "the Allies sought to cement a dictated peace by integrating us in the European balance of power through the League of Nations." Does it put the League in a favorable light? 5. Who are some of the "Eurocentric Americans" who believe we have "gone on breaking the heart of the world"? Does their attitude seem more, or less, reasonable than that of Mr. Carter? Notice the coined word "Eurocentric." 6. Consider the implications of the statements Mr. Carter makes about our Army and Navy as seen through European eyes. Would you favor building up our military forces, or letting matters ride? 7. Review the essential difference between the American and French ways of regarding tariffs, mentioned by Mr. Carter on page 504. What seems to be the crux of the Franco-American tariff controversy? 8. Comment on the formation of European steel and chemical trusts; the "propagandist barrage against the possibility of American economic exploitation of Soviet Russia"; the attitude of Viscount Cecil toward the League and disarmament. 9. Are you inclined to agree that we pay too much attention to the utterances of Viscount Cecil, or to French arguments for debt cancellation, and not enough to the "twists of diplomacy"? 10. Compare the attitude of the American public toward Europe with the attitude of the European public toward America, as set forth by Mr. Carter. 11. Why, according to Mr. Carter, is Europe's ignorance of America an asset to European Governments? 12. Now consider the structure, the organization, of the article. Find the topic sentence of each paragraph. See if among the topic sentences there is one which sums up the whole idea of the article. Outline the article as you think it might have been outlined in advance by Mr. Carter. 13. Draw a brief for it, remembering the essential difference between a brief and an outline. 14. Comment on the style, especially upon the repetition of the word "important" in the second paragraph. Under what circumstances is such repetition allowable?

BACK STAGE IN WASHINGTON. 1. What do you think of the subtitle, "The Borahmeter Registers Squalls"? Comment on the selection of titles for articles. Consider the value of titles, first as a means of informing the reader, second as a means of attracting his attention. 2. Why does it seem improbable to the "sour fellows" that Senator William E. Borah can be elected President, or even nominated? Do you find any drawbacks in Mr. Borah's record or in his attitude toward the major problems of the day? Would you classify him as a liberal, a conservative, or something between? What stand has he taken on prohibition? On farm relief? On the League of Nations and the World Court? 3. Review the names of the Senators who have banded together under Mr. Borah as the "Western conference" group. Do you agree with the correspondent that they make strange bedfellows? 4. How do their plans seem to have been upset by the recent announcement of Senator Petr Norbeck, Republican of South Dakota, that he would favor ex-Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois for President?

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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Harry Alan Potamkin			

WHILE other political leaders are frozen to marble by our winter of discontent — the open season for Presidential sniping — Senator Borah continues his tirades on prohibition. While the political hippodrome is devoted momentarily to a tableau in which candidates feign sculpture, the energetic acrobat from Idaho goes aloft and engages in a trapeze act entirely spoiling the effect. In consequence, a humble citizen cannot open his morning paper without finding the name "Borah" plastered all over it; the diet of breakfast reading is Borah on page one,

Borah in the editorials, and Borah with the bacon and eggs. Nothing from Lowden, scant word from Hoover, a comment from Smith on the estates tax, but Idaho first, last, and always. Borah is good copy, and Borah alone of our conscientious statesmen is willing to talk.

The Senator's latest piece of talking has brought forth the happy epigram that "under proper leadership the people of the United States will enforce any

law which they are unwilling to repeal. Under proper leadership they will repeal any law which they are unwilling to enforce." This sounds like reason, but until Mr. Borah has told us exactly what he means by "proper leadership" it will contain an element of vagueness. Under the present two-party system the only leadership we can have will dodge such issues as prohibition for fear of disrupting party organization. The moment a leader admits that the prohibition law should be repealed or confesses that it should be enforced he ceases to be a leader in his own party. This is not a commendable situation, but it is one which cannot but be recognized.

Possibly by "proper leadership" Mr. Borah has dimly in mind leadership which will overleap party boundaries, destroy the old political alignment, and rally voters for a crusade under real issues. If this is his idea, we commend it as one worth trying. We have already suggested a revived Prohibition party, campaigning for out-and-out enforcement. Why not an opposition party, declaring openly for repeal? Why not both of these? Simply because there is at present no leader willing to run the risk of attempting it, none powerful enough to marshal voters behind him. When the time comes for action as well as



talking the Borahs subside, return peacefully to the fold, and party platforms are built on the usual straddle construction. Senator Borah is a good talker, but he does not seem to be the proper leader.

The Sanctity of the Flesh

A SPECIAL committee appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has duly considered the subjects of marriage and divorce and has reported in favor of recognizing only one ground for divorce, adultery. This recommendation is backed up by scriptural quotation and precept; it has an obvious logic to sustain it; and it is, in our opinion, monstrous. Is there only one sin — and that a sin of the flesh — which can dissolve a sacrament? Is there reason or common sense or decency which can forever bind a woman to a maniac, to a degenerate or a felon or a brute? What idiocy is this that clings to its interpretation of early doctrine and condemns men and women either to live without benefit of clergy or to endure a shame and a misery and a degradation which the Founder of Christianity would have been the first to lighten and dissolve?

Some churches are bound so fast by immemorial dogma that retreat from an established position would weaken the entire scope of their authority. This is not true of the Presbyterian Church. Such a committee might well have approached their subject with broad sympathies, reasonable minds, and such vision as God vouchsafed them. Instead they have turned back to texts and doctrines; they have turned away from that spirit of gentleness and kindness and understanding which Christ exemplified; they have chosen discipline; they have forgotten that men and women must be led and not driven toward the Kingdom of God.

The Mussolunatic Fringe

ALTHOUGH sculptors and portrait painters lay claim to understanding it, the phenomenon of Mussolini continues to puzzle political scientists. Howard Chandler Christy may conquer the bulge of the ducal brow, the line of the ducal mouth; students of government have a harder time of it. A majority of them probably thought Fascism and its leader would plunge into defeat long before November, 1927; instead, the month finds the Iron Duke cutting another timber from political liberty and using it to bolster his pedestal. The success of Mussolini is amazing in itself, but even more amazing is the attitude of the Italian people. They swing into vociferous applause of the man who would be Napoleon, who is becoming a sort of little Napoleon at their expense. If there are murmurs of protest they are not allowed to become audible. Waterloo for Il Duce is farther away than ever.

The latest move of the Fascist Grand Council,

created by Mussolini, hand-picked by Mussolini, and presided over by Mussolini, has been to propose the abolition of universal suffrage. Hereafter the vote will be allowed only to those who are active contributors to the advancement of the nation; and "active contributors," of course, are those belonging to or favorable to Fascist organizations. To the chosen voters will be presented only one ticket, a ticket designated by the Fascist guilds and altered according to the wishes of the Grand Council. These rules will hold for elections to the House of Deputies. Senators will still be chosen under the present method, through which the Government dominates their appointment. The Grand Council calls its proposal a "Parliamentary reform," and there is no doubt but that its acceptance will reform Parliament out of what little power remains to it.

So long as Mussolini retains among his people his reputation as the savior of Italy, so long as he succeeds in his plan of building up the nation on an efficiency basis internally, while maintaining externally her prestige in the Balkans and Mediterranean, his star is likely to continue in the ascendancy. Undoubtedly Italy owes much of her present rank to him. If he fails some day to preserve his heroic pose, if he is unable to meet a diplomatic crisis, if obstacles from within or without trip him for a moment, the people are likely to turn on him and demand a new democracy. Having placed himself in the saddle he must ride and ride hard if he is to remain there.

Look to Vermont

THE American Red Cross, the Government, and local authorities in Vermont are coöperating to put the State back on its feet. Attorney-General Sargent and Secretary of Commerce Hoover are visiting the State to make an estimate of the damage accomplished by the flood and to determine the best means of rehabilitation. Vermont is struggling to restore her transportation lines, rebuild her homes, mend her industrial plants, and repair her farms before winter sets in. The loss of life in the flood is set somewhere under 150 persons. An authoritative estimate of the property loss is not yet completed, but the fact that in Montpelier alone it runs into millions of dollars indicates how large it has been. Despite the relief measures which have been undertaken, the situation is far from encouraging.

According to the last Federal census Vermont was the only State in the Union to lose in population between 1910 and 1920. Now it is faced by a new exodus. Discouraged by their losses farmers and townspeople are reported to be packing up their remaining belongings and moving elsewhere to find a livelihood. The town of Waterbury is said to have lost in this way one quarter of its two thousand

people. According to Thomas Bradlee, director of the extension bureau of the State Agricultural Service, farmers of the Winooski Valley are abandoning their property and turning to day labor.

Federal aid for Vermont should be provided at the coming session of Congress. Indication that the Government will aid at least in highway building is given by the fact that Army engineers are engaged now in a survey of the main arteries of the Vermont road system. Long before Congress can take definite action, however, a crisis will have been reached. It is up to Vermont's sister States, particularly those of New England, to furnish all the assistance they are able. The New England Council, an organization of New England business men, should take relief measures under consideration. New England bankers should be willing to place loans in Vermont at low interest rates. Thus far they have seemed rather indifferent, but before complete public apathy returns definite steps must be taken to help Vermont over a difficult period.

The Opportunity for Mr. Coolidge

MR. COOLIDGE has gone a long way toward acquiring the reputation of a traveling President. In his peregrinations he has probably rung up more mileage than President Wilson, who went all the way to Versailles. Mr. Coolidge has summered at Swampscott, White Pine Lodge, Rapid City. He has made occasional sallies to Pittsburgh, Chicago, Kansas City. Now, at last, he is considering a journey beyond the borders of the United States; to wit, a visit to Cuba, where he may attend the opening of



the sixth Pan-American Congress which meets in Havana on January 16. It was doubtful if Chicago needed him, for a stock show can get along without a President to bow right and left; it is not certain that Kansas City would have been lost without his presence, or that the advancement of art in Pittsburgh would have been less if he had spared his personal benediction. When it comes to Cuba and the Pan-American Congress, there are larger issues involved. Central and South America have acquired the rather natural idea that the United States is out for political or economical if not territorial acquisitions in their regions. They talk a great deal about Yankee imperialism and a menace from the north. In view of our unfortunate methods in Nicaragua plus the perennial hint of dollar diplomacy in our dealings with the rest of Central America, they can hardly be blamed for striking this suspicious attitude.

Few things can reassure them more than a Presidential visit to the Congress at Havana. And the

President has done wisely in choosing the American delegates to the convention: Charles Evans Hughes, Henry P. Fletcher, Oscar Underwood, Dwight W. Morrow are not names to be trifled with. The Administration is contributing its best. If it can go a step farther and come down to brass tacks; if the President can offer something substantial instead of resorting to the usual generalities about neighbors in the New World, he will go far toward wiping out the hostility to which the State Department has been subjected from Latin American sources. But the mere presence of Mr. Coolidge will in itself do good, for Latin Americans are far more susceptible to the refinements and courtesies of international amenities than are Anglo-Saxons. The gesture is well worth while, and we hope nothing will change the President's intention of making it.

The Conquest of Night

IF there was anything left of night in New York City, recent inventions have destroyed it, reduced it into chaos. To begin with there is the advertising scheme by which illuminated letters advertising a motion-picture house are flashed on skyscraper abutments from a four-billion-candle-power magic lantern. Gigantic characters spelling out trade slogans stream across brick and terra cotta, literally writing — if not handwriting — on the wall; appearing, vanishing, wavering, returning, in endless procession. This is alarming of itself, but the promise that in a week or two airplanes will drop a smoke screen upon which messages in light will be projected makes the prospect more sinister. Where now, Mr. Thomson, is your City of Dreadful Night?

Out in Van Cortland Park, meanwhile, luminous streaks flash across the night; bloated glowworms slither through the grass and lurk beneath park benches. Meteors? Comets? Signs of ill omen? Only luminous golf balls, we are told; but when the composition of these balls has been perfected there will be no relief, even in the suburbs. Our own Westchester must soon become the land of midnight golf. Milton thought he was describing hell, yet seems only to have been anticipating Manhattan and its environs when he wrote of the regions:

Where eldest Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold

Eternal anarchy amidst the noise

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

The Passing of Pawah

PAWAH, sacred white elephant of Burma, and Dr. Saw Durmay Po Min, his Baptist owner, have set sail for Rangoon by way of Plymouth, England. Barnum and Bailey have lost five thousand pounds of the Greatest Show on Earth, and Dr. John Roach Straton has missed an excellent opportunity

to give one of his practical if spectacular demonstrations. He might have introduced Pawah into his Parish House as an object lesson, an example of what happens to pagan deities in the long run. For Pawah, from all accounts, was as forlorn as a poor elephant could be when his American tour was completed. Not one convert had he made to white-elephant worship. His ride over American railways along with his quartering in American stables had colored him after the manner of a meerschaum pipe; there was little whiteness left to him, except behind the ears. He was so hungry on his last day in New York that he ate two moldy horse blankets from his own back, thereby arousing an argument as to their cost between Dr. Min and the liveryman. Dr. Min was taking him to Rangoon where white elephants have their supplicants and are properly worshiped. The idea is to exhibit him before Rangoonites at a reasonable consideration per worshiper, and then to devote the proceeds to converting them to the Baptist faith. Thus will Rangoon be hoist by its own petards.

Having got rid of Pawah, it is desirable that we dispose of some of our other outworn idols, either by shipping them "east of Suez" or placing them at the disposal of our professional iconoclasts. Isolationism, Mayor Thompson, and Aimee Semple McPherson are enough to begin with. Others, including the carcass of the Ku-Klux Klan, are not far to seek.

A New Rubber Ball Starts Rolling

ACCORDING to an announcement made to the Chemical Industrialists' Protective Union in Germany by Dr. A. von Weinberg, the dye syndicate has succeeded in producing synthetic rubber equal in quality to and cheaper than the natural product. They expected to apply for world patents, he said, and shortly to commence large-scale commercial manufacture. One chill after another has chased up and down the spines of the owners of rubber stocks ever since Dr. von Weinberg hurled this monkey wrench into the delicate machinery of the rubber business. Of course one may murmur, "Important if true!" German scientists have been wrong before and probably they will be wrong again, but just the same the learned doctor's words ring in the ear with a conviction very disconcerting to the trade. But not to the public! Cheaper rubber would be a real contribution toward a lower cost of living. We use rubber—soft or hard—in a fantastic number of ways. It is hard to conceive how our forefathers got along so easily without it. Our uses and demands for rubber constantly increase, faster of late years than the increase of plantations producing its raw material. We have been threatened with what was equivalent to a rubber monopoly, and every Ford driver, gum-shoe agent, telephone owner, or lumberjack has, unconsciously perhaps,

faced a higher cost of living. We hope that Dr. von Weinberg's words will be justified by the event and that the great power which may be vested in the patentees will be used with discretion and generosity.

As We Were in the Beginning

THE trouble with genealogists is that they don't go back far enough. They content themselves with discovering that an ancestor was third assistant plumber on the *Mayflower* or stableman to William the Conqueror when stables were stables, and there the matter rests. They only begin the job, yet when they have provided a suitable pedigree, closeted a few scandalous skeletons, invented some new marvel of heraldry, they consider their task done. Not so with the anthropologists. While genealogists juggle with years and months, the anthropologists burden themselves with centuries. Instead of rummaging through the sacred relics of the Massachusetts Bay Colony the anthropologists go grubbing with spade and pickaxe in inaccessible caverns. Thence come the Cro-Magnon, the Piltown, the Neanderthal men. Thence the strange crania, the crumbling jawbones, the grisly remains of beings to whom a sabretooth tiger or a good lively mammoth was all in the day's hunt.

Of all anthropological discoveries, none has caused more controversy than the Neanderthal. The Neanderthal controversy has been for anthropology what the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is for literature. The question is whether this "man," who lived without radio and hunted without a game license in an interglacial period some sixty thousand years ago, was or was not a member of our own species, *homo sapiens*. The answer was becoming more and more in the negative until a few days ago when Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the National Museum at Washington claimed the Neanderthal again for our own, thereby bringing consternation to the Royal Anthropological Society of London, before which he was speaking. It is not necessary here to go into Dr. Hrdlicka's arguments; the important thing is his decision for the affirmative. It gives anyone out for ancestors the opportunity of picking up a good one, and furnishes all ambitious genealogists with a chance to do a thorough job at last. Take his picture of the Neanderthal. The Neanderthal man was of moderate stature, heavy build. He had a large, thick, oblong skull, low forehead, low-vaulted protruding occiput, large teeth and large, heavy lower jaw with receding chin. His bones were stout, his legs relatively short. Here, indeed, is a forbear who outdoes Miles Standish. Let genealogists take notice, and when they choose their next escutcheons may they embellish them with Neanderthal skulls and Paleolithic ribs, underwritten by the legend: *Nosce Te Ipsum*.

The Battle of the Navy Yards

BRITISH public opinion is one thing; British naval policy is another. Notwithstanding widespread opposition from such organs as the Manchester *Guardian* and from such statesmen as Lord Robert Cecil it seems likely that Great Britain will continue her extensive program of cruiser building. Her argument for a large number of light cruisers hardly needs repeating; she maintains that cruisers are needed to keep open her lines of communication, to guarantee a supply of food and other essential commodities for the mother country, which would starve if isolated from the colonies. In time of war the empire must function as a unit. There is logic in this argument, but with Japan admittedly confining naval affairs to the Pacific, and with all European powers together in command of a fleet perhaps one third as strong as the British, the inference can be no other than that Great Britain is building against the United States.

The people of the United States are no more enthusiastic for large navies than is the British public, but in this country also a building program is contemplated. Already Congressman Britten of Illinois has commenced spouting about the need of a large American Navy; the oratory of Navy Day and Armistice Day dwelt heavily upon the reviving need of "preparedness." Congress will doubtless hear many a plea for increased naval appropriations this winter, and many a legislator will take opportunity to point the accusing finger at England. Undoubtedly the United States has good reason for strengthening her fleet. As a large industrial nation, by no means self-sufficing, she has hardly less need than England of keeping the trade lanes open. In case of a new European conflict, the United States as a neutral would need a good-sized naval force to insure the observance of her rights on the sea. Only a few days ago Lord Wemyss of the British Admiralty came out in favor of the abolition of the Declaration of Paris, under which it is illegal for a warring nation to search neutral ships and confiscate goods intended for the enemy. Lord Wemyss was speaking for Lord Wemyss, and not for the Admiralty or British opinion, yet his attitude points a danger to neutrals which was all too plain in the last war and would be present in another. A neutral with a strong navy could better argue for an enforcement of international law, and prevent the molestation of neutral shipping.

Thus, whether we like it or not, Great Britain and the United States are faced with the prospect of a race in competitive naval armaments. Since the Washington Conference of 1922 has limited the building of dreadnoughts, the competition will be in cruiser strengths. The fact that we were unable to reach an agreement with Great Britain at Geneva

last summer leaves the way for cruiser building wide open. The two nations will not be building in preparation for a war between themselves, yet by building against each other at all they will arouse mutual suspicions. The attitude that Tory Great Britain will take is stated thus by a member of Parliament: "America is the one Ally who is receiving anything from Germany, and she is getting or will get every penny that Germany has to pay. With this money extracted from defeated Germany, she is going to build a fleet comparable to the prewar German fleet — the destruction of which was one of the main objects of the war."

This is countered by the American attitude, expressed by Mr. Hugh Gibson at the Geneva conference: "We have not yet been able to understand why, in a time of profound peace and at the moment that we are seeking to reduce the burden of naval expenditure, the British Government considers a considerable program of naval expansion as an absolute and even a vital necessity."

What will the upshot of the matter be? The Washington Agreement comes up for further consideration in 1931; long before then the race in cruisers is likely to be a recognized fact. Both nations face the prospect of heavier tax burdens to pay for armaments which they do not want, but which circumstance seems to force upon them. It is not a prospect to get excited about, but one which needs careful consideration, without jingo or alarmist propaganda, on both sides of the Atlantic. Great Britain is even now giving it serious attention. The United States will do likewise.

We are convinced that at the moment the best course for Congress to pursue is to appropriate money for a definite and enlarged program of cruiser building, one which will regain some of the ground the United States Navy has lost since 1922. Since the Washington Conference Great Britain has built, is building, or has made appropriation to build fifty-four cruisers having a total of 332,000 tons; Japan, twenty-five cruisers with a total of 156,000 tons; the United States only fifteen, with a total tonnage of 125,000. With a firm background of new cruiser building to help even the score, the United States will be in a position to stress the danger of enlarged naval programs, and to argue effectively for reduction at a new naval conference. Such a conference should be held if possible within a year or two, certainly before 1931. Great Britain may then realize that because of financial, economic, and commercial interests the United States insists upon the right to naval "parity," and is ready to build beyond parity if necessary. She may also take it for granted that the United States is ready, glad even, to scrap and to limit. If this fails, the outlook will be anything but promising, and an armament race which is still only a conjecture will come to be a perilous and a damnable reality.

Von Kluck Boxes His Shadow

By T. H. Thomas

THE more Englishmen the better." With these words, according to Tirpitz, Moltke received the news of England's entry into the war. "When I warned him against rating too lightly these troops, who were almost all sergeants, he replied, 'We shall arrest them.'" The German official naval history, in turn, records:

The Supreme Command made no demands whatever on the Navy to stop or delay the British transports. When Captain Heyde of the Operations Section was sent by the Admiralty to inquire if the Army laid stress on the interruption of troop transports, the Chief of the General Staff personally replied that the Navy should not allow its operations to be interfered with on this account; it would even be of advantage if the Armies in the west could settle with the 160,000 English at the same time as the French and Belgians.

This buoyant attitude did not imply that Moltke had a poor opinion of the British army; on the contrary, in a general-staff memoir of 1914 it had been appraised as "equal in quality to our own — *ebenburtig*." The famous sally at the contemptible little army was an expression of the Kaiser Wilhelm, not the general-staff, mentality. But Moltke believed that in any case the violation of Belgian territory would force England to come in; his plan for an overwhelming advance through Belgium seemed easily able to deal with the small force the British could send; and both from a political and a military standpoint there would be obvious advantages in having the British involved in the military disaster prepared for the French army.

The question as to *where* the British would come in was more difficult to answer. The secret of the British plan of operations could not be learned; for one reason because no plan existed. In calculating the probabilities, general-staff opinion was divided between a landing in Schleswig-Holstein to strike at the Kiel Canal, or on the Channel coast, or in both regions. The Schleswig operation was always taken seriously, and when war broke out some 60,000 men were hurried up on guard there. It was thought more probable, however, that the British would disembark

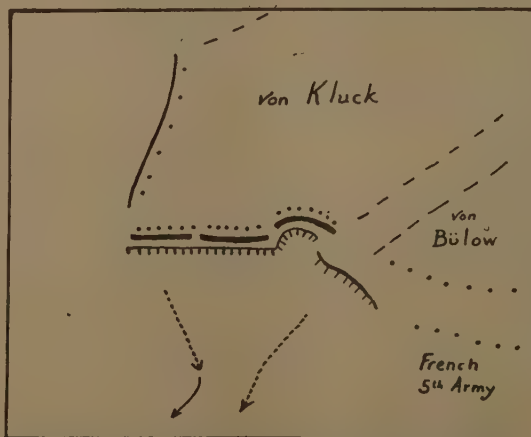
at Calais, Dunkirk, and Ostend — to create a diversion in northern France or Belgium. In the plan of operations, accordingly, two army corps from the German right wing were assigned "to push forward to the coast, direction Calais." In any case, the general staff assumed with confidence that the British would act independently and laid their plans on the hypothesis that the British would operate in such a way as to cover their own bases in the Channel ports, and in case of a retreat would retire in that direction.

It was a clear and logical deduction, but was wrong at every point. The "military conversations" between the French and British made no binding arrangement of any sort, except to provide the necessary harbor and dock facilities in France, and to set apart certain billeting areas and the use of certain railways; but even before learning of Joffre's plan in 1914, Kitchener's instructions to General French had ordered:

The special motive of the force under your command is to support and coöperate with the French armies.

FOR all his independent authority, French immediately took his place as a part of France's line of battle. Also, in arranging their line of communications, the British staff had from the first taken into account the danger of the German drive through Belgium. Instead of using the Channel ports which were obviously exposed to it, they chose Havre as their main seaport. Their S O S was to establish its main base at Rouen, with its headquarters at Amiens and only a smaller base at Boulogne, while the troops were to move by rail straight across northern France to a concentration

area in front of Le Cateau. Thus, in August, 1914, no part of the first hundred thousand disembarked at Calais, Dunkirk, or Ostend; and instead of coming down from the coast as the Germans expected, they moved up by a more circuitous but more secure route from the southwest. On every point the general staff had guessed directly wrong: as to the whereabouts of the British, their line of communications, and above all their military intentions.



MONS, AUGUST 23: VON KLUCK'S FOUR ARMY CORPS AND TWO CORPS OF THE BRITISH. ARROWS MARK THE BRITISH WITHDRAWAL OF AUGUST 24

These mistaken forecasts were followed up, when war came, by a breakdown of the German secret service. No word got through from England as to sailings of troop transports; and the British disembarked, moved up to Le Cateau, and marched off to Mons — without the Germans learning of it. The 60,000 troops were then still waiting for them in Schleswig; and on the very evening that the advance to Mons was ordered, the supreme command informed von Kluck:

Disembarkation of British troops at Boulogne and their advance from direction of Lille must be reckoned with. It is the opinion here however that disembarkations on a large scale have not yet taken place.

Von Kluck himself, as he explains, "was still counting on the possible coöperation of British troops with the Belgian army."

The French command, meanwhile, nourished the still greater illusion of being able to outflank von Kluck on the north; and with this mission in view the British completed their march to Mons. Although unaware of von Kluck's full strength, their cavalry and aviation promptly located German forces in front of them, and at nightfall drew up to the position assigned them, awaiting battle. With his eyes still turned toward the coast, von Kluck sent off no cavalry to look in their direction, and his aviators did not even go up to reconnoitre. Halting for the night not far in front of the British, he ordered a general march forward for the morrow. With barely time to deploy, his troops advanced next morning into the zone of fire of "invisible riflemen." One of the German regiments marching up was told by its cavalry:

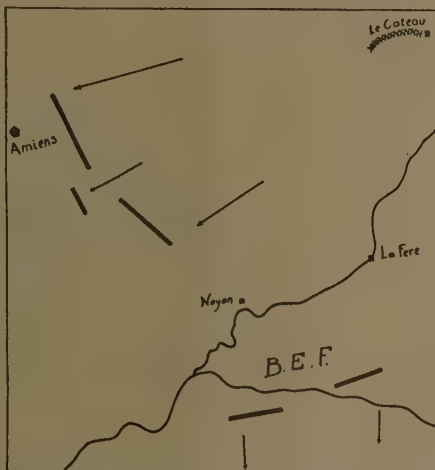
There was no enemy within fifty miles. Shortly afterwards two Hussars, covered with blood, galloped past shouting that the enemy occupied the line of the canal just in front. A third limped past, dragging his blood-stained saddle, and reported, "There, in front, in the village! There they are."

Quite unable to adjust his views to this unexpected development, von Kluck failed even to grasp what was actually happening. The German official history notes that he let his troops attack as they chose, and made no effort to direct the course of the battle. Instead of swinging his right wing down to outflank

the British line, he halted it miles away from the field, facing west, where the British ought to be; and throughout the day it remained idle and useless. Even so, the odds were heavily in his favor. The full weight of six of his divisions fell upon Smith-Dorrien's corps; two British divisions strung out along a twelve-mile front; and everywhere the German infantry attacked with spirit and determination.

But at Mons alone out of all the frontier battles a Continental conscript army came into action against thoroughly trained regulars — against troops who could shoot to hit. The result of the test is summed up tersely by the German official narrative:

Well-entrenched and completely hidden, the enemy opened a murderous fire. . . . The casualties increased; the rushes became shorter; and finally the whole attack stopped with bloody losses.



WESTWARD HO!

VON KLUCK'S THRUST TOWARD AMIENS "TO CUT OFF THE BRITISH FROM THE COAST." THE POSITIONS SHOWN ARE FOR AUGUST 30

At dark, the British history records, "Quite as at the close of a manoeuvre day, German bugles were heard to sound the 'cease fire' — repeating it along the line unit by unit. In one place, to cheer themselves, the men sang 'Deutschland über alles' — and then all was quiet." One of the officers of this regiment that sang has set down a vivid impression of that first night on the battlefield:

The regiment is shot down — smashed up — only a handful left! . . . Our first battle is a heavy, an unheard-of defeat, — and against the English, the English we laughed at. . . .

The regiment was pulled back at dark and spent an anxious night; the Colonel said, "If the English have the slightest suspicion of our condition and counter-attack, they will simply over-run us."

NEXT day, as if there were no English yet on the scene, General von Bülow ordered a half dozen of these battered regiments to drive forward and envelop the left flank of the neighboring French army. The idea failed, he explains briefly, "because the British offered resistance." Von Kluck, in turn, clung faithfully to his Channel coast hypothesis and ordered his right wing "to cut off the enemy's retreat to the west." The enemy retreated southward. Still dreaming, von Kluck for the next day staged a full-dress battle by envelopment — against a position where he decided the British would be. Once again the British were elsewhere.

But by force of relentless marching along the

route marked out by British rear guards, von Kluck's troops made up for the errors of their leader, and by the evening of this third day were crowding close in upon the outer of the two British army corps. Smith-Dorrien saw that he could not get his columns safely away in the morning, but the accurate rifle fire of his infantry at Mons made him "confident of giving the enemy a stopping blow, and slipping away before he could recover." He decided to stand and fight. As they came up through the night his weary troops were deployed upon the positions chosen; and in the morning once again von Kluck ran slap into an unexpected and unprepared battle.

Once again he completely failed to grasp what was happening. Still faithful to his own theory of British strategy, he jumped to the conclusion that they had their backs to the westward; and thereupon issued orders for enveloping, that day or the next, an imaginary battlefield. Even so, where the fight was actually going on, the odds were heavily enough in his favor. Two German army corps came to grips with one British, and this time Smith-Dorrien had to stand alone, with both flanks unsupported. The German troops pushed their attacks harder than at Mons, but once again they were met by the machine-gun fire that proved so deadly. The British broke off the battle almost without interference, and marched off the field in broad daylight. Watching his troops march away, their commander recalled "a crowd coming away from a race-meeting: men smoking their pipes, apparently quite unconcerned, and walking steadily down the road — no formation of any sort, and men of all units mixed together." The curious thing was that the enemy were making no attempt to follow.

THE "curious thing" was explained long afterwards. So closely were the forces engaged that various detachments never received the order for retirement. Even when they found themselves alone they held imperturbably the positions that had been given them; and the German regiments ordered to renew the assault found the same efficient rifle fire issuing from the terrain in front of them. For some six or eight hours, very gallantly, the German infantry had been providing targets; they had now enough of it, and brought the battle of Le Cateau to an end, then and there — in front of this orphan British line of battle. From far away Smith-Dorrien's retiring columns saw the German artillery fire break out again in full chorus upon the positions they had abandoned and, with the roads behind them still barred by these unshaken lost battalions, marched on through the night — unmolested and out of danger.

Throughout the night von Kluck stayed put, assuring himself that "if the British held their ground next day the enveloping movement might bring

another considerable victory." On this hypothesis he assaulted triumphantly next morning an empty battlefield; and thereupon wirelessly the supreme command that he had decisively defeated the whole expeditionary force. In point of fact the sharp rap Smith-Dorrien had delivered took the wind out of von Kluck's pursuit. Not only did it check the pressure on his own corps, but the sound of the guns at Le Cateau also drew off from their course the two German corps driving down upon Haig further east. Both British corps henceforward could pursue their marches without interference, and the British flank was never again in danger of envelopment.

Von Kluck himself completed his discomfiture. Accepting his own report that he had defeated the whole British army, he hurried off in pursuit — in quite the wrong direction. For the last time, now, he followed his vision of cutting the enemy off from their bases along the Channel; and while the B. E. F. swung down beside the French in front of Paris, von Kluck marched off at a tangent, for three days in succession, toward Amiens.

IN the course of this last wild-goose chase, quaintly enough, he cut in upon the real British line of communications. But even this bird had flown. Even before the campaign began the British had felt a certain doubt as to Joffre's plan, and remembered the risk of a strong outflanking movement to the northward. If the thing succeeded, even their roundabout line of communications would be threatened; and on the day *before* Mons, the head of the S O S was summoned to headquarters by the Quartermaster General, Robertson. The danger was explained, and a move devised to meet it; and even before the retreat began the S O S had begun its "intellectual preparations." As von Kluck drew near, the signal was given; the stores at Amiens and Rouen were bundled off; and wires were sent to the Admiralty at London asking for additional shipping. While the B. E. F. marched down to the Marne, its lines of communication floated quietly around the corner by sea and landed for a fresh start at our old friend Saint-Nazaire. (It is recorded that the hastily loaded stores arrived there in a scrambled condition, and it is just possible that this circumstance cast a spell on Saint-Nazaire forever afterwards.) As the retreat ended, the supply trains were finding their way up to a new railhead just south of Paris; and from here, during the Marne, the British army drew its rations with great regularity. Von Kluck, meanwhile, after the "stopping blow" at Le Cateau, had sent his cavalry scurrying over the country west of Amiens, searching in vain for the lost British line of communications. No one had thought of providing the German right wing with submarines, nor had the general staff anticipated the peculiar dangers of advancing within easy rifle range of prewar British infantry. (*Continued opp. page 530*)

The Divine Right Not to Vote

By A. K. Laing

IN recent years the average election, local or national, has failed to call out much more than fifty per cent of the qualified electorate. This condition is viewed with increasing alarm by sincere believers in democratic government. In Australia, nonvoters are fined; and attempts are afoot to write provision for a similar penalty into our own statute books.

I, an average citizen, not noticeably free, and somewhat more than twenty-one, resent this activity. Among the few rights which a sesquicentury of lawmaking has left me, I cherish the right not to vote. I am not a political scientist; I am an average citizen, more interested in setback architecture than in Tammany Hall; and it is as such that I defend my right deliberately to shun the polls.

If I were a member of a jury whose duty it was to choose the best book of the year, and a preliminary machinery left me only the choice between Edgar A. Guest's newest volume of verses and Harold Bell Wright's latest novel, ignoring such writers as Cather and Robinson, I should decline to vote. Such a situation is no more bizarre than that which greets me on the average election day.

The growth of the voting public and of the party system has restricted me to the choice of saying "yes" or "no" to ideas propounded by others, often by incompetent others. It has raised to power a political class concerned mainly with the suppression of issues of importance, influenced more by high-pressure lobbying of small groups than by the will of a constituency. When every activity, from sport to the acquisition of social position, betrays Mammon as the godhead, it is not surprising that legislation should be purchased with money; and the money comes neither from the people as a whole nor from the intelligent classes. It comes, naturally enough, from embattled prejudice, typified by the Anti-Saloon League, and from big business; it is applied in furthering their respective ends.

So it is hard to understand the pained surprise with which political doctors broadcast the news that the well-educated classes are large contributors to the group of nonvoters. Where else than among the well educated would such a reaction be expected to

develop? Primary schools always have propagandized the sacredness of American political theory; but when an apathy of this nature becomes rife in the upper strata of the citizenry, among college graduates and the learned professions in general, is it not wise, before making more malefactors with vote-slacker legislation, to inquire whether or not the condition is an indictment of the system?

Walter Lippmann and others have exposed the fallacy that importance should be attached to uninformed opinion. Corporations do not set their policies by the vote of small-minded underlings; they look to corporation lawyers and to trained executives. Is it any more reasonable in the business of government to deliver power into the hands of a group, the majority of which knows little or nothing of the economic and sociological laws underlying politics? Complete enfranchisement, in heterogeneous society, is merely a degraded survival of the world-old rule of force; and when a staggering percentage of qualified voters are admittedly moronic, the tyranny of the majority

If our national ideals guarantee each citizen the right to elect his representatives, they also guarantee him the right to stay away from the polls when a vote for any of the candidates or issues at stake is but a matter of choosing between two evils, says the author. He is not the first to notice the voter apathy which has marked recent elections, but this is the first serious attempt we have seen to search out its causes, defend it, and offer hope for greater interest. Mr. Laing will be remembered by INDEPENDENT readers for his occasional poems

is tyranny of the most sinister sort.

It was the hope of framers of our Government that the uneducated masses would elect men of high intelligence to think for them. Anyone acquainted with the transient population of Washington knows that this hope has not materialized. Anyone who considers the long reign of John F. Hylan as mayor of the nation's greatest city or of Warren Harding and several light-fingered members of his Cabinet can see that the hope discounted at least outrageous possibilities of error.

APPARENTLY democracy puts into power typical members of the group instead of its best-qualified members. It is a system in which a people finds its own average in its governors; and when we think of its underlying principles, the result is exactly what one might have expected. At least the United States has achieved true representative government, government typical of its average culture, average intelligence, and average business methods. But there are some of us who have a wistful desire to see the best elements, rather than the none-too-golden mean in power.

Is this a valid excuse for the well educated to refrain from voting? I think it is. Those who understand the economic and social forces behind a government are so few, possibly five per cent of the electorate, that they are faced by unencouraging alternatives. They may vote in hope to swing a divided issue in the sane direction; they may devote themselves to the task of educating an apathetic public; or they may embrace the universally recognized right to register forcible opinion and disapproval by striking.

THE best comment on the first alternative is that it has failed repeatedly. The value of the second is made doubtful by a national suspicion of scholarship, and by a bland national refusal to believe that money is not the measure of every phase of life. As long as the Government is run by money, it will devote itself automatically to the welfare of Mammon. Those who object to delicate piracy in the Caribbean and the Gulf, or to the protection by tariff of bloated local industries, can make their objections effective only by involving in the issue wealth commensurate with that derived from such practices.

The third alternative, while lacking in immediate effect, is more soothing to one's intellectual integrity. Its aims are admittedly remote, but the alarm which it has engendered already shows that it is not a hopeless course. It would be untrue and damaging to the argument to claim that the voters' strike is the result of organization. Its status as a spontaneous and nation-wide reaction is more forceful than any result of propaganda could be. Let us examine some of its more probable causes.

The largest, no doubt, is laziness, but laziness of a legitimate sort: unwillingness to waste energy in an apparently futile procedure. Then there is the factor of unwillingness to express approval of one policy or person merely because it or he is less unfit than another. And last, there is the conscious expression of disapproval of the perversion of a high ideal, the deliberate refusal to be party to what seems a colossal stupidity.

The only hope for the existing system is its operation through disinterested intellects which can deal with sum totals of individuals rather than with sum totals of wealth. It has been a paradox of all nations and eras that groups with a humanistic intelligence are not moneyed groups. When we find these qualities in a man of wealth, it is a matter for surprise; and usually he is discovered after he has turned from acquisitiveness to philanthropy. I do not infer that intelligence of a very high order is lacking in the world of business. Rather I wish to point out that the *genre* of intelligence which succeeds in this field is too concerned with self-betterment and the fight for survival to have a broad vision of the welfare of others.

The conscious vote striker hopes to stress the anomalies of the present system by having nothing to do with it. He is encouraging the conditions for a crisis which will make reorganization imperative. There is the hope, meanwhile, that reorganization may antedate and avert the crisis. This crisis will be the combined result of political blunders such as those which are now engendering a tariff war and the coming decline in natural resources. Except in periods of high idealism, which ours certainly is not, the bulk of the citizenry ask nothing more of their Government than the ability to make a comfortable living and to enjoy it without too many restrictions. Increase in population, decrease of natural resources, and the eventual readjustment of world wealth eventually will lower the standard of living, although it may experience a further rise before this occurs; and the continuation of policies such as that which has given us the Eighteenth Amendment will breed a wider dissatisfaction with the current perversion of the democratic ideal.

Under our present organization it is inevitable that the depression will strike the masses, and that wealth will continue to protect itself. The first serious indication of this is to be found in the Middle West, where the farmers have made a bitter and futile appeal for artificial amelioration of conditions beyond their individual control, conditions which are vitally endangering the welfare of a once prosperous group. There is no room for a further expansion westward such as that which drove the forbears of these farmers from the now highly decadent New England farming districts; and the outcry against class favoritism in politics is spreading dangerously throughout the West for the very reason which I have stressed: the refusal of the Government to aid a large group in making a comfortable living. When this discontent has spread sufficiently, and it may do so within our generation, some of the conditions for revolution will obtain. Probably the revolution will be political rather than military; but in any event it will be costly and wasteful. It is the part of prudence to forestall it by lessening its causes.

DESPITE our machines, we have advanced little in ability to live logically with one another. There was the World War. And crime in Cellini's day cannot have been much more prevalent than it is now in Chicago. There is much to be said for Machiavellian theories, for paternalism in general. Perhaps it is as much the function of government to serve the interests of the people as it is to grant their desires. The two are not synonymous.

For this reason I think the primary-school insistence upon the genius of the founders of our Government is largely correct. The joker in the deck is the inference that we have followed their prescription. We have not. Their system (*Continued on page 536*)



THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN ON SEPTEMBER 2, 1923, THE DAY AFTER EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE HAD RAVAGED THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN. IT SHOWS WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE AZUMA BRIDGE

TOKYO — A MODERN PHOENIX

Japan's Capital Four Years Ago—and Today



All photographs from Herbert

HERE IS THE AZUMA BRIDGE, LEADING TOWARD THE HONJO DISTRICT OF TOKYO, AS IT LOOKED EXACTLY FOUR YEARS AFTER THE DISASTER



SEPTEMBER, 1923
THE SUDACHO CROSSROAD
LOOKING EAST TOWARD JINBO-
CHO JUST AFTER THE GREAT
EARTHQUAKE. ONLY THE ONE
BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE AND
THE STATUE OF COMMANDER
HIROSE REMAIN STANDING

THIS SHOWS THE FIRE THAT
FOLLOWED HARD AFTER THE
EARTHQUAKE RAGING ALONG
THE HIBIYA CROSSROAD. THE
FLAMES STARTED IN THE IM-
PERIAL THEATRE AND THE MET-
ROPOLITAN POLICE OFFICE LOST
IN THE SMOKE AT THE RIGHT.
THE IMPERIAL PALACE NEAR BY
WAS UNHARMED



THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN FROM
KAMINARI-MON ON THE IMADO-
CHO SIDE NEAR THE AZUME
BRIDGE IMMEDIATELY AFTER
THE FIRE. THE DESOLATION IS
COMPLETE; ONLY A FEW STACKS,
AND TREES ARE STANDING

SEPTEMBER, 1927

HERE IS THE SUDACHO CROSSROAD AS IT IS TODAY. THE STATUE OF HIROSE STILL STANDS, AND THE NEW MANSEIBASHI STATION APPEARS IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. PARTICULARLY NOTABLE IS THE SIZE OF THE TREE NEAR THE STATION



THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE LEFT WAS TAKEN FROM THE SAME SPOT AS THAT ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. IT SHOWS THE HIBIYA CROSSROAD AS IT LOOKS TODAY, WITH THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW THOROUGHFARE STILL ONLY PARTIALLY COMPLETED

THIS IS THE SAME SPOT AS THE CORRESPONDING VIEW ON THE PRECEDING PAGE AS IT LOOKED FOUR YEARS LATER FROM THE SAME POINT OF OBSERVATION. THE NEW BUILDINGS NOTABLY LACK AN APPEARANCE OF STABILITY, BUT THERE REMAINS NO DOUBT AS TO THE EXTENT OF THE RESTORATION





THE DESTRUCTION ALONG THE OCHANOMIZU CLIFF LINE WAS CHAOTIC. THE CHANNEL BENEATH WAS CLOGGED WITH THE WRECK OF TWO BRIDGES AND PART OF THE BANK, TOGETHER WITH WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BE ON THE BRINK



HERE IS THE SAME SPOT FOUR YEARS AFTER, WITH THE BANKS ENTIRELY REBUILT AND THE TWO BRIDGES AS WELL. THE CONCRETE SPAN OF OCHANOMIZU IS A SPLENDID SAMPLE OF MODERN ENGINEERING ARCHITECTURE

Back Stage in Washington

The Honeyed Word, the Beaming Smile

LITTLE by little there has crept into the Washington atmosphere a spirit of joviality, of good fellowship, of the mellow mood of politicians at last comfortably situated, which betokens a change from the restricted régime of Mr. Coolidge.

Many a knowing fellow is filling out his vest buttons, hopeful that a winter has finally arrived when the customary sculduggery of politics can be indulged in and those who know how to play the game may have free rein.

An assistant secretary of an executive department recently summarized his reasons for believing that Mr. Coolidge would not really be in the White House after March 4, 1929. The first and most powerful of them all was that the President was now affable to his subordinates. The change from the petty peevishness of the last four years has apparently been quite noticeable among those who make up the official family, who are ordered to spend isolated week-ends on the *Mayflower* and in other ways disarrange their domestic existence at commands from the monarch at the head of the Administration. And, indeed, the air about the executive offices themselves is perceptibly clearer. Even the faithful Pat McKenna, who has received visitors at the entrance of the private offices since man's memory runneth not to the contrary, reports that he has arrived at a basis of working relations with the President. Even the secret-service agents, who, since the Jim Haley incident of the summer, have been mindful of cross moods and angry glances, are now basking in the warmth of a slightly eased mood. Of course, this may mean that Mr. Coolidge does intend to remove all possible chances of his being the candidate of his party. But it also smacks suspiciously of precampaign amiability.

My spies report that not long ago they witnessed an unusual and wholly unexpected meeting between Herbert Hoover and Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart of Iowa. These two had not been known as buddies since the Iowan came to town. It was with shaken steps that my agents ran to tell me that the Secretary of Commerce had not only slapped the back of the Senator, but had actually inquired after his health and in other ways made himself agreeable. Mr. Brookhart was naturally surprised,

Fissures in the granite of Mr. Coolidge's usual demeanor have brought a spirit of joviality into the official atmosphere, reports our Washington correspondent. The warming flood has extended to Secretary Hoover, whose budding Presidential candidacy is being carefully nurtured in various quarters of the nation. But one corner the atmosphere of good fellowship has failed to brighten. The irreconcilables are as stubbornly devoid of humor as ever

although it would be unfair to say that any man of his suspicious nature was wholly disarmed. It would be a rare treat to find Mr. Brookhart content with anything or anybody. But there the thing was and not to be laughed off even as he related it to his

coterie of highbinders at the daily meetings of disagreement with which they while away the time.

Mr. Hoover is coming along in the world, and the warmth of daily contact that has been observed at the White House seems to have enveloped him also, although it has long been recognized that his offishness could be attributed to a shy nature and not to the granite qualities which make Mr. Coolidge so difficult to warm up to. During the past few days there have been many newspaper stories written of the visible progress the campaign of Mr. Hoover has been making. He is conceded to be the leading candidate of the minute. His organization is working. Committees are busy in Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, all very far away from the close scrutiny of Washington and the gossip such energy might inspire.

EVEN those who lunch daily in the gloomy shadows of that mausoleum, the Metropolitan Club, have witnessed evidences of Mr. Hoover's willingness to exchange everyday chatter and are appreciative of the fact that he is one of the most delightful companions imaginable when once he has thrown off some garments of his reserve. Those persons who have enjoyed his friendship on the annual gambols of the Bohemian Club in California see glimpses occasionally in Washington of the inner man who can let himself go. In many ways Mr. Hoover's actions in these days of new political contacts appear like those of a small boy at his first dancing class. Doubt not that in a few months he will have acquired the poise which will make him an accomplished performer on any political stage, recognized even by Senators as a man who can talk their own language and make them erase their earlier judgment that perhaps he was not of their circle.

As yet the Hoover candidacy retains its resemblance to pools of some inflammable liquid well spread over the country. It needs only the match of his decisive personality to make Hoover sentiment

flame into the most formidable bonfire of the pre-convention political season. He enjoys a better press than any of his rivals, despite the fact that his name and his workers are so far out in the open as to make them the legitimate targets of all who delight in taking pot shots. In such belligerent quarters as the *Baltimore Sun* and the *New Republic* Mr. Hoover's name is mentioned with reverence and admiration. Mr. Frank Kent unstrings his arrow and the hot bolts of unsigned Washington notes are tempered at mention of Mr. Hoover's name. It proves one of the miracles of the season and can be compared only to the universal popularity of Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, now Ambassador to Mexico, whose mission has been greeted with applause from all sides of the political arena. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Morrow are admittedly in the front row of our national figures and are henceforth to be treated with that deference to which their ability entitles them.

EVERY so often in Washington I grow dismayed at the ease with which really inconspicuous fellows in the Senate and House achieve the triumphs of the front pages. Many observers in the capital have long nourished what amounts to more than a suspicion that Mr. Borah's long stay in the city is due not so much to his love of the climate and his disinclination to return to Idaho, as to his perception of the publicity values here. Of course, Borah deserves much of what he gets. He is a national figure, always a losing bet in the Senate where he changes no votes but his own, yet an outstanding character around whom the reports naturally flock. But when I see the same attention being paid to

Mr. Nye, Mr. Brookhart, and Mr. Frazier, and to one or two of the lesser Representatives, like Mr. Britten of Illinois, I grow apprehensive lest the uninitiated lose all sense of values and mistake mere hot air for the warnings of a real gale.

The greatest defect, or so it often appears, about these pseudostatesmen proves the intense seriousness with which they take themselves. Perhaps it is a Washington characteristic, soon acquired, which needs a steady battle to fight off. I have listened to Mr. Nye, at thirty-three a graduate from the editorial desk of the Griggs County *Sentinel-Courier*, expound farm relief and government operation of the railroads until I had no idea of what he was talking and was convinced that he hadn't, either. Mr. Brookhart and Mr. Frazier are no less articulate and meaningless. Together the group offers a potential threat of some seriousness. Individually they are literally incomprehensible.

There is not a chuckle, let alone a laugh, in the three of them. Their respective senses of humor died at a very early age, victims of their own valuation of their own importances. Young Bob La Follette, even, seems unable to inject a wry smile in the midst of so much seriousness. By no means, should he be classed in this group for, of all the ninety-six Senators, I would do him the honor of placing him among the first ten in industry, research, and knowledge of what he is talking.

Of all sour groups which congregate under the dome of the Capitol that composed of Messrs. Nye, Brookhart, and Frazier is by all odds the most acid. It explains, to many minds, the small measure of their success, and the convulsions of laughter to which their projects should properly be treated.

Lullaby

To an Old Wound Reopened

The lark has gone to its nest,
Pigeon and pheasant sleep,
The lamb is full at rest,
Vigil alone I keep.

Keep, keep, keep,
Old wound, the blood away
From the quiet sleep
At least until the day.

I have no beard to pluck,
I have no dough to knead.
Knock, knock, knock,
Old wound, old wound, and bleed.

Rock you back to heal,
See your red lips close,
Watch your rancor seal
That opened to her blows.

Father has lulled his ache,
Mother forgets her lost,
But you must reawake
The torment she has cost.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.

If You Know What I Mean

WHEN Arthur Brisbane, with the initial specimen of his projected column "Today" in his nervous clutch, first tiptoed in on Mr. Hearst, it is quite possible that his little scheme was rather glumly received by that publisher. "Everyone knows that it is a good long distance from the earth to the sun," Hearst might have argued. "What of it? And that paragraph of yours insisting that America is a large and prosperous country — don't you think that is a bit —"

"I know, Mr. Hearst," the young Brisbane must have replied, "but what I mean is —" and so on, with Hearst doubtless deciding that Brisbane, although a trifle cracked, was a faithful lad and worth humoring. And Arthur, far from being discouraged at the amount people already seemed to know, set out to tell it to them all over again. When they said, "Yes, I know it," he merely went right on hammering home his point until, in the fullness of time, the world came to realize that here, indeed, was a staggering intellect and a truly big man. And now if we were to raise the curtain on just any one of the big man's typical days, we might see something like this:

SCENE: A Pullman drawing-room.

CHARACTERS: ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Gus, his secretary.

Ed, his typist.

BRISBANE: Well, fellows, the conductor just announced that this was Houston. I guess we must be in Texas. Look up Texas, will you, Gus?

Gus (reads): Texas has a total land area of 262,290 square miles —"

BRISBANE: Jot this down, Ed. Standard opening — "It may interest you to learn . . . etc." Hmm . . . 262,000 square miles. How many acres is that? Gus (reads): "167,865,600 acres, of which 125,807,017 are arable."

BRISBANE: Now get me a good city of about 200,000. How about Omaha? All right? Go ahead, then. . . to learn that this would provide a complete square mile for every man, woman, and child in the city of Omaha, Nebraska, and with 48,000 square miles left." Finish up by giving an acre to every man, etc., in the United States. That ought to knock them dead.

Gus: Here's another good one on Texas. (Reads): "Texas is the largest State in the Union."

BRISBANE: Hold on there. Are you sure? Gus: Well, that's what it says.

BRISBANE: Well, put it in, Ed. Something like this: "That will interest all Texans, and many others besides." Now there is a nifty, if I do say it.

(The conductor enters with a telegram.)

BRISBANE: That must be the General Motors statement. (Reads telegram): "The earnings of the General Motors Corporation for the third quarter of 1927 are \$367 —" (collapses on sofa). Gus: Quick, Ed! Your flask!

In the last issue the Editors announced a weekly page to be conducted at the expense of either men or affairs or both by our Western correspondent. With a gracious gesture, therefore, the Editors now wave you to the accompanying columns wherein — if you know what be means — he elaborates his literary creed and makes even a promise or two against the future

But the very beginning of it all must have been pretty tough sledding.

And what of the amiable Mr. Phelps? Consider him as he made his first bid for the notice of that lady reader in Montezuma, Iowa. As a young man he doubtless found himself liking things more and more. At first it appeared to him as but a hobby or even a fad, this business of "liking" things. But, strange to say, the feeling continued; it flourished. Finally, seeing that to resist was worse than futile, Phelps decided to take up seriously his many "likings" and go into business for himself.

As a newcomer, Phelps may have found the converts scarce. When he declared that he liked his egg boiled four minutes and a half, some wrathful female from Topeka would denounce him as an ignoramus. When he opined that Browning was the third of the great English poets or that Wordsworth was sixth, seventh, or eighth, his desk was piled high with abusive letters. Finally, with both sides making certain concessions, everything was smoothed over. Browning may not have been the third, after all — or the fourth, either, so long as you feel that way about it. How about three and a half? All right, and I'll throw in Byron and Wordsworth to boot. And now let's stop all this bickering and go out and enjoy this bee-yoo-tiful sunset.

TODAY you would scarcely know him. Mash notes and floral tributes reach him in truckloads; he is president of the "Faery Queen Club"; he is sleek, prosperous, and well barbered. And not all taffy, either, by a jugful. Almost every month he launches a bitter attack on infinitive-splitting or participle-dangling that fairly makes your blood run cold.

Recall the day when M'Intyre first strolled up Broadway; or when Will Rogers first met Newcomb Carlton; or when Cobb bought his first joke book. Big days, all of them, for these fellows.

The author of this page, however, has no such definite purpose in mind as to confine himself to strolling, or to sending daily wise cracks over telegraph wires, or to rehashing the jokes from last week's *New Yorker*. Although somewhat lightly inclined, he falls a frequent prey to sour reflections. Should he elect to follow the learned Phelps, accordingly, his page would have to bear the title "As I Like — and Dislike — It." When a book like "Your Money's Worth" comes along, he is apt to break out with much waving of arms and hail the arrival of Utopia; when a Bill Thompson is treated as a human being, he becomes subject to an acute nausea and is obliged to take to his bed; when a William J. Burns is yanked before a court of justice, he is seized with a spasm of mirth that sometimes verges on hysteria. Before a Kin Hubbard he bows and scrapes; a Beerbohm sets him fawning like a spaniel.

NO, the opening day of his page finds him unwilling to make promises. He will, if the reader insists, go so far as to admit that he detests all forms of advertising. Further, he is a great admirer of such literary banalities and rubber stamps as "needless to say" or "in the nick of time," and an opus containing enough of these usages will set him haw-hawing loudly. His dearest literary ambition, he confesses, is to write a plausible, even powerful masterpiece to no purpose whatsoever, drawing a series of sound, high-class conclusions from an utterly phony premise. He is aware, however, that this ambition will probably never be realized and that the premise, phony though it may be, will eventually appear to him as something of great merit.

For causes and movements he has small liking. Least of all would he care to be thought "emancipated" or "unfettered." He would grieve deeply to be regarded as "whimsical." He would be willing to enter into private controversies with any readers so inclined.

At that, he finds himself slipping into a promise or two. Never — and here's his hand on it — will he permit himself to interlard his discourse with any such mannerisms as *eh, bien* or *par exemple*. Nor will the word "peeve" in any of its forms ever sully his page.

And, with a winning modesty, he will for the present prefer to conceal himself behind the unassuming initials:

C. W. M.

The Shadow Stage

Two Lambs and a Lion

By Perceval Reniers

IT may now be said with some assurance that the local opera-house period of the itinerant American theatre is defunct. One was informed of the demise, prematurely perhaps, as long ago as 1910 when Mr. Harry Pollard first took "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the loving hands of the barnstormers and made a film of it. Further advices to the same effect were broadcast when "Way Down East" was filmed by Mr. Griffith half a dozen years ago. With it, another darling of the gallery gods deserted the opera-house repertoire. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose there has been any life in the old opera-house era for years, but just in case there might have been a lingering spark, I am making it my business to tell you that it is out. The last and definitive edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," directed by the same Mr. Pollard, has come to the screen. The last clap of iron thunder, the last bag of paper snow, and the last sorely battered cake of cardboard ice have been stolen from the traveling minstrels.

This costly caparisoning of the old stalking horse is more than a full stop, in the historical sense. It is also a summation, somewhat as Rostand's "Cyrano" is a summation of an entire period of the French theatre. This "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sweeps a long arm over the seventy-five years of the play's stage life and gathers very nearly all of its accumulated material upon the screen. I missed the tableau of Little Eva's angelic manifestation descending to guide Uncle Tom's spirit to its heavenly abode in the fly gallery. But other omissions would be hard to spot.

There is something rather pathetic about this, in much the same way that there is something pathetic about "Big Bill" Thompson's Americanism or about an isolationist Senator or about a patent-medicine addict. The reverence for the old fiddle-faddle is so unmistakably profound. What was good enough for our grandfathers is good enough for us, and the rest of it. Topsy and Miss Feely are put through some of their tedious old stage business, quite by the book. Little Eva is given the last word in lingering deaths and heavenward ascensions. Lawyer Marks is a composite of pure ham acting developed through generations of performances in every town hall in the country. Topsy gives the burnt cork "turn" expected of her by our great uncles. It is as far from good negro impersonation or the actual negro acting of this year of the Guild's "Porgy" as astage Irishman is from

Kilkenny. It is all like a memorial service to hoary stage business, and it is rather pathetic.

But lest anyone be deceived, this "Uncle Tom's Cabin" does not call for your sympathy on this or any other score. It is quite able to take care of itself. When I say that in the last scene the unfortunate Eliza is rescued from Legree by the timely arrival of the Federal troops on their march to the sea, I mean you to understand that its makers know their way forward and backward through the material of melodrama, particularly forward. The piece has been pushed up to the Civil War for a rousing, flag-waving ending. As straightforward, hard-hitting drama of human woe and inhuman cruelty, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will have a long and prosperous career. In the line of predictions, there is simply no fooling us critics any longer. Catch one of us, for instance, not knowing what to say about its chances when "Abie's Irish Rose" becomes a film.

ACROSS Longacre Square from the two-a-day showing of the Harriet Beecher Stowe opus there is running a two-a-day showing of a Sir James Matthew Barrie opus, and this none other than "Quality Street." Believe it or not, there has been a definite and sincere attempt to hunt down this elusive little piece with the camera, with no inconsiderable success. I have yet to find anyone who can tell me exactly why the attempt was made. It may have been to demonstrate, once and for all, that good taste and charm need not be aliens to the screen. It may have been intended as an answer to the British critics who seem to have found some crudities in our films. Or it may have been to compensate for what was done in former years to Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," which came forth from Hollywood as "Male and Female." I don't know. It may have been to make money. You can never tell about the films. It's this one day and that the next.

At any rate, it seems quite certain that it was not an accident. The whole thing was evidently undertaken with a pretty definite idea as to what they were about. Hired for the business of direction was one of our deftest hands, Mr. Sidney Franklin. For the Phoebe Throssel, she whom Barrie thought might be nicer than her sister Susan because he liked her name better, they enlisted Miss Marion Davies. If there is anyone among our comedienues who can make the effort to be charming

and just a little quaint without making me terribly sorry for her, it is Miss Davies. And whoever they got to design the scenery must have proven himself before. All this intelligent foresight was rewarded. "Quality Street" is tasteful and dainty and perceptibly flavored with something that is probably charm.

SOME blocks down Longacre Square from "Quality Street" is a donation from Miss Pickford, "My Best Girl." In its way, it, too, would likely be called old-fashioned, being the tale of how a very poor little shop girl falls in love with a very rich young man. That, I suppose, makes it a pretty inconsequential piece. Certainly the telling is rather spotty, and it appears that Miss Pickford is trying a little harder each year to smile away the fact that the shoes of youth are pinching. Still, I have the feeling that another actress would not know so much about the sweet anguish of young love, or rather would not be able to show that she knew. Several times in the course of the gentle, unpretentious gags of "My Best Girl," its leading lady touches off something poignant and true about the adolescent heart. When that happens, it is quite immaterial that Miss Pickford chooses pieces she seems to have chosen before.

"My Best Girl" and "Quality Street," if they weren't moving pictures, might be two ewe lambs. Their dispositions are gentle, their behavior impeccable. And the more one regards Mr. Pollard's roaring lion across the street, the more gentle these two become. I read daily that pictures are alike as peas in a pod. I even hear from die-hards that when you've seen one you've seen them all. Journalistic bushwhackers refer to "movie practice" and "movie taste" and the "movie industry" that is run by a lot of movie Calibans born of Jewish immigrants and thinking as one man and look what you get. Blanket charges are such fun, really quite easy and an incomparable method of attracting an audience. But when we examine such divergence of personality, taste, standard, and purpose as lie behind these three pictures, the *clibbs* seem about as funny and viable and worthy of our close attention as the revivalist's charge that New York is a sink hole of iniquity or the social laborite's opinion of Wall Street as a den of thieves. To issue blanket indictments, apologies or anything else for the screen nowadays is no more appropriate than to do likewise for the stage or Swiss cheese.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

IN the second volume of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribner's), which he calls "America Finding Herself" there is wealth and diversity of material sufficient to engage the attention of a whole drove of critics. Reading it with an eye to its literary rather than its political and social interest I have been struck by a fact which would not probably come to the mind of a native-born American personally familiar with the changes which Mr. Sullivan describes. I refer to the deductions made from the schools and schoolbooks from 1860 to 1900.

Mr. Sullivan stresses the public school and "McGuffey's Readers" as constituting a dominating factor in the formation of the American mind of the period. He describes the readers, quotes tributes to them from eminent people, and gives illustrations, of both text and pictures, from them, all with a view to demonstrating their importance in the formation of the average American mind. "McGuffey's Reader," he says, "accounted, in part, for the rôle America played in the Great War. . . . One can readily believe that millions of Americans must have been moved subconsciously by the feeling, not always identified by themselves, that they were one with the race of Shakespeare and Milton. Every little prairie schoolhouse in America was an outpost of English literature, hardly less potent to inspire recruits when the time came than the British drum-beat itself."

From Mr. Sullivan's description of them it is evident to me that the readers in question were exactly like the readers used in the common schools of the British Islands. In Ireland, certainly, the so-called "national schools," which correspond to the schools that Mr. Sullivan discusses, used to employ a series of graded readers whose contents were remarkably like those of McGuffey's. In what sense, therefore, can the McGuffey volumes be regarded as peculiarly mirroring the mental equipment of the average American unless it be argued that the average American is identical with the average Britisher or Irishman?

"Had American school children been brought up on Goethe and Heine, as they were on Shakespeare and Milton, is it certain that America's rôle in the Great War would have been the same?" Well, the children of millions of Irish Nationalists were brought up on just so much of Milton and Shakespeare as the common school readers provide, but they did not respond any more or less readily on that account to the British drumbeat. Why should a factor which Mr. Sullivan defines as

determining, determine two different responses in two different countries? My own view is that he exaggerates the importance of McGuffey and ignores too many other factors.

This is all the more remarkable because, as he himself points out, the passage

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Stuffed Peacocks. By Emily Clark (Knopf).

The Counterfeiters. By André Gide (Knopf).

Avarice House. By Julian Green (Harper).

Dusty Answer. By Rosamond Lehmann (Holt).

GENERAL

Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. (Little, Brown).

A Short History of Women. By John Langdon-Davies (Viking).

Our Times: America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan (Scribner).

Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

Some People. By Harold Nicolson (Houghton Mifflin).

I have quoted about the prairie schoolhouse being an outpost of English literature contradicts his whole argument about the effect of the popular school histories upon the average American mind. "Next to the Readers, which aimed directly at implanting principles, the subject that did most to give American school children ideas about their relation to the universe was History." Mr. Sullivan then gives some account of these popular books and reaches this conclusion: "The treatment of the British in American schoolbooks accounted for the sympathy Americans had for the Boers in 1899; for much of the sympathy Americans always had for the Irish in their struggle for independence; and accounted generally for a prevailing anti-British strain in American thought and feeling."

FROM which I conclude: first, that the dominating influence, the readers, made American children exactly like British; and second, that the other dominating influence made them anti-British. Yet in Ireland a similar type of reader had no effect, while the school histories extolled exclusively the glories of the British

Empire. No syllable of Irish history as such was ever learned by an Irish child in an Irish national school. But the average child did not learn to love and respect England for that reason. Quite the contrary. Wherefore it would seem that the factors which determine the average mentality and point of view are much more complicated than Mr. Sullivan's sentimental regard for "McGuffey's Readers" would lead him to suspect.

IF America's literary traditions are, and I were, one to a greater extent, essentially English, that can hardly be due to McGuffey. There are other more obvious reasons. But Mr. Sullivan cannot have been thinking of the literary tradition, or he would have asked some prominent American authors to testify to the importance of McGuffey in their education. He does not do so, because his claim is a wider one, as the first passage which I quoted shows. I confess, therefore, that his effort to explain the formation of the average American does not get me much further than my own bewildered observations. All that he clearly shows is that, during a certain period, the average American received exactly the same kind of education as the average British or Irish child in a board or a national school.

This still leaves unanswered the question: Why do these average persons differ from each other so much? The virtues inculcated by McGuffey, the homilies, the poetry, the games played in the schoolyards are those familiar to the middle-class and lower middle-class British child. But the middle-class Englishman is a very different phenomenon from his American counterpart. For the explanation of that difference we should have to look to a variety of factors, some of which are touched upon in Mr. Sullivan's survey of twenty-five years' progress.

No American can look through this book without being amazed by the changes recorded, the stupendous achievement, assuredly in no sense due to the practice of lessons and principles taught by the estimable McGuffey! Whether Mr. Sullivan is describing the campaigns of Roosevelt, the rise of trusts, or the decline in modesty, his text and pictures are a mine of interesting and amusing facts. In 1904, for instance, a New York paper declared that a beauty show was an insult to American womanhood. "No truly refined young girl would submit to such a thing. The bare thought of it would drive her mad. She would rather die than be subjected to such vulgar publicity." McGuffey, thou should'st be living at this hour!

The Concord Journalists

A Review by William Whitman, 3rd

THE HEART OF THOREAU'S JOURNALS. Edited by Odell Shepard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

HENRY THOREAU: THE COSMIC YANKEE. By J. Brooks Atkinson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THE HEART OF EMERSON'S JOURNALS. Edited by Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

"LIFE consists in what a man is thinking of all day." In the "Journals" of Emerson and Thoreau we have essentially all we need to know about their lives, their thoughts, and their writings, so that if nothing else were left to us, we should still recognize and hail them as great Americans. Emerson's journal covered a period of fifty-five years. Here is to be found in its original form much of the material which he reworked into essays and poems; here is the intimate and deliberate record of his opinions and experiences. Thoreau was an even more painstaking journalist than Emerson, and like him his books were almost all drawn from his journals. Though the Thoreau journals were kept during a shorter period of time, twenty-four years, they were fuller than Emerson's, and more nearly approach a daily record of experience.

From the ten volumes of the Emerson "Journals," Bliss Perry has selected his material. Here is Emerson at his best. The lack of coherence, the lack of clarity which too frequently characterized the "Essays" is replaced by a witty terseness. Emerson thought naturally in sentences and paragraphs, and is most profound when he is brief. This book, a record of opinion on all sorts of subjects, typifies the best New England Nineteenth Century thought. Emerson the sage, the philosopher, the divine, steps down from his dusty literary pedestal to become the Emerson whose gentle wisdom is a living part of our Twentieth Century experience. Odell Shepard has done the same for the fourteen volumes of Thoreau's "Journals." Oaken Thoreau, poet-naturalist and unwilling humanist. Mr. Shepard has culled a man out of a legendary and austere literary figure. And like Emerson, Thoreau is at his best in his journals, for "he is habitually sententious, and his style depends very little upon construction and almost entirely upon the terse and close-girt apothegm." There are of course disadvantages in the condensation of these records. Favorite passages are missing. Emerson, the diffuse, whose mind failed to keep pace with his emotional transcendentalism, becomes the coiner of golden

epigrams, and Thoreau, the meticulous observer whose literary life fell into the sere and yellow leaf, is softened and poetized. But on the whole this is mainly fortunate, and the curious and the enthusiastic may feel encouraged to turn to the "Journals" themselves which are readily available.

It is interesting, if not profitable, to compare two men who were in so many ways similar in their dissimilarity. Both lived in Concord, for the greater part of their lives close to one another; both were essentially bachelors, although Emerson married twice and was the father of a family. "I have so little vital force that I could not stand the dissipation of a flowing friendly life; I should die of consumption in three months. But now I husband all my strength in this bachelor life I lead; no doubt I shall be a well-preserved old gentleman." Both derived much of their inspiration from natural sources, kept journals, and held liberal political opinions. "I am very familiar," wrote Emerson, "with all his [Thoreau's] thoughts,—they are my own quite originally dressed."

"Emerson," notes J. Brooks Atkinson in his appreciative essay "Henry Thoreau: The Cosmic Yankee," "surveyed a broad landscape, was more patient, sympathetic, radiant, indeed; and accordingly he contemplated life through the eyes of his fellows as well as his own. On the other hand, Thoreau plowed one furrow deeply and deliberately, studying passionately what lay at his feet and drawing the moral cleanly from the limited evidence at his disposal."

THOREAU'S senior by fourteen years, Emerson was helpful to him; but although they lived side by side for the most part harmoniously, their friendship never fully ripened. "If I knew only Thoreau," Emerson notes in his journal, "I should think coöperation of good men impossible." The tragedy in Thoreau's life came from his inability to keep friends, and many of the most touching passages in his journal record his consciousness of this. For Emerson, his only mental equal, he had frequently disparaging, lightly veiled sneers, and his jealousy of Emerson's increasing fame, his lack of sympathy and merciless idealism caused their relationship to cool. He demanded of friends the same standards which he imposed upon himself, and so was always bidding them good-by, taking the lonely and rocky path. Unhappy, uncompromising Thoreau who yet was moved to write, "A man cannot be said to succeed in this life who

does not satisfy one friend." And again: "Between me and my friend what unfathomable distance! All mankind, like moles and insects, are between us."

EMERSON led a normal life. His lack of strong animal vitality helped to tame and sweeten his natural egotism without affecting the shrewdness and penetration of his mind; allowed him to play the drawing-room philosopher. With Thoreau the case was different. He had vitality and woody strength in abundance, but it was pent up, assertive, and egotistical. Whether, as some assert, he was disappointed in an early love affair, or whether he was inverted through early or inherited repressions, it is clear that his sex energies were dammed up and forced to find expression in other than normal channels. That this was the cause of his austerity, his love of solitude, his love of nature is suggested by certain entries in the journal. Nature was his bride, and to her he gave his heart and soul.

Psychologists recognize that any primal instinct may be diverted and sublimated, but that it cannot be extinguished. Henry Thoreau, who had so little to do with sex was to a degree the product of his own continence. Nature drew him away from human companionship, fired him with ascetic ideals, brought him in living contact with the wild life he loved so passionately and understood so well. For this reason we cannot regret what in a man of lesser character and ability would have been tragic and abnormal. Thoreau's sturdy shoulders were capable of the burden. He saw and felt and heard things in nature that other men do not see or hear or feel, and his spiritual integrity, his keen perceptiveness, and his lean New England honesty were sufficient to make his experience kin to all human experience. To understand Thoreau the following passage is beautifully and profoundly significant: "I love and could embrace the scrub oak with its scanty garment of leaves rising above the snow, lowly whispering to me, akin to winter thoughts, and sunsets, and to all virtue. Covert which the hare and the partridge seek, and I too seek. What cousin of mine is the scrub oak? How can any man suffer long? For a sense of want is a prayer, and all prayers are answered. Rigid as iron, clean as the atmosphere, hardy as virtue, innocent and sweet as a maiden is the scrub oak. In proportion as I know and love it, I am natural and sound as a partridge. I felt a positive yearning toward one bush this afternoon. There was a match found for me at last. I fell in love with a scrub oak."

New Books in Brief Review

Tristan and Isolte. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

IT is unfortunate that Mr. Masefield's verse play should follow so closely upon Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram." Comparison is inevitable, and its result must be hard on Mr. Masefield. "Tristram" was occasionally criticized upon the ground that it made philosophers of the tragic lovers, but the high lyrical content of its lines was recognized without question. Mr. Masefield's followers — and they are justly legion — will find in his own rewriting of the Tristan legend none of that lusty color for which they know him nor the splendid feeling for tragedy which informs so many of his works. The lines of "Tristram" are pedestrian, lifeless, unlyrical. One might almost say that the bare tragedy of the legend was sure-fire material. But Mr. Masefield has tampered with it: made Isolte voluntarily return to Marc, after renouncing Tristan utterly; has sent Tristan wandering about the forests in madness; and finally has Isolte return to her lover in what seems nothing but an attempt for a good curtain. The play will add nothing to Mr. Masefield's already sure reputation as a poet of power and vitality. It seems unfortunate that he should have allowed it to be published.

Eden for One. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

THIS time Mr. Gunther has found a "faery land forlorn" in which to turn loose a dreamer, a princess, and the Count of Kamchatka with a host of retainers in mediæval garb. He has taken some of the characters assembled by the brothers Grimm and written them into a somewhat obscure allegory for adults. Peter, his protagonist, is granted the privilege of having everything for which he wishes, but in the pursuit of happiness Peter makes rather a botch of the wishing game. As a sometime newspaper man and foreign correspondent, Mr. Gunther seems to be seeking relief from cable dispatches and politics. We recommend his book as an antidote for realism.

Navigator. By Alfred Stanford. New York: William Morrow & Co. \$2.50.

A CURIOUSLY unsatisfactory rendering of an interesting and dramatic life, that of Nathaniel Bowditch of Salem, "the Navigator." The author is delayed and hampered by an almost medical feeling for the history of the case; romance and practical accomplishment

are subordinated to a not wholly convincing series of psychoanalyses. The career of any outstanding human being may be scientifically analyzed with interesting if not literary results, but in this instance the author has combined a rather tedious sentimentality with the Freudian method and the result is altogether unsatisfactory. A good story wrongly told.

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

IN these smart essays Mr. Nathan demonstrates that he is not a Pilgrim. He is not proud of these United States. Rather he is amused by the clownish spectacle of our individual and communal fatuities. Many of his comments are shrewd and much of his observation acute. He writes wittily and occasionally wisely, but if there is one subject about which he knows nothing, or perhaps everything wrongly, it is this country, of which the Pilgrims once literally were proud and for which they gave thanks to God. Being a smart, spoiled, and conceited Oriental, Mr. Nathan knows this country about as well as Comrade Trotsky knows home life in an African kraal or hog-raising in Kansas. He sees America from Broadway and has all the wit and all the vulgarity of his viewpoint. He will amuse discontented near wits and be exalted among the morons — and his verdicts are worth just exactly nothing at all.

Modern Russian Composers. By Leonid Sabaneyeff. New York: International Publishers. \$2.75.

LEONID SABANEYEFF, Parisian correspondent for Bolshevik newspapers, composer, music critic, and lover of jazz, appears now in the rôle of essayist. His characterizations of modern composers show him to be a keen and interesting observer with a good knowledge of his subject carefully arranged to interest foreign readers. The book aims to give a general idea of the lives and musical creations of some prominent Russian composers of the last decades, including Taneyev, Scriabin, Stravinski, and Rachmaninoff, and is written for those interested in cultural values in general rather than strictly for musicians. There is also a special chapter on revolutionary music, thanks to which the reader gains some idea of the background of creative art in Russia today. Short — perhaps too short — descriptions of the work of the Moscow conservatives, and of the Russian Americans and the Russian Parisian School, are also given.

Julius. By A Gentleman With a Duster. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

THIS is the second novel by the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street." Apparently pleased with his success in attempting "to raise the tone of our public life" as he expressed himself in the introduction of his "Mirrors," he has unwisely turned novelist. As a novel "Julius" is only trivial, but as a picture of English country life it is delightful; and as a commentary on the position of the wealthy Jewish banker in society and of his son at Oxford it is keen and interesting. There are long discussions of religion and of politics that are presented in a bold way, and which might be considered brave did not the author hide behind the cloak of anonymity; but the action and the plot employ too many worn-out tricks and hackneyed situations to save the book from mediocrity.

Armistice Day. Compiled and edited by A. P. Sanford and Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

THIS is a thoughtfully compiled anthology, and as it contains much information in regard to the Armistice as well as fine poetry and essays, it makes a valuable record of the war. The text of the Armistice, editorials, and proclamations form a good background for the war literature included. The book lends itself to school use and includes programs used and suggested for Armistice Day celebrations.

The Kingdom of Books. By William Dana Orcutt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$5.00.

HERE is a beautiful book, designed by a printer, and written about printers and their books. William Dana Orcutt, formerly in the highest position at the University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and later typographical expert for the Plympton Press, is the author of the companion volume, "In Quest of the Perfect Book." The personalities and the problems of the great printers of history are here informally put down, and the pages interspersed with reproductions of their work. Necessarily with great brevity the story is brought down to the present day, and perfect reproductions of type, title-pages, and bindings accompany the text throughout. The book is an informal stroll through the kingdom of books with a guide who could tell more if he chose.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

NO end of complications and surprises marked the investigation last week by the District of Columbia grand jury of the charges of jury tampering in the FALL-SINCLAIR trial. It will be remembered that a mistrial was ordered by Justice SIDDONS on November 2, after affidavits indicating that there had been jury tampering were introduced. The matter subsequently

Jury Tampering Probed

took to determine whether or not a crime had been committed. The greatest surprise of all was provided by "Agent L-34," WILLIAM J. McMULLAN, of the Burns Detective Agency, who deserted his former employers, turned state's evidence, and told a story of how the detective agency was attempting to frame the Federal Government. McMULLAN is the agent who swore to an affidavit alleging that a government official was found tampering with NORMAN L. GLASSCOCK, Juror 4 of the FALL-SINCLAIR panel. He declares now that the evidence contained in this affidavit was false from beginning to end, but that he was ordered by his employers to prepare it and to swear to it. From his testimony, the testimony of Juror GLASSCOCK, and that of the government official involved, it is generally believed the affidavit was only a ruse to counteract the government charges and place the Government in a wrong light.

WILLIAM J. BURNS, head of the agency, his son SHERMAN, and all BURNS detectives who had any part in the shadowing of the FALL-SINCLAIR jurors have appeared before the grand jury.

Burns Silent The chief, who was inclined at first to talk freely and make light of the whole matter, has grown silent since the McMULLAN revelations.

While the grand jury was still hearing the last witnesses, a new phase of the FALL-SINCLAIR trial was brought up by Justice SIDDONS, who appointed a committee to inquire whether or not there had been criminal contempt of court in connection with the case.

Contempt Charge Pending

All procedure by the government counsel had left the contempt phase out of consideration.

Not less than twenty-five persons were killed and 500 injured when three large gas tanks of the Equitable Gas Company on the north side of Pittsburgh exploded on the morning of November 14. Hospitals were immediately filled with the injured, and before the day was over, crowds were storming the city morgue

Pittsburgh Rocks

either out of curiosity or to search among the dead for the bodies of friends or relatives. The blast destroyed homes and manufacturing plants over a mile area, and rocked the entire city of Pittsburgh as an earthquake might have done. Eyewitnesses described huge sheets of flame which leaped from the tanks as they exploded, devastating the neighborhood and showering it with twisted steel. The

The Week

¶Fall-Sinclair jury-tampering is investigated. Mr. Burns becomes silent. Contempt charges are pending. ¶China boils again. General Tang flees and Nanking troops collect back pay by looting Hankow. Foreigners safe. The pot cools. ¶Disaster in Pittsburgh: A gas reservoir explodes: "Didn't know it was loaded."

¶Bucharest in a ferment after Manolescu's acquittal. The press complains bitterly against government censorship of news. But Bratiano remains firm. ¶Labor conference at Pittsburgh: Complains to Coolidge, to Governor Fisher. Winter to find striking miners in desperate straits; labor must aid. ¶Colonel Lindbergh receives Hubbard Medal from the President. The seventh man thus honored. ¶France and Germany reach trade agreement for chemical industry. To be finally approved later. ¶A vehicular tunnel for New York-New Jersey. ¶Senator Borah dwells on prohibition; digresses into nullification. And Senator Edge.

estimated property loss runs into millions of dollars. The explosion is believed to have been caused by fire from the blow-torches of workmen who were repairing a supposedly empty tank.

China and her domestic affairs returned to the front pages of the daily papers on November 13 with the report from Shanghai that the Nanking army of anywhere

China Again

from 40,000 to 100,000 men was marching almost without interference on the Wuhan cities of the Yangtze. During the past few months the situation in China had been sufficiently reassuring to induce a number of foreigners who had fled from the concessions of Hankow at the time of the earlier disturbances in the spring to return to

the city. And this new development has once again thrown the foreign element along the river into something like panic. By way of adding to the excitement, the war lord of the Hankow armies, General TANG SHEN-TSE, was making no apparent move to halt the march of the Nanking troops, who were pushing up the valley as they wished and, at the close of November 12, were reported as only fifteen miles away from Hankow.

Reports filtering through more or less unofficially both from Shanghai and Hankow the next day indicated that the city had fallen, and that General TANG

Fire and Pillage

and some of his followers had retreated across the Han River and were entrenching at that point to offer resistance.

In the meantime, however, there was no doubt of the violence of the disturbance in the foreign concessions of Hankow. French and Japanese troops were insuring the personal safety of their nationals, and British and American warships in the harbor had the situation under control as well as far as the more than five hundred aliens were concerned. But looting and burning continued throughout the city in wholesale proportions. The Russian concession was reported in the hands of the looters, and the German area besieged.

Following these reports, nothing definite had been learned further up to November 16. Either the disturbance had run itself out or the presence of large foreign forces had had its effect.

The trial of MIHAIL MANOIILESCU, former Roumanian Under Secretary of Finance, for conspiracy against the Government following his recent arrest at

Bucharest Seething

the national boundary with documents said to be favoring former Crown Prince

CAROL's return to the throne, has laid Bucharest by the ears. From the beginning of proceedings against him, the young official has had the support of public opinion, due largely to his cool courage and his astonishing eloquence in his own defense. His acquittal was received on November 14 with general acclaim by large elements of the population, not only those who are in sympathy with CAROL but those who were moved to consider MANOIILESCU a martyr to injustice.

The Government, it is generally admitted, was greatly alarmed by the wave of sympathy manifested for the defendant on the second day of the trial and, it is believed, hastened the proceedings lest a definite demonstration of Carolist sympathizers should result.

Government Alarmed

On November 15, nine independent and opposition papers in Bucharest joined in urging the Government to lift the censorship ban with which the Roumanian press has been ruthlessly gagged. They declared that in preventing the papers from revealing the truth to the public, the Government was in reality giving full rein to a condition infinitely more dangerous than the one it sought to prevent, namely, the dissemination of false rumors. The press objections pointed out that the sympathies of the mass of the people were aroused in favor of former Secretary MANOILESCU more because they were kept uninformed as to what lay behind it all than for any other reason. Premier JON BRATIANO, however, is unchanged in his determination to suppress even the public discussion of the right of Prince CAROL to his son's throne. If necessary, it has been indicated, he will force through the old Draconian law that would make open discussion of the question a prison offense. Meanwhile, he contents himself with promising full and summary punishment to all who in any way give evidences of wishing to alter the present Government.

President WILLIAM GREEN of the American Federation of Labor, on behalf of the executive council and the four hundred delegates to a special miners' conference at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, arranged, on November 15, a special interview with President COOLIDGE. Together with the members of the council he plans to call at the executive offices in Washington on Monday morning, November 21, to discuss the case of the 150,000 striking miners and their 600,000 dependents, and to place in the hands of the President and other government officials the charges and resolutions of the Pittsburgh conference against the coal and iron police, the Pennsylvania State troopers and deputy sheriffs, and the summary use of police power "to deny the workers protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

At the same time, the Pittsburgh conference authorized a committee to call on Gov. JOHN S. FISHER at the State capitol in Harrisburg for the purpose of protesting against the conditions in the mining camps and demanding an immediate investigation of the charges against the State.

Through a special committee, the conference of labor chiefs resolved to call upon organized labor throughout the country to alleviate the situation among the strikers. THOMAS KENNEDY, secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, said that owing to the policy pursued by the coal corporations in evicting the strikers from company-owned houses, the union would be forced to spend half

a million dollars in providing barracks and necessities of living for those who had been dispossessed. The report of the committee, which was immediately adopted by the conference, placed all the resources of the affiliated unions behind the soft-coal miners, to be drawn upon as they should become needed. And some ten leaders of other labor organizations pledged the support of their bodies as well.

Col. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, "first in the hearts of his countrymen" at the present moment for his epoch-making New York-Paris flight last May, received still another honor on November 14 when he was awarded by President COOLIDGE the Hubbard Medal

of the National Geographic Society. This award, which has been granted to only seven other men, was made in the presence of the highest officials of the Government and members of the Supreme Court as well as all of America's transoceanic flyers with the exception of Commander RICHARD E. BYRD, who was unavoidably absent. Among the notables present were ORVILLE WRIGHT and HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM, of the Guggenheim Foundation for the Advancement of Aeronautics, the organization with which LINDBERGH has recently announced his affiliation in the capacity of general adviser.

The much-discussed Franco-German chemical agreement, furnishing the basis for a \$1,000,000,000 Chemical Trust which will include British, Belgian, and possibly Swiss and Italian industries, will be signed in Paris in a day or two, it is announced on November

16. The terms of the agreement have met with such approval by French and German industrialists that those provisions dealing with dyestuffs and chemicals used in the manufacture of artificial silk have been already put into effect. The agreement will fix a foreign-market quota for both French and German chemical industries, and is expected to give them a decided advantage. Price fixing is denied, but will probably appear in the agreement in veiled form. In many circles the agreement is looked upon as the first move against the American chemical industry.

The Holland vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River between Manhattan and New Jersey was opened for traffic on November 12 with ceremonies involving speeches by Governors SMITH of New York and MOORE of New Jersey.

With the golden telegraph key used by President WILSON to explode charges of dynamite opening the Panama Canal, President COOLIDGE, aboard his yacht, *Mayflower*, on the Potomac River, switched on the electric current which drew aside American flags from the tunnel portals. The tunnel is the largest of its kind in the world, having a total length

of 9,250 feet, and a length beneath the river of 5,480. There are two tubes, one for traffic in each direction. Many engineering difficulties were encountered in building the tunnel, chief among them being that of ventilation. Ventilating shafts have been placed the length of both tubes, and the tunnel air is subject to continual testing in a special chemical laboratory provided for the purpose. Construction of the tunnel required seven years. On the first day of its operation more than 45,000 automobiles carrying approximately 180,000 passengers passed through it in one direction or the other. Similar tunnels connecting Manhattan and other points are now in prospect.

Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH of Idaho continues to call for prohibition as a definite political issue in the approaching Presidential campaign, and declared in a speech in Carnegie Hall, New York, on November 12 that "everybody except the

deaf and dumb and the candidates will be discussing it" if present tendencies continue. Speaking of party policies, he said: "When a political party goes before the people asking to be authorized to execute a great trust, the people are entitled to know the policy of that party with reference to the trust. One thing seems perfectly clear. Party organization ought either to have the candor and the willingness to declare to the voters what it proposes to do and what its policy is, or it ought to have the honor and the decency to take its grip off the men and to keep it off the men who are to be entrusted with the task of enforcing the law."

"Under proper leadership the people of the United States will enforce any law which they are unwilling to repeal. Under proper leadership they will repeal any law which they are unwilling to enforce. Let us not play this game below the intelligence and the character of the voters."

On the day following this speech Senator EDGE of New Jersey took issue with Mr. BORAH, declaring that if any political party inserted a plank in its platform dealing specifically with the Eighteenth Amendment, it should likewise demand enforcement of the Fifteenth, which provides that there shall be no discrimination against citizens of the United States because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. Mr. BORAH replied later in a letter to Senator EDGE that he was willing to see the Republican platform demand enforcement of both the Fifteenth and Eighteenth Amendments. Senator EDGE is a Republican and an avowed wet. His attitude is believed to indicate that the wets will denounce pleas for enforcement as hypocritical and inconsistent, since they call for the enforcement of one Constitutional Amendment while another, the Fifteenth, is overridden in the South.

Press Scores
Censorship

Lindbergh
Again
Honored

Franco-Ger-
man Chemi-
cal Trust

Vehicular
Tunnel

Senator Edge
Objects

Changes
State

Miners
Desperate

The Editor Steps Down

ON October 1 we published an article by Maynard Shipley, president of the Science League of America, under the self-explanatory title, "A Year of the Monkey War." It was a comprehensive summary of more than a dozen battles which had been carried on in State Legislatures between the Fundamentalists and the evolutionists over the question of anti-evolution laws during the preceding year. Naturally, Mr. Shipley wrote from the point of view of the evolutionist. And on November 12 we ran an article by Dr. William Bell Riley of Minnesota, commander in chief of the Fundamentalist forces, outlining the case for the "monkey laws."

At the time we printed Dr. Riley's article we disclaimed sympathy with the views which he defended and stated our reasons for publishing "A Square Deal for Genesis"—reasons that are implicit in the title of the article itself. Not long after Dr. Riley's piece appeared in print, we received a letter from Mr. Shipley, commenting with some fullness and spirit on the statements of this opponent in the scientific field. His letter needs no additional comment from us beyond this word of introduction. We take pleasure in printing it in full:

DEAR SIR:

Dr. W. B. Riley makes, of course, no scientific case against evolution in his article, and some of his statements are highly amusing. But his point with reference to the legality of anti-evolution legislation is not so easily disposed of. It is probably all too true that if the Minnesota anti-evolution bill had been adopted, "it would stand any test to which it might be subjected." In my "War on Modern Science," I have quoted legal opinion to the effect that a John Scopes could be convicted in California as readily as in Tennessee, if the Legislature of that State, for example, had passed the recent anti-evolution bill. In any State, indeed, the Legislature could, under the law, forbid the teaching of any facts or doctrine "that would be inimical to the Bible or that would dispute its authority." What is or is not taught in the schools rests entirely with the States. Moreover, the entire "public school system could be abolished at any time by a vote of the people and such abolition could not violate any Federal law."

[In other words, if the Fundamentalists should carry out their plan of electing a sufficient number of legislators from the rural districts who wish to uphold the Book of Genesis as against the Book of Nature, there could be no legal redress on the part of the better educated public. Our schools and colleges can be protected only by an organized effort to defeat the election of lawmakers who prefer Babylonian "science" and Chaldean mythology to the

carefully rationalized findings of modern biological research.

[It is deeply regrettable that questions of science should come to be decided by popular vote—by persons having little or no knowledge of science. "No State," says Dr. Riley, "has a right to impose the opinion of a small, though it be a bigoted minority, upon the citizenry who have no sympathy whatever with its tenets." Yet he must know that all social and scientific progress has come as the result of the labors of a minority. The "majority" has always been either a drag on progress or an actual impediment to the advancement of the human race. It is by such "majorities" that Dr. Riley "wins" his debates on evolution! Fortunately, they do not really represent a normal—average—"cross section of society." If they did, we should still be back in the Dark Ages, where Dr. Riley and his followers wish to return us.

[I may add that Dr. Riley's statement that the Science League "protested against the growing practice of letting children go to their respective churches for religious training in school hours" is untrue. We asked the advice of our advisory board of forty-odd members as to what stand we should take on such legislation, and the consensus of opinion was that we should concentrate on the anti-evolution fight and not take part officially in these other discussions. We have had nothing to say on either these or Bible-in-the-school measures.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

PERHAPS "they" are right when they say that the McNary-Haugen issue is dead. Certainly the question of farm relief was never more lusty during its entire life. It is small wonder, then, that the article by Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas which we published in the magazine for October 29 has aroused no small amount of comment. The following letter comes from Burton, Michigan:

DEAR SIR:

Senator Capper's article on farm relief is good. Eastern papers have neither understood the McNary-Haugen idea nor given it a square deal. There is a general acquiescence in the theory that high earning power is good for all industry; yet agriculture's plea has been refused and every vague excuse for the palliation of a condition which has existed for the past seven years has been advanced and repeated. The McNary-Haugen idea has been declared dead, yet it gains new strength every day. I doubt very much if you could find anyone who has opposed the McNary-Haugen bill to measure his opposition with the arguments of Senator Capper's article in THE INDEPENDENT.

[It is needless to say that the Coolidge veto was not well received in the West.

JAMES N. MCBRIDE.

The Divine Right Not to Vote

(Continued from page 522)

was largely paternal, and provided for government by the upper classes. They warned us against party government; and we hastened to form parties. The electoral college was given powers and independence to choose a man of genius for President; but we have made it a puppet show for the bosses. Most fatal of all, we have extended the franchise. The first qualifications for voters, while they ignored intelligence, at least provided a voting class with economic responsibilities, with enough self-interest to preclude the possibility of a rabble which could be swung by chicanery alone. Even the slaves were represented, but were not given the vote. By a progressive emancipation we have reached a point where almost any adult, excepting some Southern negroes, can vote in most elections. One commentary on the result is the inspiring Administration of Mr. Harding, distinguished for impotence and fraud, or that of Mr. Coolidge, remarkable only for negative performance.

So far my criticism has been destructive, and to some degree, inevitably, an assembly of the thoughts of others. I would be happy to resume the duties of the ballot if one or two constructive changes were made. These also are not new; but it is only by a wide insistence upon their importance that the issue of their acceptance can be brought into the open. The first, of course, is a test of the knowledge and intelligence of the voter. The tabloid newspaper, bought by at least a quarter of the electorate of the nation, is a fitting commentary upon the idiocy of the literacy test alone.

There is no reason to suppose that a respectable percentage of present voters could not be made politically intelligent by education; but there is no reason at all to claim that intelligence for more than one in twenty at present. I do not recommend the relinquishment of control to a handful; but it is imperative at least that the definitely moronic class be excluded.

The electoral college also should revert to the purpose for which it was intended: an organization elected with no advance thought of the ultimate candidates for Presidency. The party nominating conventions have no sanction whatever in the Constitution. They have perverted extrallegally the integrity of the college.

These, and the establishment of the referendum and recall, are the changes which would make me proud of the voting privilege. I will confess in closing that I am not a complete nonvoter. When a clearly defined issue, or a candidate of worth, appears, I do vote. I ask to retain my right not to vote only when the act of voting is a tacit insult to my intelligence; that is, in the high majority of cases.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

THE DIVINE RIGHT NOT TO VOTE. 1. *a*. What is the situation of the voting public as described by Mr. Laing? Why does he generally stay away from the polls? *b*. What measures does he suggest for improving the situation? 2. Criticize both his analysis of the situation and his plans for altering it. 3. Identify: Willa Cather, Edwin Arlington Robinson. 4. What is Mammon? The godhead? 5. Comment on the statement, "Democracy tends to put into power typical members of the group, instead of its best-qualified members." 6. Explain the reference to "delicate piracy in the Caribbean and the Gulf." 7. What, according to Mr. Laing, are the causes of the "voters' strike"? Do you agree with him? Can you suggest any other causes? 8. What does the author mean by "Machiavellian theories," and "paternalism"? 9. Explain how our party system and our use of the electoral college has changed the plan contemplated by the framers of the Constitution. Are you agreed that the framers of the Constitution had in mind a "paternal" system? 10. Comment specifically on the proposals for, *a*, an intelligence test for voters; *b*, a return to the original idea of the electoral college; *c*, the establishment of referendum and recall. Write an essay favoring or opposing one of these proposals. 11. Prepare a paper on "The Causes of Voting Apathy," or "Remedies for Nonvoting."

BACK STAGE IN WASHINGTON. 1. What explanation does the correspondent give for the "spirit of joviality" now prevalent in Washington? How does he account for the change in Mr. Coolidge? In Secretary Hoover? 2. What does he say of the preconvention campaign of the latter? Discuss Mr. Hoover as a Presidential possibility. 3. Comment on the correspondent's remarks about Senator Borah, keeping in mind what he has said about him previously.

VON KLUCK BOXES HIS SHADOW. 1. Review in class the military situation at the outbreak of the World War, and the German plan of advance. Identify the following figures mentioned by Mr. Thomas: von Kluck; von Tirpitz; Moltke; von Bülow; Joffre; Kitchener; Sir John French; Haig. Locate: Schleswig-Holstein; Kiel; Calais; Dunkirk; Ostend; Havre; Le Cateau; Boulogne; Lille; Mons; Saint-Nazaire; Amiens; Rouen. 2. Where did the Germans expect Great Britain to land her expeditionary forces? Where did the British actually land? Explain the British plan of strategy behind this move. 3. Tell in your own words the story of how the British covered the left wing of the French army and stemmed the German advance. 4. Consider next the political factors lying behind the military operations. What political events precipitated the outbreak of hostilities? How were the British led to enter the war? What was the position of Russia? What was the Triple Alliance, and how was it broken by Italy? 5. Mr. Thomas confines himself to a discussion of military operations. Which, in your opinion, are more important from the historical standpoint, military or political events? If you were writing a history of the period, which would you stress?

IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. 1. The author of this page is going to make regular contributions to THE INDEPENDENT. In this, his first piece, he introduces himself to his readers and comments on the reception received by certain other newspaper and magazine writers when they entered upon their work. 2. Identify the following, and name the publications with which they are associated: Arthur Brisbane, William Lyon Phelps, O. O. McIntyre, Will Rogers, Irvin S. Cobb. 3. Comment on the author's picture of Brisbane crossing Texas, and upon the use of dialogue as in a play. 4. Criticize the style of the article. 5. Discuss the value of a page of this kind, and consider the possibility of introducing a similar page in one of your school publications.

Von Kluck Boxes His Shadow

(Continued from page 520)

At Le Cateau, there were more British troops engaged than at Waterloo; the losses were heavier; and one may venture the opinion that it was a more decisive battle. Even had Wellington or Blücher been driven from the field, their campaign would have followed through to its inexorable conclusion. But if Smith-Dorrien had not dared to turn and strike an enemy thrice his strength in numbers and had not his troops so risen to the occasion, Joffre's left flank would have started crumbling in these first days of the retreat; the Germans would have forced his battle line down and away from Paris; and there could have been no Marne to redress the balance.

Joffre grasped at once what the battle meant for him, and next day paid his tribute of acknowledgment in a handsome letter. In the gigantic panorama of battle that followed this one quick fight became obscured in Allied eyes. Germans, however have not forgotten, and afterwards von Kluck gave ungrudging praise to his foes. In a recent study of German strategy another soldier, General Leinverber, has summed up even more pointedly the result of Mons and Le Cateau together. "With this small expenditure of force, Britain had entirely destroyed the watered down Schlieffen plan. . . . Four and a half British divisions held a whole army of ten divisions effectively in check, and prevented it from enveloping and decisively beating the left wing of the French Armies . . . at the first onslaught."

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THE fact that Mr. Coolidge does not approve of a chain letter petitioning him to run again adds nothing decisive to the statement that he does not "choose" to be a candidate in 1928. It baffles his enthusiastic Massachusetts backers, keeps the political world on tenterhooks, but signifies only that the President of the United States is in no hurry to resolve himself. Detailed speculation on it is futile, and ends exactly where it began.

In the face of uncertainty as to the President's intentions, political polls in various parts of the country indicate that Herbert Hoover is by far the most popular of the other potential candidates for the Republican nomination. Returns of a poll conducted by the *National Republic*, a magazine edited by George B. Lockwood, former secretary of the Republican National Committee, suggest that among both editors and political small fry Hoover stands first, Lowden second, Hughes third, and Dawes fourth. Those contributing to the poll were asked to ballot on the assumption that Coolidge was out of the race. Other popular polls conducted on the same basis place Hoover again in the forefront, with the rest of the field straggling behind in various orders. Lowden

and Hughes seem to be more or less sectional favorites, the one dependent upon a bloc of farm States, the other upon the Eastern seaboard. Dawes is evidently the choice of the politicians, who believe he would prove more regular than the Secretary of Commerce in his dispensation of patronage. Hoover appears to have the greatest hold on the mass of voters, and scores heavily from coast to coast. While Mr. Coolidge persists in tactics of obscurantism, all of these candidates endeavor discreetly to remain in the shade.

Buttering the Democratic Bread

THERE is something pathetic about the prospect of a Democratic love feast in Washington next month. To watch the diligent Clem Shaver going about preparations for the event fills one with pity. Better the task of Sisyphus than the one to which Mr. Shaver has put his shoulder. Better to push a stone eternally up a hill than to decide on the program of a banquet for Democrats. Mr. Shaver meets with his confreres. *Filet mignon* or lobster à la Newburg? Prohibition à la Donahey or Prohibition Al Smith? It is suggested at first that no Presidential

aspirants shall be present; decided at last that many shall be present but none shall speak. Mr. Shaver concentrates on the next problem: where shall the oratory come from, then? Why, from John W. Davis, of course; for Mr. Davis is done for, Presidentially speaking, and will make up in tact what he lacks in enthusiasm. Gradually a magnificent scheme for harmony is evolved. Democrats will rally in January beneath the standard of Andrew Jackson, hard-boiled of history; the country will recognize the gathering as a love feast and dissension will be forgotten. If there is not much love, there can at least be impressive feasting.

Shortly after the harmony banquet surviving members of the Democratic National Committee will assemble to choose a convention city and discuss matters pertinent to the approaching campaign. Possibly some of them will have things to say about the two-thirds rule, without which Governor Smith might carry the convention on one of the early ballots. Probably they will leave the convention to decide whether the rule shall be changed or not. When the convention comes along, love feasting will be at an end.

Mr. Shaver has a heavy job on his hands, and he is going to need the diplomatic finesse of a Machiavelli along with the statesmanship of a Bismarck to put it across. He is given until June or thereabout to complete it. The availability of Al Smith is one matter he must take into consideration. Prohibition, linked with the name of the governor, is another. Mr. Smith is the outstanding figure in the Democratic party, prohibition is a vital issue, but both create political problems requiring careful treatment. If Mr. Shaver's harmony plans fall short at any point, there is a good chance that the fiasco of Madison Square Garden will be repeated in a new setting.

Mr. Coolidge's Red Herrings

FREE with words but sparing of ideas, President Coolidge allowed no decisive statements to intrude themselves upon his speech before the Union League Club of Philadelphia. From the ovation he received it was inferred that Pennsylvania Republicans might like to send a convention delegation pledged to Coolidge, but if the President sensed this he still did not unbend. Those who had hoped against all probability for a clarification of his attitude toward another term were given not one clue upon which to build. Those



who had counted upon something anticipating the President's message to Congress were slightly more fortunate, but even they were prone to

disappointment as their cigars burned low. The Union League Club went home to bed assured that it was a great organization with a splendid history and convinced that Mr. Coolidge was not yet ready to unburden his mind.

The President's defense of private initiative, his genuflection before the protective tariff, his reference to the "test" with which prosperity confronts the nation, may be accepted as Administration ritual. His advocacy of reduction of the national debt, which amounts still to \$18,000,000,000, and only moderate tax reduction, are in line with his earlier pronouncements on the subject of finance. In his consideration of "internal developments," however, he gave Philadelphia and the nation one new thing to think about. He hinted cautiously but unmistakably at what will be the Administration attitude on public works. He mentioned continued road construction to the tune of \$75,000,000 annually; completion of flood control; the building of Mississippi and St. Lawrence waterways; improvements at Boulder Dam and on the Columbia River; the building of more submarines and more cruisers; privately owned merchant marine of "fast cargo boats"; the increase of our air forces, with special encouragement to commercial airways in the direction of South America; inter-American road building, with the United States contributing financial assistance.

If this is the Administration program for internal development, it will provide, along with the question of farm relief, some lively days in Congress. Every one of the projects is commendable, but it is not certain that all of them should be undertaken at present. Flood relief is essential; some of the others might easily wait. Public works are among other things a means of alleviating unemployment and stimulating business in time of depression. Their value in this direction will be lost if they are all shouldered in an era of comparative prosperity. Undoubtedly Congress will have much to say about this, and of the possibility of draining the Treasury too low by attempting to satisfy the farmer, humiliate the taxpayer, reduce the national debt, and embark upon a tremendous program of internal development, all at the same time.

Britain Sinks Two Paper Ships

CONTRARY to general expectation, public opinion in Great Britain has succeeded in pushing back the plan of the British Admiralty for extensive cruiser building. W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, has announced in the House of Commons that only one of the three cruisers planned and appropriated for this year will be laid down at present. This is not assurance that they will not be built next year, but it indicates that in the interests of economy and Anglo-American

understanding, the building program has been temporarily curtailed. It is a move welcomed in the United States as proof that Great Britain is prepared to reconsider the question of naval disarmament, and suggests that the danger of a race in the construction of auxiliary vessels may be avoided after all. It opens the way for a new conference to take up the question of disarmament where it was dropped at Geneva last summer.

Lord Balfour has now voiced the opinion that the Geneva conference was not broken down but merely interrupted. Viscount Cecil, moreover, has clarified the reasons for his resignation from the Cabinet, explaining that it was directly due to the government attitude at the conference. He has blamed Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, for this uncompromising attitude, and stated that unless Mr. Churchill agrees to American naval parity, his position "bangs, bolts, and bars the door against any hope of further agreement with the United States on naval armaments." The next move is Mr. Churchill's.

In certain local quarters Mr. Bridgeman's announcement has been taken as a deception, a move of expediency to pull the wool over American eyes and prevent the United States from setting out upon a reasonable cruiser-building program of her own. Congress must not give too much weight to this argument. Whatever her motives, Great Britain has taken a substantial step in the direction of disarmament, one, incidentally, which improves the outlook for the meeting this month of the League of Nations Disarmament Commission. Our own naval program should be designed to bring us nearer parity, but must not be undertaken with a distrust of Great Britain or her ultimate intention. We must accept Mr. Bridgeman's concession at its face value.

A Case of Yellow Jaundice

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has spent much time and devoted many orange-tinted newspaper columns lately to an exposure of the Calles Government in Mexico. We were informed first that Señor Calles had supplied aid to an anti-American revolution in Nicaragua, but it appeared on examination of the evidence that the most Mexico had done was to assist Sacasa when he was fighting Chamorro, and that before the United States had recognized any one of the contending factions. Next we learned that Mexico had blocked a "Coolidge Peace Conference" by warning Sacasa against participation. After this came the revelation of a "gun-smuggling plot" of which Mr. Hearst possessed no documentary evidence, but which he was led to reveal because reports from a "high official" seemed to "dovetail so perfectly with established and related facts." Most striking of all is the exposure of a "secret conspiracy existing between the

governments of Russia and Mexico to convert the Mexicans and Central American people to Communism and set up a Bolshevik stronghold next door to the United States."

Mr. Hearst has not obtained all the documents; those that have come into his possession are not surely authentic. Forged papers are abundant in Mexico, and it is reasonable to suspect that those reproduced day by day in the Hearst two-page spread are only a collection of fakes. The Mexican Embassy at Washington has declared as much. But whether they are authentic or not, it is dubious journalism to hurl them unproven at a gullible reading public. If Mr. Hearst was anxious to vindicate the State Department in its Nicaraguan policy he might better have submitted the documents to authorities at Washington and published not a word about them until their authenticity was proved or disproved. Instead, he seems to be playing upon public antipathy toward Mexico and public fear of the Bolshevik bogey merely to pull off a journalistic "scoop," add a little to the circulation of his newspapers, and possibly to enhance the value of his property holdings in Mexico.

The State Department intimated long ago that all the facts in the Nicaraguan intervention did not appear on the surface, but until some new and authoritative announcement comes from Washington, the Hearst tantrum can be regarded only as ill-advised and futile. In the meantime, there is no occasion for excitement.

The Heavy Hand of Economics

THERE is no adage to the effect that as Harvard goes so goes the educational world, yet its contributions and leadership have ever been notable. It is probably safe to say that what happens in Cambridge is indicative of what is happening in many college communities, and with this in view the recent report of the Harvard committee on the choice of electives is worth more than passing notice. The committee finds that the Harvard economics department has had an increase of 198 students in the past two years, and that 16.9 per cent of the three upper classes is now enrolled in one or another of the economics courses. The study of economics has gained considerably on the study of English, which has been the most popular for a number of years. Furthermore, there has been a notable increase in the number of students seeking honors in their chosen fields; 31.7 per cent of the upper classes are working for distinction. This is a high tribute to the leadership of President Lowell. Increasing attention is being given to study, even at the expense of coveted extracurricular activities, and the undergraduate in line for the 1928 football managership has recently resigned his position in order to concentrate upon his curricular work.

The drift toward economics suggests that the growing tendency to interpret history, literature, art, and whole civilizations from an economic standpoint is making economics a key subject. It does not mean that economics will be studied in future at the expense of the classics, but that a grounding in the subject will soon be considered as necessary for the intelligent man as a general background in literature and the arts. It means that men preparing themselves to go out into an essentially economic world are recognizing the subject as of special value. As for the growing concentration upon curricular work, it shows that notwithstanding the excitement over football and other extracurricular diversions, the average student is in college for education and intends to make the most of his four years' opportunity. Critics who insist upon the utter lack of seriousness in college men are advised to take notice.

The Ethereal Future

NEWSPAPER men have been ignoring completely, even defiantly, the work of the International Radio Telegraph Conference which convened in Washington some six weeks ago and is still in session. Having reported that the conference would comprise more than four-hundred delegates representing fifty-one nations, and having printed almost in full Secretary Hoover's opening address, the correspondents went about other business and left the conference flat. The discussions are said to be dry, reporters do not see much news in technically worded agreements to govern international transmission, and with Congress on the point of assembling there are other things to think about. What has the conference been doing during the period of silence?

For one thing, it has ruled that all spark transmission with the exception of distress calls shall be prohibited after January 1, 1940. The date has been set far in advance in order to allow shipping interests and operating companies to make readjustment, but long before 1940 the effect of the ruling will be felt. Equipment for spark transmission will be more or less taboo; it will not be used in new installations or replacements. Eventually millions of dollars' worth of equipment will have to be scrapped, but in the process broadcasting will be freed from one of the greatest causes of interference. The persistent buzz which is likely to interfere now with reception in even the most finely tuned set will be eliminated. The radio audience will be left a little profanity for furnaces, party telephones, and frozen water pipes.

The conference is now considering the allocation of short wave lengths for commercial purposes. It is planned to split the short-wave spectrum into a number of bands: one for communication, one for radio-compass signals, one for radio beacons, one for

commercial telephony, others for military, naval, and mobile services. Furthermore, some allocation will probably be made for picture-transmission scheme such as the "television." It is remotely possible that a band will be allowed for railway communication, so that brakemen on long freight trains may keep in touch with engineers or signalmen along the route.

These are developments worthy of notice. Radio is not only a means of public amusement, but a science full of possibilities for international commerce and communication.

"—the Trail That Is Always New"

COMMANDER GEORGE M. DYOTT wanted a fourth man for his expedition into the jungle of the Amazon. He asked for a man "to whom money, the comforts of life, and life itself, meant very little." He asked for someone willing to endure the hardships and perils of tropical exploration. His expedition was going in search of Col. P. H. Fawcett, the lost explorer, and the ruins of an ancient American civilization. He outlined the job in no romantic terms and expected few applicants for it. Yet up to a week ago he had received fifteen thousand. They came from all parts of the United States and from Canada and Europe. They were sent by professional men, high-school students, business executives, men from all fields of endeavor. The commander remarked that the response was "quite extraordinary"; then sat down to the long task of reading his mail.

It would be interesting to know the manifold motives governing the minds of the fifteen thousand who wished to turn explorers. How many of them had been reading Conrad or Melville or Stevenson? How many were tired of their wives, tired of routine existence, surfeited with bond selling, or bored with themselves? How many only thought they were? Commander Dyott's request for a fourth man was not widely advertised; possibly had larger notice been given it by the press the number of applicants would have been doubled, trebled, or even multiplied by ten. Perhaps if there were a sufficient number of jungles available and enough expeditions to go round, we would see the spectacle of our whole population marching off in search of lost explorers, ancient civilizations, and something which it vaguely felt was missing in its life.

Motion pictures, prize fights, football games, and serial novels, not to mention a host of other mind-excitements, go a long way toward satisfying man's appetite for adventure, but in spite of these outlets he remains at heart a wanderer. When a Dyott expedition comes along and he sees a chance for escape, off he goes for a primitive holiday. Fortunately for home and family, the commander needed one, not thousands of explorers.

The Feminine Touch

THOSE astute observers who have been looking seven years and more for women to reform politics are on the point of collapsing their telescopes, pocketing their field glasses, and going into retirement with a volume of Schopenhauer. The political panorama today indicates anything save a reform, and women seem to be making it no better. In several notable instances they have gone out of their way to make it worse. Misogynists and downtrodden husbands were the first to despair of a woman-made Utopia, and now even women themselves are expressing apprehension. Thus it is that Margaret Culkin Banning, authoress, Vassar graduate, and member of Phi Beta Kappa, proposes a general retirement of women in politics. "Women really dislike politics," she laments. "They tried to affect an appetite for it, but it was not possible. We are zeros politically, and may as well realize it." Mrs. Banning describes women in politics as "stalking-horses, decoys so to speak, and figureheads." She confesses penitently that politics is a man's game and best left to men. What ground is there for this attitude?

For one thing, there are the performances of Miriam A. Ferguson in Texas and Florence E. S. Knapp in New York. As governor of Texas, Ma Ferguson proved to be exactly the kind of stalking-horse to which Mrs. Banning has reference, a decoy behind which her husband was able to regain some of his lost power and dump Texas into a conflict such as it had not experienced since the Alamo. As Secretary of State and census taker extraordinary in New York Mrs. Knapp appears to have given a demonstration equal to any in the annals of pay-roll padding. Both of these women have given artful exhibitions, but neither has done credit to the promises of those who paraded ten years ago in the name of Susan B. Anthony. Next, there is the negative record of women in Congress. Those who have reached the House of Representatives have generally done so by rising to fill vacancies caused by the death of male relatives. They have been benefited, yet handicapped, by a public sentimentality which chooses to take back now and then the tradition of inheritance to office. Be this as it may, their work has not been prepossessing. Once within legislative halls and safely away from the battalion of newspaper cameramen, very little has been heard of them or, for that matter, from them. Rebecca L. Felton, appointed by the governor of Georgia, is the only woman to have served in the Senate. Her term comprised exactly one day, during which she was rightfully applauded yet regarded as something of a phenomenon by her hidebound colleagues. Again, there is the uncertain record of women as voters laden with the suspicion that women have generally gone the way of their

husbands or the way they were told to go by some women's club lecturer with a white carnation in the lapel of his frock coat. Women have been no more punctilious than men about attending the polls and have shown no greater discretion in marking their ballots. In few large political movements has their influence been of great moment. Even on prohibition, regarded as their particular province, they have gone every which way and shown little disposition to face the problem squarely. Their influence counted in driving out the saloon, but that was before they obtained the franchise.

These things are written on the debit side of the ledger. To their credit are the achievements of such women as Nellie Tayloe Ross, former governor of Wyoming, Bertha Knight Landes, mayor of Seattle, and Judge Florence Allen of Ohio. There is the work of women in State Legislatures, women in civic government, women like Mrs. Henry Moskowitz of New York on campaign committees and political organizations behind the scenes. Some of it is bad, but much of it is good — and effective.

All in all, it appears that Mrs. Banning is justified in apprehension, but not in her willingness to give up the job. There is ground for saying that women are no improvement politically over men: reason for declaring that they are not reforming angels and probably never will be. There is little reason for claiming that they represent political zero. In view of these things it is well that Mrs. Banning has sounded retreat — not because a retreat is advisable, but because her call is likely to provoke a host of women, who, after the feminine habit of mind, will march in exactly the opposite direction and straight into battle. Women cannot lay all political ills against men, for they have had seven years of the franchise and done nothing which actually improves matters. They cannot be regarded as political reformers, for it has become evident that many of them are something quite different.

In the current issue of THE INDEPENDENT Mrs. Emily Newell Blair asks that women in politics be discussed in the same light as men. She asks that they be regarded not as politically minded women, and therefore a phenomenal group, but as individuals and leaders. This is a reasonable request, yet one hard to satisfy. Women are still enough of a novelty in politics to attract attention simply by running for office, as was shown in the case of the college girl who was recently a candidate for mayor in Concord, New Hampshire. So long as they are a novelty in politics, they will attract attention as women, not as politicians. When the novelty has worn off — and there is some indication that it is wearing thin — there may come a time at which it will be no less absurd to write of "Women in Politics" than of "Men as Officeholders." By that time, certainly, the myth that women are reformers will have been altogether forgotten.

Are Women Really in Politics?

By Emily Newell Blair

HOW perennial are these articles on women in politics! Almost had I said how weedlike, for they spring up by the journalistic roadside every season from the presuffrage seed without selection of facts or cultivation by analysis or the watering of cogitation. I do not object to the matter of such articles, since I believe in free speech, but to the acceptance by the press and public of such promiscuous observations. I hold that the same knowledge, the same amount of research, or personal experience, should be required of a writer on "women in politics" as is required for a writer on the Boulder Dam. Every intelligent reader ought to know by this time how easy it is to give spectacular, superficial, half-baked opinions on it. Every editor ought to know — none better — what a temptation it is for a journalist in search of a subject to throw together a few sentimental conclusions on women in politics; for it is so easy to make dramatic statements about it, particularly to inveigh and to denounce, but desperately hard to think through it, analyze it, and offer an explanation or a cure.

"Women are a failure in politics." How often we hear it, how easy to say. But, after all, what does it mean? What were women supposed to do in politics? How were they supposed to do it? A writer expecting the women to put the United States in the League of Nations may call the passage of the Maternity and Infancy Act futile. But those who think it valuable, who know the work it took to pass it, and realize that it never would have passed except for woman suffrage may disagree.

The reason, of course, that writers are so tempted to issue snap judgments is twofold. First, the subject seems so simple that no one thinks the discussion of it requires any technical knowledge. One is warned away from a discussion of the Diesel engine by the technical terms involved. But authors who have never heard of a national committee or attended a national convention rush in to discuss woman's place in politics. The second reason this subject tempts the general writer is that he knows that he can sell it. To the majority of editors the subject still seems to have "news value," though why it should does not seem apparent to political war horses like myself. To women in politics this is

an old story. Their situation, their work, has lost its thrill and its novelty. And I fancy it is equally boring as a subject to the women out of politics. Yet it seems still to be "good copy."

I know whereof I speak. My work takes me periodically to Washington. Hardly have I put my bag down when the women reporters call up for an interview. I am, of course, glad to see them. They are my friends, always stimulating; and then I hope against all my disappointments that some day one of

them is going to ask my opinion on some important political subject, that I will be greeted as a political man might be with such a question as: "Well, what did you think of the filibuster?" or "Will the President veto the McNary-Haugen bill?" "Will Mr. Coolidge be the next Republican nominee?"

"Do you favor the abolition of the two-thirds rule?" Such are the questions put to a man politician returning from a Western trip or alighting from an ocean steamer. But no! Invariably and uniformly the question to me in some form or other deals with women in politics. "Do women count in politics?" "Do you think a woman can turn to politics without neglecting her home?"

I usually sigh and say, "Oh, but I've said all I think and all I know about that a thousand times. I've written two articles over which I sweat blood, building up arguments, putting down all I've learned and all I prophesy."

AND then the articles and the statements that are made by women who have never tried to get into politics and do not even know what or where politics is!

The other day a brilliant woman journalist who knows journalism and women's activities as few women, if any, in this country made the astonishing statement which has been quoted all over the country that the only "female Presidential possibilities" were Alice Longworth, Mrs. Medill McCormick, and Anne Morgan. Shades of Andrew Jackson, Mark Hanna, and Tom Platt! What would any practical politician say to the first and last of these possibilities? Just what he would say if a serious man journalist should suggest Will Rogers or John D. Rockefeller as having "personality, popularity,

power, and political technique enough to make a creditable race for the presidency." For well would he know that the sort of affectionate remembrance in which a people grateful for entertainment hold Alice, as they do Will, is not the kind of popularity that nominates or elects Presidents. Well also would he know that Anne Morgan, in spite of brilliant publicity and an undoubted ability as a promoter, would have as unacceptable a name — and it is only as a name that she is known outside of New York in the United States — as John D.'s own. With Ruth Hanna McCormick the case is different. It may well be that she takes after her illustrious father who moved from king maker to king.

What this brilliant writer has done is to confuse "news value" with political power. But that she should have done so is not so much the point as that newspapers the country over should have taken her remarks seriously. A man writing on political subjects — Mark Sullivan, David Lawrence, William Hard — knows his politics as he knows his A B C's. He lives in the atmosphere of it. He keeps his ears tuned in to the continual whisperings of the political grass roots. There is, such men claim, a sixth sense, known as the political sense, which enables them to guess what they can't hear. At least it enables them by some sort of magic to jumble all the facts together and out of it to form conclusions and dare prophecies that occasionally are right.

ONCE saw one of these men at work. He came into a Middle Western city at 9 A.M. Before night he had called upon a leading merchant, banker, and manufacturer. He had talked to each of their doorkeepers and private secretaries. He had questioned three policemen, a taxi driver and a street-car conductor. He had lunched with the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotarians, had visited two clergymen, gone to tea with a group from the League of Women Voters, a cocktail party with young people, a dinner with a group of local editors, an evening party with the "society crowd," and a supper party with a group of "young radicals." That evening he wrote a fairly good report of the political situation in that State. This same thing he did in a dozen other States.

Now, a process or a technique, whichever it should be called, like that applied to this question would lead a writer on this subject to a trip across the country east to west and north to south — to see first-hand what women, if any, were working in political organizations, what these women were doing and what their fellow workers and citizens thought they were doing. There would be the fourteen women members of the New Hampshire Legislature to investigate, not so much as the basis of an article on them as data for the conclusions to be drawn. The women legislators in Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, Texas, Minnesota, and

California and other States. How did they get there? What have they done? Where are they going? There would be the women who are secretaries, acting secretaries and executive secretaries of State and local political committees. What power do they have? Where did they get it? I know one who runs a State machine.

THE political writer, one informed on politics, knows that power often resides in the least spectacular, least published places, that it is not the flag waver that pulls the string, but the quiet, unknown hand in the dark. He also knows the way leaders are developed, how they mature, grow, arrive. So he would suspect that back in many places in this country today there are women leaders, many of them being developed, some perhaps at work. He would guess, too, that from among these women legislators will come in the future some women Congressmen, some Senators, and perhaps even a woman President just as from the men in these Legislatures will develop future Congressmen and Senators and perhaps a President. For he knows the women there are competing not alone against each other, but against their men *confrères*, and that by such a process of selection, political selection, ability to survive, do leaders, or at least successful politicians, come. Few indeed are those who spring full panoplied as Senatorial or Presidential candidates.

As Presidential possibilities, then, such a writer might name besides the Ruth McCormick who has that will to win and that power to draw which politicians and political writers always recognize as political availability, a woman now known only to a small Minnesota district; or he might name that Judge Florence Allen who has won an electorate once and dared to buck a State machine in the primaries, running against an eminent man for a Senatorial nomination; or the Mrs. Catt whom politicians themselves court and fear; or that Congresswoman Norton who has gained the confidence and support of a whole State machine; or that little legislator another State machine is pushing slowly but surely forward; or that Cora Wilson Stuart whom a whole State loves; or that woman whom reliable political diagnosticians predict will very probably be the first woman elected to the United States Senate — a woman of Presidential calibre.

He would also guess that some of these women on local committees quietly campaigning election after election are working their way slowly but surely to power. I could name many — except that naming them would spoil their game — who are becoming powerful factors in their own community politics by impressing the men in their party with their ability to get results, by acquiring a "desirable" following, by building up a machine of their own which makes it necessary for the regular machine to deal with them. And this, though the masculine-controlled

machine is slow to learn and must often have object lesson after object lesson before it does.

These are the women whose recommendation will have influence in future appointments, who may get them for themselves, who, if they do not become candidates, will have a voice in naming them.

WILL their influence be good? Will these women do the things that suffragists claimed they would? Who can say? But one thing is certain. A few articles appraising these women fairly — and by fairly I mean mentioning their weaknesses as well as their strength, weighing one against the other — would do something toward increasing the power and the strength of those women who do have the higher political ideals. As it is now, these women work without benefit of such publicity. Oh, yes, I know they have their pictures in the paper and reams of personal write-ups and interviews on inane subjects. How sadly they smile among themselves about it knowing the substitute to be shorn of the chief value of publicity which is the appraisal it gives one before that public whose approval is capital. Better than nothing? Yes, for it does give these women an introduction. It “places” them, tells who and what they are, makes them known, gives them a certain audience. But it does not give them value. On the other hand, if, when a woman leader or boss stands for something, when her interest in politics is not selfish, when it is apparent that she has gained a real influence, that she has ability, it were given publicity, she would gain followers. If, when women in political places sell out to vicious interests, when they are used as tools, even when they are merely inane and innocuous, it should be so stated, they would the sooner be discarded.

In short, if women who were able as well as incorruptible and unselfish — and correspondingly, women who were inane and corrupt — were so appraised publicly, even the politicians would be much more careful in their choice of women leaders. Thus would the whole political standard be raised.

What I want is that the press should ask about women appointees, women candidates, and women politicians: Why was she chosen? Who is back of her? What can she accomplish for women? Has she any power with those in control or is she their tool? Has she real ability? What kind? Such questions, so far as I know, have never been asked about women in politics and, until they are, we need not expect women in politics to develop leadership, or women in politics who could lead to acquire followers. Once women acquire leadership their opinions, of course, will be sought. Once their opinions are sought they will have an influence in molding public opinion. Once they have this influence they will be sought out by men leaders. Then — and not until then — will they have influence in formulating policies and framing measures.

Nowhere more than in politics are influence, power, success attained not by “sudden flights” but by “toiling upward in the night”! It is their disappointment at not finding “sudden flights” that these writers on women in politics register in their articles. If only they would hunt out some of those toilers and discuss frankly their successes and failures! As one of those toilers, I would welcome such discussion as a help — a help, whether it was favorable or unfavorable to me and my accomplishments; a help, because we workers in these political jobs are all, more or less, experimenters, and one of the tests is whether others than ourselves see results and progress.

The public is our audience. It is more. It is our “mutton.” It is the public confidence and approval that makes votes. It is votes that women in politics must win if they are to have power. And we can only test our success in this matter of winning public confidence and approval if the evaluation is frank. It is not enough for a woman leader to issue pamphlets, organize clubs, make speeches, answer letters, straighten out difficulties. Not by such a record is a man measured, but by the influence he wields, the reputation for judgment, for clear thought, the policies he stands for. A woman should be measured for the same things. Has she the confidence of her men co-workers? Can she wield an influence and with whom? Is it because of her ability or her following? Has she any power? Any opinions?

Has any reporter ever asked me or any other woman in politics her policies? Has any writer ever compared the achievement of one woman in politics with another? No, for it is so much easier to mistake Mrs. Longworth’s personal influence with a few men in public life for political accomplishment, and concede her to be the most effective woman in politics today.

THE subject of women in politics thus left alone and the individual woman in politics recognized, the time may actually come when some journalist will dare to scorn a woman’s political acts and judgments, when some orator will flay her alive on a political stump; and with that — or after that — will come a time when some editor will wish to praise her political acts and approve her judgments, not as a gracious bit of masculine courtesy, but as a piece of honest criticism. Still after that there may actually come a time when reporters will ask some woman in politics not how she got there and how she enjoys it, but whether she is supporting a certain candidate and if so, why? And if all this comes to pass, there may even come a time when reporters will hang about the door of some woman in politics and seek an “authorized interview” on the “situation.” And in that glad day, editors will return articles on this subject with a printed slip, and discussions such as this one of mine, praise be! will be read no more in the land.

Back Stage in Washington

"Who Would Fardels Bear—?"

WITH so much hocus-pocus going on about Mr. Coolidge's "I do not choose" statement it proves surprising that some hard-worked editor does not raise the old cry that the man is tired out by the job which must be breaking him down. That was the dog's-eared statement that went the

"He has given the lie direct to the charge that the office was back breaking and spirit slaughtering," writes our Washington correspondent this week of Mr. Coolidge and the Presidency. "He obviously enjoys it immensely." Yet the press and the public still persist in the belief that the White House is little more than a glorified death cell. The writer has some interesting things to tell about the "weary life" under which the present incumbent must "grunt and sweat"

rounds a few years ago, after Woodrow Wilson broke down and Warren Gamaliel Harding died.

The Presidency, in short, was a man-breaking job. Nobody could stand more than four years of it. If I remember correctly, some astute fellows, with the thought of saving life, even introduced a bill limiting the term to four years. Editors thwacked their desks throughout the land. For some months it was the newest and most talked-of reform. Study was undertaken in an effort to relieve the Chief Executive of some of his more onerous duties. But after a few months of Mr. Coolidge the thing died down and now no one hears of the agitation any more. And for what reason?

Not within the memory of the oldest employee of the executive offices—and some of them have been there since McKinley—has a President arranged his business so easily as Mr. Coolidge. He has given the lie direct to the charge that the office was back breaking and spirit slaughtering. He obviously enjoys it immensely. While I am not on intimate terms with his private physician, my agents hazard the guess that he has added at least twenty pounds to his weight and six inches to his girth measure since he quit the Willard Hotel and had his palate tickled by the culinary staff at the White House.

The Coolidge Administration, whatever its critics say of its conservatism, has introduced one startling novelty in official routine. This is the siesta or rest period every afternoon from two to four o'clock. The President goes to the executive offices a little before nine. During the course of the morning he receives anywhere from three to seven callers. He returns to the White House for luncheon at one. From two o'clock until four the President takes a nap. Always described by his friends as an easy sleeper, he allows nothing to interfere with this rest period. It is as sacrosanct as the Coolidge receipt for cooking the Thanksgiving turkey.

Shortly after four o'clock Mr. Coolidge strolls again to his office over by the War Department and transacts official business or signs mail until around five o'clock. Perhaps a Cabinet officer will be called into consultation. General Lord of the budget may come in the back way. But at five o'clock

the curtain is rung down on the show. The President returns to the White House and may emerge half an hour later for a stroll with Dick Jervis, Colonel Starling, and three or four other secret service attendants. No President has ever been as well protected as Mr. Coolidge has been.

Creation of this afternoon rest period has introduced in the executive offices the longest lunch hour officially recognized in America. It proves a snap for Ted Clark and Mr. Sanders who, while they may not sleep themselves, have two good hours when they are not subject to a peremptory beck and call. And if anyone should suppose that two hours sleep every afternoon is breaking down Mr. Coolidge's health he has another guess coming to him. In one of his humorous moments the President himself jokes at his healthiness and remarks in his dry way: "They say I am the healthiest President that has ever been in the White House." There is no doubt about it. He is.

To be able to sleep so long in the daytime as well as at night necessitates an office routine which must be acknowledged as efficient, and Mr. Coolidge, so it is said about the White House, handles the public business with as great dispatch as anyone who has ever sat in that particular swivel chair.

ROOSEVELT, I am informed, dictated to three secretaries. By the time he had loaded down one amanuensis another would be in with the correspondence ready to sign. In this way the official work of the offices went round in a complete circle of feverish activity. Mr. Taft worked in quite a different way. He could never catch up with the bundles of letters and papers which were always awaiting his signature. He was even behind on his callers. A friend would turn up and would be closeted with the President for an hour or more while others on the schedule would kick their heels in the anteroom. Everything was confusion, everything was delay.

But the genial Mr. Taft did not care a whit. He loved to meet people and swap jokes with them. Callers on Mr. Coolidge go in and out with clocklike precision. There is no lingering or loitering, no airy conversation, no dillydallying or gossiping.

Mr. Coolidge has dispensed with the howdy-doing and handshaking which ordinarily takes up half an hour of the Presidential day. He has refused to meet groups of school children. And now he has given notice that while he may consent to attend meetings in the city of some national importance, he will not necessarily sit through the ceremonies. He recently startled the Daughters of the American Revolution by refusing to address them, an act so bold that the ladies even now have not quite recovered from the shock. The Presidential address has long been a feature to which the ladies looked forward. He upset another time-honored tradition when he intimated to the dignified members of the Gridiron Club, with their guests assembled at their frolic in the Willard, that he believed there was no rule, law, or other Constitutional requirement enforcing the presence of the President at their functions. While this hint was difficult for some of the older members to swallow, the club accepted him at his word and Mr. Coolidge has not been invited this year. Nevertheless, the dinner will still go on.

The most recent episode in which Mr. Coolidge refused to gratify the public taste for ogling him in white vest, spike coat, and other accessories was the presentation of the Hubbard Gold Medal to Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. Mr. Coolidge devoted less than thirty minutes to the shindig. His speech could have been read in three minutes had not the distinguished audience uproariously applauded every mention of the name of Lindbergh. As it was the

President was probably kept up beyond his specified bedtime hour by listening to Colonel Lindbergh's response; and then, motioning to Mrs. Coolidge, he left the stage and returned to the White House. So definite was he in making his own appearance short that the gaping audience was informed through a printed notice on the program that the President would leave after presenting the medal.

His determination to curtail or perhaps dispense with some of the official or semisocial duties of his office is not due to any special desire to preserve the fine state of his health. The business is simply distasteful to him and he cuts it out.

MY agents report that there is only one thing which really worries the White House physicians — the President's insatiable appetite and his habit of munching nuts and candy at all hours of the day. One of my agents reports that at a recent luncheon on the *Mayflower* the President was observed to have eaten twenty-four [24] olives before the meal had more than started. Indeed, so diverted were the guests at this gastronomic exhibition, the rapidity and spirit with which it was performed, that not a few of them missed the soup course, the cups being spirited away while they watched open-mouthed.

The tendency of the President to develop a very noticeable paunch within the last two or three years has caused his tailor to get out his shears and revamp his trousers line. At evening functions, when the Chief Executive is in full dress, this growing addition to the Coolidge figure cannot possibly escape casual attention. For if ever a man has thrived in the atmosphere of the White House it is Calvin Coolidge.

The Witch Who Sinned

A strange old witch
Told a strange old lie
To a strange young girl
Who passed her by.

Said, "Heaven's down low!"
Said, "Hell's up high! —
Let your frail dreams fly!
Trim the wick in your eye!"

Said, "Hell burns bright,"
Said, "Heaven is cold —"
But the young girl sang,
"I'll know — when I'm old —"

"For the corner's not far
To the whitest star —
And Heaven's the place
Where you almost — are!"

And the strange young girl
Blew the rush of her feet
Across the witch's
Yesterday- street

Till the strange old witch
Saw a dim, dim star
That might have been closer
Than some stars are . . .

QUEENE B. LISTER.

GERMANY OPENS THE THROTTLE

*While the Rest of Europe Still
Struggles with Social and Eco-
nomic Ills, Germany Seems Not
Only to Have Recovered
Her Equilibrium, but to
Have Found a New
Road to Internal
Prosperity*

All photographs from Ewing Galloway

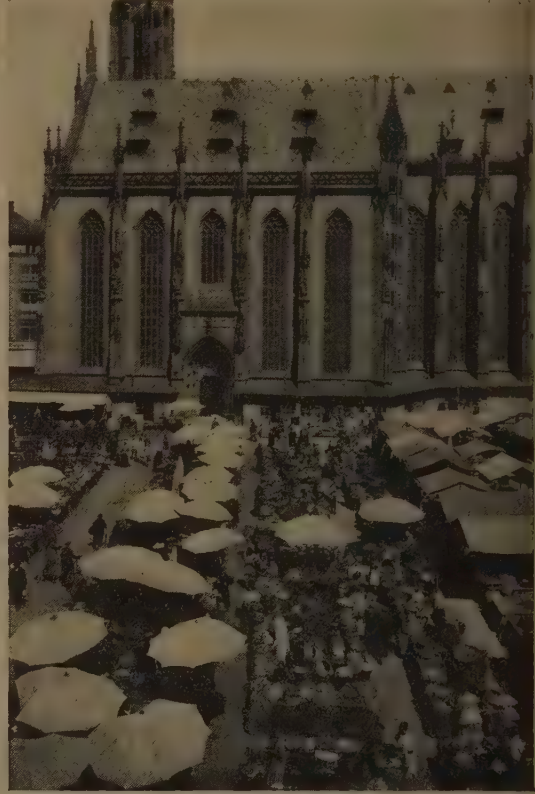
CHILE HOUSE, IN HAMBURG, IS THE LARGEST AND TALLEST OF THE NEW BUILDINGS IN A
SKYSCRAPERLESS COUNTRY. ITS ARCHITECTURAL STYLE IS UNLIKE ANY IN AMERICA



THIS HYDRAULIC POWER PLANT IN BAVARIA IS THE LARGEST IN ALL EUROPE AND HAS ONLY RECENTLY BEEN COMPLETED. IT IS CAPABLE OF
GENERATING 168,000 HORSE POWER AT A TREMENDOUS SAVING IN OPERATING EXPENSE OVER THE USUAL STEAM-TURBINE METHOD



THIS OLD VILLA AND TOWER MARK ONE OF THE HILL STREETS OF HEIDELBERG ABOVE THE RHINE. HERE IS LOCATED ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST RENOWNED UNIVERSITIES IN THE WORLD



UNDER THE WALLS OF THE MARIEN CAPELLE AT WURZBURG, BAVARIA, ONE OF GERMANY'S FINEST GEMS OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE, HUCKSTERS FROM THE COUNTRY ROUNABOUT BRING THEIR PRODUCE TO THE OPEN-AIR MARKET AS THEIR FATHERS BEFORE THEM HAVE DONE FOR GENERATIONS PAST



HAMBURG HARBOR IS AS BUSY A PLACE THESE DAYS AS IF THE WORLD WAR HAD NEVER BEEN. THE BARGES IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND ARE USED IN TRANSPORTING GRAIN AND COAL THROUGH THE INLAND WATERWAYS OF THE COUNTRY



A PICTURE SUCH AS THIS REVEALS CONVINCINGLY THE FERTILITY OF THE FIELDS IN THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS. AND SUCH A SCENE FAIRLY RADIATES AN ATMOSPHERE OF CONTENTMENT AND PROSPERITY



THE SHIPYARDS AT BREMEN ARE GOING THROUGH A PERIOD OF ALMOST UNPARALLELED ACTIVITY. HERE A NEW FREIGHTER IS BEING LAUNCHED, WITH HALF A DOZEN OTHER VESSELS ON THE WAYS



THIS IS BARGAIN DAY IN ONE OF MANNHEIM'S LARGE DEPARTMENT STORES. BUT FOR THE DIFFERENCE IN THE SIGNS IT MIGHT BE A "REMNANT" SALE IN ONE OF A DOZEN LARGE AMERICAN CITIES

IN HOLTSFELT, BAVARIA, THE INDUSTRIAL HOUSING SITUATION IS BEING ADMIRABLY HANDLED. THE RENTS IN THIS BLOCK BUILT BY ONE MANUFACTURING FIRM ARE ONLY \$4 AND \$5 A MONTH FOR NEW THREE AND FOUR-ROOM APARTMENTS, ELECTRICALLY EQUIPPED



THE PHOTOGRAPH AT THE LEFT WAS TAKEN IN ONE BRANCH OF THE GREAT KRUPP WORKS. IT SHOWS A WHITE-HOT STEEL INGOT GOING THROUGH ITS PROCESS OF REFINEMENT FROM THE ORIGINAL ORE TO THE FINISHED METAL

The Battle of the Prayer Books

By J. B. Atkins

AS the Prayer Book controversy may develop into a political and social issue of the first magnitude, even those who are not interested in its religious aspect may bear with an account of what has been happening and with some comments upon the changes in British ways of thought which the controversy implies. If it is remembered that the Church of England is essentially a national church, established by statute, it will be seen at once that successful resistance in Parliament to any changes in her character earnestly desired by a majority of the clergy might bring an end to a constitution which has existed since the Reformation.

If the Church had to be disestablished, and if it were therefore no longer one of the nominal duties of Parliament to attend to her welfare, it would be held at once that the Church, though but a sect, was holding on to property which had been hers only by virtue of her theoretical co-extensiveness with the nation. It would be said that the cathedrals had been inherited as from the original founders as fairly by the other sects as by the sect calling itself the Church of England. No one can foresee what might happen then — except that, of course, a strong claim would be asserted on behalf of the nation as a whole, apart from all religious professions, to be interested in the care of the cathedrals as monuments of architecture and history.

Much the best thing that can happen for the general peace is that the bill, or measure as it is strictly called, which sanctions the revised form of the Prayer Book should be passed by Parliament. Personally I believe that Parliament will pass it because the dissentients will probably become more frightened as time goes on of the consequences of intransigence. Still, acceptance is by no means certain. Among the leaders of the opposition are some men of undoubted ability and great sincerity.

Everybody knew that the Prayer Book needed to be revised. The long delay in accomplishing what was admittedly necessary was perhaps a proof that all parties shrank from a war within the Church. At last the trial of strength has come. The new

Since time immemorial the history of England has been intertwined with that of her Church, and since the restoration of Charles II the Book of Common Prayer has been the nucleus of every good Englishman's library as well as the primer of his spiritual education. But now the question of revision of the Prayer Book has arisen: with the changed conditions of the Twentieth Century and the greater democratization of the Government, it is inevitable that a movement should appear for the democratization of the Church. THE INDEPENDENT'S British correspondent discusses in detail this question which is now before Parliament and is more and more coming to agitate his fellow countrymen

Prayer Book is the first revision since 1662. The language of the 1662 book was composed, or confirmed from various old sources, by the divines of the Restoration who had to provide what was required by a church distinctly Protestant in character but in urgent need of the compliance of those who hankered after some of the forms of Continental Catholicism.

In many respects the Prayer Book, however much it may be revised, can never be improved. The beauty of the language, almost equally with that of the Authorised Version of the Bible of 1661, has had an amazing influence upon the structure of the English language. Like M. Jourdain, the Englishman in the street has the use of excellent phrases of which he does not suspect the origin. Much

less does he know that some of the verbal forms of the Bible which seem now to be pure and natural English must have sounded strange in Caroline ears because they were simply appropriations of the Hebrew idiom. If pedants objected in 1661 for that reason they were happily overruled; the alien majesty of the speech before long became essentially English.

OBVIOUSLY, there are archaisms in the Prayer Book which need to be removed or elucidated after the passage of nearly three hundred years. A clergyman in the East End of London told me that the vast majority of his parishioners when required to repeat after him the words of the marriage service cannot get nearer to "I thee endow" than "I, thee, and thou"! They might perhaps be equal to understanding the meaning of "endow," but the inversion of the verb and the pronoun entirely defeats them!

The existence of archaisms, however, is a very small part of the case for revision. Since 1662 the whole social structure of England has been transformed. The theory of the divine right of kings has yielded to full democracy; the country has changed from being mainly agricultural into being mainly industrial; and England instead of being merely a powerful country in Europe has become the center of the commonwealth of peoples called the British Empire. Within the Church herself the change has

been equally significant. The lethargy of the Church which was a feature of the Whig ascendancy was bound to have an energizing and purifying reaction, and this took the shape of the evangelical movement. That movement in its turn provoked reaction, and the tractarian movement developed into, or at least prepared the way for, the fashionable Anglo-Catholicism of today. If there are doctrinal changes in the revised Prayer Book—the archbishops declare that there are no such changes, and the malcontents declare that there are—it is the Anglo-Catholics who have been strong enough to extort them.

AGAIN, the Prayer Book of 1662 assumes a conception of the universe which is inadequate now. The middle of the last century saw the great struggle between the evolutionists and the horrified divines who thought that the basis of their faith was being smashed under their feet. The struggle was sharp and comparatively short, and ended in a way which very few of the Church leaders had foreseen and none now regrets. The faith of the Church triumphantly survived the victory of evolution because the spread of the scientific spirit convinced everyone that no faith could really be based on scientific or historical error. Since then the parallel lines of science and religion have not been in much danger of clashing. The Church knows as well as any other educational institution how, for example, to present evolution as an overwhelmingly impressive instance of design in a universe divinely administered.

For all these reasons the time had come to expand and adapt the Prayer Book. Many people seem to think that the revision is due to the National Church Assembly which came into existence when the life-and-liberty movement succeeded, after the war, in achieving for the Church a partial self-government. Formerly Parliament would have considered in full debate any bill proposing a revision of the Prayer Book; amendments would have been introduced and the Church would have had to put up with the results. Now when the Church has drawn up a measure for submission to Parliament, the measure is considered by a Parliamentary committee containing representatives of both Houses. If the committee decides that the measure is such as may properly be presented to Parliament, Parliament is free to accept or reject the measure but not to amend it. In the case of Prayer Book revision we have now reached this stage. The measure which contains as a schedule the revised

Book of Common Prayer is before the Parliamentary committee and Parliament will vote on it this winter. The revised book is offered as an alternative to the present one which it does not necessarily supersede. Parishes may use whichever they please.

The voting in the National Church Assembly, which in its few years of life has had to make no other decision comparable in importance to that concerning the revised Prayer Book, attracted a vast amount of public attention. But anyone who has an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the Church knows that the business of revision goes back to a date long before the National Church Assembly was ever dreamed of and before its originators were even born. Revision was first considered by a royal commission in 1867, and since then there have been several exchanges of letters of business from the crown to the convocations and the replies to them. Inevitably mixed up with the question of revision were the terrific disputes in the 'eighties of the last century about order and discipline in the Church when high churchmen were acting as a law unto themselves and wearing vestments and performing offices which were outside the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer. In 1881 there was the remarkable trial of Bishop King of Lincoln for extreme ritualistic practices. A few years later Sir William Harcourt, a genuine Erastian, was declaring war on the clerical lawbreakers in Parliament and in the *Times*. Finally, there was the memorable royal commission of 1904 which set in train the revision that has at last

been accomplished. That royal commission, which reported in 1906, plainly said that the "law of public worship" in the Church of England was too narrow for the religious life of the present generation. The only question is whether the changes which then became inevitable would be acceptable. It is pure

ignorance to suppose that changes in the practices of the Church as well as in the language of the Prayer Book were never contemplated until they were exacted by the Anglo-Catholic party within the last few years.

What the revisers have attempted to do is to keep so nearly to a middle course in doctrine that there may be no excuse for anyone but a wild extremist to detach himself from the Church. This was precisely the object of those who wrote the preface to the Prayer Book of 1662. This preface is seldom read now, but it enshrines one of the most striking examples in the language of the English genius for toleration. The principle of a national church is, and must be, that it is comprehensive. The crux during

The accompanying article is the third of a series by Mr. Atkins, who has been at various times correspondent and London editor of the Manchester "Guardian," special press correspondent in three wars, for many years assistant editor of the London "Spectator," and was later its editor following the retirement of the late J. St. Loe Strachey. His discussion of British questions of the day therefore bears the stamp of experience and authority. His next article will deal with the new trade-union policy of Great Britain

the recent debates in the National Church Assembly was whether the Anglo-Catholics would consider that they were sufficiently comprehended and whether the evangelicals would be estranged in any large numbers by the new permission to reserve the sacrament and to use prayers for the dead. The overwhelming vote of the Assembly in favor of the revision proved that success had been achieved as nearly as success can be in such circumstances. It looks as though all will be well, though mutinies are still threatened.

THE ecclesiastical courts which theoretically enforce discipline in the Church are frightfully cumbrous in their methods and very expensive. When the bishops solemnly undertook — as they did — during the debates in the Assembly to enforce discipline, they must have meant either that they are capable of doing it with the help of the courts as they are, or that they will secure the reform of the courts as soon as possible. The likelihood that the authority of the courts will be required has certainly not been ignored, for this reform is high on the list of those matters with which the Assembly intended to deal. The prospect now is that the bishops will take a stern line; the actions of those clergy who hold services contrary to the rubrics will no longer be condoned. But what were slightly illegal practices in the past will be fully legal in future.

The Anglo-Catholics undoubtedly wished that the words in the Communion Service describing the effect of consecration should be more precise as regards mystical changes; the evangelicals would have liked the words to be more precise in denying any change at all. The revisers, however, had not read their ecclesiastical literature in vain and were content that such great divines as Hooker and Jeremy Taylor should be their guides. The interpretation of the virtues of consecration must be left to the individual. As Hooker said:

What these elements are in themselves it skilleth not. It is enough that to me that take them they are the Body and Blood of Christ. What other cogitation need possess the mind of a faithful communicant than this, "O my God, Thou art true, O my soul, thou art happy"?

And as Jeremy Taylor wrote:

Dispute not concerning the secret of the mystery and the nicety of the manner of Christ's presence. It is sufficient for thee that Christ shall be present to thy soul.

Although the Church of England will, I think, safely weather this storm as it has weathered all others, there is undoubtedly a growing school of churchmen who want disestablishment. This used to be a radical doctrine; now it is entertained by many who are remote from radicalism in all their thoughts.

They are not content with the moderate amount of independence which the Church has gained, and rather than be dictated to by the "Jews, Turks and Infidels" of Parliament, as a clergymen of my acquaintance puts it, — the very types against which the Church daily prays to be protected, — they would consent to the great social and economic upheaval of sundering state and church.

Fifty or sixty years ago such a movement would have plunged the whole country into a turmoil; now the progress of the disestablishment movement and the loss of strength to Protestantism pass almost unnoticed. Is it that the nation is less careful of religion than it was? To a considerable extent it must be. It is impossible to imagine yokels of today taking up their scythes and pitchforks and marching to almost certain death in the name of Protestantism as they did in Monmouth's rebellion. Of course Protestantism then was valued for its political associations as well as for its religious content: it meant liberty; the Roman Catholicism of James II was taken to be tantamount to tyranny. It is not possible even to imagine the people of today compelling Parliament to proclaim a public fast day as the people did in 1831. Thirty or forty years ago a professed non-Christian was regarded as a disreputable person. Matthew Arnold encountered something of that feeling — though it was tempered for him, a scholar and a philosopher — when he wrote "Literature and Dogma." The poor man sincerely believed that in restating the validity of the Scriptures for those who could not believe in the miraculous, he was doing a great service to the waverers.

ANOTHER change which I detect seems to have passed unnoticed. Anglo-Catholics, I think it is fair to say, pay much less attention to individual conduct on the old evangelical lines than to the regular performance of the rites of the Church. They would be prompt and sincere in justifying themselves if the facts were stated to them in this bald way. They would protest that the one thing implies the other, that, as Aristotle says — though they might not quote him — "First things must be taken first."

However that may be, the approaching decision about the revised Prayer Book is a profoundly interesting matter from even more points of view than those from which my space has enabled me to examine it. It is possible that when the time comes there will be a crisis after all, and that politicians will be for or against the motto, now almost disused, of "Church and King." On the whole, however, I expect peace for two reasons: Churchmen will be glad to accept what they have been offered, recognizing that further attempts would give them no better a solution and might give them a much worse. And those who are not strongly attached to the Church will prefer anything to a crisis just for that reason.

If You Know What I Mean

PARTICULARLY offensive to me are those forms of advertising that seek to exploit the perfectly commonplace weaknesses of the ordinary man. For example, a whole series of advertisements is forever being broadcast wherein a poor, bedraggled man — presumably the reader — is taking a hot lecture from a burly traffic cop. A huge crowd of bystanders is sniggering at his discomfiture. Evidently he has committed some breach of the regulations, due, it may be, to faulty brake linings, a distractingly tight collar, the wrong kind of soles on his shoes, or an absence of sauerkraut in his diet.

Now arguments with traffic cops, to the best of my belief, can usually be traced to some deficiency other than that mentioned by the advertiser. Plain, common, poor driving is about as frequent a cause as any, not to mention the bellicose temperament for which the traffic cop is famous. Almost any man who drives a car does so in the firm conviction that ninety-five per cent. of his fellow drivers are hopelessly incompetent and that traffic officers should be deported in a body. How, then, can such representations be made by the advertisers — that every man could be a perfect driver if he merely exchanged some of his good money for some of their collars or their sauerkraut?

Take the game of bridge — how many people can sit down and reel off a perfect game of brainy, daring, and successful bridge? Very few, as every bridge player is fond of proclaiming. Yet I have before me a page advertisement from no less sophisticated a magazine than *Vanity Fair*, a page illustrating the same unfortunate man — the reader — at the bridge table. He has just gone down two tricks, doubled, at no trump — the poor sap. Yes, it seems that his underwear was “bunching, cutting, and gouging.” According to this theory, a man could put up an invincible game of bridge if he would strip right down to the buff. But then I suppose that some furniture manufacturer would come along and tell him that he was sitting on the wrong kind of upholstery.

A further peep at the mentality of the advertising man is afforded by the name he has given this underwear. Just what does the term “golf suit” connote in your mind? Something rather tweedy, it suggests to me — something fuzzy or woolly, even something good and scratchy.

Well, this underwear is called the “Golf Suit” . . .

Looking through the same issue of *Vanity Fair*, I find another fast one. “WHAT DOES PLÉVILLE SAY THIS SEASON?” runs the caption. Well now,

hold on there just a minute. What did Pléville say last season? Whatever he said, it escaped me entirely, and, poor stick that I am, I have been reading for the past ten years all high-toned notices of this nature. Did he, as a matter of fact, say anything last season? And just who is this Pléville, anyhow? Have any of THE INDEPENDENT's readers ever heard of him?

The advertisement goes on to say, “To outdo Pléville's masterpieces of past years seemed well-nigh impossible — yet — ” Naturally the thing was somehow accomplished. Pléville, so it appears, is the “great modernist *parfumeur*.” Continuing, I read that “never have his caprices been more disarming”; but at this point I was obliged to lay the magazine aside. I could read no further. There burned in me a longing to see this Pléville, to watch him with my own eyes as he disarmed someone with one or two of his caprices.

One of the nicest bits of hairsplitting that *Vanity Fair* itself ever perpetrated I found in one of the “London Letters” some time ago. Instructing the male in just how the “evening watch” was to be carried, the expert offered an illustration of a thin platinum chain. “Or if one prefers,” he graciously conceded, “the watch may be carried in the pocket with no chain at all.”

Thus we might suspect that every man whom we met that night who had no chain showing was in reality hiding in his pocket one of those ultra-smart watches.

Ralph Barton's pictorial “News of the World” in *Liberty*, incidentally, is worth a nickle of anyone's money. Jostled by true tales of bootlegging, psychoanalysis, and the life story in dozens of installments of Billie Burke, Barton manages, nevertheless, to keep his page loaded with brickbats for all that *Liberty* otherwise holds dear. Actually, the man is so amazingly good as to defy any explanation of his presence in *Liberty*. Joiners, politicians, and celebrities of the press he smites without scruple. He is a wet. Frankly, I can't understand it. As a clincher — Barton is so good that many of *Liberty's* readers write ill-natured letters to the “Vox Pop” column telling how bad he is!

As the current football season draws loudly to its close, I cannot help but marvel at the methods sometimes used to keep a team in the papers as a “live topic” throughout the week. For example:

On Monday Oswald Gherkin, star something-or-other of the great “Magenta

Avalanche” is spread all over the papers as being slightly unwell. Tuesday finds him confined to his room for half a column. Wednesday is a terrible day for him; he is said to be headed for the hospital. On Thursday, after a consultation of eminent doctors, an emergency operation is announced to be the only thing that can save his life. His condition Friday night is grave; one chance in four of his eventual recovery; naturally, he is lost to the team for the rest of his life — if he lives.

Saturday night's extras carry news somewhat as follows:

“GHERKIN RUNS WILD AGAINST GIANTS; MAGENTA ACE IN SCORING FRENZY”

That the sporting editors can print such stuff week after week, however incredible, is none the less true. Indeed, the ultimate in such fairy tales was solemnly disseminated by the sage old Associated Press itself. Speaking of “Tiny” Lewis, the Northwestern player, who had been worrying us all to death right through the week, the A. P. said on Saturday that he had appeared on the field “even to the surprise of his coach.”

Can't you picture the coach staggering back in amazement and exclaiming, “Why, Lewis! I'd never dreamed of such a thing — to find you here, of all places — and with your suit on, too!”

An entirely new form of tax is revealed in the recent tariff imposed on a certain type of imported safety-razor blade. The blade, so it seems, is the kind that has three holes along its center, and a duty of one cent has been levied on each hole.

In determining a duty on the basis of holes contained, you are plainly taxing an article on material that it does not possess. And if three holes are to be taxed three cents, what can be charged against a blade having ten holes? Or thirty? Or on no blade at all? If this is the proper way to arrive at a tax on razor blades, possibly the following schedule might be applied to a \$3,000 automobile:

Item	Duty
1. Complete car	\$900
2. Car minus body and engine . . .	\$1,350
3. Car minus body, engine, wheels, and tanks	\$1,800
4. Radiator cap (unaccompanied)	\$2,975

Perhaps if enough accessories were added, such as the emblem of the Rotary Club or the local lodge of Moose, or some of those Excuse-My-Dust labels, the Government might even return a bonus!

Let Congress consider that one!

C. W. M.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

EDWARD M. FORSTER is a novelist of so distinctive a talent that his views upon the subject of fiction, especially the novel, must necessarily command an attention which could be withheld from some of his more popular but less original contemporaries. Until he wrote "A Passage to India" his fame was restricted to a small circle of admirers whose devotion was equaled only by their inability to create the kind of publicity which imposes books on the lists of best sellers. A successor to that work has now appeared, a volume containing the lectures which he gave at Cambridge last spring under the title of "Aspects of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace).

Introducing his theme, which is the development of English fiction in the form of "any fictitious prose work over 50,000 words," Mr. Forster makes a statement which must, I feel sure, have startled most of his audience, and which may surprise his readers in this country even more. "My subject," he says, "is a particular kind of book and the aspects that book has assumed in English. Can we ignore its collateral aspects on the continent? Not entirely. An unpleasant and unpatriotic truth has here to be faced. No English novelist is as great as Tolstoy—that is to say has given so complete a picture of man's life, both on its domestic and heroic side. No English novelist has explored man's soul as deeply as Dostoevsky. And no novelist anywhere has analyzed the modern consciousness as successfully as Marcel Proust."

It is not difficult to imagine the dissent which a statement like that would provoke in any gathering of educated and well-read people whose language is English. At once we should instinctively call the roll of names which, we imagine, make the English novel a great national asset: Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray. What Continentals can compare with them? Mr. Forster says Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Many of us cannot read the latter at all, and our recollections of "Anna Karenina" and "War and Peace" are probably much less enthusiastic than Mr. Forster's. What of the other European novelists? Balzac? Dumas père? Flaubert? Outside of France there are few names that will occur immediately to the English-speaking reader. We must be right, after all, in our feeling that the novel is a triumph of the English genius.

Mr. Forster insists upon his point, however. "English poetry fears no one—excels in quality as well as quantity. But English fiction is less triumphant: it does not contain the best stuff yet

written, and if we deny this we become guilty of provincialism." As a student of literature whose education has been Continental rather than English, to whom English literature is merely one of several to which he has had lifelong access, I have always felt, not that Tolstoy and Dostoevsky were supreme, but that the great classics of English fiction fall far

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

- The Bridge of San Luis Rey.* By Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni).
Stuffed Peacocks. By Emily Clark (Knopf).
The Counterfeiters. By André Gide (Knopf).
Avarice House. By Julian Green (Harper).

GENERAL

- That Man Heine.* By Lewis Browne (Macmillan).
Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. (Little, Brown).
A Short History of Women. By John Langdon-Davies (Viking).
Our Times: America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan (Scribner).
Men of Destiny. By Walter Lippmann (Macmillan).

below the standard of other European countries. For stating this in terms of an estimate of Dickens recently, I have been harshly dismissed as a scoundrel and an ignoramus. Naturally, E. M. Forster encourages me, although he might not agree in the least with my strictures on Dickens, of whom he speaks with affectionate consideration.

UPON one great English novelist our views coincide; it so happens that I cited his name, and Brandes' opinion of him, when stating my case against Dickens. Says Mr. Forster: "Scott is a novelist over whom we shall violently divide. For my own part I do not care for him, and find it difficult to understand his continued reputation. . . . He is seen to have a trivial mind and a heavy style. He cannot construct. He has neither artistic detachment nor passion, and how can a writer who is devoid of both, create characters who will move us deeply?" Scott is, as Georg Brandes said, "an author whom no grown-up person can read, but whom every adult has read."

With that phrase in mind, perhaps, Mr. Forster proceeds to explain the continued existence of Scott's reputation. "His fame is due to two causes. In the first place, many of the elder generation had him read aloud to them when they were young; he is entangled with happy sentimental memories, with holidays in or residence in Scotland. They love him indeed for the same reason that I loved and still love 'The Swiss Family Robinson.' I could lecture to you now on 'The Swiss Family Robinson' and it would be a glowing lecture, because of the emotions felt in boyhood." Of Scott he asks: "Is he really more than a reminder of early happiness?" And until our brains decay, "must we not put all this aside when we attempt to understand books?" Having granted that Scott "could tell a story," I thoroughly agree that we must "put all this aside" in any serious discussion of him.

AN interesting speculation which Mr. Forster's account of his attitude toward Scott suggests: To what extent and to what degree is it not true of most of our classical novelists? How many of them are reading for adults, in the sense that Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Flaubert, and Balzac are? These four I also read, if not exactly in childhood, at least in my 'teens, but I have no difficulty in returning to them. They are emphatically not authors in the category summed up by Brandes' phrase. May this fact not have some bearing upon Mr. Forster's statement that English fiction "does not contain the best stuff yet written"? A writer like Thackeray, with all his manifold defects, has this advantage over Dickens and Scott: he tries to write for grown-ups. "Vanity Fair," consequently, is more re-readable than "Pickwick Papers."

For a general explanation of the status of English fiction as compared with Continental we need not look further than Thackeray himself, when he complained that since the death of Fielding it had become increasingly impossible to get the realities of life into English fiction. The history of the English novel is essentially a history of the emasculation of English, of the gradual descent upon English literature of the pall most conveniently, if not most accurately, described as "early Victorianism." It is only within the past decade or so that signs of emancipation from that thralldom are visible. The English novel is no longer at nurse. It may give us sooner or later "the best stuff yet written," now that its authors are free to address adults.

A Prohibition Primer

A Review by Julian Codman *

THE A B C OF PROHIBITION. By Fabian Franklin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.00.

THIS is a most unusual book: a primer in size, it contains but 150 short pages. But in it Mr. Franklin discloses the fallacy of prohibition, explains the reasons for its failure with an acumen and clarity truly admirable and with a brevity which could only be attained by close study and exceptionally clear thinking. There is no sham to Mr. Franklin; he has no patience with shams. His grasp of the principles of democracy is firm. He understands the function of government. He is a master of virile and concise English.

So much has been written upon the subject of prohibition that the ordinary reader feels that little more can be said, and, to some extent, this is true. But Mr. Franklin's thoughts are like sunlight upon a dark painting making clear that which was obscure and giving a true picture where before were only unrelated objects. Every chapter in the book is of absorbing interest. Each is in its place and should there be read. It seems invidious to lay stress upon any one of them, but we cannot help calling the attention of the reader to Chapter II, — "A House Divided Against Itself," — in which the author shows what will inevitably happen unless the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed.

A confident claim of the prohibitionists is that the Eighteenth Amendment can never be repealed because, should Congress propose it, ratification could be blocked by the action of thirteen States, and that there are thirteen States in the South and West so "dry" in sentiment that they would never ratify. This claim, Mr. Franklin shows, will not bear analysis. But we might go even further. Let us assume that Congress proposed, by the necessary two-thirds vote, a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and that this action was ratified by the Legislatures of thirty-five of the States, among which were New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, California, Wisconsin, and Michigan, containing in all more than four fifths of the population of the United States. If the remaining thirteen States refused to ratify and thus attempted to resist the will of a vast majority of the people, reprisals of the most drastic kind would be proposed and carried into effect. Congress would refuse all appropriations for law enforcement and, if this action did not bring the minority States to their senses, other

reprisals in the nature of denial of Federal appropriations and patronage could be resorted to. Logically, the minority States would not have a leg to stand on. By bowing to the will of the majority they would be losing no rights. They could still by State prohibition laws be as dry as they wished. By refusing they would be insisting on minority government.

IN the *Federalist*, Alexander Hamilton once said: "Two-thirds of the people of America could not long be persuaded upon the credit of artificial distinctions and syllogistic subtleties to submit their interests to the management and disposition of one-third." The claim that the Legislatures of the ratifying States did not represent the people of those States could not be successfully advanced by the prohibitionists who have in the past always insisted upon the opposite doctrine even when it was manifestly untrue, and also because if there is one thing that is certain it is that Congress will not propose a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment until the popular demand is so overwhelming that it cannot be longer resisted.

There is also a delightful chapter, the thirteenth, on "Manifest Destiny." But perhaps the most valuable of all is the eighteenth, "Tests of Public Sentiment," in which Mr. Franklin completely demolishes the claim of the prohibitionists that a majority of the people of the United States have been shown to be in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

He then reviews the many attempts to determine what proportion of the people of the country are actually in favor of the prohibitory law. He gives a summary of the nation-wide poll taken by the *Literary Digest* in 1922, discusses the various State referenda of 1926, and draws the conclusion that the tests which have been made "make it very doubtful whether in the country at large there is a majority for national Prohibition in any form; they make it almost certain that there is in the country at large a very heavy majority against the Volstead Act."

The evidence which Mr. Franklin adduces has never been questioned and has been available for a long time. Nevertheless an impression still prevails that a majority of the people are in favor of

prohibition, and this despite the fact that there is a great deal more evidence to the contrary not mentioned by Mr. Franklin doubtless for brevity's sake, such as the questionnaire addressed by *Collier's* to more than 275,000 citizens and the polls taken by the Newspaper Enterprise Association, embracing 326 newspapers, and by the Hearst papers in the spring of 1926. The results of these polls are published in the report of the hearings on the modification bills before the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate and strongly support Mr. Franklin's conclusions. It is difficult to understand how this fallacy in regard to the widespread popularity of prohibition has been maintained in the face of this incontrovertible evidence, especially when it is considered that hardly a scintilla of evidence has ever been produced to support it and when the prohibitionists themselves have shown their disbelief in it by opposing in every possible way the submission of the question to the people by referendum.

CONCERNING statistics, there are two very interesting chapters, the fourteenth and fifteenth. In these, the author pays his compliments to Prof. Irving Fisher, and to those who have read "Prohibition at Its Worst," they will cause much amusement. With entire good nature and a gentleness almost paternal, Mr. Franklin exposes that "distinguished economist's" superficial and disingenuous reasoning and his dishonest juggling of facts, though the author is much too kind to use so harsh a word. He says:

My reason for making such extended comment on Professor Fisher is that he is a man of high standing as an economist and statistician, and his book "Prohibition at Its Worst" has doubtless been accepted by many as an impartial and scientific study. It is with great regret that I feel it necessary to say that the book is nothing of the kind. The standards, in regard both to facts and to logic, which he would regard as absolutely binding on him in any question of pure economics or statistics, he utterly disregards in this book; evidently his passionate ardor in the Prohibition cause completely submerges his scientific conscience.

On the whole, Mr. Franklin's treatment of this burning question is the best I have seen. It deals lucidly and calmly with a question which has become fogged by the hysteria of warring opinions. My hope is that it will be widely read. If so, its influence should be great, and should measurably advance the progress of much needed reform.

* Mr. Codman, a Boston lawyer, has been one of the leaders in urging modification of the Volstead Act. It was he who conducted the wet's side in the hearing on modification bills before the Senate Judiciary Committees in April, 1926. Fabian Franklin was a former editor of THE INDEPENDENT.

New Books in Brief Review

Taken at the Flood. By Geraldine Bonner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

A NOVEL so calmly, evenly written that the high tension of its prolonged drama seems perhaps less strong than the exhausted reader is willing to admit at the end of his two-hour session. I consider this a very fine piece of work. You are held from the first page with a sure, unfaltering grasp. You shift as the emphasis shifts from one theory or one personality to another, but that grasp is never relaxed and that tension remains taut to the last line. There is no point in summarizing the plot of this quickly moving story—it has to do with hold-up men stranded in a time of flood with a scrambled, respectable household; with unfounded suspicions, conflicting motives and ideas, and a dramatic situation so new and so effective that the whole book cries aloud to be properly and adequately staged. It would be a better play than it is a book, but it's a cracking good book just the same. One may expect other capable and vigorous work from the author, and the sooner the better, say I.

The Bullfighters. By Henry de Montherlant. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. \$2.50.

HERE is a book which would have delighted our younger years, and which now holds many a thrill. The author himself is a bullfighter and was brought up in Spain. What better combination for a book about bullfighters! Particularly thrilling is the bullfight at the end of the book, done from the matador's point of view, which all but exhausts the reader. The story has appeared in serial form in one of the Paris dailies, and so intrigued were the Parisians that they arranged with the author to conduct a popular bullfighting spectacle at the Velodrome d'Hiver. This is probably too bloody a reaction to expect from American readers, but it should certainly stir their blood with its picture of the Spain of romance and of bullfights.

The Gilded Caravan. By Alice Woods. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. \$2.50.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Woods is not well known in this country, this book will probably win her a number of new admirers. She has lived abroad a great deal and writes authoritatively of that "gilded caravan" of rich and idle Americans who contribute so much to the social whirl of the Riviera. She has given a vivid

picture of the life of that rather careless and brilliant society, and a half dozen of her characters are excellent representatives of the group. The undertone of the book is one of tragedy—the more tragic in that the chief pawns so completely overlook it. Without preaching at all, Mrs. Woods is subtly presenting the idea that even here, "all is not gold that glitters."

Selected Papers of Bertrand Russell. New York: Modern Library Inc. \$.95.

IN a brief introduction, one of the most brilliant mathematical minds of the century relates how, with the coming of the Great War, he turned from abstractions to the study of man, and why he has devoted himself ever since to writing articles for the general public. In the book itself are the best and most representative essays of Bertrand Russell on most subjects human and divine. With the clearness and logic of which he is master, he sets forth his views upon the destiny of man, upon "logic and mysticism," upon "the state," upon war and peace, the problems of philosophy, the place of science, and their themes. Taken together, they form, not a system, but an extraordinarily coherent, sensible, and challenging statement of man's place and destiny in our changing world. To read them is to cleanse and strengthen the mind; they abolish superstition, but enliven hope; they are a foe to vagueness, but a stimulus to facing all the facts in man's new and changing world.

Air Facts and Problems. By Lord Thomson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

THE former British Secretary of State for Air has combined intimate experience, historical perspective, and a lively imagination in this brilliant survey of the whole field of aviation, commercial and military. The book is made vivid by personal anecdote, and authoritative by a constant appeal to official and expert knowledge. Every important phase of the subject is treated: air training, air police, air travel, and all the social, economic, and political effects that are beginning to flow from a command of the air. The most impressive pages, however, are those given to discussing the relation between the airplane and world peace. The fruitlessness of other disarmament programs if air disarmament is left out is shown with positiveness, and the threat to civilization from a "war in the air" is set down with appalling and convincing simplicity. As an offset to this unhappy picture, there is

emphasized the peculiar aptness of airplanes for international police work. A sound book and a readable one.

Conflict. By Olive Higgins Prouty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.

READERS of "Stella Dallas" know that its author can make appealing characters of people whom in real life one thinks of as impossible. This time she has turned her sympathetic insight upon Felix, pasty-faced and ethically spineless husband of a lovely woman, who to be loyal to him must continually sacrifice her happiness, since he has none of the qualities she admires and many that she despises. In high school the warm-hearted Sheila gradually realizes that in defending him and standing by him she has made him passionately in love with her. At first she enjoys the sensation; then her conscience begins to (Continued opp. page 560)



**Right you are
Mr. Boyd—**

MR. ERNEST BOYD wrote one of the earliest reviews of Napoleon. After praising it in high terms and commenting on its fine appearance, he said: "It is the first biography of the New Year. It has every prospect of being first when this year ends." In every way his prophecy is fulfilled. It is the best and the best-selling biography of the year.

Napoleon
The Man of Destiny
by EMIL LUDWIG

126th thousand

732 pages. Octavo. Illustrated
At all bookstores, \$3.00

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

GOOD BOOKS

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

AFTER half a dozen estimates had been forthcoming from the Treasury Department and those associated with tax reduction in House and Senate, the House Ways and Means

Committee finally voted on November 21 to recommend a total tax reduction of \$250,000,000. This figure is \$25,000,000 more than Secretary MELLON had advised when he appeared before the Committee, but only half the most optimistic estimates which Democratic members of the Committee had made. Perhaps the most interesting side of the Committee's decision was its disapproval of Mr. MELLON's suggestion that the Federal estate tax be repealed. His suggestion that relief be given to those with incomes in the so-called middle brackets was also vetoed by the Committee, which appears to feel that the major part of this \$250,000,000 should be used toward giving relief to the corporations. The present corporation tax is 13.5 per cent, and Mr. MELLON had recommended that this be reduced to 12 per cent, but the Committee feels it may be possible to cut off another half per cent. This would take care of about \$172,000,000 of the total tax reduction. Another \$10,000,000 is to be devoted to eliminating the duties on club memberships and \$9,000,000 will be sliced off the Government's revenue in taxing the tax on admissions below \$3. There is also a proposal to reduce the present government tax on automobiles by half, leaving it at 1.5 per cent.

HARRY F. SINCLAIR and associates, not excepting the mercenaries in the Burns Detective Agency, have been facing legal fire from two directions. On one

side the District of Columbia Grand Jury has been considering behind closed doors evidence which may bring indictments against them for jury tampering. On the other, criminal contempt proceedings have been filed against them in the District of Columbia Supreme Court. The latter development means that they must appear before Associate Justice FREDERICK L. SIDDONS on December 5 to show cause why they should not be punished for participating in surveillance of the FALL-SINCLAIR jury. Mr. SINCLAIR, HENRY MASON DAY of New York, SHELDON CLARK of Chicago, WILLIAM J. BURNS, W. SHERMAN BURNS, and CHARLES L. VEITSCHE are those involved. Separate proceedings have been filed against EDWARD J. KIDWELL, JR., a member of the FALL-SINCLAIR jury panel

charged with having talked too freely about what he was going to get out of his jury service. Justice SIDDONS will review the testimony and decide whether or not contempt has been shown. If he finds that it has, he is given authority to impose fines, jail sentences, or both, upon the accused. SINCLAIR is already under sentence of three months in jail and a fine of \$500 for contempt of the United States Senate in its investigation some four

guards against the striking miners. No complete story of the affray is yet available, but the strikers are naturally unanimous in placing the blame upon the officers, stating that they were peacefully marching to the post office when attacked by the police. The officers, on the other hand, contend that their volley was fired only to protect themselves from injury. The officers were acting under command of Governor ADAMS, who had already placed both Weld and Boulder counties under what amounts to martial law and had given Adj. Gen. PAUL P. NEWLON full authority to deal with the situation as he saw fit. Following the battle, guards were increased about the mine, and at the present time five companies of infantry, two cavalry troops, two tanks and a medical detachment, all of the State National Guard are upon the scene ready to ward off any retaliatory measures which the strikers may make.

More peaceful means are being taken to settle the strike in the unionized bituminous coal fields, which has been in progress since the Jacksonville Agreement

expired on March 31, 1927.
Bituminous Situation This strike has been conducted so quietly that few

of its aspects have been presented to the public. The supply of soft coal on hand when the strike went into effect and the large production from non-union sources has given it none of the critical character of the anthracite strike which took place a year ago. On November 21, WILLIAM GREEN, president of the American Federation of Labor, together with JOHN L. LEWIS, president of the United Mine Workers of America, called on President COOLIDGE, urging him to summon a conference of operators and miners with a view to effecting a final settlement of differences. Mr. COOLIDGE was urged by those leaders to recommend that Congress investigate what they alleged to be a conspiracy on the part of the railroads to reduce coal prices. According to Mr. GREEN the railroads use about one third of the country's soft-coal production, and therefore have an enormous stake in its price. Mr. COOLIDGE was rather noncommittal. He is apparently loath to call a conference himself unless there is greater hope than now exists of operators and miners finding some common ground for agreement.

The earliest practical result of the optimism over disarmament moves apparent at the September meeting of the League Assembly was scheduled for November 30 with the convening of the Preparatory Commission and the League's Conference for Arms Limitation at

The Week

¶Quarter billion tax reduction. Mr. Mellon overridden. Corporations and car owners favored.
 ¶Sinclair between two fires. Burns is questioned further. ¶Colorado mine strikers cause five deaths. State troopers fire. ¶The bituminous strike in the doldrums. Green and Lewis appeal to Coolidge to untangle anthracite muddle.
 ¶The League Assembly meets. Hopes for naval reduction. ¶Britain cuts cruiser program. What does it mean? ¶Franco-American tariff peace becomes "effective."
 ¶Cook's cohorts march on London: "Baldwin Must Go." ¶Democrats ponder the two-thirds idea.
 ¶Smith straws on political winds. ¶Mexico rules on land laws. Our State Department is pleased — but cautious. ¶Still and always China. Chiang returns.

years ago into the oil scandal. He has appealed the sentence to a higher court and is out on bond while awaiting a decision. District Attorney GORDON declares that the contempt proceedings are "entirely independent" of the grand jury investigation. If the grand jury makes a presentment, however, indictments may possibly be withheld until after the contempt hearing before Justice SIDDONS.

The history of Colorado contains numerous dark chapters of struggles between miners and operators, but none seems more tragic than that which had its beginning some seven weeks ago and its climax on November 21 when five striking miners were shot and killed and some twenty wounded by State police in the first actual outbreak of hostilities which has occurred. The fight took place near the Columbine Mine in Weld County, which has been picketed with

Colorado Killings

Geneva. Following out the recommendations of the Assembly this meeting will be largely of a formal character designed to appoint special committees to deal with the problem of security. At the September meetings, discussion of arms limitation was found to be so evidently interlocked with security that this latter field seemed to be the one in which hope for concrete results might be placed. The committees to be appointed, therefore, at this meeting, are to make a survey of the general problem and present recommendations. HUGH GIBSON, American Minister to Switzerland, will represent the United States officially at the conference.

Some surprise has been evidenced in those circles most interested in disarmament by the announcement from London that Great Britain would not begin construction on two of the three cruisers authorized in this year's naval program. No reason for the decision was given but it is believed to reflect somewhat the heavy American criticism of Great Britain's insistence upon great cruiser strength at Geneva.

On November 21, the tariff war between France and the United States, which began after the Franco-German commercial treaty and was accompanied by a raising of duties on American goods, came suddenly to an end. On that date the temporary agreement between France and the United States became effective and American goods are again pouring into France with duties substantially the same as those which existed previous to France's sudden boost in rates. In the dickering which went on between the two countries, the flexible clause of the Fordney-McCumber Act of 1922 was invoked, and as a result there will be reductions upon imports from France entering this country.

On November 20, 267 miners who had left South Wales on November 9, entered London. Many had fallen by the wayside during the eleven days' march of seventy miles, but the nucleus of this army, led by a band of Irish pipers and marching beneath a huge banner which bore the inscription, "War makers do your own fighting," finally arrived at Trafalgar Square. A. J. Cook, secretary of the British Miners' Federation and an avowed Communist, was the inspiration of the march on London, and it was he who took command of the meeting which had as its refrain, "Baldwin Must Go." "This is a battle for bread," Cook thundered forth to the huge mass meeting of workers' organizations which assembled to greet the miners from Wales; "but we have not come to London to beg bread. We have come to demand justice—the right to

work." Just what further plans Emperor Cook has for his jobless cohorts no one knows. The hope of the march was, of course, to give publicity to the tragic conditions which obtain in many of the mining centers of England.

When the Democratic National Committee meets at Washington on January 7, the two-thirds rule will be a great bone of contention. According to this sacred precept of Democratic convention conduct, the party's nominee must secure two thirds of the convention's votes in order to be successful, as contrasted with the Republican practice which makes a mere majority serve. The result of the rule has been to give minorities the power to spike the guns of a popular candidate, and it has been often said since the 1924 convention that there was a sufficient minority in the party to keep Gov. AL SMITH of New York from becoming a nominee in 1928 or in any other year.

An index of SMITH's popularity is contained in a recent poll conducted by the *National Republic*, more or less official organ of the Republican party, published in Washington. A questionnaire was sent to 5,800 editors and 3,600 politicians.

About a third of the former replied and less than a fourth of the latter. The newspaper poll gave SMITH 737 votes; Senator REED of Missouri, 163; Mr. McADOO, who has withdrawn his name from consideration at the convention, 102; and EDWIN T. MEREDITH of Iowa, 110; of the political leaders, SMITH was chosen by 334; REED by 111; McADOO by 34; and MEREDITH by 33. Interestingly enough, on the Republican side of the poll Secretary HOOVER was the leading candidate, with LOWDEN a close second. The editors gave HOOVER 577 votes, LOWDEN, 518; HUGHES, 318; DAWES, 88; Senator CURTIS of Kansas, 39; Senator BORAH, 23, and Speaker LONGWORTH, 11. The political leaders gave HOOVER, 267; LOWDEN, 248; HUGHES, 115; and DAWES, 60. The Republican side of the poll was directed, of course, upon the assumption that Mr. COOLIDGE would not be a candidate in 1928.

Mexico's Supreme Court has recently handed down a decision which should be of the utmost importance in the controversy between the United States and the Mexican Government with regard to the oil and land laws. On November 17 this body declared unanimously in favor of the Mexican Petroleum Company, an American concern, and granted the company's appeal that the Department of Industry, Commerce and Labor be restrained from canceling certain of the company's drilling permits. The court declared unconstitutional Sections Fourteen and Fifteen of the new law in so far as this suit is concerned. Briefly,

Section Fourteen declares that fifty-year concessions shall be substituted for titles in oil lands acquired by foreign companies before 1917. Section Fifteen declares forfeited titles to oil lands for which no application for confirmatory concessions had been made by December 31, 1926. The Mexican Petroleum Company had not made application for a confirmatory concession by the date stipulated in the law and the Government had therefore canceled its drilling permits.

Our State Department is much gratified by the decision, and while the statement given out is cautious because of a lack of detailed information, it closes with the hope that the official decision "may open the way to an adjustment of the entire controversy by the two Governments. The Department sincerely hopes that this is the case." The greater part of the present uneasiness between the United States and Mexico has been based upon differences of opinion over this law, our Government contending that its recognition of Mexico in 1923 was based upon the assurance that titles acquired before the Mexican constitution of 1917 became effective would not be overturned by any subsequent legislation of the Mexican Congress.

Prediction of renewed hostilities in China following the recent drive on Hangkow is made stronger by the return of Gen. CHIANG KAI-SHEK to the Chinese revolution. General CHIANG, who emerged to prominence with the drive of the Nationalist forces upon Shanghai and who became generalissimo of the Nationalist Government set up at Nanking, retired suddenly from the field last summer announcing that he would live the rest of his life in retirement. Recently, however, a new wing of the party has set itself up in Canton, where it is said to be organizing a military campaign to bring the other elements in the Nationalist party under its sway. As far as can be seen from present reports, General CHIANG is going back to Nanking, a fact which would seem to lend force to other indications that the Nanking Government feels it is strong enough to attempt the unification of South China. Some time during November a plenary session of the Nationalist party was to have taken place. Doubtless this meeting may still be convened, at which time the usual Chinese practice of seeking a compromise between warring bodies will be attempted. Meanwhile China presents its usual face of military activity. There are two armies pushing their drives toward the North and Peking. The Nanking military force is temporarily billeted in Hangkow, with hostilities over for the moment, and presumably the Hangkow warriors are gathering their forces to retake the city.

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The Editor Steps Down

FROM Glenham, South Dakota, comes this most interesting comment on the article of Dr. William B. Riley which appeared in our issue of November 12. The writer is former regent of education in his State and the author of two books on evolution. We can add nothing by further comment:

DEAR SIR:

THE INDEPENDENT of November 12, containing the Rev. Dr. Riley's "Square Deal for Genesis," was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest, as Dr. Riley is the head of the Christian Fundamentalist Association of America. Surely, from such an elevated position he might be expected to give some good reasons for demanding the prohibition of the teaching of evolution in our tax-supported schools and colleges; but after reading his article in THE INDEPENDENT, I must acknowledge that I was greatly disappointed; for in point of fact Dr. Riley's entire article abounded in what the canons of inductive logic would class as "fallacies of nonobservation." It resembled very much the mediæval doctors' cures for "King's Evil" by the use of a yard of white satin ribbon tied around the neck of the patient, while at the same time administering the most active medicines in the *materia medica*. Commenting on this, Voltaire is said to have observed that, "It is unquestionable that certain words and ceremonies will effectually destroy a flock of sheep if administered with a sufficient portion of arsenic."

¶Dr. Riley's defense of Fundamentalism was no more than might have been expected from a person possessing seeded-down theological beliefs which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, never change. Indeed, his argument in THE INDEPENDENT would have been passed up as the meanderings of a child mind, except that he misquoted, or gave wrong conclusions, from Prof. William Bateson's lecture in Toronto some years ago. Professor Bateson said that evolution is a fact beyond question, but that all of the factors or causes of evolution are so far not known. Whereas, Dr. Riley says that Professor Bateson in his Toronto address admitted that there are no proofs of the theory of evolution—"we cannot see how the differentiation of species came about." Sure enough; neither can we see in Genesis how the creation of man came about; but scientists are trying to supply the omission by proving that evolution through a long series of changes from a lower to a higher and more complex type of animal life was reached—and that this was God's method of creation.

¶I happened to be residing in Canada at the time of Professor Bateson's address in Toronto, and may be pardoned for quoting briefly from the *Christian Guardian*, a Methodist journal published in Toronto, its editor having been present at Mr. Bateson's address:

"The meeting in Toronto of the American Association for the Advancement of Science brought to us a large number of distinguished scientists, and the chief visitor from Britain was Prof. William Bateson who has long held an outstanding position among biologists of the world. His lecture on 'Evolutionary Faith and Modern Doubts' was looked forward to with eager anticipation, but was reported with an inefficiency which can only be explained by the inability of the selected reporters to appreciate the subject.

"Dr. Bateson was emphatic in his allegiance to the evolutionary faith. Indeed, he said that while forty years ago this made the chief item of discussion in any scientific group, it is now discussed nowhere. The matter is settled. Opponents are now limited to obscurantists whose arguments have been disproved beyond repair, and who now have nothing to say worthy of a moment's consideration. This verdict coming from one whose most conspicuous characteristic is extreme caution in reaching conclusions is of great significance. 'The precise mechanism of evolution,' he said, 'is as yet a mystery (that is, the causes of evolution). Species do arise, higher forms emerging from lower forms; this is now proven beyond question.'"

¶There is no doubting Dr. Riley's sincerity of purpose—his Christian attitude of mind; nevertheless, he must be rated as one who from his past theological training can see but one side of any question—the side he has been taught to see in the theological schools. Like the case of witchcraft in the days of the early settlement of New England. When the theory had once been conceived and accepted by the theological doctors, and especially when it had led to the invention of a new crime, it came to be held that the burden of proof lay with those who called its reality in question. Every story which confirmed the theory would be greedily received, while instances in which the supposed powers of the witch failed, if noticed at all, would either leave but a slight impression on the mind or be easily accounted for by supposing the intervention of a higher power. Thus, because Moses said: "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live," many innocent people, both in Europe and America, have been done to death. "Surely," said Corey in Longfellow's "Tragedies," "what's in the Bible must be true." It may be remarked that witchcraft is not the only error good and well-meaning people have fallen into by the mistakes of Moses. Dr. Riley undoubtedly possesses a scholarly mind, but his mind has apparently been educated in a rut and he cannot climb out of it. He calls to mind these beautiful and truthful lines of Professor Romanes:

"No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But leaves a track upon the day
Which slowly hardens into man."

R. M. SLOCUM.

The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE and the United States Chamber of Commerce are engaged in a joyous yet slightly acrimonious tilt over the extent of tax reduction for the coming year. The former, taking his figures from Secretary Mellon and Under Secretary Ogden Mills of the Treasury Department, will not advocate any reduction in revenue below two and a quarter millions. The Chamber, taking almost the identical figures but reflecting the wishes of its vast business constituency, is equally firm in maintaining that at least \$400,000,000 can be chopped from



revenue. At this moment the President has had the last word. In his message to Congress one might well read an accusation against the Chamber of being somewhat selfish in its outlook, and not fully appreciative that national debt reduction is in effect tax reduction. But we suspect that when Congress has pondered the imposing array of miscalculations which the Chamber can marshal against Secretary Mellon, miscalculations on the

conservative side of the ledger, fortunately, and likewise recalls that this is a Presidential year, it will be inclined to approve tax reductions which will approach more nearly the Chamber's figures than the President's.

On the whole the tilt is one of comparative unimportance. Selfishly we should like to see taxes reduced in large chunks now and a considerable national debt passed on to our children. But somehow it seems wiser not to gamble with continued prosperity, not to risk a deficit, and to do the handsome thing by future generations in cutting down a national debt which has already dwindled almost a third in eight years. For this reason we prefer the sound attitude of the President. We cannot get excited over mistakes in arithmetic when they show us richer than we supposed, particularly when those mistakes have had a considerable influence in keeping Congress from diving headlong into the pork barrel.

Our principal preoccupation is in wondering just how other nations must regard the bewildering spectacle of a President and a great business organization wrangling over what shall be done with the Government's surplus wealth.

Without Benefit of Musketry.

CONTRARY to general opinion, disputes in Mexico are occasionally settled by other means than arms. There is, for example, the controversy between the Mexican Government and foreign oil companies, now under review in the Mexican supreme court. When American oil companies objected strenuously to the new Petroleum law, the Calles Government asked for a test case, and one was presented by the Mexican Petroleum Company. The court has recently ruled in favor of the company, declaring Sections Fourteen and Fifteen of the law unconstitutional. Section Fourteen is the one providing that fifty-year concessions shall be substituted for permanent titles to oil lands acquired by foreign companies before 1917. Section Fifteen provides forfeiture of titles for which no confirmatory concessions were secured by December 31, 1926. By unanimous decision the court has sustained an appeal restraining the Department of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, from canceling certain of the company's drilling permits under these provisions.

This is encouraging in itself, but not by any means the end of the matter. By a peculiar twist of the Mexican legal system, five opinions of the supreme court are required to establish the unconstitutionality of a given law. Four more decisions favorable to the companies are needed to make the petroleum law ineffective.

The decision in the case of the Mexican Petroleum Company does not mean that the court will necessarily make similar rulings in those to follow, but it may be taken as an indication that Mexico intends to deal fairly with foreign claims. The Mexican Government has pledged itself to respect the court decisions. From the American point of view there is obvious injustice in a law which takes from corporations or individuals property rights they naturally assumed to be inviolable, but there is no recourse, except through legal channels. The attitude taken by the Mexican supreme court in the first phase of the legal controversy goes far toward strengthening friendly relations between Mexico and this country. It serves to offset the hostility fostered by Mr. Hearst in his efforts to incriminate President Calles.

Using the Utilities

WITH Senator Thomas J. Walsh contemplating a new investigation of the "power trust," and with some of his Senate contemporaries fuming against monopolies, it seems probable that the seventieth Congress will have something to say about public utilities. The report in which the Federal Trade Commission told the last Congress that no such thing as a power trust was yet existent

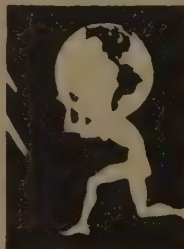
does not seem to have satisfied our legislators entirely. In consequence, the opposing factions are busy preparing for battle, and while Mr. Walsh marshals his evidence on the one hand, power interests are invading Washington on the other with a barrage of pamphlets preceding them.

To THE INDEPENDENT of late has come a vast amount of material, some of it sheer propaganda, some of it propaganda in diluted form, some of it reasonable argument, dealing with the public utilities problem. In all of it, none has been more honest or straightforward than that from the Joint Committee of the National Utility Association. The committee does not deny that it has an axe to grind, but it goes about it by no underhand method. It has set up what is known in good old-fashioned terminology as a "lobby," but unlike the old-style lobbyists it seems ready to lay its cards on the table. It presents the facts, argues that there is no evidence of a power trust, and asks if there is any true need for Congressional action.

The whole problem of a power trust or a public utilities monopoly comes down to the question of whether or not there can be the same degree of competition among utilities companies as among business organizations in other fields. It is becoming more and more evident that the answer is, "No." Combinations in the fields of power, electric light, gas, and transportation are inevitable if the public is to be provided with the best and cheapest service. They need not stifle competition altogether, but they must necessarily restrict it. The balance wheel will always be the regulatory bodies which now supervise the actions of public utilities in every State. If Congress can be made to recognize this situation the nation will be spared a plethora of oratory directed against the "vested interests," and more time will be available for the consideration of more immediate national problems.

The Balkan Ballyhoo

AS the League of Nations preparatory disarmament commission meets in Geneva to discuss means of preserving peace, the nations of Europe are balancing themselves against one another in a



way which does not suggest an altogether peaceful intent. In the Balkans, France and Italy are manoeuvring openly for power. When France had concluded a treaty of friendship with Yugoslavia, Italy found it necessary to secure a defensive alliance with Albania. Fascist prestige must be maintained. The Italo-Albanian treaty provides a defensive alliance which cannot be denounced before its eighteenth or nineteenth year, the

contracting parties agreeing in case of war to place all military and financial resources at the disposal of each other. Neither, in the event of war, will conclude a separate peace. Naturally enough, Yugoslavia looks upon this covenant as a threat to bottle her in the Adriatic. With Italy and Albania holding between them the Strait of Otranto, the Adriatic seems to have become an Italian lake.

In northeastern Europe, meanwhile, Poland and Lithuania remain technically at war because of the dispute over Vilna. Both nations are making hostile demonstrations. Poland seized the city in 1920, but Lithuania has never renounced her claim to it. Premier Waldemaras of Lithuania now charges that there is a plot on foot in Poland to overthrow his entire Government. Soviet Russia, playing for the favor of the Western powers, stands on the side lines with a more than idle interest.

The disarmament meeting will not concern itself directly with these things, but by the way it approaches the problems of security and disarmament it may do much to allay mutual suspicions and ease the difficulties at Vilna and on the Adriatic. If the larger powers, particularly France and Italy, show a real determination for peace, the work of the conference should serve as a peace tonic in all quarters of Europe.

The Long Trail to Peace

"AGGRESSOR nation" is a term found in nearly every plan for the outlawry of war. It was included in the ill-fated Geneva Protocol, has a place in the Locarno Treaties, and forms the corner stone of Senator Arthur Capper's peace plan. Unfortunately, it is a term which will not stand the test of accurate definition. A few days ago Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Secretary, commented on this fact in Parliament. He declared that it was impossible to define in time of war exactly what constituted an aggressor nation, and added that if Great Britain pledged herself through the League of Nations to defend an aggrieved nation against an aggressor, she might some day find herself defending the belligerent morally in the wrong. He quoted a statement made by Signor Scialoja in the League Assembly to the effect that by clever diplomacy an aggressor nation might make itself appear to be warring in self-defense. This is nothing new for Sir Austen, who was instrumental in laying the Geneva Protocol to rest, but it is supported now by opinions on this side of the Atlantic. President Coolidge, in reflecting on Senator Capper's scheme, has let it be known that he questions the term. Senator Borah, contemplating the approach of Utopia, declares that it will never come so long as statesmen imagine there is salvation in such verbiage. Mr. Borah asserts that "an 'aggressor nation' is a delusive and wholly

impracticable proposition as a factor in any peace plan." In doing it, however, he propounds again his own vague formula for the "outlawry of war."

Commentators on both sides of the Atlantic are becoming more and more certain that "aggressor nation" is a meaningless term. Of what use, then, are our Locarnos, our Leagues, our projects for making war impossible? If nothing else they are an indication that people are thinking about the possibility of ending all wars. They are symptoms of a sentiment against a repetition of a world disaster such as that of 1914-1918. A few years ago such a sentiment was hardly existent. The Bryan conciliation treaties caused hardly a flurry of excitement when they were promulgated early in the Wilson Administration. Today every newspaper reader is acquainted with propositions for bringing peace nearer. If we have not found the means for making war impossible, we have at least moved in the right direction. The collapse of a definition should not be allowed to obscure this fact.

Curfew for an Era

FORD dealers have scrubbed the soap screens from their plate-glass windows, oiled up their cash registers, memorized a good fight talk, and before you, ladies and gentlemen, is the new car.

No more guesswork as to the slant of the hood, the intricacies of the gearing, the tricks of the carburetor. Anticipation gives way to admiration or disappointment; the public settles down for a winter of politics and violent discussions of the janitor service.



Out of Mr. Ford's strategy in abandoning the hoary Model T

for this glittering product come many comments on the automobile-trade situation. Mr. Ford is praised for suspending manufacture voluntarily in a year of lean profits. It is said that the output of passenger automobiles other than the Ford has been 7.5 per cent greater for the first ten months of 1927 than in the corresponding period for 1926. Mr. Ford is blamed for the same move; the ultimate effect of the shutdown is predicted to be bad. Of these opinions there is little to be said. It is certain only that Mr. Ford was acting principally in the interests of Mr. Ford, and that whatever good or ill his arrangements have conferred upon the industry is only incidental and quite impossible of exact definition.

The fact that the new Ford has appeared is not half so engaging as the fact that the old one is rapidly vanishing. It will be many years, perhaps, before the last of the angular high-slung vehicles disappears from the highway, but already they are fewer in number. Without intending it, Mr. Ford has marked

the passing of an era. When future generations characterize the Wilsonian period, the pink decade, or whatever the years 1910 to 1920 may be called, they will resort to pictures of the Model T just as surely as caricaturists now ridicule the 'nineties with drawings of tandem bicycles. What is even more disconcerting to us Ford drivers, our successors will laugh at them.

A Dead Premier and a Live Pretender

JON BRATIANO was for two decades the dominating force in Roumanian politics. It was Bratiano who directed affairs of state from behind the throne of King Ferdinand; Bratiano who manipulated Roumania into the World War on the side of the Allies; Bratiano who abetted the banishment of Prince Carol and set up the regency which now rules for King Michael. The death of this man, in the midst of a bitter fight against the Peasant party and the adherents of Prince Carol, leaves Roumania in a critical situation internally. His brother, Vintila, who has succeeded him as Premier, is not credited with the same power or influence. It is doubtful if Vintila, even with the assistance of Prince Barbu Stirbey, "the gray eminence," can hold out against the return of Carol. A good deal depends upon the attitude of Queen Marie; something upon the position of General Averescu, formerly a Bratiano supporter but more recently Premier, a powerful leader in the Opposition.

American newspapers of late have been extremely attentive to Roumania. The death of Ferdinand, the crowning of Michael, the trial of Manoilescu, and the death of Bratiano have occupied space out of all proportion to that allotted other foreign news. Editors have singled out Roumania from among the Balkan States and given her columns of comment. Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and some of the rest are not in the running. The American reader is not supposed to know of their existence. Why, then, does he interest himself in such names as Bratiano, Manoilescu, Stirbey, Averescu? The fact that events in Roumania have given themselves to dramatic interpretation has been one contributing cause; another is the haze of romance with which an exiled prince, a boy king, and grim chancellors may be surrounded. Most important of all is the presence of Queen Marie, an actress who knows when to smile and when to weep. Her visit to the United States did not draw a great amount of capital toward her country, but it elevated Roumania to a ranking power in American photogravure supplements. There, along with Etah Eskimos, bathing beauties, flying tackles, and superdreadnoughts, it still remains. Hence, America's interest in a Balkan crisis no more acute than many another in the past ten years.

"O, Upright Judge—"

THERE has recently come to our attention a year-old case of bigotry as flagrant as any ever committed in this Christian nation. Responsibility rests with the State of Washington, where the very air is supposed to breathe freedom and liberty. It seems that in the town of Bellingham there is a family of Tremain identified with one of the many Adventist sects. In the family was formerly a child, Russell Tremain. When Russell came of school age his mother and father refused to send him to school because under the prevailing school code he was required at least once in each week to salute the American flag, repeating the familiar ritual, "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." This pledge was contrary to the religious code of the parents, and in consequence Russell was kept at home. At this point the law intervened. The father of the boy was arrested and charged with failing to keep his child, of school age, in school. He entered a plea of guilty, and upon refusal to pay the fine which was imposed, served out the fine in the Whatcom county jail. In the meantime, Russell was removed from his own home and placed in a children's home in another part of the State. His treatment there was of the average kind but he languished and fell prey to nervous disorders. Somewhat later, he was removed from the institution and given to a family for adoption. Complete isolation from his parents was enforced.

This may be Washington's idea of liberty and justice for all, but it is not the kind of liberty or justice to which clear thinking generally leads. The argument of Judge Brown of the Superior Court of Washington in committing Russell to a State institution was something as follows: The law provides that when a child under the age of eighteen is in danger of growing up to lead an idle, dissolute, or immoral life, then such a child may be taken from his parents and placed with some individual or association. The father and mother admit that they refuse to allow Russell to salute the flag, and will not send him to school if he is required to salute the flag of our common country. "If such an act on the part of the parents is not placing the child in danger of growing up to lead an idle, dissolute, and immoral life, then I am unable to understand what would be."

Friends are now arranging an appeal, feeling that the parents' scruples can no longer bind them to silence. It will be hard to rectify the harm that has already been accomplished, but obviously the boy should be returned to his own home. That is the least that can be done. In the meantime, Judge Brown may well reflect on the full meaning of the pledge to the flag.

The Message to Congress

ANYONE who expected Calvin Coolidge to make any very radical commitments in his annual message to Congress was doomed to disappointment from the beginning. As well expect a street-car motorman to turn aviator overnight. True to his habit of conservatism the President handed our Senators and Representatives a rather mild program for men of their vigor and avidity. He proposed on almost all matters a sort of middle-of-the-road course, a course entirely appropriate for a nation which he finds enjoying "a comfortable prosperity." Nicholas Murray Butler has complained against "glittering generalities," but some of the President's statements are not even that. They may be generalities, but they do not glitter. Particularly is this true of his message in regard to foreign affairs. "It is the policy of the United States to preserve peace. . . . In general our relations with other countries can be said to have improved within the year." Troubles with Mexico are to be settled by "a firm adherence to our rights and a scrupulous respect for the sovereignty of Mexico." Nothing save a cursory and inconclusive consideration of the Nicaraguan situation, a vain sally into the troubles of China. "We should continue to promote peace by our example, and fortify it by such international covenants against war as we are permitted under our Constitution to make." This last has somewhat the flavor of President Harding's warm sponsorship of a phantom "Association of Nations."

In his treatment of domestic affairs the President was more fortunate. His suggestions for an agricultural policy have a ring of conviction which suggests that he has obtained strong backing for them. "Government price fixing is known to be unsound and bound to result in disaster. A government subsidy would work out the same way. It cannot be sound for all of the people to hire some of the people to produce a crop which neither the producers nor the rest of the people want." This is good advice for our agricultural experts, and should be thoroughly digested by the McNary-Haugenites and other Western gentry who propose to set the Government up as a kind of superfarmer. Rather than subsidies or price fixing, Mr. Coolidge asks for a reduction of surplus acreage through the agency of established farm organizations. He suggests that the Government may help coöperative farm organizations by setting up a farm board and providing a revolving loan fund to back it. This is not a new solution for the agricultural problem, but it is the best that has been thus far advanced. The President shows courage by reiterating it in the face of Western opposition.

Mr. Coolidge rightly links the tariff question with

agriculture. He points out that everything the farmer uses in production is already on the free list, that nearly everything he sells is protected, and inquires how the reduction of tariff rates on industry may be expected to benefit agriculture. A more pertinent question could not be propounded for some of our perpetual faultfinders who blame the tariff for every ill from agricultural depression to professionalism in intercollegiate football.

In regard to cruiser building and naval affairs in general, the President makes it plain that "the attitude of any other country is not to be permitted to alter our policy." In other words, we must undertake such building as is necessary to our needs, but do so with no thought of entering into competition with Great Britain. Mr. Coolidge, in considering national defense, adds that "we are ready and willing to continue the preparatory investigations on the general subject of limitation of armaments." These plans are in keeping with those outlined already by THE INDEPENDENT.

When it comes to the merchant marine, the President suggests that there is a possibility of including American shipmasters and crews in the Naval Reserve, so that they may receive some form of compensation from that source. Here is a new and ingenious form of subsidy which Congress might do well to consider if our shipping is to be placed on a par with that of other nations.

The President's program for public works is ambitious and especially significant since he comes out flatly in favor of carrying through the Boulder Dam reclamation project. Mr. Coolidge has taken a rather large bite. Both Boulder Dam and St. Lawrence waterway projects might be postponed until Mississippi flood control is assured.

On prohibition Mr. Coolidge resorts to obvious platitudes, stating that if the nation resolved to observe the sanction of the Eighteenth Amendment and its resulting laws "all questions concerning prohibition would cease." This is equivalent to saying that if prohibition were not an issue it would not be an issue.

In matters of agriculture, merchant marine, naval policy, and certain internal developments the President has made constructive suggestions. In other affairs, his message demonstrates a decided weakness. Balancing the good points against the bad, it appears that his program is not altogether negative, yet not all that a more forceful executive might have made it. The message shows from beginning to end the strengths and weaknesses of the President's advisers in the Cabinet. The fine hand of Mr. Mellon and the practical-mindedness of Herbert Hoover are plain in much of it; the uncertain policies of Secretary Kellogg are written into the inconclusive treatment of foreign affairs. With this material, both good and bad, for grist, let the legislative mill commence its grinding.

England Looks Seaward

A British View of the Balance of Naval Power

By Sir Harry Perry Robinson

ALL reasonable people in both America and Great Britain probably agree that the general tendency of recent newspaper discussion of the question of naval disarmament has been deplorable. For a century or more England has been the policeman of the seas. She arrested pirates and brawlers, opened her ports all over the world to the traffic of every nation, and kept the ocean highways swept and tidy. It was no altruistic performance on her part.

She had to do it for the sake of the commerce by which she lived. But, however selfish the motives, it was to everybody's benefit: to the benefit of the United States as much as to that of anyone else.

Before the Great War we were already growing a little weary of the job. When the war was over, the majority of Englishmen believed that the

one solid good which was to come out of that ghastly business was that thenceforward there would be close coöperation between Great Britain and the United States, especially at sea. What we hoped was that our statesmen would get together and say: "Here, we are both of us spending much too much money on building ships that are useless for any purpose except fighting. Heretofore Great Britain has been the world's maid of all work on the ocean; but the time has come when we ought to share the burden. Let us cut our navies down to the bone — to the minimum that will leave us conjointly strength enough to assure our being able, acting together, to keep the world's peace at sea."

We hoped, in fact, that the two fleets would to all future time be treated as one instrument in the service of mankind. That hope was wrecked by the course of domestic politics in the United States, by your throwing over of the proposed guarantee to France, your rejection of the League of Nations, and the rest. Neither officially nor in any responsible quarter do we criticize your decision. We regret it — and always will regret it. But your politics are your own private business; and you know best what consorts with your interests and your ideals.

Then came the Washington Conference. We

welcomed it and were prepared to go a good deal farther in the direction of coöperation with you than was in fact proposed or agreed upon. So far as it went, we rejoiced at the result of the conference; but during these last few months we have been reduced to wondering whether, instead of a blessing, it was not an incalculable calamity. We hoped that the formula then arrived at — five-and-five — would be interpreted as five

and five — rather than as a mere agreement not to try to overmatch each other, as an undertaking to contribute equally to a common cause. But if the formula of "parity" — and how we are beginning to hate the word! — is to be distorted into a symbol of rivalry and competition between us, then its adoption is one of the most dreadful things that ever happened.

Let us survey the situation as it exists: Great Britain depends for her very existence on her control of the seas. Not only would the British Isles be starved if, in war time, that control passed from her, but the whole British Empire would drop to pieces. England lives from month to month upon her sea-borne supplies. Our ocean highways are to us what transcontinental railways are to you: Australia is to London as California to New York, and the isolated parts of the Empire — Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, India, the West Indies — would all be at the mercy of any enemy who broke these threads of imperial communication and made it impossible for our fleets to protect their shores. This fact has been the corner stone of all British policies in the past. Our army might be — as it always has been — so small as to be "contemptible"; but our life hung on the supremacy of our fleets at sea. In building ships of war we have at various times adopted what was known as the "two-power" or the "three-power" or some similar standard: the intent being that we must have such strength at sea as to be able to cope with any combination of other powers that could be made against us. But there has been one condition to this principle as interpreted in action:

"It is a lamentable thing," writes this British author and military expert, who knows America almost as intimately as his own country, "if our statesmanship is so bankrupt that we are to start piling up arms against each other, to the joy of every enemy of peace and order in the world." Sir Harry sets forth the point of view of the average Briton toward the limitation of armaments between his Government and our own.

Scheduled for publication in the issue of December 24 is an article by John Carter of the *New York Times*, giving the facts concerning the relative strengths of the American and British navies and analyzing the situation which the new Congress will have to face

The United States of America has always been left out of account.

The two powers against which our strength would be measured might, as the balance of Europe shifted, be France and Russia or Germany and Italy or France and Japan or any other nations; but never the United States. It is true that for most of the time the United States had very little naval strength; but that was immaterial. The fundamental consideration was that in no case was *the United States ever to be regarded as a potentially hostile nation*. My impression is that the people of the United States have never had this sufficiently explained to them. But for a hundred years — from the signing of the Treaty of Ghent — it was, and still is, an underlying principle of all foreign policies of Great Britain. We have never ceased to proclaim or to act on it; and, but for its influence, many of the minor difficulties which have arisen between the peoples — such as those over boundaries and fisheries — would have been considerably less easy to settle than in fact they proved.

IN building ships we have been guided always as if we lived in a world where the United States did not exist. It was suggested in America when, at Geneva, British spokesmen said that such-and-such strength in minor craft of war was England's minimum requirement for the protection of her sea routes that because no other power of any great naval strength was at present in sight, they were considering the need for protection against the United States. Nothing could be more pernicious. The fact that at the moment no European nation is visibly in position to threaten our security matters little. We know our Europe better than you. Submarines are quickly built. We saw in the last war how very narrow was Britain's margin of safety; though, so far from being hostile, the United States was actually on our side. And almost every German submarine was built after the war had begun.

Reckoning still as in a world where the United States does not exist, we must have certain ships for the mere insurance of our lives. You also can estimate what your needs are in a world where we do not exist. It is pitiable that this idea of parity should, since the Washington Conference, have so possessed the peoples that there should be any need for you to build to match us or for us to build to equal you. We have never done it in the past and now, when the burden of building is heavier to bear than ever, we wish to do it even less.

There is one solution which has never, I believe, been publicly put forward but has been informally discussed in England. It might have been possible immediately after the war, though whether it would be practicable now is another matter. It is this: We say, "We need 200 ships of such-and-such classes for our security, and we must build them."

You say, "Well, if you do that, we must build 200, too. We have no need of so many; but we must have 'parity' with you."

Then we say: "But this is silly. If you really must keep pace with us, we will only build 125, provided that immediately on the outbreak of war you will sell us at cost — or guarantee to turn over to us — the other 75 that we shall need, or think we shall."

It would, in fact, be a reversion to the idea that the navies of the two countries should be peopled, as it were, for the purpose of keeping peace and order in the world. For if it was known that our two fleets would act together, there would never be another war.

Then there is the question of the blockade and the right of search. We might be able to accept your views on these matters but for a single thing: namely, that self-preservation is the first law of life. The late war taught us — what we before suspected — that there are nations in whose eyes "scraps of paper" are of small importance when a crisis comes. We can trust you as, I hope, you can trust us; but we cannot trust everybody; and if, foolishly relying on the word of rogues, we leave ourselves, in deference to your wishes, exposed to the danger of submarine blockade by those same rogues, what is going to happen? If we throw away our arms, will you agree to help us when emergency arises?

So, once more, we get back to the idea of pooling our naval strength. But the point to be noticed is that all these troubles would not arise if you and we were the only peoples in the world. But for the constant menace of war from other quarters, does anybody doubt that the English-speaking peoples would get along in perfect amity? The United States, Canada, Australia, the British Isles, and the rest — we should not need a ship of war among us. By the nature of the house you live in, except, perhaps, for one side door on the west, you are secure against attack. We, unhappily, are extremely exposed and vulnerable; and, as a common precaution, must keep rifles handy in the house. Somebody in your household thinks, therefore, that you must go buying rifles, too. But if there is any sort of guarantee you can name that we will not use our weapons to raid your premises — what foolishness it sounds! — we will cheerfully give it. Or if, to set your minds at rest, we throw away our guns, will you guarantee to help us when trouble comes?

DOES anyone doubt that if a friendly committee of business men, from your side and ours, got together they would find an amicable way out in a few hours? It is the politicians and the fighting men on both sides that are causing the trouble. It is a lamentable thing if our statesmanship is so bankrupt that we are to start piling up arms against each other, to the joy of every enemy of peace and order in the world.

Back Stage in Washington

Another Battle of Washington Begins

STEP this way, ladies and gentlemen, for the greatest ballyhoo show on earth! The great Congress of the United States of America in session assembled will now proceed to legislate. Hear the lions roar! On your right is Senator William E. Borah who is always going somewhere but never arrives. On your left is the Miracle of the Political Age, Calvin Coolidge, whose silence is deafening. Do not hesitate, ladies. The animals won't hurt you. They bark but seldom bite!

The first session of the seventieth Congress which opens Monday, December 5, seems likely to prove the greatest circus since Barnum died. There certainly will be more political shenanigans than Capitol Hill has seen in many a day, and that is saying quite a lot. For a long session of actual accomplishments not even the hardest optimist has raised the smallest hope. No one in Washington expects anything more than politics and then more politics from the pop of the opening gun, or rather the fall of the Vice President's gavel. It should be a riot. It should run until a day or two before the opening of the Republican National Convention somewhere around the tenth to fifteenth of June.

"Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here" might well be emblazoned on the doors of both House and Senate chambers, for the number of important legislative enactments that have any chance of passage can be counted on the fingers of one hand. For unrivaled claptrap, demagoguery, and political chicanery the coming session should rank high. Unless one starts out with this attitude of hilarity and merriment toward the coming Congress one is likely to be sent to a mental hospital and wrapped in cotton or a strait-jacket. But if you have made up your mind to have a good time, to enjoy the racket while it lasts, to look open-eyed on politics as it is played in its crudest form, the winter's entertainment should be of the highest order.

Indeed, there proves no reason why a good time should not be had by all, although it is quite possible that not a few prominent statesmen and would-be Presidential candidates will be carried off on stretchers, especially if the politicians adopt the huddle system which seems so popular in other forms of sport.

"For unrivaled claptrap, demagoguery, and political chicanery the coming session should rank high," writes our Washington correspondent in this summary of what the seventieth Congress now convening has ahead of it. A number of important matters will be discussed, he feels sure, and almost none of them will be disposed of. The Smith and Vare cases will keep the Senate moiling; tax reduction will cloud the lesser issues of the House. And of course there will be farm relief and flood control. But what will be done about these is another matter

What will happen, Monday, December 5. Precisely at twelve o'clock Vice President Charles G. Dawes, himself a Presidential candidate of no mean calibre and possibilities, will rap for order and declare the Senate in session. Hardly before he has named the committee to inform the House of Representatives of this

stupendous fact, a number of Senators will be on their feet desirous of unburdening themselves relative to Messrs. Frank L. Smith of Illinois and William E. Vare of Pennsylvania.

The cases of these two Senators elect will receive first attention from the hungry hyenas. Exactly what will happen to them no one should venture to predict when confronted with such a variable body as the United States Senate.

In the course of the last few weeks Senators drifting into Washington have evidenced repeated changes of heart, first consenting to allow Smith and Vare to take their seats and then raucously challenging any effort in that direction. Southern Democrats, during the long summer, have had ample opportunity to meditate on the seriousness of the act of refusing to permit a Senator elect to take his seat. They foresee the establishment of a dangerous precedent involved in refusing to allow a man who holds a certificate of election from his State to defend his case. There is only one reckless group which cares not a whit for precedent or anything else: the Western Republican Progressives, who will vote in December as they stood ready to vote last March against the oath being administered to Mr. Smith and Mr. Vare.

THE plight of these men has changed little during the summer. Mr. Smith still stands indicted before the Senate as having received campaign contributions, while chairman of the Illinois public utilities commission, from Samuel Insull, the country's largest public-utility magnate. Mr. Vare is still accused of spending money recklessly in the Pennsylvania primary campaign, although the amount thus expended was comparatively paltry compared to that handed out by the Mellon interests behind former Senator George Wharton Pepper. The attempt of the Jim Reed investigating

committee to count the ballots was unavailing. It was the fight over Reed's effort to prolong the life of his committee which resulted in the filibuster that held up the second deficiency appropriation bill and other important items of legislation during the closing hours of the last session. The courts of Pennsylvania have passed the buck back on to the Senate, deciding that the longevity of the Reed committee can be determined by that body alone.

IF present indications are to be relied upon, Messrs. Smith and Vare will not be allowed to take their oath of office at the hands of the Vice President. It is possible that in the new session their cases will be referred again to the Committee on Privileges and Elections and there allowed to rest a good part of the winter. In the meantime, their States will be deprived of equal representation, but the political ball must be kicked about and the game played, not according to rules, but the whims of ninety-four other Senators. During this process there will undoubtedly be uttered all over again the same dreary speeches which did so much to take the spirit out of the last session of the sixty-ninth Congress. The same technicalities of the Constitution will be rehearsed, the same verbal fireworks will be sprung by the voluble Jim Reed of Missouri, the same cheap oratory will pour from the embattled bosom of Tom Heflin. The longer one stays in Washington the more wearied one becomes at its repetitions.

If the coming session does not knock the spots out of the Coolidge economy record then there is not a cough in a carload of cigarettes. The seventieth Congress should make an early record of spending more money in one session than any of its predecessors in two.

What are the problems which the mighty statesmen have facing them?

First, and foremost, is flood relief. Just for moral effect this will probably be introduced as Bill Number One. A good many Western Senators, even before the joint committee on flood control had concluded its hearings, decided that Uncle Sam could not undertake this task and complete it for less than \$1,000,000,000. Not only will every member from States up and down the Mississippi be clamoring for more and more money, for more and more Federal aid, but there will be added to their general din the shrill voices of New Englanders who have also lately suffered. Of course a large and comprehensive flood-relief program is absolutely necessary. No one would attempt to gainsay that fact. But it would be equally foolish to deny that it will not take an enormous amount of money, running over a considerable number of years. It would be equally nonsensical to say that there will enter into this expenditure no hint of politics.

From the crack of the gun it is safe to say that

flood-relief legislation will rival a river and harbor bill in the amount of pork that various legislators will attempt to insert in it. The recommendations of the chief of engineers of the War Department will amount to nothing compared to the pressing needs of Yahoo Center as propounded by the Congressman from that metropolis.

If flood relief is to be the first bill, it should not be forgotten that the Government has staggered along since March without a second urgent deficiency appropriations bill totaling nearly \$400,000,000. This was held up in last session's filibuster and it contains many fascinating items among which go-getter Senators can find a few to wrangle about, trade on, and dicker with.

There is the public buildings bill which still must get under way and which is nearer a Congressman's heart than fleas to a dog's ear. Legislative authority for the expenditure of one hundred millions has already been passed and had not the last session flickered out so ingloriously the second hundred million, necessary to satisfy everybody, would probably have been greased through without so much as a record vote.

These are matters of prime importance, and behind them, offering all sorts of incentive for expedition, is the new tax-reduction bill which the House has set at about \$236,000,000. Everybody would like to see this measure out of the way so it could apply to the March returns. Doubtless it will be jammed through the House to wait some weeks amid the hurly-burly of the Senate. I hesitate to say anything about the bill as it was drafted by members of the House Ways and Means Committee except that it will certainly be changed in many vital respects before it is enacted into law. Its major item of reduction, some \$163,000,000 for corporations, does not have that appeal to the heartstrings of an electorate, ninety per cent of whom do not know the difference between a corporation and a corpuscle, which makes good material for a stump speech or campaign literature.

TAX reduction has been the thunderous cry of Republican candidates for the last five or six years, and while they have been able to point out the burdens they have lifted from the shoulders of tens of millions in the past, they will have some difficulty in explaining away the big-business favoritism which is such an obvious characteristic of the pending measure.

And after consideration of the tax bill will come farm relief, which presents such a dull and dreary spectacle that I hesitate to consider it. It will be the same old thing all over again with Western agriculturists filling pages and pages of the *Congressional Record*, threatening their Eastern colleagues, and reciting speeches that every seasoned occupant of the galleries has heard over and over again

The farm bloc, the Western bloc, and the Progressive bloc will be as far apart on a solution of this problem as they ever were. There will be one group advocating the old McNary-Haugen bill with its equalization fee, the very same one which President Coolidge vetoed last spring and which the farm crowd deposited in the musty files of its committee rooms, fully aware that there was no power on earth, or in Congress either, to pass it over the veto.

There will be a decided minority favoring the adoption of the debenture plan which directly involves the tariff structure in the vast layout of keeping the farms profitable. There will be a small minority, mostly Eastern members who want nothing and care nothing, who will back the plan of the Secretary of Agriculture for a stabilization corporation with a revolving fund of about \$250,000,000.

THESE are the high lights of the session. There are varied sidetracks down which Congress will run from week to week. There is immigration and the system of national origin which must be considered; there are the Philippines, Mexico, and our Latin American relations; there is railroad consolidation and freight rates, matters which come up every year but are never disposed of; but behind all these and much more lies the babbling flow of political chatter, of candidacies at which to shy a brick, at grand-stand political plays which may elevate an eager hopeful into national prominence overnight.

The session starts with Herbert Hoover clinging to first place by his teeth in the pre-convention Presidential race. Shinnying up his back, striving to grasp the topmost rung, is Charles Gates Dawes, whose pretensions have so far been conducted under the cover of the candidacy of Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. Somewhere in the background, hidden by their pall of smoke, is Charles Evans Hughes, clearly

the favorite of the Coolidge camp, but received with scant enthusiasm at the portals of any other.

While these three are stretching their muscles and warming up according to their individual tastes, Calvin Coolidge is still listed in the programs as a starter in the race. With Mr. Coolidge such an odds-on favorite not one of the others has the heart to make an attempt at it.

Near the end of last month the President was afforded a glorious opportunity to remove himself

definitely from all future consideration. He was given the chance of spiking the tittle-tattle of his enemies who declared that he was not sincere in his "I do not choose" statement of August 2. "I do not approve" was added to "I do not choose," but in popular political conception Mr. Coolidge remains the mightiest factor with which to be concerned. A survey of most of the Eastern papers on the morning after this memorable incident failed to reveal one that did not state that he was as much in the picture as he ever was, and not one that did not groan over the fact that he had failed to add that one sentence which would have been the starting signal to speed the other candidates on their way.

Those who are not weeping over the muddle which the President's position has caused — and in this number must be counted three or four of the leading candidates — are laughing heartily at the joke he is playing on 115,000,000 people.

My agents, who have been on the Coolidge track for many a year, are full of whimsical stories dealing with this peculiar trait in the Coolidge sense of humor. He simply loves to keep people guessing. It is safe to say that since August Mr. Coolidge has been in an hilarious frame of mind, contemplating the muddlement and confusion among the politicians and all others who give a particular hoot who is to be the Republican Presidential candidate in 1928.

While I have not yet been able to penetrate into his bedchamber, my spies report with some degree

of veracity that loud chuckles, snorts, and other evidences of Coolidge mirth have been heard to emanate therefrom almost any morning or night. While most of us are able, on occasion, to play a joke on a small circle of acquaintances, and while a national comedian is perhaps able to take in a thousand or more unsuspecting innocents, Mr. Coolidge, by the use of the single word "choose" has con-

foundered a nation and has 115,000,000 men, women, and children in a state of breathless suspense and bewilderment. This performance should rank as one of the greatest marvels of the age. For, after he has spoken, there is not a soul who really knows what he means.

Mr. Coolidge is still having his joke; but at whose expense? Ask Mr. Hoover, Mr. Dawes, Mr. Hughes, or even Senator Curtis of Kansas, the only one who has had the temerity to announce his candidacy.

The Presidential Bazaar

Before many weeks are past bidding for the White House will become fast and furious in the political auction rooms. Already a few tentative offers have been made, and it waits only for the word of Mr. Coolidge to start the tussle in earnest. Mr. Charles Merz of the *New York World*, a frequent contributor to these pages, will drop **THE INDEPENDENT'S** gavel for the new year with a series of estimates of the leading candidates for the Presidency. These vigorous and uncompromising portraits will include five Republicans and five Democrats. The first of the ten is scheduled for publication in the issue of January 7; the others will follow from week to week

PAGE MR. COOK!

"Something of Interest on Each and Every Page" for the Tourist Who Would Spend the Winter Voyaging Among the Lands of the Mediterranean

AT THE LEFT IS THE MOSQUE OF IBN TOULOUN IN CAIRO, EGYPT, A STRANGE BIT OF OLD OLD-WORLD ARCHITECTURE THAT SMACKS MORE OF THE EAST THAN OF THE WEST THAT HAS ABSORBED THE NILE COUNTRY IN RECENT YEARS

ST. MARK'S IN VENICE IS FAMOUS NOT ONLY FOR ITS GRANDEURS, BUT FOR ITS PIGEONS AND TOURISTS. BUT IT IS A FAR CRY FROM VENICE TO CAIRO!

All photographs from Underwood Press Service, London





NEXT TO LONDON BRIDGE, BROOKLYN BRIDGE, AND THAT FAMOUS BRIDGE THAT CÆSAR BUILT ACROSS THE RHINE—WAS IT IN THE THIRD BOOK?—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS IN VENICE IS PROBABLY THE BEST KNOWN IN THE WORLD



THIS EXQUISITE PHOTOGRAPH NO MORE THAN DOES JUSTICE TO THE SPIRE OF THE BLUE MOSQUE IN CAIRO, ONE OF THE MOST EXOTIC BEAUTIES OF A MOST EXOTIC CITY

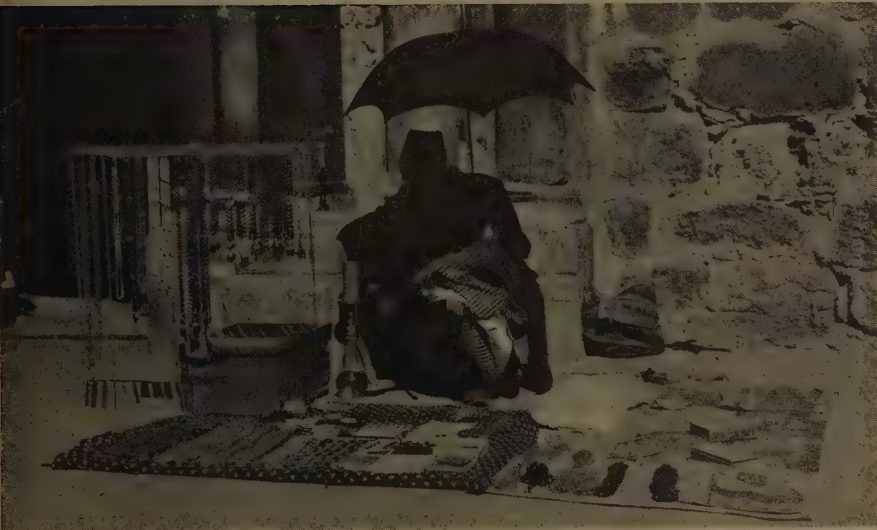


THE PONTE VECCHIO IS ALMOST AS FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THE WORLD AS IT IS IN FLORENCE. CERTAINLY IT IS ONE OF THE ITALIAN ITEMS NOT TO BE MISSED

THESE RATHER MOTH-EATEN BUT STILL SUFFICIENTLY PICTURESQUE BEASTS OF BURDEN ARE PATIENTLY WAITING THEIR MASTERS' PLEASURE AT THE BAZAAR IN JAFFA. NOT THE LEAST INTERESTING FEATURE OF THIS SCENE IS THE YOUTHFUL ATTENDANT WITH THE CHAPLINESQUE FEET



THIS VENDOR MAY BE PEDDLING EASTERN TRINKETS IN THE APPROVED EASTERN FASHION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM, BUT HIS SUNSHADE RADIATES AN UNMISTAKABLE ATMOSPHERE OF OCCIDENTALISM



WHEREVER HE GOES THROUGHOUT EGYPT, UNLESS HE BE A HARDENED CAMPAIGNER, THE UNWARY TOURIST WILL BE FOLLOWED BY A FLOCK OF THESE DISHEVELED AND CHATTERING PEDDLERS WHO CAN AND WILL SELL HIM ANYTHING FROM RIPE FRUIT AND PALM-LEAF FANS TO MOHAMMEDAN PRAYER RUGS





ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF ALL THE LAKES IN A PARTICULARLY LOVELY PART OF THE WORLD IS COMO IN THE ITALIAN ALPS. IT IS A FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS FOR PAPER-AND-INK HONEYMOONERS



OVER THE WAY IN SWITZERLAND RISE THE BREATH-TAKING SLOPES OF THE WETTERHORN. THERE IS NO GENTLENESS TO THE LANDSCAPE HERE, ONLY BEAUTY AND A FIERCE GRANDEUR

The Science of Human Conduct

An Estimate of Pareto and One of His Greatest Works

By L. J. Henderson

TEN years have passed since the first appearance of Vilfredo Pareto's "Traité de Sociologie Générale," which is one of the most important books of the present century. This treatise, a rich source of the pleasures of the intellect and a splendid scientific construction which may possibly be the commencement of a new era in the history of thought, has hardly been noticed in America either by professional sociologists or by the larger public. Yet it may be safely recommended to all who are interested in human society and who are prepared to think dispassionately, logically, and scientifically about it.

In Italy, at least, the merits of Pareto's "Sociology" are not unknown. Prof. Guido Sensi has said of it, "I know not if in the literature of the whole world, to whatever subject it pertains, there exists another work which, in richness of collected materials, in genius of interpretation, in rigorous application of the method of logico-experimental research, may stand beside the 'Treatise'; and at the Lausanne celebration of Pareto's jubilee in 1917 the eminent economist, Pantaleoni, declared that he felt for this man nothing less than veneration. It is also recorded that the Fascists, upon their advent to power, finding in the work of Pareto that which they deemed valuable in the pursuit of their political and social aims, and wishing to add to the lustre of their Government, named him a senator of the kingdom of Italy.

Vilfredo Pareto, a Genoese marquis, was born in Paris, during his father's temporary exile for republican sentiments, in 1848. His mother was French. In 1870 he completed his studies at the Polytechnical Institute of Turin and, having written a thesis on the mathematical theory of the equilibrium of elastic bodies, followed the profession of engineering for more than two decades, with results which it is impossible not to perceive in the sense of reality, the objectivity, and the almost intuitive understanding of mathematical and scientific method which mark his later work. Meanwhile he was also busy with other matters. A sufferer from

insomnia, he passed his nights in the study of philology, ancient history, economics, and sociology. Thus began the accumulation of that vast store of erudition which is another characteristic of the man and of his work. Then gradually his main interest turned more and more to the study of political economy, and before long he had made his mark by the publication of several papers on the mathematical theory of economics. In 1893 he was appointed to the chair of political economy in the

University of Lausanne, and at this post he spent the rest of his life. Here on the shores of Lake Geneva he died in the summer of 1923. Lausanne will forever be associated with his work as with that of Gibbon, which it resembles and in several respects surpasses.

As a professor, Pareto published many articles and two large books on economics which carry the mathematical branch

"Pareto studied and sought to know passions and sentiments and their ways in the control of human behavior," writes the Professor of Biological Chemistry in Harvard University in discussing the greatest work of the Genoese mathematician and sociologist, "and he succeeded beyond the dreams of other men." Professor Henderson has analyzed the methods and the achievements of Pareto and outlined his theories which have received so little of the attention they merit in this country. The article affords a fascinating glimpse of the ordered workings of the human mind and spirit

of the science to the highest point yet attained and demonstrate that in the study of social as of physiological phenomena the use of mathematics is absolutely indispensable to the understanding of the mutual dependence of the facts. This is the work upon which his fame now chiefly rests. But the later years of his life were especially devoted to the study of the broader and far more backward science of sociology, and the resulting treatise is a work of larger scope, possibly more original and certainly more interesting to the world at large.

THIS book is probably unlike any other ever written. Vast, apparently without plan, crammed with interminable footnotes to illustrate ancient, mediæval, and modern history, psychology, jurisprudence, folklore, politics, criminology, and an endless variety of other topics, infinite in detail and repetitious in analysis, it is yet an example of the most powerful and sustained logical thinking. The thematic material recurs again and again, irregularly, but always with interesting variations and with irresistible cumulative effect. And nowhere are the indispensable elements of scientific method more clearly stated or more scrupulously applied

than in this seemingly incoherent exposition of a subject which had never before received scientific treatment. The difficulties of sociology are great, however, and it is the part of common sense to doubt the success of even so powerful an attack upon the subject. How far Pareto has succeeded must, therefore, long remain uncertain. For my part, I think that his work is no other than what he believed it to be — a provisional, limited, approximate but systematic theory of society. An analysis of the book may, I hope, make this clear.

FOR five hundred pages, which serve merely as an introduction to the development of his theory of general sociology, the author treats his facts descriptively. His purpose, not easily made clear to the bewildered reader, is twofold. First he aims to prove inductively that, economic, engineering, and certain other phenomena excepted, the actions of men do not, as a rule, correspond to objective reality and that they are *nonlogical*. Men are in fact not usually guided by scientific theories or by an exact knowledge of facts. On the contrary, they are guided by certain sentiments, instincts, and desires which on the one hand issue in action and, on the other hand, lead to logomachies which purport to be, but are not, logical explanations of these actions. Secondly, Pareto seeks by means of this almost fantastically long introduction to avoid the serious inconvenience of definitions which rest upon each other in a circle. This he accomplishes by the primitive but only known method of repeatedly pointing at uniformities until the reader, like the learning child, recognizes them. He is then free to attach to these uniformities a label in the form of a name and to proceed without fear of fallacies or of errors, except errors of description.

Thus painfully and cumulatively Pareto builds up a sufficiently clear conception of two abstractions, termed by him residues and derivations, which are designed to serve, like the variables of the mathematician, in the analytical theory of social dynamics. These two abstract terms, as well as the use he makes of them, he regards as only approximate descriptions of the uniformities among social phenomena. Nevertheless, this approximate character is to be regarded not as a defect, but as an advantage because, in accordance with the universal method of science, it prepares the way for more accurate approximations later. The only question is whether these abstractions are well chosen, and the only test of this is their usefulness in the analytical and synthetical treatment of the problems of sociology to which Pareto proceeds.

The first conclusion arising from this introductory section is that in human society from the earliest times until the present certain sentiments have persisted with little change and have constantly

manifested themselves in behavior. The manifestations of these persistent sentiments are the residues. Meanwhile the nonlogical explanations or justifications to which the sentiments give rise have varied widely. These are the derivations. Let us take an example: The church makes use of baptism, and this action is said to efface original sin. In this isolated fact it is hardly possible to distinguish the residue and the derivation. But then we note that pagans also make use of water for purification. This second fact might lead us to associate the ceremonial use of water with moral purification. However, similar facts show that the phenomenon is more general, since other substances, such as blood, may be employed in an unmistakably similar manner. Again, transgressions of taboos may be followed by still more various operations, which remove an acquired stain. Thus we perceive that, though there exist a great variety of rites and of explanations of their efficacy, beneath these there is something which remains constant. This is the sentiment that by means of certain practices the integrity of the individual, which has been damaged by certain real or imaginary causes, may be reestablished. The expression of this constant sentiment is the residue. It gives rise under varying conditions to varying actions and equally varying explanations — derivations.

THE conditions of life in a particular family, in a particular place, in a given class invariably bring forth powerful sentiments and a host of residues of great social efficacy. Family affection, friendship, loyalty, patriotism, and attachment to a religious sect or to a political party are among the most powerful forces in society. Without such sentiments society cannot, in fact, exist. Yet the corresponding residues, though in part they arise from objective reality, may or may not correspond to it. The truth is that they are partly consistent, partly inconsistent with the facts as a biologist might see them. Such residues give rise to an endless variety of derivations in the form of nonlogical explanations, for example: pangermanism, socialism, the platforms of political parties, the theory of "the white men's burden," the supposed justification of religious persecution, or of prohibition of the use of alcohol and tobacco, or even of bad table manners and informal dress. Once more it is plain that beneath the changing explanations and theories certain constant sentiments exist. These sentiments give rise to the explanations. Thus every thoughtful person must have perceived the existence of common sentiments among Bolsheviki, Fascisti and one hundred per cent Americans. Yet how different are the nonlogical theories of these sects.

It is of the greatest importance in thinking about such facts to escape from the nonlogical conclusion that nonlogical actions are necessarily inconsistent

with the facts or that they are invariably harmful to society. After a long analysis Pareto comes to the conclusion that nonlogical actions may or may not correspond to reality, and that in either case they may or may not be valuable to society. More than this, on account of the heterogeneity of society, such actions may be valuable or the reverse according to the social situation of the individual. In general, however, nonlogical actions make up a very great part of the social process and are simply essential to its existence.

Pareto now proceeds to the classification of residues. His two most important classes are those arising from the "instinct of combinations" and those representing the "persistence of aggregates." It was a residue of the instinct of combinations which suggested the reference to Gibbon — a derivation — which is made above. This is clearly

nonlogical, since the coincidence of residence in Lausanne can hardly possess objective importance. Family sentiments, patriotism, caste, and the like are associated with the second class of residues. There are also many other classes and subclasses, but, except that any classification is far better than none, it is doubtful if these are for the most part important, and Pareto himself is said to have doubted the permanence of this part of his work.

The discussion of residues is followed by the theory of derivations, or the logic of the sentiments, which, according to G. H. Bousquet, is "from the methodological point of view doubtless the most powerful work that has been written since Descartes and Bacon, and from the logical point of view the most original production of the human intellect since Aristotle." Without going so far, one need not hesitate to call this theory magnificent. It is difficult to imagine a better demonstration of the cloud of verbal illusion which enshrouds our social and political thinking. Unfortunately the subtlety of this discussion defies brief analysis.

At this point the clarity, imperturbability, and irony of Pareto are at their best. Having given them free scope, and after long discussions, he finally recognizes four classes of derivations: first, simple affirmations; second, appeals to authority; third, appeals to supposed principles which stand above experience, that is public or private interests and juridical, metaphysical, and supernatural entities; fourth, verbal proofs. Upon this class Pareto lavishes all his virtuosity. There are several subclasses: the use of indeterminate words to designate real

objects or of indeterminate things corresponding to a word; the use of terms which give rise to sentiments, to designate a thing; the use of terms having a variety of meanings and the designation of different things by the same term, such as progress, nature, liberty, democracy; the use of metaphors, analogies, and other figures; the use of terms of uncertain meaning and of those which correspond to nothing concrete.

Residues and derivations exist in a state of mutual dependence with all the other factors of the social

equilibrium, but it is manifestly impossible to take account of an indefinitely large number of factors. Pareto chooses just two more: the economic interests, and social heterogeneity or, more particularly, the circulation of the élite. The interests he has already treated in his economic work; the circulation of the élite, in a book entitled "Les Sys-

tèmes Socialistes." He now proceeds to a study of the interdependence of his four factors or variables. For the adequate accomplishment of this task mathematics would be essential. But its use is here impossible because there is no way of making the treatment quantitative. The exposition is singular, for Pareto, a distinguished mathematician, throughout many pages discusses this difficult subject as if he were in possession of an approximate mathematical solution of the problem and had undertaken the explanation of his analysis to readers incapable of understanding a mathematical demonstration. However unsatisfactory the result, when compared with the achievements of the exact sciences, a truly dynamical conception of society emerges at last. The description is necessarily a gross approximation, but it is also, it seems to me, an invaluable beginning. Incidentally, this curious discussion of a sociological problem gives rise to what is perhaps the best existing treatment of certain logical aspects of the biological sciences in general.

THE importance and limitations of Pareto's "Sociology" may perhaps be made clear by means of a comparison with Newton's "Principia." Pareto's work probably contains many errors of fact, for the passing of judgments on "nonlogical actions" is a difficult art. Newton's work is free from such errors. Pareto's choice of variables — residues, derivations, interests, social heterogeneity — is sure to suffer some change, it may be entirely supplanted in the future, and additions are inevitable. Newton's choice of variables has (Continued opp. page 584)

The annual Christmas Book Number of THE INDEPENDENT will make its appearance next week. This special issue will contain not only reviews of the best of the fall books in the fields of fiction and nonfiction, biography, poetry, the drama, and belles-lettres, but, among other features, articles by Ernest Boyd on the subject of translations; John Bakeless, managing editor of the "Forum," on Andre Maurois; and Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, of the "Saturday Review of Literature," on the selection of the right books to read

If You Know What I Mean

NOT so long ago a certain George A. Dorsey knocked large numbers of people end over end with his book, "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." He did not, unfortunately, at the same time knock them speechless, with the result that the whole country has been deluged with a wave of my-dear-it's-perfectly-fascinating's. Everywhere men and women are for the first time realizing that all those funny little things that some of us do are actually of tremendous importance and, what's more, they are bound to talk about it. You hear how Aunt Martha never could abide a man with whiskers, the real reason why women wear high heels, and how up to the time she was nine years old little Gertrude persisted in — well, no matter. Big words like "psychiatry" and "behaviorism" rattle the dishes at every dinner party. A certain condition of the subconscious mind will explain, apparently, everything from an unwillingness to hang the storm windows to murder in the first degree.

The hubbub that Dorsey stirred up among his readers, nevertheless, is as nothing compared to the hubbub his readers have stirred up in Dorsey. Talk about behaving like a human being — well, Dorsey has gone the whole hog. The understanding of all human frailties revealed in Dorsey's book was nothing but a starter, it now appears. His first act, as a best seller, was to hotfoot over to the offices of the *Cosmopolitan* and sign a long-term contract. This done, he rushed home and beat out a series of articles. The titles I offer without comment: "What Every New-Born Babe Should Know," "Why Human Beings Fall Out With Each Other," and "Why Human Beings Fall For Each Other."

On the page facing Dorsey's in the *Cosmopolitan* for November is an idyll by the author of "The Story of Philosophy" — another volume that sent thousands of customers scurrying for the dictionary. Durant's page is modestly entitled, "What Really IS the Meaning of Life?" At any rate, you can see the sort of rumpus that Dorsey started in the *Cosmopolitan*.

Now it would seem to be only a matter of time before Dorsey goes out on tour. Sooner or later his public will demand it. Almost any day now we may run across a picture of Dorsey, in cowboy garb, shaking hands with the mayor of Fargo, North Dakota; Dorsey in a plug hat unveiling a bronze drinking fountain; or Dorsey kissing a few babies and appearing in person at the Publix Theatres.

His greatest promise, thus far, of the good things to come was a batch of uncommonly simianlike photographs of

himself that appeared in the October *Cosmopolitan*. They show Dorsey giving full play to all of his emotions; the frank look that invites the deepest confidences, the clenched fist that will knock your worries galley-west, the "on-the-other-hand" look, and the "hold-on-there" look. Eight pictures in all, and a lively show it is, too.

Frankly, what I am waiting for is to pick up a copy of *Variety* or the *Billboard* and in the tent-show "want" columns read something like this:

WANTED

Good reliable pantomimist to complete my act. Tickets if I know you. Have six months bookings thru Tex. Ala. Ark. Miss. etc. Can use a few bloodhounds. Want ballyhoo man and banner puller. Arthur Brisbane and Will Durant let me hear from you. Boozers stay away. Write or wire: GEORGE A. ("Honest George") DORSEY

The fellow may turn out to be another Fred Stone. Maybe Mack Sennett will sign him on and we shall all be treated to the spectacle of Dorsey's wonderfully understanding face stopping a blueberry pie. A host of other magazines would doubtless snap him up if he should wear out his welcome at the *Cosmopolitan*. *Physical Culture*, the *Occult Digest*, *True Story* — shucks, I'll bet they'd jump at the chance. He would make a perfectly dandy window demonstrator. Odds right now are about even as to whether or not he will break out with a lot of testimonials for various manufactured articles, with most of the "he-won't" money being quickly covered as soon as it appears. I understand he's got the Camel and Lucky Strike people pretty much worried — they're afraid that he's another Lindbergh.

Yes, all in all, a very human sort of chap [see title of this page].



Personally, I doubt if tens of thousands of people who buy books of this sort do anything more than read a few reviews, cut the pages, read a paragraph here and there, and place the book on a conspicuous table near the calling-card tray where it is duly dusted twice a week for the following six months.

A man named Albert Wiggam published about a year ago his book, "The Fruit of the Family Tree." Burdened with a name somewhat less euphonious than Dorsey's, he has not yet appeared on the vaudeville stage. Fame, in the larger sense, has passed him by; but no matter. Many of my friends professed to have read "The Fruit of the Family Tree," but none of them was able to utter a single

intelligible sentence on what he had read. Some made vague reference to the Jukes family and its hundreds of college professors and clergymen — or was that the low-down family? Others, by much cudgeling of their memories, recalled that the scientist had done all sorts of remarkable things in the breeding of rats — white rats, they believed. Sometimes big rats were developed from little rats; sometimes little rats were developed from big rats. Yes, sir, it was a great book.

Of Dubose Heyward's fine book "Porgy," a friend of mine recalled that it was a book "about a negro dope fiend." Another described the play, "The Emperor Jones," as being an account of "a Pullman porter." Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson" appeared to still another bookish person as "a story about a girl conjuror." Such a book as "Porgy" I firmly believe my friend could read at intervals of one year as an entirely new book each time. If someone were to present her with a twelve-volume set, full-crushed red levant, of "Porgy," she would be charmed. Placing it where it could be best seen to match her rose-colored draperies, she would set out to tell her friends, "What? Are you still on the third volume? Oh, I'm 'way over to seven and it's getting awfully interesting. They are the nicest books . . ."

Here, in all truth, were three different "readers," all of at least average intelligence, and all rather generous patrons of the bookshops, who were stumped completely by picking out the principal character of a novel or the slightest purpose of a play. How, then, could they be expected to wade through to any profit a mass of scientific pros and cons such as Dorsey or Wiggam offered?

A certain ambitious fellow had gone into bankruptcy. A friend of mine, unfortunately his debtor, attending the hearing to present his claim, heard the referee read aloud this list of assets:

One Stutz motor car: First mortgage, motor company, \$1,900; second mortgage, motor company, \$1,175. The car has been repossessed.

One Nash motor car: First mortgage, motor company, \$975; second mortgage, motor company, \$385. The car has been repossessed.

One set of books — Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Obviously he'd had no Dorsey to guide him, poor lad!

However, I have no complaints. Believing that such a publicist as Dorsey belongs only upon a Chautauqua circuit, I am satisfied. For Dorsey seems to feel that way about it, too.

C. W. M.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

AFTER "The Profits of Religion," "The Brass Check," "The Goose-Step," "The Goslings," and "Mammonart," Upton Sinclair now presents his indictment of contemporary American writers in "Money Writes!" (Boni). The title is adapted from the phrase "money talks," and the book is described by the author in the following terms: "This book is a study of American literature from the economic point of view. It takes our living writers and turns their pockets inside out, asking, 'Where did you get it?' and 'What did you do for it?' It is not a polite book, but it is an honest book, and it is needed."

Needless to say, this is another sortie of Mr. Sinclair against the embattled hosts of capitalism, whose willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious slaves the vast majority of American writers are. In his closing exhortation he states the issue upon which his quarrel with his contemporaries rests:

The era of social revolution is upon us, and if you are blind to its presence, or indifferent to its promise, you are less than a full-sized social mind. I plead with the young writer to pull off the blinders which ruling class propaganda seeks to fasten over his eyes. Look at the modern world for yourself; study the class struggle, the key to the whole of our epoch; and speak for humanity, and for the future, not for parasites and plunderers, however beautifully decked out in conventions and sentimentalities of their own invention.

Before reaching this appeal Mr. Sinclair has exhibited the shame of the following authors, who are "less than full-sized social minds": H. L. Mencken, Edith Wharton, Henry James, Van Wyck Brooks, Carl Van Vechten, Joseph Hergesheimer, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, Robert W. Chambers, Peter B. Kyne, Rex Beach, James Huneker, Booth Tarkington, Amy Lowell, Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, Rupert Hughes, and Ambrose Bierce—to mention a few of the more prominent sinners. It will be seen that Upton Sinclair is catholic in his distastes.

In order to be fair, I shall now mention some authors of whom Mr. Sinclair approves, to a greater or lesser degree: Sinclair Lewis, Robert Herrick, John Dos Passos, Louis Bromfield, Charles Rumford Walker, William C. Bullitt, Edith Summers Kelley, Arturo Giovannitti, Harry Kemp, Vachel Lindsay, George Sterling, and David Graham Phillips. Few of these have his unqualified

approval: some are regretted as backsliders once full of promise, others are dreadful examples of the ravages of the demon Rum. Next to capitalism, alcohol is, in Mr. Sinclair's opinion, the worst menace to American letters, and he dwells at some length upon the drunkenness of such writers as Jack London, George

form that attention is drawn to social and economic problems. Upton Sinclair's greatest scorn is for writers who are uninterested in such problems, whether they are authors of the distinction of Cabell and Hergesheimer, or purveyors of popular fiction like Zane Grey and Peter B. Kyne. If he wishes to refute his critics on this point, he must learn that he cannot do so merely by quoting them and then telling two stories illustrating timidity in a volume whose every page amply demonstrates the absolute truth of their contention.

SINCLAIR believes that what he is looking for is "common honesty and intellectual freedom" and "the right of thinking men to voice their thoughts," but he also proves that he is altogether uninterested in these rare virtues and privileges when they are exercised on behalf of ideas in which he does not believe. Nothing could be funnier than the naïveté of his chapter on H. L. Mencken and the *American Mercury*, to which he offered an article criticizing the editor for his "ignorance of economics" which "made futile his thinking about the modern world," and an article illustrating the effects of alcohol on Jack London, both of which were refused. In this procedure Upton Sinclair sees the sinister hand of capitalism, of "gentlemen of wealth" who share Mencken's point of view about liquor, and "are moved to put up money to found a magazine for him, so that he may 'select' writers who defend the American saloon."

As the author of a book on Mencken which insists upon his ignorance of economics and criticizes him for it, I assure Mr. Sinclair that his inference is wrong, otherwise why should the book in question have been well received by Mencken's admirers and generously advertised by the publisher of the *American Mercury*?

Upton Sinclair's interpretation of this incident alone is sufficient both to illustrate and invalidate his method of discussion. He refuses to believe that other people believe what to him seems monstrous, and he cannot realize that his own attitude may seem equally monstrous to others. The bad housing conditions in Philadelphia present a dramatic contrast with the "ivory tower" of Joseph Hergesheimer in Westchester, but they are no reason why the author of the "Three Black Pennys" should write otherwise than his artistic impulse prompts. The mere nomenclature of Mr. Sinclair's scapegoats reveals a total absence of any æsthetic or literary justice.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Fifth Child. By Klaus Mann (Boni & Liveright).

The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni).

Stuffed Peacocks. By Emily Clark (Knopf).

The Counterfeiters. By André Gide (Knopf).

GENERAL

Seven Strings of the Lyre. By Elizabeth Schermerhorn (Houghton Mifflin).

That Man Heine. By Lewis Browne (Macmillan).

Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig (Little, Brown).

A Short History of Women. By John Langdon-Davies (Viking).

Our Times: America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan (Scribner).

Sterling, and George Cram Cook. His delight in Sinclair Lewis is marred only by the fact that Elmer Gantry gets objectionably drunk.

Mr. Sinclair quotes an anonymous critic as saying that "Upton Sinclair's idea of literature is Socialist propaganda. If a book contains that, it's good, and if it doesn't, it's no good." In order to refute this he then gives two instances in which people who privately admired his work were unable to say so publicly in the papers for which they wrote. And his conclusion is that "what the critics refer to as 'Socialist propaganda' turns out upon investigation to be common honesty and intellectual freedom: the right of thinking men to voice their thoughts, without having a bludgeon held over their heads by some greedy commercial pirate who happens to have possessed himself of a chain of newspapers or magazines."

HAVING read this book twice, I regret to say I can find in it almost no concern for anything in literature save Socialist propaganda, preferably in its direct form, but at all events in such a

Poetry in the Novel

A Review by Charles R. Walker

MY HEART AND MY FLESH. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.50.

WHEN "The Time of Man," the first novel of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, appeared a year ago, it was recognized as a singular achievement for a first novel. It received the critics' praise, it won a prize, it was widely read. Its unique merits were these: that dealing throughout with nature and with emotions evoked by nature, it was composed without sentiment; that saturated with a flavor unforgettably American, it gave off the impression of a universal history. Its characters and its struggle seemed to the reader a timeless one, the story of the common man anywhere on earth in his struggle with nature. It created a new character in American fiction that most people didn't realize existed in life, namely, the American peasant. Critics generally spoke of the novel as a poem.

This second novel of Miss Roberts disappoints the reader no less. It is still largely concerned with the seasons, with plowing and harvest, with the primitive processes of life and death, but it is a novel of village rather than farm life. Up to the waist, legs, and hips, it is buried in the farm soil, but the head and shoulders of it have emerged into an air more sophisticated. On first reading and on first thinking over, it seems narrower and more huddled than "The Time of Man." But that is a physical thing, I think, even a geographical one. It is a great many pages shorter than "The Time of Man," and spatially and temporally it is more compact. There was a lot of wandering, settling, and re-settling all over the Middle West and South in the first book. All of the new novel is in Kentucky and a small area of Kentucky at that, certainly in a single county. The span of a man's maturity was treated in the first book; a few years in a young girl's life in this one. But in spiritual and artistic range it is a larger book because it treats of sensitiveness, of civilized mentality, of aristocratic nerves as well as the vegetable and brutal processes of living. It pits them against each other.

The story is at times a very difficult one to tell; it is difficult to weigh properly the vulgar and brutal side of it without falling into hypocritical euphemisms or into a realism that would make the reader lose the fundamental poetry of the book. The honesty and poetry in Miss Roberts get her through the story with few if any false notes. Theodosia Bell, who lives in Kentucky, is the granddaughter of Anthony

Bell—the Bells of Virginia. Anthony is an aristocrat and a scholar, with a great love for his granddaughter, a great contempt for his son, her father. Cultivated, generous, impractical, Anthony is incapable of keeping intact the small family property. Theodosia's father adds to economic incompetence specific sins of the flesh which have a fatal bearing on the story. All of these things Theodosia learns during the illness of her grandfather. During that illness all the elements of the story that have been building slowly during the earlier chapters converge. She is slender, sensitive, beautiful, with a passion for music. Anthony plans for her the career of a great violinist. She plays the fiddle to her lovers who come to court her in the family mansion, Anthony's house. Conway, who is one of them, she will marry. He tells her he will come in a month's time for her answer. Slowly she yields to him in her mind. But when he comes, it is not to claim her, but to show her the girl he has chosen in place of her. Her grandfather dies leaving nothing but debts. By a patching of rumor and her father's words, she divines that two negro women who live in a cabin in the black quarter and take in laundry are her half sisters—her father's children. She meets them, is repulsed and attracted, horrified and pitying. She leaves some clothes to be laundered at their cabin, and penetrates gradually into their lives.

THIS extraordinary situation, so rich in repulsion and tragedy, is handled with great power and economy. The older sister has a lover, who leaves her for another woman. Theodosia, the white lady, the violinist, the granddaughter of Anthony Bell—the Bells of Virginia—hears the story from the black woman, feels her hatred, and listens to her plan of revenge. She feels the hatred in herself; it is her own tragedy over again. The next morning a murder is reported in the village, the murder of a black man by a black woman. Theodosia Bell is taken ill. Her own disappointment in love, her knowledge of her dark sister, and this fresh shock of horror break down her mental resistance. In a disordered mind she sees herself as a murderer, construing her sympathy for her sister's hatred as equivalent to the deed.

As a penniless invalid she goes to a lonely farm where her aunt lives alone save for a few old hounds that she keeps alive in memory of her husband who had hunted with them. Theodosia starves, lacking care, love, and food. Here the

reader's capacity for suffering with the author is put to a severe test. He is inclined to protest. The starvation pages of Aunt Doe's farm follow so closely upon the psychological horror of the cabin scenes that he is inclined to cry out: Come, let in a little light, give us breath for a moment; life is not so malicious as this. But the story moves on compelling forgetfulness that it is a story at all. The dreary months of her invalidism at last move to a climax. She has built up deliberately the resolve of suicide; it brings her a deep peace of resignation; then suddenly, her new resolve and her new peace are threatened by the visit of an old lover. She drives him out of the house by the yelping and hissing of the hounds. It is an outrageous scene made convincing by dramatic skill and mental realism. The book does not end, however, on a note of anguish. The mood passes, Theodosia does not kill herself; she recovers and escapes from the house of starvation. Even love becomes possible again. The poetry and rhythm of nature which distinguished "The Time of Man" reappear toward the end of the book, and it is on this key that the book closes.

LIKE many novels of our time, "My Heart and My Flesh" is preoccupied with mentality, with "states of the soul," but in fashion unlike any I have ever read. Though concerned with many of the most elemental and brutal facts of life, it is beautiful and rich in poetry. Though it is built out of moods, it is amazingly concrete, full of sharpness, color, smell, sound, fact. Though it is a long reverie, it is not precisely, or as a whole, the "stream of consciousness" of any individual within the book but rather of someone outside it, comprehending the whole, or seeking to comprehend. The poetry of Miss Roberts' prose has richness and detail; it has also, rather curiously, a metaphysic hardness. "The hour grew long and time was suppressed. . . . The seat turned hard like the impenetrable words . . ." The virtue of the style has its appropriate faults. Poetry—even in prose—even with a great internal variety—is hard to read—for three hundred pages. Even with its realistic conversations, its relieving vulgarity, its humor, the book holds throughout a deep mood of reverie, of sombre, poetic reverie from which the story never rises or falls. There are times when relief would be welcome and appropriate. Apart from this defect—if it be one—"My Heart and My Flesh" is a finely wrought novel, rich, original, and satisfying.

New Books in Brief Review

Lady, What of Life? By Lesley Storm.
New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

OF young Englishwomen writing unusual novels there seems no end. The musical-comedy title here is misleading; a difficult theme is handled skillfully and told in charming, poetical prose. It is a sort of modern "Tristan and Isolde," concerned with the vain efforts of a young couple to conquer their fateful love. In many ways it is a novel obviously by a young person: except for Alan, Virginia, and her husband, Bruce, and the uncle who tells the story, most of the characters are merely stage types — the disreputable mother, the heartless sister, the faithful but dull old bachelor, the kind-hearted, worldly divorcee, and the unkind mother-in-law who adores her son to the point of ruining him. The Parisian Bohemian life has a second-hand look, a mixture of impressions from the movies and de Maupassant. But the essential story, that of Virginia and her love and what she does about it, is appealingly written, and Virginia herself is a well-drawn character. It is the work of an artist — a young artist, but an artist nevertheless.

Coming the Rose. By Eric Shepherd.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

IS Mr. Shepherd so ashamed of writing anything as frivolous as a love story that, as an antidote, he includes some constructive descriptions of sight-seeing — or is he writing the sugar-coated variety of guidebook? Whichever it may be, the coating is very charming, and certainly sugary, and his description of the places of merit in sunny Provence both interesting and instructive. The characters that love and sight-see are limited to three, and are well drawn if hardly complex; a professor of the old school, his pleasantly spoiled daughter, and an adoring young man. The professor encourages the young man's love-making, the young man encourages the professor's sight-seeing, and all goes well. Mr. Shepherd has written in a light vein, and can lay claim to a rich fund of humor, a nice feeling for characters, and a charming style.

Arrogant Beggar. By Anzia Yezierska.
New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.

THE charity of the rich is conducted solely for their self-aggrandizement and diversion; the charity of the poor is a beautiful and inspired thing. With this somewhat radical theme for a subject, the author has achieved an interesting although somewhat violent novel. If you

agree with the theme you will no doubt be thrilled by the novel; if you disagree you will still enjoy the story and possibly before you are through admit the failings of the rich. Certainly you will have to admire Anzia Yezierska for handling so skillfully a book written in the first person. It is the story of Adele Lindner, a foreigner who escapes from the slums to a charitable home for working girls, and in turn escapes from that to the slums where she finds happiness and finally admits that perhaps the rich do good, but only in spite of themselves. The book should be given credit for originality in that the rich fairy prince appears with honorable proposals and is turned down with little or no regret.

Certain Rich Men. By Meade Minnigerode.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

PERHAPS Minnigerode is best known to the American reading public as author of "The Fabulous Forties," but he has also written three books of biography: "Lives and Times," "Some American Ladies," and "Aaron Burr." He has a happy way of choosing either American characters unfamiliar to the public, or the unknown traits of familiar ones. These thirty-page portraits of "Certain Rich Men" have both the flavor of the times and the flavor of personality. The monographs on John Jacob Astor and Cornelius Vanderbilt, men whom everybody remembers, are excellent, but the sketch of "Jim Fiske, the Mountebank," a man just as famous in his day but now forgotten, is a little masterpiece. The more we know of the significant characters of our American past, the more surely and deeply we can understand ourselves. A fascinating introduction to the crudities and ideals of some of the richest men of American history can be had in this book.

The Psychology of the Methodist Revival.
By Sydney G. Dimond. New York: Oxford University Press (American Branch). \$3.50.

THE application of the newly discovered principles of psychology to the world's store of religious experience is in its infancy, and this competent book, a forerunner in the field should point the way to many other studies, more thorough and more searching still. The religious experience of the Methodist Church is particularly adapted for a scientific study as the records of the whole movement from John Wesley on are unusually complete. This study

tends to show that scientific psychological investigation is not a destroyer but an interpreter, properly speaking, of religious experience. No one school of psychology, such as the behaviorist or the Freudian, is adhered to by the author, who helps himself liberally from the whole store of recent theory in discussing his material. "Conversion" offers a fruitful and fascinating field for the application of psychological knowledge and the author takes full advantage of his opportunities.

Wandering Cries. By Helenjoy Kimball.
New York: Harold Vinal, Ltd. \$1.50.

OF the forty-six poems in this book, there are about eight which show an imagination deserving of recognition. It is just this which Mr. Vinal as a publisher is attempting to give the younger poets in our country today. Yet volumes such as Miss Kimball's make one thoughtful. The majority of the poems are decidedly weak, and give an impression of immaturity. Until the poet has produced more of marked beauty, publishing the uneven, first efforts together with these few really charming lyrics is a questionable service. "Wild and wandering cries, confusions of a wasted youth," hardly merit the immortality of book covers.

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What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

AT high noon on December 5, two gavels fell in the Capitol at Washington, and the seventieth Congress came noisily to order. Once more the interest of the nation focuses upon Washington, more curiously than for three sessions past. For the seventieth Congress leads on to national party conventions early in the summer; the conventions lead on to a general election in November. Mr. COOLIDGE's exact position remains to be defined, other candidates for the Republican nomination are anxiously watching his silence and their own chances. All the portents are for as interesting a Presidential year as the country has known since 1912 when Colonel ROOSEVELT upset the Republican apple cart with his Bull Moose activities and let WOODROW WILSON slide into the White House behind the solid bloc of the Democratic party.

Under the circumstances, the President's address to Congress on December 6, following out the Constitutional mandate to "give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," was received with more than usual interest. Its chief emphasis, as might have been expected following the Executive's summer in juxtaposition with the discontented farm element of the West, was placed upon the needs of agriculture and the farm situation in general. This last, Mr. COOLIDGE believes to be improved over previous years. There is less surplus acreage under cultivation, and the farmer's dollar has a greater purchasing power than at any time since the postwar depression of 1921. At the same time he recognizes that the farmer is not enjoying the prosperity of the industrial faction. Relief for that inequality must be found in some means of assistance which will help the agricultural element to work out its own salvation. Any equalization fee, such as was a part of the McNARY-HAUGEN bill passed by Congress last year but vetoed at the White House, he feels to be an economic error which would work the farmers more eventual harm than benefit. He is as strongly opposed to anything in the nature of a subsidy. The salvation of the farmer, he feels, lies in curtailing surplus acreage, and in the perfection of cooperative marketing activities. To assist in this latter field, he recommends the creation of a government board which would be comprised of "able and

experienced men in marketing, granting equal advantages under this board to the various agricultural commodities and sections of the country, giving encouragement to the cooperative movement in agriculture, and providing a revolving loan fund at a moderate rate of interest for the necessary financing."

The Week

¶The seventieth Congress convenes. And noisily. ¶Mr. Coolidge's message. The farmer; tax reduction and general economy; an aviation and cruiser program; flood control is considered — and should be confined to lower Mississippi Valley, thinks the President. ¶The League worries over Lithuania and Poland; they are worrying over Vilna. Russia worries over all three. ¶Russia and Germany come together on the question of disarmament. Plan action in League. ¶Bratiano is dead. Roumania awaits the deluge. The crisis holds, but fails to produce trouble as yet. The Government remains strong. ¶Radio agreement. The ether is divided up.

Mr. COOLIDGE pointed out that the Government has done a great deal for the farmer by relieving him almost entirely of income taxes, whereas "State and local taxes have been increased, putting on him a grievous burden." This

is a matter outside the Government's jurisdiction, of course, and the President urges that "a policy of rigid economy should be applied to State and local expenditures." Mr. COOLIDGE also discussed the frequent claim of agricultural sections that the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act of 1922 discriminates grievously against the farmer and gives inordinate protection to industrial elements. "It is often stated," said the President, "that a reduction of tariff rates on industry would benefit agriculture. It would be interesting to know to what commodities it is thought this could be applied. Everything the farmer uses in farming is already on the free list. Nearly everything he sells is protected. It would seem to be obvious that it is better for the country to have the farmer raise food to supply the domestic manufacturer than the foreign manufacturer. . . . Assuming that

Europe would have more money if it sold us larger amounts of merchandise, it is not certain it would consume more food, or, if it did, that its purchases would be made in this country. Undoubtedly it would resort to the cheapest market, which is by no means ours."

Tax reduction and economy occupied their usual place in the President's remarks. He took occasion to score a point against business organizations which urge greater slices from Federal revenues than are warranted, and stated that but a slight depression in business would bring about a deficit if their recommendations were followed. He feels that it is much safer to vote a conservative reduction devoting whatever surplus may exist to reducing the national debt, which is in itself the soundest plan for tax reduction that could be followed.

The five-year aviation building program has the President's approval, and he also recommends the beginning of a sound naval-construction program. We need more submarines, and while we have a considerable cruiser strength, a part of it is obsolete and in need of replacement.

He fails, however, to make any specific recommendation as to the number of cruisers which he considers would be adequate for the present. Commenting upon the failure of the three-power conference at Geneva to achieve an agreement for further limitation of naval construction last summer, he stated that the needs or desires of no other country should influence this nation in deciding its sea-craft strength. Only the consideration of national defense should enter the equation. But he feels that all nations should know and remember that the military strength of the United States constitutes nothing in the nature of a threat to their own security.

Flood-control legislation should be confined for the present to the lower Mississippi, thinks the President. A comprehensive plan, the result of a survey by Army engineers, will be presented to Congress shortly, embodying specific recommendations for heightening the dikes and creating spillways which should do much to forestall any such major disaster as struck the district last spring.

Recent events in eastern Europe have somewhat upset the optimism prevailing in international circles at the convening of the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva on November 30. The new treaty of mutual defense

Taxes and Economy

Aviation: the Navy

President's Message

Consider the Farmer

Flood Control

between Italy and Albania has been one of the factors of unrest; the other is the sudden increase of tension between Lithuania and Poland over the city of Vilna. In 1920, the Poles seized Vilna from Lithuania, and subsequently their claim was upheld by the Council of Ambassadors. But Lithuania has refused to accept the ruling and a state of war between the two countries has continued. The frontier has been closed and all communication between the two countries is at a standstill. Premier WALDEMARAS of Lithuania has intimated that Poland has been the inspiration of a revolutionary movement aimed at his Government, and categorically refuses to consider any patching up of diplomatic relations between the two countries so long as Poland holds Vilna. The dispute between the two countries will receive the attention of the League Council which is scheduled to meet on December 6.

The Soviet Government, meanwhile, has sent a firm note to both Poland and Lithuania stating that it cannot consider the possibility of a war between the two. The bulk of its warning — although of a friendly nature — falls upon Poland because it contends that Lithuania, due to her lack of resources, is in no position to start a war at the present time. Russia's interest in the dispute is particularly significant, coming as it does upon the eve of the Reds' return to more or less friendly relations with the capitalistic powers of Europe. For the Russians have decided to send a delegation to the League's preparatory conference, and MAXIM LITVINOFF, Commissar of Foreign Affairs, is at its head. Preliminary indications are that LITVINOFF will ally his country to the German position which demands disarmament immediately rather than a long prelude of security pacts.

GUSTAV STRESEMANN, German Foreign Minister, received Commissar LITVINOFF in Berlin before the conference where the two are said to have gone over their plans. At the September meeting of the League Assembly it was decided that disarmament measures could not hope for success until some strong and concerted feeling had been established in Europe that war was more or less out of the question. This feeling, it was decided, could be induced only by the completion of security pacts between the various powers. Germany has been a strong dissenter from this position, feeling that her position as a disarmed nation in the midst of a circle of well-armed and bellicose nations was intolerable. Russia is said to be in agreement with her. Just what progress the two nations can make at Geneva is doubtful. The present meeting is not scheduled to go much further than to appoint committees whose task it shall

be to survey the possibilities for security pacts and make concrete recommendations to the League later.

The confusion which has been playing havoc with Roumanian politics was infinitely worse confounded when, on November 24, Premier JON BRATIANO died at his palace in Bucharest as a result of a throat infection. Not only did death come entirely without warning following a simple and successful operation to relieve a diseased glandular condition, but it overtook the grizzled statesman at one of the most critical times in a long and troubled career when the complete domination which he had exercised over his country for two decades was being seriously challenged by the Roumanian Liberals. Since 1908, when, following on the footsteps of his father before him, he became Premier for the first time, there has been no other figure in Roumania to challenge his political and economic supremacy.

Since the death of King FERDINAND, however, his difficulties have increased. The regency, two out of three of the members of which were his men and the third, Prince NICHOLAS, easily taken care of, has met with the constant opposition of the Liberal elements and the National-Peasant party which have bitterly objected to the strangling tactics with which BRATIANO has controlled the press and the Parliament and have favored the return of former Crown Prince CAROL, now in exile in France, if not to the throne held by his six-year-old son, at least to the position of his brother on the regency. And less than a month ago a fresh threat to his virtual dictatorship was offered when former Under Secretary MANOILESCU, whom BRATIANO had charged with treason for possessing certain papers said to be favoring the Carolist cause, was acquitted with the obvious approval of popular opinion after a lurid trial.

Upon the announcement of the Premier's death the regency convened immediately and appointed to succeed him a younger brother, VINTILA, who, though admittedly a weaker figure in all respects, will adhere strictly to the political principals of the dead man. That the new leader faces an exceedingly grave crisis is apparent, despite the efficacy of the government censorship; and the situation is made doubly acute by the fact that no one seems to know just which way the opposition is going to jump. At the moment of writing, the capital is quiet, the regency and the Cabinet have the Government well in hand, and the Carolist factions and the National-Peasant party are making no definite moves. It remains for VINTILA BRATIANO to sit as long as possible in the saddle which the hardy JON found none too easy.

On November 25, representatives of eighty Governments, assembled at Washington, D. C., signed the International Radiotelegraphic Convention which this international conference has been planning and formulating since it convened on October 4. In an address after final ratification of the covenant, HERBERT HOOVER, by virtue of his position as Secretary of Commerce and administrator of radio control in the United States, and by vote of the Conference the president of that international body, stressed the momentousness of the work which has just been accomplished, finding in the action of eighty Governments from all over the world in thus reaching a unanimous agreement as to the basis on which radio is to be controlled not only in the immediate future but in the years to come wherein the developments of the science can scarcely be foreseen an earnest of universal good will and coöperation.

The chief work which the convention embraces is the allocation of wave lengths for the various branches of radio communication. For purposes of simplification, the term "kilocycles" has been substituted for wave length, and their dimensional relations to each other are exactly in inverse proportion. By the terms of the international agreement the radio channels between 10 and 100 kilocycles — embracing the highest wave lengths — are to be reserved for long distance and transoceanic communication; the channels from 100 to 500 kilocycles primarily for ship-to-shore and aircraft communication; those from 500 to 1500 kilocycles for broadcasting; and the rest, embracing the lowest wave lengths, from 1500 to 6,000 kilocycles, have been divided into some forty different bands to be apportioned among four or five different types of service, including amateur communication.

A further step in the solution of the radio muddle is the adoption by the conference of an agreement to forbid throughout the world the installation of any new spark transmission apparatus after a year from the time of ratification, and after a certain number of years to substitute continuous wave transmission for spark work exclusively.

In the course of Mr. HOOVER's address, the Secretary expressed his gratification that such great strides had been taken along lines designed to relieve the chaotic condition of the ether lanes, and further approved the definite allocation of certain wide and specific ether channels to the amateurs, construing this last as not only a tribute to the youth of the world, but a mark of recognition of the inestimable value of amateurs in developing this still fluid science.

League Troubles

And the Soviet's

The Arms Question

Bratiano Is Dead

A Near Crisis

Kilocycles Assigned

Spark Banished

Amateurs Recognized

Vintila Succeeds



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Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

ENGLAND LOOKS SEAWARD. 1. The danger of a cruiser-building competition between Great Britain and the United States has been discussed at length in both countries for the past few months. This article presents a British view of the discussion. To understand the attitude of Sir Harry you must have some knowledge of recent plans for naval disarmament. 2. What was the Washington Conference of 1922? What nations were represented? What decisions in regard to naval affairs were made by it? 3. What is meant by naval "parity"? What is the famous "5-5-3 ratio"? 4. When do the agreements of the Washington Conference come up for further consideration? 5. What was the purpose of last summer's naval conference at Geneva? What nations attended? 6. Who were the principal representatives of Great Britain? Of the United States? 7. What, if anything, was accomplished at this conference? 8. Upon what points were Great Britain and the United States unable to agree? 9. What step has the British Admiralty taken in the past few days to curtail its cruiser-building program? 10. Discuss the resignation of Viscount Cecil from the British Cabinet, and explain the reasons for it. 11. Turning now to the article, comment on Sir Harry's description of England as "the policeman of the seas." 12. Discuss Great Britain's need for a large navy. 13. Do you see an exact parallel between Great Britain's dependence upon "ocean highways" and American dependence on "trans-continental railways"? 14. Discuss Sir Harry's statement that in British naval policy we have always been left out of account. 15. Comment on his suggestions for a working agreement, almost

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a combination, between the two navies. 16. What objections to it would be raised in this country if there were talk of putting it into effect? 17. What is the British attitude toward "blockade and the right of search"? What is the American? Show how the two clashed during the years 1914-1917 while England was at war and the United States remained still a neutral. 18. Discuss various means of averting a competition in naval building between the two countries. What, in your opinion, should the next Congress do about an American naval building program? 19. Write an essay of 1,000 words or more on one of the following subjects: a. The Breakdown of the Geneva Conference. b. Recent Developments in the Field of Naval Disarmament. c. The American Right to Naval Parity. d. The Resignation of Viscount Cecil. e. A Comparison of British and American Naval Aims. f. The Need of Anglo-American Naval Accord. g. A Solution of the Cruiser Building Problem. h. A Naval Program for Congress.

BACK STAGE IN WASHINGTON. 1. List the chief problems with which Congress is called upon to deal this year. Do you agree with the correspondent of THE INDEPENDENT that serious difficulties are ahead? 2. From what piece of literature is taken the motto, "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here"? Over what door is it supposed to have been found? 3. Discuss the cases of Senators Smith and Vard. If you were a Senator, would you favor or oppose their being seated? 4. Discuss the problem of flood relief. What steps for levee building and spillway construction are proposed for the Mississippi Valley? What is the "reforestation" scheme? 5. You have probably heard a great deal lately about the prospect of tax reduction. How much of a tax cut is advocated by Secretary Mellon? By the President? By the United States Chamber of Commerce? By Democratic leaders? Consider the various plans for reduction and determine which seems to you most advisable. 6. What are the chief proposals for farm relief? What is the McNary-Haugen plan? The Administration proposal? In what essentials do they differ? Discuss the factors making farm relief of some kind desirable, referring back to the

cent article in THE INDEPENDENT by Senator Arthur Capper. 7. Discuss in class the most recent developments in the field of Presidential candidates. Comment on President Coolidge's reluctance to amplify his "I do not choose" statement. What was his recent "opportunity to remove himself definitely from all future consideration"? What did he do about it? 8. Some political observers hold that the President refuses to commit himself definitely for fear of losing influence with Congress. Discuss this viewpoint.

The Science of Human Conduct

(Continued from page 577)

ffered practically no modification. Pareto's work is hardly at all a quantitative research and even qualitatively it is but an extremely rough approximation; Newton's is both quantitative and almost, though not quite, exact. Pareto's work is apparently incoherent and without plan; Newton's is unified and complete. Nevertheless Pareto, like Newton, has constructed a veritable system, and in both cases the attentive reader finds himself in the end able to think about the facts. When one takes account of the complexity of Pareto's task, little doubt remains of the greatness of his achievement.

The importance of this work is not for psychology alone. The other biological sciences have much to learn from Pareto's method, and a great part of his work is important for psychology. No doubt the reader will have noted the connection between derivations and the rationalizations of modern psychology. Studies of the so-called complexes in psychoanalysis are unmistakably but somewhat less closely related to Pareto's investigations. Yet these, though their author scrupulously refrains from overstepping the boundaries of psychology, are so much more general than the labors of psychologists that many present psychological questions appear, in the light of Pareto's work, as special instances of more general problems to which this work clearly points. Anthropology and folklore may also find here a method which it will profit them to apply, while history and especially philosophy must take account of both method and conclusions.

Pareto claimed intellectual descent from Aristotle and Machiavelli. But unlike Machiavelli he harbored no ambition for the application of his conclusions, and unlike both his predecessors, of course, he possessed in full measure modern mathematical and scientific method. These impart to his work a flavor which is unique.

One of his pupils has said, "He was the wisest man whom I ever knew," and this is easily credible. Pareto studied and sought to know passions and sentiments and their ways in the control of human behavior, and he succeeded beyond the dreams of other men.

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has made his personal position unmistakably clear. Whether or not he had planned for some time in advance to amplify at the December meeting of the Republican National Committee last summer's "I do not choose" statement is not particularly relevant. The deed has been done and, together with the great majority of newspaper editors and politicians, we welcome this further evidence that the President, as we have consistently maintained, was entirely sincere in his August pronouncement. The *New York Herald Tribune*, Sena-

tor Fess, and ex-Senator Butler may go on shouting that the President can still be drafted after a convention deadlock, but their shouts must be music in the ears of Democrats. Is the Republican party so lacking in material or so afraid of its hold on the country that its most important organ and its presumably most important politician must insist on drafting a candidate who does not want the job and who has a real appreciation of the strength

of the third-term tradition? Surely not. If Smith were President the Democrats might well worry about finding such another, but with Hoover, Dawes, Hughes, and a host of only slightly lesser material available, the only serious worry which should confront the Republicans is the kind of inept leadership shown by Chairman Butler both in his foolish interference in the choice of a convention city, and in his steadfast adherence to a man who is not and will not be a candidate.

An All-American Cabinet

OF course the silly season is not a definite period in the calendar year. All seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, are fairly silly, if one judge them by the human activities detailed by the great American press. Yet perhaps none is sillier than the one immediately following the close of the football season. Then the great brains of the sporting pages fairly let themselves go. They first choose six or eight All-American teams; then All-Eastern, All-Pacific, All-Southern, All-Conference, All-Greater-New-York Interscholastic, and so on. Mr. Tad Jones of Yale selects a team

composed almost exclusively of members of this year's Yale eleven; that disinterested sportsman, Mr. Knute Rockne, discovers, curiously enough, that most of the really great football players studied their humanities and beautiful letters at Notre Dame; down in Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Keeler selects an All-Time-All-American eleven consisting entirely and absolutely of Mr. Robert Tyre Jones. Then all these "All" teams play imaginary games one with another. Tiring of this sport, the wearied Titans of the sporting sections turn to their books and evolve All-Time-All-American elevens, out of the snows of yesteryears.

Now we of THE INDEPENDENT are not quite so authoritative on the subject of football as are our colleagues of THE SPORTSMAN downstairs, but when it comes to politics and history, our knowledge is practically boundless. So, just to show that we can do a little plain and fancy picking of our own we have set ourselves the congenial task of selecting an All-Time-All-American Cabinet. In the first place one should consider the present, existing Cabinet, a team which has its strong and its weak spots. Captain Calvin's boys could undoubtedly lick some All-Time Cabinets which might be selected. Take such a team as this:

President	Andrew Johnson
Vice President	Aaron Burr
Secretary of State	William Jennings Bryan
Secretary of the Treasury	Lester M. Shaw
Secretary of War	Russell A. Alger
Attorney-General	Harry M. Daugherty
Postmaster-General	Albert S. Burleson
Secretary of the Navy	Josephus Daniels
Secretary of the Interior	Albert B. Fall
Secretary of Agriculture	J. Sterling Morton
Secretary of Commerce	Joshua W. Alexander

One has every confidence that the 1927 Cabinet could defeat so signally inept an eleven by a score of not less than 275 to 0.

But delving deeper into the records, what chance would they have against:

President	G. Washington
Vice President	Theodore Roosevelt
Secretary of State	John Hay
Secretary of the Treasury	Alexander Hamilton
Secretary of War	Elihu Root
Attorney-General	Roger B. Taney
Postmaster-General	Amos Kendall
Secretary of the Navy	William C. Whitney
Secretary of the Interior	Franklin K. Lane
Secretary of Agriculture	James Wilson
Secretary of Commerce	Herbert Hoover

(Mr. Hoover would have to play on both teams, a difficult but not impossible task.)

This seems to us a very formidable and well-rounded team. Consider the defensive strength of Captain Washington and the offensive power and

drive of Quarter Back Roosevelt! How smooth, intelligent, and efficient would this all-star aggregation be both in attack and defense! Imagine the hole that Mr. John Hay could open on either side of Mr. Kellogg or the way that Mr. Whitney would box Mr. Wilbur whenever Alexander Hamilton started around left end with the ball. Just imagine it, and think what the score would be! Of course Hoover *vs.* Hoover would be a stand-off, and Quarter Back Dawes our present team has just as aggressive as, and probably a headier player than Quarter Back Roosevelt, but Captain Calvin, — a "silent captain" like Frank Hinkey, — while a bear on defense, has yet to show a brilliant offensive power. No, good as the 1927 team is, it couldn't withstand the all-stars.

If our readers in their wisdom can put forward a better selection for an All-Time-All-American Cabinet, we hope they will submit it. Of course potential Cabinet members or Presidents like Colonel Lindbergh, Will Rogers, or Henry Ford are barred as ineligible. But if you must have substitutes we will allow you to name Senator Heflin, Mr. Nicholas Longworth, or Mr. Otto Kahn.

Al Speaks Out

THE speech of Governor Smith before the annual convention of the New York State League of Women Voters has been met with considerable surprise. The governor told the convention what he thought of its resolution condemning organized opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law. He did not think highly of it. "It is the right of our people," he said, "to organize to oppose any law with which they are not in sympathy. I have taken oath of office as assemblyman, as sheriff of New York County, and four times as governor, to sustain the constitution of the State of New York, and yet there are parts of it I hate. I have promised to sustain it, but I have not promised to give up any right to oppose any part of it I don't like." Al did not mince words.

The remarkable side of this, the aspect which has set politics agog, is not that Governor Smith opposes the Volstead law. That has been known for a long time. It is that Governor Smith, with eyes fixed steadfastly upon the White House, has dared to admit openly that he opposes it. For a candidate to commit himself thus hardly six months before a political convention on a major issue of the day — particularly upon such a dangerous issue as prohibition — is high heresy. Did Governor Smith forget himself and speak out of turn? Did he willfully refuse the advice of advisers who have urged him to say nothing about prohibition? Or has he been advised to come into the open?

Since 1923, when he refused to veto the repeal of the New York State prohibition enforcement law

The governor has been conspicuously silent upon prohibition. He has spoken for law enforcement, but not for modification. In explaining his act of 1923 he said: "Let it be understood . . . that this repeal does not in the slightest degree lessen the obligation of peace officers of the State to enforce in its strictest letter the Volstead Act . . . let me assure the thousands of people who wrote me on this subject, and the citizens of the State generally, that the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law will not and cannot by any possible stretch of the imagination bring back to existence the saloon, which is and ought to be a defunct institution in this country . . ." The governor was treading on thin ice, but he managed to make the crossing. He managed to satisfy his constituency, satisfy his party, and at the same time maintain a reputation for consistency. Whereupon he lapsed into the silence of expediency.

His recent speech may be taken in a variety of ways, but it seems best to accept it at face value, as an indication from Al that political expediency can no longer override a sincere personal conviction that the Volstead Act should be modified. An Al Smith silent upon the prohibition issue is regarded by many as a wolf in sheep's clothing. An Al Smith speaking his mind regardless of political consequences is something to be admired. The governor has deservedly acquired a reputation for fighting in the open. It is to be hoped that his Albany address means he is going to live up to it.

Black Sheep in the National Album

A PRETTY picture for the national album is that of the nine Senate insurgents. A generation hence we shall turn to it with the same reverence we bestow upon a photograph of the undefeated



football team of 1895 or the best fraternity delegation ever chosen in a rushing season. Unlike the football team of 1895, the insurgents will have met defeat. In the left foreground is Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, an insurgent at heart but a regular when the roll call is taken. That executive smile indicates no lack of confidence in Senator Borah, and there is a defiant quirk which seems to say, "What do you think of me in this company?" If Mr. Borah is posing with the insurgents when the legislative season is ended, a great deal of thinking will have been misdirected. Next, to the right, is George W. Norris of Nebraska, insurgent candidate for President. Occupying almost the center of the picture and wearing a fatherly if somewhat harassed expression, Mr. Norris is doubtless much moved by the spirit of *cameraderie* which is evident in every lineament of his colleagues. In

the foreground and farthest to the right stands the relentless Frazier of North Dakota, broad of shoulder and keen of eye. Between him and the paternal Norris is inserted young Bob La Follette of Wisconsin, small of stature but fairly radiating determination. The gentleman in the left background, half eclipsed by Senator Borah, may be recognized as Mr. Brookhart of Iowa. His mouth is lost behind a luxuriance of Idaho hair, but the slant of his brow is sufficient of itself to show him an insurgent thoroughly devoted to insurgency. The picture of youthful confidence to his left is Senator Nye of North Dakota, and up that left sleeve is room for a copy of the McNary-Haugen bill along with a document denouncing Frank O. Lowden. The triumvirate of the right background, occupying a slightly elevated position, consists of Robert B. Howell from Omaha, the novitiate Blaine of Wisconsin, and Henrik Shipstead, Farmer-Laborite of Minnesota. The latter, but recently arrived from Minneapolis, carries an overcoat significantly upon his left arm. He allows it, in the relaxation of geniality, almost to graze Mr. Frazier's left ear. The whole Senate will be wearing overcoats if the anticipated blizzard of insurgent oratory is inadvertently turned loose. Behind the group is a section of masonry to suggest adamant resolution, yet not unprovided with a door, or possibly a window, through which escape is possible in time of stress.

This fearless nine, according to the legend beneath the picture, will draft an independent legislative program and possibly wield the balance of power in the seventieth Congress. Only one obstacle stands in their way — temperament. When put to the test the alliance is likely to dissolve, and those who now stand shoulder to shoulder may grace nine separate pedestals giving vent to nine different opinions. An all-star cast needs an all-powerful manager, and in this production there is none present. Eventually this photograph may be filed away with other memorabilia.

Building Navies for the Junk Heap

THAT a strange paradox is growing out of current disarmament discussions is made evident by a dispatch from Edwin L. James in Geneva to the *New York Times*. In commenting upon British and American naval aims and their relation to the League of Nations Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, Mr. James told us recently that "an American declaration for a larger building program would bring disappointment to the League leaders, who think that disarmament work should lead to a decrease, instead of an increase of armaments." To the casual observer it might seem that Mr. James was making qualifications out of irony. How can those interested in the problem believe that anything save a decrease will bring the desired end? Is

there anyone, at Geneva or elsewhere, who believes that the best means of approaching the disarmament problem is to increase armaments? The answer, in view of present circumstances, must be in the affirmative. There are people both here and abroad who consider further armament necessary before disarmament becomes a possibility, and their reasoning is by no means fallacious. On the side of the United States, the argument is as follows:

In 1922 the United States was able to bring about a limitation on the building of capital ships. One of her most effective instruments in accomplishing this was the fact that her own program for the building of capital ships was threatening British supremacy. If she now shows her intention of building cruisers until she reaches parity with Great Britain in that class of vessels, she will have a weapon up her sleeve for demanding limitation. And weapons seem still to be more powerful than altruism in this best possible of peacefully inclined world.

This is at first sight a specious argument. It advances a project in which the means seems to defeat the end. Actually, however, it embodies the only course which is open to us at present. The world has not reached the point at which many nations will make concessions for nothing. Disarmament must still be conducted through limitation, and limitation must be based upon principles of barter. To barter with Great Britain on the question of cruiser strengths, we must have a cruiser-building program.

League leaders at Geneva may have been duly disappointed at President Coolidge's recommendation to Congress, but must remember that the President does not propose competitive building. He proposes only building to meet our needs, and out of such building should come reduction. Paradoxical though it be, there is a time when armament may be undertaken in the interest of disarmament.

Keep the Old Man from the Poor House

THE Great Stone Face at Franconia Notch has reason to frown. If its features were less than immortal the dignity of which Hawthorne wrote might well give way to perturbation. Franconia Notch is on the market, and unless financial aid is forthcoming it is likely to fall into the hands of a lumber company. The forests will be cut, the hill-sides laid bare, and a place of natural beauty will be lost for many years to come. The State of New Hampshire has appropriated \$200,000 to purchase the Notch and prevent this misfortune, but double that amount is demanded by the present owners. An additional \$100,000 has been contributed by individuals, leaving \$100,000 still to be found.

Many have been the calls of late to "save" our natural wonders. Where need of material resources has threatened the resources of beauty, friends have rallied to preserve them. The call is an old one. Once

we were asked to save Niagara from the power interests; later it was Telton Forest in Wyoming; now it is Franconia Notch and the Falls of the Potomac. The sand dunes of Indiana were threatened by commercial interests and rescued from that danger only to fall prey to picnickers who strewed tomato cans and pop bottles along the shore of Lake Michigan from Gary to Michigan City.

Franconia Notch should likewise be rescued, but it should be assured at the same time that it will not be marred by an encroachment of gasoline pumps and hot-dog stands. New Hampshire will spare us the gasoline and refreshment provided we are able to subscribe the \$100,000 deficit. Those who have visited the Notch or come indirectly under its spell should gladly contribute to this end. It is a valley whose beauty we cannot afford to lose.

Mr. Rogers Presents an Idea

IN a letter to the American Child Health Association, Mr. Will Rogers, bullfighting for the moment in Mexico, has remarked that "the only thing we are shy now is synthetic children." As usual, Mr. Rogers has roped an idea. Synthetic fabrics, synthetic dyes, synthetic foods including gin have been devised by our professional and amateur chemists, but as yet none of them has invented the synthetic child. If we are to have the ideal industrial world, the synthetic world for which chemistry is always preparing us, someone will have to undertake this new labor.

Heretofore the job has been looked upon as one for the mechanic or the electrician. People have gone on talking about robots and admiring the work of the Westinghouse Company along that line without considering the possibility of consulting a hard-working, dyed in the soul chemist. The plan has been not to manufacture a child, but to turn loose a full-grown man. Now, with the assistance of the chemist, there is the opportunity of going back a step and producing in the laboratory not an automaton of gears and levers, but a growing organism, capable of development.

If this can be accomplished, along with other chemical achievements, it should make the world of the future a strange place indeed. Men will breakfast on capsules in dining rooms paneled with synthetic oak. From this gloomy ritual they will fare forth to business in a city where there is not one cobblestone or blade of grass but has been properly synthesized. For relaxation they will delve into the synthetic philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Most marvelous of all, they will themselves be laboratory products subject to few of the emotions which now complicate our daily life.

At the expense of appearing reactionary, there are many who will fear this day as thoroughly as the day of judgment.

Paris Frowns on Yankee Imperialism

UNDER the heading, "American Responsibilities in Geneva," *Le Temps* of Paris, generally respected as a mouthpiece of the French Government, has published a remarkable document dealing with Latin America, the United States, and the League of Nations. In substance, it charges the United States with exerting through Latin American channels a sinister influence at Geneva, and calls upon South and Central American members of the League to throw off the yoke of northern domination. It goes so far as to propose a new solidarity between France

and Latin America, which it finds, after a number of years, to be bound together by strong racial ties. *Le Temps* manages to see in the Pan-American Union an organization through which the United States promulgates villainies against the League. We learn with some surprise that the United States has "checkmated" the League "in trying, by separate conferences, to take away from it the problem of naval disarmament," and that further, "the United States, systematically absent from the Assembly and the Council of the League of Nations, is in reality present through the associated republics of the Pan-American Union." We are informed that through several of these republics the United States can "influence indirectly the deliberations and the votes of an organization to which the United States is a stranger, to which the United States has made no promise, assumed no obligation nor responsibility." It appears that "the America of Monroe, which does not allow the slightest interference from Europe, meddles in European questions, and may become the arbiter, the decisive voice in the Council of the League of Nations." *Le Temps* deplores this situation and exhorts Chile, Colombia, and Cuba, the Latin American nations which hold seats in the League Council, to consult their consciences and keep clear of the machinations of the United States. Last of all, it feels that in the course of the sixth Pan-American Conference which meets next month in Havana, Latin America should definitely emancipate herself "from the tutelage of Monroe."

This is a serious indictment of both Latin America and the United States, but in making it *Le Temps* has fallen into several palpable errors. *Le Temps* has concluded that the Pan-American Union exerts a political influence, and treats it as if it were "a political organization comparable to the League of Nations. Far from being this, the Union is a social and economic association devoted to the development of

commerce, friendly intercourse, good understanding, and the preservation of peace among its members. It involves the Latin American states in no political obligations to the United States or to one another. *Le Temps* concludes that through Chile, Colombia, and Cuba, the United States holds a dangerous power in the League Council. Is there any ground for this belief? Has the United States, through Latin American representatives at Geneva, ever thwarted European aims? Is *Le Temps* able to mention any outstanding League matter in which the United States is likely to interfere through one of these nations? It is doubtful if the United States, even were she to attempt it, could throw a monkey wrench into the League machinery by the means this journal suggests.

Behind the chimerical arguments of *Le Temps* seems to lie a design upon the Sixth Pan-American Conference, which is regarded in many American quarters with considerable apprehension. From various Latin American sources have come suggestions that the conference be abandoned because of inter-American difficulties which would prevent its accomplishing anything but ill. There has been grumbling over the idea that the United States dominates the activities of the Pan-American Union, and rumors are afoot that reorganization will be asked. A number of Latin American diplomats, among them Dr. Morales of Panama, have questioned the existence of an American "community of interests." Latin America looks askance at the activities of the United States in Nicaragua, questions our intentions in Mexico. *Le Temps* appears bent upon fostering this discontent in order to wean Latin America from the United States.

The Administration, for its part, is preparing carefully for the conference, well realizing that much is at stake. President Coolidge is himself attending the opening sessions, and has appointed a strong delegation to represent the United States. This nation has no desire to align Latin America against the League, or to set up in the Western Hemisphere machinery which duplicates or stalemates the League organization. Europe need have no fear of that. On the contrary, it is determined only to prove the good will with which it regards the republics to the south, and to give the lie to charges of "Yankee imperialism." Its task at Havana is not to estrange Latin America from the League, but to prevent an estrangement which threatens at present to cleave Latin America from the United States.

THE INDEPENDENT has already expressed the view that there need be no conflict between the League and the United States in Latin America. Both have their interests there, and both are in need of Latin American coöperation. It is unfortunate that *Le Temps* has willfully misrepresented them in opposition to one another.



This Manifold Maurois

By John Bakeless

"YOU are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?" inquired Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop, with a pleasing indifference to mythological minutiae. If, instead of the errant Captain Absolute, that justly famous lady had been interrogating M. André Maurois — the author who is also M. Emile Herzog, textile manufacturer of Elbeuf, amateur of philosophy, and sometime officer of the French army — she might well have received the affirmative reply which she expected and which the exigencies of dramatic writing compelled the author of "The Rivals" to deny her. For M. Maurois, as he prefers to be called, has lived the life that many business men — if we may believe the contemporary authors of pathetic plays and novels about them — would like to live but are denied by cruel circumstance.

Now that M. Maurois is safely back in France, pondering the impressions of his first hasty tour of America and preparing for that more leisurely journey which he contemplates, we Americans may perhaps sit back and collect a few impressions of our own. The Maurois who burst upon us a month or two ago came to a country where only the few who follow Continental literature rather closely had any very definite idea of his achievements or his methods. For part of the wonder in Maurois' success is its suddenness. Prof. C. H. C. Wright, in his standard history of French literature with its copious "dictionary" of modern authors, published in 1912, does not so much as mention him; and René Lalou, in his "Littérature française contemporaine," published only four years ago, dismisses his "*mélange aimable d'humor et d'esprit*" in precisely two lines and a half, mentioning two books only!

It was natural, then, that to the "average reader" — if that mythological creature really exists somewhere — Maurois was the man who had written "Ariel," a life of Shelley which everyone suddenly began to read, whether he cared for poetry and poets' lives or not. But "Ariel" was not a first book. One had only to note the closeness of its structure, the smoothness and ease with which a strictly accurate biography was made to move like a novel — with the same irresistible clutch on the reader's attention — to see that here was no 'prentice hand.

Just who *is* this man Maurois, then? And whence has he sprung so suddenly to the attention of readers in France, England, and America? What is the story behind his accomplishments in literature?

The comparative tardiness of his literary arrival is due, of course, to those same textile mills which swallowed him up as a young man, fresh from the *lycée*, dreaming of a philosophic career. The Herzog family, manufacturers for a century past, left Alsace immediately after the Franco-Prussian War and settled in the Norman city of Elbeuf where, at about twenty, young Emile Herzog gave up his dreams of becoming a professor of philosophy, turned his back upon the beloved *lycée* of Rouen, and settled down to the problem of buying

raw materials, making cloth of them, pleasing customers, and selling the cloth at a profit. For a decade, the future author of "Colonel Bramble" and "Dr. O'Grady," of "Ariel," "Bernard Quesnay," and "Disraeli" was known only to the world of commerce on which — if we may trust his frankly autobiographical novel, "Bernard Quesnay" — he looked with very ill-disguised disdain.

"Buying wool and selling cloth," Bernard, the hero, reflects as he hears the family notary reading the articles of partnership, "this then is to be my life. . . . My short and only life." This early resentment lingers even in his later books. "In the villages of Normandy and Picardy the hand-weavers plied their trades at their own firesides," he observes in "Captains and Kings." "Is it a good thing that your industrial magnates have built them dismal barracks to live in?" A little later he observes that "captains of industry are needed to control enormous factories, but do we want enormous factories?" There is, to be sure, nothing new in this doctrine — except that it proceeds from one of the manufacturers, or at least an ex-manufacturer.

NOT until the middle of the war did Maurois make contact with Parisian literary circles; but the war, in whose blood and mud so many promising careers were quenched, was the starting point of this one. His knowledge of English — the result of a lifelong study of English literature and perfect familiarity with English life — led to his

The immediate popularity of M. André Maurois' "Ariel, or the Life of Shelley" was the sensation of a few literary seasons past. Now this amazing Frenchman, out of a life devoted to textile manufacturing in a Norman town, has produced his second novelized biography, "Disraeli." A flying visit to the United States has served to fix him more securely in the American mind, and this article by the managing editor of the *Forum* fills in the background of a busy life

assignment as French liaison officer of the Ninth Scottish Division, from which after two years he went on to British G. H. Q. Already familiar with the British, he found himself in daily contact with his transchannel neighbors, and that under circumstances which favored the speedy progress of a profound understanding. The result was his first book, "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble," and its immediate successors: books to delight the soul of Ben Jonson — though that is not a conventional remark to make about them — because they are typical "comedies of humor." Maurois, to be sure, makes his characters less typical, carves them more thoroughly in the round, than the great Elizabethan; and the light, sly, good-natured wit of the Frenchman is quite beyond the heavy fooling of rare Ben.

NO critic, should any feel disposed to try, is likely to classify "Colonel Bramble" with any very marked success. It belongs to no known literary *genre*: it is neither novel nor short story nor even that nebulous thing known as a "sketch." Instead, it is an impish delineation in vibrant black and white of the essential differences of the French and British minds — an ancient theme, but never touched before quite as Maurois has touched it. A regimental headquarters staff work, sleep, mess, and upon occasion die, together. With them is their French liaison officer, Aurelle — who is, of course, the author, wearing a very thin disguise. They are commanded by Colonel Bramble, whose silences are rarely punctuated by anything more intelligible than a clearing of the throat, but whose character as an individual — and a very British individual — emerges clearly even in the first few pages. Take one of the earliest paragraphs for a good example of the Maurois method and that eye for the revealing word or phrase which was later to make possible "novelized" biographies.

"It's the Hun's fault," said the Colonel sadly, "that war is no longer a gentleman's game."

"No one ever imagined there were such swine," returned the major. "Bombarding undefended cities is almost as bad as trout-fishing with worms or shooting foxes."

"No need to exaggerate, Parker," said the Colonel, coldly. "They haven't gone so far as *that* yet."

When the manuscript of "Colonel Bramble" was finished, the author — somewhat puzzled, since he knew nothing of the mechanics of the publishing trade — showed his handiwork to an officer, whose name, like that of many another benefactor, history has not preserved.

"Why don't you publish it?"

"Don't know how to go about it," he replied.

"Give it to me," said this discerning officer, and thus the book came to the attention of Bernard Grasset, Parisian publisher, who, like publishers the

world over, is constantly on the lookout for new writers of talent. Within a few months the book had sold seventy-five thousand copies, and the copy lying before me on the table, published this year, is marked "105th edition." The success of his first book is encouragement enough for any beginning author to go on — the more so if he has been forced by rude necessity into soldiering and the textile trade, while all the time his heart is in literature and philosophy. There followed "Le Général Bramble" — our old friend, promoted — and "Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady," this last devoted to the philosophy of an extremely flavorsome character in the first book.

Then came the first experiment in a field which Maurois may yet make entirely his own — "novelized" biography. The first steps, indeed, had been taken in 1918, while Maurois was in Abbeville, after he had finished revising the notes that were to become "Colonel Bramble." He was already brooding over the life of Shelley. His own early life had been not wholly unlike the poet's a hundred years earlier — the world having, in its essentials, changed singularly little in the meantime. He had himself gone forth, a sensitive lad with logical ideas to which a mad world inexplicably refused to conform. He wished both to explain and to condemn the sensitive, unhappy boy who had been himself. And then he saw, suddenly, that Shelley had been in much the same predicament; and he resolved to take the story of Shelley, Harriet, and Mary as the groundwork of a romantic novel with a scene laid in the French romantic period. The result was "Ni Ange ni Bête" which, suffering the fate of most first novels, was something of a failure. The publisher blamed the title and the time of publication — early in 1919, when daily life was twice as absorbing as any novel. But the author, applying to himself that ruthless analysis which has been at the root of much that is best in his books, decided that the cause lay deeper. The war was over. He had more time now — though there was a period when he is said to have devoted three days a week to business, three to literature — and he proceeded to rewrite his book — this time making it a real life of Shelley, with all concealment of its biographical character laid aside. Four years later "Ariel" was finished.

IT is the first example of the Maurois method in biography — one which he has carried to greater perfection in his "Disraeli," now running as a serial in the *Forum*, but soon to appear as a book. The Maurois method has three components: immense and patient research, a relentless selection, which discards most of what has been so patiently gathered, plus a curious spark that is his own.

His biographies are the fruit of infinite study — a patient browsing to find the revealing word or anecdote, the vivid incident that will make his character real. Is it necessary to read two bulky volumes to

find one quotable sentence? Very well — they are worth reading, for all their bulk! But once M. Maurois has decided what he needs for his purposes, the rest is tossed ruthlessly to one side and the traces of his minute study are carefully concealed. There is none of the apparatus common in biographies of the older type — notes, eulogies, acknowledgments, sources, bibliographies, and the rest of it. The labor of the spade is forgotten — there remains only the labor of the file: putting together all that he has gathered and smoothing down the rough edges where the parts are joined. The result is fact — Maurois asserts that there is not an unauthenticated line in “Ariel” — but it is fact that has all the quality of fiction. Its truth is no disadvantage to its narrative quality, for the author treats his story — true or false — as a story and not as a treatise.

The invention of this method cannot be credited to M. Maurois. His debt to Lytton Strachey seems fairly evident and would, no doubt, be freely acknowledged; but it is not an oppressive debt and the borrowings, to carry on the financial metaphor, have been put out at interest. There is a good deal more in the Maurois method than borrowing. Nor is Mr. Strachey the “onlie begetter,” for our own Gamaliel Bradford had been at work for some time ere “Eminent Victorians” and “Queen Victoria” were bestowed upon a hugely diverted but slightly shocked world. One other fact needs emphasis: neither Mr. Bradford nor Mr. Strachey nor M. Maurois should be confused with the hacks whose work was described in a recent issue of *THE INDEPENDENT* as “the rewrite school of biography.” All good things have their imitations as well as their limitations. The Stracheyan revolt against the panegyrics of “official” biography was all very well. Mr. Strachey’s primary interest, as Mr. Charles A. Bennett puts it, “is not in puncturing the bloated reputations nor in dissolving the sentimental legends of the great but in brooding over the mysteries of human personality.” It is an effort to strip off sham virtue and see the subject as he — or she — really is. But the imitators have gone a stage further and instead of stripping off shams they add a few more. The most recent hack biographer is as eager to find or assume scandals as his grandfather was to hush them up. The old biography gave us whited sepulchres; the new has presented us with a choice assortment of blackened ones — and they are both equally empty.

MAUROIS tries to find the man behind the documents. He has a fine French objectivity. *Il constate seulement*, and it is sometimes objected that in “Ariel” he carries this a trifle too far. He is accused of depicting the man Shelley with exemplary exactness and vividness, but of forgetting entirely that Shelley was a poet — to all of which his own retort is that Shelley the man was all he sought. But can we have Shelley the man without

Shelley the poet? Maurois, the business man, may be able to hold himself aloof from Maurois, the writer, but there is a difference between textiles and poetry; and there is some justice in the accusation that “Ariel,” dwelling as it does on the loves, struggles, and death of the poet and scarcely touching his creative life, is but half the picture. Yet it remains “fascinating as a novel” — precisely because, whatever its merits as biography, it is a novel and a good one.

M. Maurois has been more successful with his third attempt in the same technique — “Disraeli.” Here was a subject to his taste. Documents were abundant — they piled his room while he worked. Out of them, choosing here, rejecting there, culling a forgotten bit elsewhere, he has recreated the man, like in his habit as he lived. M. Maurois has not dealt with leaders or movements or party creeds — the usual stock in trade of the parliamentary biographer — except as a moving background, lightly sketched in. He is more interested in Dizzy’s picturesque and boyish fancies, the flamboyant waistcoats, the quaint old father, the velvet skullcap, the visit to Scott, the debts, the amazing watch chains, passages at arms in the House of Commons, the mad devotion to Mary Anne, the extraordinary household of Bulwer-Lytton, and the sentimental episodes with Queen Victoria.

IT will be interesting to see what the future holds. Maurois says that he does not believe the arts progress; but he himself progresses. He began with a triumph, — the sly humor of “Colonel Bramble” is nothing less, — but these delicate sketches and their successors of the same sort are after all very slight. Then came the period of experiment — another triumph in “Ariel”; experiments in shorter biographical studies, as in “Maupe”; an autobiographical novel in “Bernard Quesnay”; and a brief return to philosophy and war in his “Dialogues sur le commandement” — translated as “Captains and Kings.” Last of all has come “Disraeli,” in its way the best he has written.

There are signs now that he is turning to less elaborate studies. A short study of Charles Dickens is already finished. A volume of brief biographies is in prospect. He has experimented with fantastic tales, somewhat in the earliest Wellsian manner, but with a satiric touch of his own.

Will he turn away from his full-length canvases to slighter work? Will he indulge the vein of fantasy seen at its best in his skit on a planetary war? Will he continue to make lives of great men into novels? Or will he turn at length to pure fiction without biographical admixture? There are not many modern writers who, barely entered on middle age, have so rich an achievement behind them and so many promising roads opening out before. The late starter has caught up with the race.

As One Reader to Another

By May Lamberton Becker

SOMEWHERE between the critic whose interests are purely literary and the salesman whose concerns are strictly commercial there is room for someone who cares as much for readers as for books and will find his chief reward in the pleasure of introducing one to the other. In a country like ours, where it may not yet be said with accuracy that everyone reads, it may be truly said that in every class of society and every grade of income there are great numbers of people eagerly reading; a vast and complicated system of book production and distribution exists in order to bring the book to the reader. Somewhere in that system there is plenty of activity for those who will devote themselves to the more delicate and personal task of introducing a book to the reader for whom it was written.

That this is a sort of work by no means common I am reminded every time I am called on to fill out a passport blank or any paper calling for the name of my occupation. I am not a critic, nor even a book reviewer; neither have I ever had any connection with a public library, publishing house, or bookshop, though many people all over the United States and even in Europe are continually choosing books as the result of something I have written. There is not space in which to explain that in the "Reader's Guide" of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and through the far greater number of letters that cannot find room there, I answer questions on the choice of books for every purpose for which they are chosen. So I hastily write "Editor," a term to which I am entitled, but which in no way describes what I do and have been doing for the past ten years. The nearest I can come to it in one word is a book-adviser.

In these ten years a number of others have gradually added themselves to this unofficial group, or rather have been added by the public libraries of the larger cities. There are now not a few of these special offices to which a reader may repair for advice more detailed than the heavy demands of the desk will permit the circulation room to give. The first thing such a book-adviser discovers is that a wide knowledge of readers and a genuine interest in human beings is quite as important in

his work as an intimate acquaintance with books. Every now and then I am asked to name the "ten best" or "hundred best" books. I have never made such a list, and it is the only sort of list that I am sure I will never make. For so far as my work is concerned there are no "best books," there are books that are best for a particular reader, for a particular purpose, sometimes even under particular conditions. There are novels—Glenway Westcott's magnificent "The Grandmothers" is one—that cannot be read in a hurry, that should not even be read straight through at a sitting. There are novels, like Frank Swinner-ton's little masterpiece "Nocturne," that should be read from the first line to the last without a break. The reception of either of these by a reader may depend partly upon the way he reads. One must, or one should, know something about his background, certainly something about what he has already read and how it has impressed him. Fortunately, the book-adviser will have plenty of data available: there is nothing a reader likes better than sharing his experience and all

During her ten years' service as editor of the Readers' Guide in the *Literary Review* of the old *New York Evening Post* and more recently in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Mrs. Becker has achieved something of the permanence of an institution. This business of being a book-adviser has its interesting sides, and between comments upon the new books, she finds time to add a few of the side lights not contained in her two books, "A Reader's Guide Book" and "Adventures in Reading"

of his enthusiasm with some other reader.

I have said "some other reader" because it is in just this spirit that the book-adviser awaits the inquirer. He has no authority to prescribe and no desire to claim it; such authority as he has must have been conferred upon him by the trust of his uncommercial clients, who will have learned that when he advises them not to take something it is because he has tried it himself and knows, or at least knows someone well qualified to judge, whose judgment he thus passes on. On books on special subjects he will always ask such advice from specialists and pass it on: it is no part of his province to know everything, far less to pose as knowing a great deal. But the wider his range of activity in life has been, the more keen his interest in subjects other than his own specialty, the more gladly he has listened to trade talk of people who knew what they were talking about, the better his equipment for book selection will be. Above all, he must be able, if but for a moment, to see with the eyes of his client, else he will be forever passing on his own predilections.

For instance, I have just been asked for a list of half a dozen new books to be used as Christmas presents; the one requirement is that they should be "pleasant and engrossing," and the inquirer, no doubt wishing to make it easier for me, adds "tell me what books you yourself have lately found fascinating." If I should proceed only on this last order, I would begin with Helen Waddell's "The Wandering Scholars" (Houghton Mifflin), as charming a piece of scholarship as it is possible to imagine — and it should not be impossible to imagine that scholarship can be charming. It tells the story of the Vagantes of the Middle Ages, their searchings for the soul of things, their poetry — translated into verse so lovely that even the snatches quoted catch the breath with delight. But before I put this book upon a casual shopping list I would ask if anyone likely to receive it has already come somewhat under the spell of the Middle Ages; if so, here is a gorgeous book for him. I find, on going over the recent volumes whose very covers give me some sense of gratitude, that I have enjoyed Emmet Kennedy's "Gritny People" (Dodd, Mead), uncaricatured sketches of black folk far South, rich in the humor of reality; and that I have laughed with pure pleasure over "Mrs. Chatterbox and Her Family," by Louise Connolly (Macmillan), records of a little girl in the South just after the Civil War. I have rejoiced and given great thanks for Tomlinson's story of the sea, the jungle, and the soul of man, "Gallions Reach" (Harper). I have grudged time out for meals while dashing through the mysteries of John Buchan's "Witch Wood" (Houghton Mifflin); I have dived into Frances Hart's "The Bellamy Trial" (Doubleday) and come up for air on the last page. I have found unalloyed delight in V. B. Lawton's "Ballads for Acting" (Macmillan importation), discovering in this tiny book a masterpiece I have long hoped to see acted after the manner of the "Chauve Souris," the ballad of "The Undaunted Female." I have shut out the world in a subway train with Sacheverel Sitwell's "All Summer in a Day" (Doran), and found peace and revival in its intricacies and evocations. I could go on like this, but the point is that I have really found every one of these books fascinating for some reason, yet a list of them set down without comment would surely move a reader to wonder on what principle it had been assembled.

HERE is an example from life, coming to me from an industrial city of the West: "In the short time that I have been in the States I am still breathing the acquired conception that this is a land of materialism, of steel-hearted people. That notion is constantly nourished by tirades on American culture and civilization by men and women of my former country. Somehow I feel that they

are wrong. . . . I am unconsciously aware that there is a spiritual America. . . . To learn about this better America of thought and ideals, this is my quest." He asks for books about our culture, civilization, self-criticism.

Here is a young man to whom it is no use offering Fourth of July orations. He wants facts and is willing to take time and pains to assimilate them but he wants these facts to reveal to him a reality whose presence he senses without knowing why. I have told him to get Charles and Mary Beard's "Rise of American Civilization" (Macmillan) because — having read it all the way through — I know that for all its two large volumes it is quick reading, bearing the interest along on a steady current of narrative. I know, too, that an immigrant-born reader will often devote to such a book a number of hours that many a native would grudge to such exercise. Then I hope he will read André Siegfried's lucid and comprehensive survey of the United States of today in "America Comes of Age" (Harcourt, Brace), written for Frenchmen who know that for good or for ill the immediate future is in the hands of America, and who want to know what the America with which they will have to do is really like. After that, let him, in Glenway Wescott's "The Grandmothers" (Harper), live through three generations of an American family; and then, providing himself with the two volumes of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribner), treat this work as a sort of Fortunatus pocket, sure to find in whatever page he opens something worth while and attractive. By this time he will be, I hope, beyond my guidance, for the success of a short reading list like this is measured by the ability it develops in the reader to go on by himself.

BOOKS are written one by one, and though they may be printed by thousands, it is one by one that they reach the reader. A book-adviser thinks of his clients one by one, and by so doing reaches many. So soon as he begins to think of them in categories, he begins to lose his power to reach the needs of any. This is true anywhere along the line of life, but perhaps we need most to remind ourselves of it at the time when we are too apt to group people by age as "the younger generation," "the teens," or "the juniors." This is just the time when real guidance is needed, the sort that goes along with the reader, sharing with him a genuine enthusiasm, an actual experience. It is also just the time when a reader is most eager for it, if it be offered on his own terms. When at the close of a lecture an audience begins to talk back, if it is a group of grown-ups they ask me about books, but if it is one of young people they tell me about them, and the younger they are the more confidently and confidently they tell me. "Have you read so-and-so?" they (Continued on page 616)

Translators and Translations

By Ernest Boyd

THE increasing interest in Continental European literature is reflected each season in the growing lists of translated works and in the superior character of the authors selected for translation. Before commenting upon any of them in detail I will mention a few of the outstanding volumes in various fields of literature.

Biography and memoirs are unusually rich: "Anatole France Abroad," by Jean Jacques Brousson; "The Romance of Villon," by Francis Carco; "Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig; "Disraeli," by André Maurois; "Cavour," by Maurice Paléologue; "Genius and Character," by Emil Ludwig; "Degas," by Ambroise Vollard; "The Life of Buddha," by A. F. Herold; "Chopin," by Henri Bidou; "A Florentine Diary," by Luca Landucci.

Fiction: "Conflicts," by Stefan Zweig; "The Man Who Conquered Death," by Franz Werfel; "The Promised Land," by Ladislav Reymont; "The Crimson Handkerchief," by Comte de Gobineau; "The Old and the Young," by Luigi Pirandello; "Cities of the Plain," by Marcel Proust; "Day-break," by Arthur Schnitzler; "The Mad Professor," by Hermann Sudermann; "World's End," by Jacob Wassermann; "The Counterfeiters," by André Gide; "Charlotte Löwensköld," by Selma Lagerlöf; "The Gateway to Life," by Frank Thiess; "The Fifth Child," by Klaus Mann; "Europe at Love," by Paul Morand; "Venture's End," by Karin Michaelis; "Avarice House," by Julian Green.

Miscellaneous: "Cézanne and His Circle," by Julius Meier Graeffe; "The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America," by Bernard Fay; "Christianity and the French Revolution," by A. Aulard; "The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho," by Miguel de Unamuno; "Since Victor Hugo," by Bernard Fay; "The African Saga," by Blaise Cendrars; "Nothing but the Earth," by Paul Morand; "History of English Literature," by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian; "Laughing Truths," by Carl Spitteler; "Political Myths and Economic Realities," by Francis Delaisi. And of course there are others.

The two European biographers who have definitely won the support of the reading public in this country are well represented: André Maurois with his "Disraeli," and Emil Ludwig with his "Bismarck," not to mention "Genius and Character," a

volume of shorter biographical studies which preceded the more elaborate works which have since made him famous. Maurois is the subtler writer of the two, and his picture of Disraeli is a superb piece of work, showing all his peculiar skill in the understanding and interpretation of the English character. Ludwig's "Bismarck" is by long odds his best book. It was not so easy to write as the "Napoleon," and it shows more balance and less prejudice than "William II," although no more tender.

BOTH Maurois and Ludwig have been fortunate in their translators, more than can be said for some of the fiction writers above mentioned. Much is glibly said about the merits and demerits of translations by people who have probably never compared the English version with the original. In order to decide whether a translation is good or not, one must obviously be thoroughly familiar with the two languages involved. It has become the custom to declare that C. K. Scott Moncrieff's translation of Proust is impeccable, when, in fact, it contains errors so palpable that they would at once be denounced if an American translator had been guilty of them. For some reason unexplained, all translations made in England are accepted here without question, but every translation made here is subjected to the most hostile scrutiny when sent to England. A most amusing instance of this was the denunciation in London of a translation made for an American publisher by an Englishman, because the reviewer assumed that an American had done the translation!

The facts about this difficult problem are relatively simple. It is rarely possible to remunerate adequately a writer of sufficient distinction to be master of two languages. The consequence is that, unless a translator happens to be deeply interested in the foreign author and indifferent to the economics of the situation, the work is done by someone whose intentions may be excellent, but whose command of languages leaves much to be desired. In the fiction list, for example, there is a very interesting work

by a young German, Klaus Mann, the son of Thomas Mann. His "Fifth Child" is a delicate and remarkable piece of work, but the translation is far from satisfactory. Whether it can seriously handicap the author on the threshold of his American

Emil Ludwig, André Maurois, and other foreign writers whose books are best sellers in this country have whetted the appetite of American readers for translations. Mr. Boyd, who has performed excellent work in this field himself, notably with his edition of de Maupassant, finds much to say upon the merits and demerits of translators in general, and of publishers in particular who make their selections from the foreign lists

fame remains to be seen. I confess I have never known a bad translation to interfere with the success of a book which had captured the public taste.

THE only other new name in the field of foreign fiction is also German, Frank Thiess, whose "Gateway to Life" introduces him to English-speaking readers for the first time. Thiess has made a certain reputation in his own country by these studies of youth, but perhaps most by a novel which can hardly appear in English, entitled, "The Damned," a powerful story of the incestuous love of brother and sister, told without morbidity or indecency, but with an almost classic acceptance of a situation which we should find rather overpowering. Schnitzler, Sudermann, Karin Michaelis, Jacob Wassermann, Franz Werfel, Stefan Zweig, and Reymont need no introduction to American readers. Each is represented here by a characteristic work, and some have allowed so long an interval to elapse since last presented here that they may again be "discovered." Who remembers now that Karin Michaelis once thrilled the suburbs with "The Dangerous Age"?

Harper and Brothers have revived the famous "Odd Number" series in which Howells once acted as liaison officer between this country and Continental Europe. The first book to appear after this long interval is a charming volume of short stories by Gobineau, "The Crimson Handkerchief," which may be described as a companion volume to "Five Oriental Tales." A translation of Barbey d'Aurevilly's "L'Enfermé" is announced as the next book in the series.

André Gide's "Counterfeiters" seems at last to have established his fame with the American public, which did not prove very receptive to the earlier books, "Strait Is the Gate" and "Lafcadio's Adventures," both of no less importance and merit than "The Counterfeiters." "Avarice House," though translated from the French, is actually the work of an American, Julian Green, about whom I have already written at length in THE INDEPENDENT. Paul Morand's "Europe at Love" is an audacious effort in the author's inimitable manner and will charm all adults who have a relish for Gallic salt at its best.

Bernard Fay is represented by two books, each in its own way excellent, a history of contemporary French literature, "Since Victor Hugo," and an invaluable monument of scholarly research and industry, "The Revolutionary Spirit in France and America." Carl Spitteler, the great German-Swiss poet and Nobel Prize winner, would probably be surprised, if he came to life, to discover that a rather mediocre volume of newspaper articles, "Laughing Truths," has been selected to present him seriously to the American public. The essays are readable, if a little old-fashioned, but they are assuredly a

strange substitute for the books of his which deserve to be known in this country far more than this unrevealing collection.

"Nothing but the Earth" shows Paul Morand in a serious mood. It is the fruit of his journey to Siam in his diplomatic capacity, and it is not only a most entertaining travel book, but an indispensable commentary on the mentality of this unusual French writer. Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian are tried workers in the field of English literature, and their "History of English Literature" will assuredly take its place among the standard works of reference beside their great predecessor Taine. Miguel de Unamuno, despite all efforts to interest American readers in him, seems to remain for the delectation only of specialists in Spanish literature. The volume of selected essays and his masterpiece, "The Tragic Sentiment in Life," are now followed by his "Life of Don Quixote and Sancho," a book which all Cervantistas will read with pleasure.

Even this cursory survey of the season's translations reveals at once two significant facts. First, the remarkably high standard of selection determining the choice of authors to be translated; and second, the preponderant position of America in this work of literary internationalism. Far more translations owe their existence to American than to British enterprise, even though, in certain cases, the actual translation has been made in England. Curiously enough, the presentation of foreign authors seems to be undertaken chiefly by three of the younger publishing firms. The older houses do not specialize in this way, although they may have one outstanding foreign work on their list. A diverting tome of indiscreet recollections by Jean Jacques Brousson of Anatole France has been transferred by the publisher who originally announced "Anatole France Abroad." Possibly conservatism accounts for the disposition of the older publishers to leave this field to their younger confreres. At all events, this is manifestly the case.

YET, glancing over the new novels, it is hard to see any obvious signs of a desire to exploit subjects regarded as taboo in the more austere literature of English. None of the scandalous successes of Paris or Berlin is listed, and the authors translated are all of recognized worth or of serious promise. If the reappearance of certain names is an indication of the success of these writers in America — and presumably their publishers are not philanthropists — then it is evident that the average American reader is getting a good cosmopolitan literary education. There may be little glory and less money in the thankless and difficult task of the translator, but at least there is a definite satisfaction in the knowledge that one is contributing to the spread of the only kind of internationalism that lasts: the internationalism of culture.

Back Stage in Washington

Federal Commissioners — and Mr. Butler

THE old maxim, "It takes two to make a fight," seems to apply to one of the smartest and most astute manœuvres of the Coolidge régime. When Jack Dempsey was knocking Gene Tunney all over the Chicago ring he cried, "Come on in and fight." In much the same way the Democrats frequently appear ready to apply the knock-out blow to Mr. Coolidge and his

cohorts, but the wily Calvin always seems able to dance away in the nick of time and avoid the punch. It has happened time and again during this Administration, first in the Daugherty-Denby scandal and then in the oil business. The ability to keep out of range has been, perhaps, the most conspicuous of the Coolidge accomplishments. It has upset all the carefully planned "dope" of the political writers, many of whom were so bold as to leave the fray at an early hour, jump to their typewriters, and predict many woeful results.

All of which leads me to ask what has happened to the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission? The Interstate Commerce Commission was just beginning to show some sign of independent action not entirely unhealthy in a board supposedly independent. Then there came along the great Pennsylvania cry for patronage recognition, and the bold and brazen commissioners who soon must seek reappointment calmed their animated temperaments and incidentally reversed one of the most important decisions made by the Commission in recent years.

It may be that the Commission suddenly discovered new facts. It may be that the weight of new evidence led it to change its opinion. All of these things may be honestly so, but nevertheless there is a political equation which lends considerable interest to its actions.

The Pennsylvania racket had to do with the appointment of Cyrus E. Woods, formerly connected with certain Pennsylvania coal and railroad companies. The nomination of Mr. Woods was sent to the Senate. His connections were thoroughly rehearsed, especially by those Kentucky and West Virginia Senators who smelt suspiciously at the nomination. Mr. Woods was to succeed

"Where are the commissions of yesteryear?" might well be the query of our Washington correspondent this week. Throughout the Coolidge Administration the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission have been in a state of coma; but now that certain terms are about to expire, an eyelid seems to quiver here and there. And then of course there is the egregious William M. Butler. Just at present he seems to be occasioning some comment by his inability to tell in which direction his party is heading, an odd deficiency in the chairman of the Republican National Committee

Commissioner Frederick I. Cox of New Jersey who, incidentally, had voted in the Lake Cargo case in favor of maintaining the advantage held by the Southern coal fields. Indeed, it was openly charged that Cox had contributed to the Southern operators their one vote margin of victory. It was also openly stated by Senators that an effort was being made to change the complexion

of the Commission. And all this heralded a fight.

That Mr. Woods was unsuccessful in obtaining the appointment is now history. But the Commission reopened the case, reversed its former decision, and granted the plea of the Pennsylvania and Ohio operators. This was accomplished by a switch in the votes of Commissioners John J. Esch and Clyde B. Aitchison. The terms of both Esch and Aitchison expire with the end of this calendar year, just as Cox's ended last year.

The situation proved vastly amusing to those persons who watch the back drift of Washington politics. Not one of them probably but thought that the commissioners in question had been completely overwhelmed by new evidence and new facts; but then, politics is politics.

WHO hears of the Federal Trade Commission since Houston Thompson resigned? It was once one of the best trouble makers in Washington and the White House never knew when it was likely to explode. There was the time, two or three years ago, when the Trade Commission had some very interesting statements to make about the Aluminum Company of America in which the Mellon family of Pittsburgh was so deeply concerned. Now the whole complexion of the Commission has been changed, even its methods of procedure have been revised.

A Federal Commission which, to all intents and purposes, has been enjoying a good six months' or a year's snooze is now beginning to show evidences of wiggling a toe or moving a finger. Why? A possible answer lies in the fact that the terms of several members of that body expire this winter and they must again seek confirmation at the hands of the Senate. All these commissions are supposedly

nonpartisan. The law creating each provides that they shall be made up of Democrats and Republicans. Yet one has only to recall the testimony of Mr. Culbertson of the Tariff Commission who declared before a Senate committee that his resignation in writing was suggested before the President would sign his commission.

OF all ineffectual political chiefs, William M. Butler, chairman of the Republican National Committee, should go to the head of the class. Without reflecting on his capabilities in other directions, I am willing to wager that there has never been a national chairman anywhere in any clime who knew less about the future political movements of his candidate than "Sweet William," as he is called by the belligerent Baltimore *Sun*. It might be supposed that a political manager who had spent a good six weeks and much money canvassing the West for Mr. Coolidge would know something about that gentleman's intentions. Reporters who interviewed Mr. Butler on the fateful evening of August 2 have expressed themselves as ready to raise their right hands and swear that never in their wide experience have they seen a man so absolutely befuddled. The "I do not choose" statement was a complete surprise to the chairman.

When, on November 22, Mr. Coolidge added "I do not approve" to "I do not choose" Mr. Butler was as much taken aback as the simplest nanny who dashed from the White House to put the stuff on a burning wire. Even before that, in October, when Mr. Butler was still busy on his searching-out process and there were attracted to him, as bees to sugar, the most important national committeemen from all over the country, he was in as blissful a state of complete ignorance as the lowest White House menial. Mr. Butler not only dined at the White House, but he spent two whole days and nights there, and on his own authority my spies have it that not once during that time did Mr. Coolidge refer to his future intentions.

For a political manager who is supposed not only to be in the know but the guiding director of all that is going on that concerns Mr. Coolidge's fortunes, Mr. Butler knows actually less than anyone I can possibly imagine. But this should not be taken to mean that he is not an excellent repository of deep secrets, as it would be as easy to

pry a confidential piece of information from his bosom as it would from the heart of Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Butler, in short, as head of the Republican National Committee gets his news of the President's movements from the newspapers. Occasionally he grows frantic at this indirection and calls up Ted Clark, Mr. Coolidge's personal secretary, or Jimmy White, astute secretary of the Republican National Committee, and inquires what it is all about.

I expect Mr. Butler to be a candidate for the Senate against the mighty David Ignatius Walsh, present Senator from Massachusetts, again next year. The cards are all pointed that way. Mr. Jimmy White, who had a good deal of fault to find with the management of the last campaign, now boldly proclaims that his employer will not be handicapped by the running of Mr. Coolidge. This is as silly an argument as Washington has laughed off for a long time. Mr. White seems honestly to believe that the reticence Mr. Butler showed on the stump in 1926 was due to a fear of embarrassing Mr. Coolidge.

Those who heard Mr. Butler in that campaign — and they were confined to the first three rows of any hall in which he spoke — do not agree with the astute Jimmy, who is well recognized as having an answer for anything. If Mr. Coolidge was a handicap to Mr. Butler in 1926, the figures of the 1928 campaign will offer ample proof. Those who usually wager hard money on the outcome of such contests are this year placing their bets on the size of the figure by which Ignatius Walsh will beat the Honorable Butler. The cynics in Massachusetts report, although in whispers, that Mr. Walsh will defeat the national chairman by the greatest vote in the history of the Democratic party in that State. Mr. White will doubtless have some reply to make to that after the votes have been counted.

IT is not often that Mr. Coolidge allows himself to burst into uncontrollable fits of white anger before the Washington correspondents. He is said to keep such occasions for White House employees and members of his immediate *entourage*. But when he undertook to chastise the United States Chamber of Commerce, the peevishness which has been mounting during the fall and early winter burst all bounds, and, to use his own words, "if there is anything as absurd as that I do not know it."

For a Title-Page

If you should chance upon this book,
You'll murmur — knowing what you know —
"Not cricket . . ." Yet, a bard must live,
Despite dissenting voices, so

I've wrought a modest miracle,
With incantation, solemn tread —
Transmuted sundry sharp-edged stones
Into, approximately, bread.

FAITH BALDWIN.



A VICTORIAN LADY —

DOLLS — *Internationally Speaking*



AND ANOTHER

From Every Corner of the World Come These Miniature Representatives of More Than Twoscore Races

THE persistent memory of a gay little girl ecstatically unleashing herself from her nurse and running pell-mell down the long driveway to shower welcome-home kisses — this prompted her world-wandering aunt to find a doll for her in every possible port. So from over the Seven Seas and the lands that fringe them have come the dolls in Mrs. Edward F. Henson's collection, now numbering more than three hundred, as dramatically varied in color and costume, in face and form as are the peoples who made them in their own image. Though the dictionary defines doll as "a child's plaything," the Philadelphia collector has included idols, costume and festival figurines. Grouped on cabinet shelves against painted backgrounds representing their native settings,

the dolls range in size from a Mexican flea and a diminutive Pharaoh, one tenth of an inch each, to a clumsy Hopi Indian three feet tall.

The North American Indian figures range geographically from Panama to northern Canada, including Zunis, Yumas, Wacos, Aztecs, Apaches, Cherokees, Crows, Micmacs, and Mohicans. A gnomelike papoose with wisps of horsehair is strapped to an arrowhead. An idol, Megissogwan, has one half of his face convex, the other concave, one foot turning backward, the other forward, like the Chinese evil spirit. Other American dolls range from hickory-nut-headed dolls, "maumas" from the Carolina coast and "poppets" from the Kentucky mountains, to a Philadelphia belle of 1870 who wears



All photographs from Margaret Law

HERE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE A PENNSYLVANIA FARMING COUPLE WITH DRIED-APPLE FACES, A CHINESE BRIDE AND GROOM, AND A HIGH-CASTE BRAHMAN LADY WITH A NOSE RING AND ANKLETS

a tightly fitted basque and innumerable petticoats, a fixed porcelain smile and tiny kid gloves.

The dolls from South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, like the inhabitants of those countries, show curious mixtures of Spanish, Indian, and negro blood. Ranee Gungo Jaleah — Daughter of the Ganges — is, for example, a high-caste Brahman lady, dressed by a Hindu tailor who, thinking her skin too dark to denote aristocracy, scrubbed her face to a lighter cast, but, in defiance of Mendelian law, left her arms and legs dark. She boasts ankle bracelets, a nose ring, and a tattooed arm. Jezebel Pettifer is a saucy, bold-eyed octoroon from Martinique. Melissa Haplass and Elias Chudgrew are a chocolate-colored couple from Guadeloupe. From Bermuda comes a prim little lady made of banana bark, and from Nicaragua her sister created from sugar-cane leaves with corn-silk hair.

In marked contrast are the fur-clad dolls from Siberia, Alaska, Lapland, Norway, and Sweden made of wood, bone, and walrus skin. The unbobbed, wooden-faced lady from Hudson Bay is dressed exactly like her husband in a shapeless fur garment, and distinguished from him only by her knot of hair.

In the Oriental group are dolls from Arabia, Burma, Armenia, China, Japan, Egypt, Hawaii, India, Algiers, the Chinese group with its priests, brides, generals, and farmers being particularly beautiful in costume detail. There is Nianebregassa — Bright-little-man-of-the-merchant-caste — who, on the voyage from Pondicherry, lost his wife. Since the Indian husband does not see his wife before the marriage ceremony anyway, Mrs. Henson sent for another, and she stands here with rings in her ears and nose, and on her toes. Abdullah and Ayesha from



THIS DIMINUTIVE ESKIMO FROM THE NORTHERN STEPPES OF SIBERIA IS IMPECCABLY CLAD IN THE PROPER STYLES OF FUR GARMENTS FROM HEAD TO FOOT. THE LADY ON HIS LEFT IS A HUNGARIAN, DRESSED FOR HER BRIDAL

Bahrien resemble a rag and a bone without even the hank of hair, and, after they had withstood the dangers of being submarined, were pulled apart by customs officials who feared smuggled pearls. The wee dancing girl from a temple in Burma, "on the road to Mandalay," is named Supiyaw-lat, "jes' the same as Theebaw's queen." Beautiful in workmanship are the Javanese shadow figures, movable on the principle of marionettes, made of transparent animal skin painted in color and etched in design, used in sacred plays, either Buddhist or Shintoist.



THESE FIGURES FROM A MEDIEVAL COSTUME GROUP ARE PERFECTLY MODELED TO THE LEAST DETAIL. BUT IS THE MUSTACHIOED GENTLEMAN WITH THE SCIMITAR OTHELLO, OR IS HE ONE OF FOUR WISE MEN OF THE EAST COMING, AS PART OF A NATIVITY PAGEANT, TO WAIT UPON THE VIRGIN AT HIS RIGHT?



THESE RATHER GROTESQUE EFFIGIES WITH THE MUCH-NEEDED PLACARDS ON THEIR BREASTS ARE A CHINESE FARMER, A SIOUX INDIAN WITH REAL HUMAN HAIR, A NUT-FACED MAIDEN FROM JAMAICA, HAMILIA SANDERSON, BY NAME. THE NEXT FIGURE IS AN UNKNOWN MEDÆVAL, AND THE LAST SERGEANT JEHU SENACHERIB

The African dolls, like the Peruvian, represent a triumph of collector's persistence.

There are dolls from every European country except Greece. A Bohemian peddler and an Antwerp fisherman rub elbows with Christian Ramona from Cordova, Diane de Poitiers from Arles, and Morfudd Ap Tewden from Wales. Bonnie Prince Charlie in kilts and tartan stands near Lord Kitchener. Wassili Mordkin and his peasant sister are refugees from Petrograd. Thaddeus Sobieski

was made by Mme. Paderewski for the benefit of the Polish Relief Fund. There is a small marionette in the form of an armor-clad knight, with a gigantic plume on his helmet, from Palermo, Sicily. By the skillful manipulation of wires and strings he may be pulled hither and yon through the jousts and tourneys and wanderings of a true knight-errant, and may, at last, even clasp in his metal arms his mediæval lady in a prolonged marionette kiss! He was bought at the marionette theatre in Palermo



IN THE BACK ROW WE HAVE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, MONOMO FROM NORWAY; AN ARMOR-CLAD KNIGHT FROM PALERMO, WHO MAY BE MADE TO JOUST VIGOROUSLY BY THE MANIPULATION OF STRINGS; A PARISIENNE OF THE EARLY EMPIRE PERIOD; A WOODEN-FACED DUTCHMAN FROM THE ISLE OF MAN; AND A SWARTHY VENEZUELAN. THE LITTLE FIGURES IN THE FRONT ROW ARE "TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION"



UNCLE REMUS, MADE FROM COTTON WADDING BY STONEWALL JACKSON'S SISTER, FRATERNIZES WITH ANOTHER DRIED-APPLE FARMER FROM PENNSYLVANIA. A PLAITED STRAW FIGURE POSTURES IN THE BACKGROUND



LORD KITCHENER, IN FIELD UNIFORM, APPEARS AS FORCED ESCORT TO A LADY OF THE COURT ATTENDING THE CORONATION OF EDWARD VII

which is supposed to have been the father of all European marionette shows. A Parisian lady of the early Empire days was bought for Mrs. Henson in Paris during the war and was lost in the mails for over a year. Finally she was returned to the original shopkeeper and was found several years later in the shop window by the original purchaser. The figure of Lord Kitchener, a photograph of which is

reproduced above, reached Mrs. Henson just before the famous soldier was lost off the Orkneys.

The whole collection is amazingly interesting to students of geography, history, and costume design, as well as to those young visitors to whom a doll's a doll "for a that"!

MARGARET LAW.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT IN BACK: MEGISSOGWAN, AN INDIAN IDOL WITH ILL-ASSORTED FEET; A DOLL MADE BY MME. PADEREWSKI FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER COUNTRYMEN; JOAN OF ARC IN ARMOR; AN AFRICAN WOODEN FIGURE; A LABRADOR WOMAN AND A RUSSIAN PEASANT ON THE END. THE OTHER FIGURES HAIL FROM ALL OVER FOUR CONTINENTS

Bookplates and Their Vanities

By Vincent Starrett

THE soul of man may express itself in several ways. It may be reflected in his socks, his neckties, or his bookplate. Formerly, it was perhaps best expressed by his waistcoat; but expressive waistcoats are out of fashion. Let us talk, then, of bookplates. The fad is today less fashionable than the neurosis fetish, yet conceivably it is more permanent. Certainly there is a connection between the two, for if a man's inhibitions sufficiently trouble him, they are bound to find expression; and where better may they be expressed — and traced — than in his bookplate? I pass the idea along to Dr. Freud.

My interest in bookplates began a great many years ago, before I had any idea what a bookplate was. I was sitting in my grandfather's library turning the leaves of a very dull book, and turning them, after the fashion of small boys — and, I believe, of some others whose books read at least equally well that way — from right to left. In youth this is best accomplished by wetting the left thumb, bending the pages into a quarter circle, then allowing them to fly back into place, cinematographically, from beneath the withholding thumb. The illustrations fairly *leap* into notice. It is, however, a villainous way to treat a book, and should be discontinued at an early age. As I say, I was turning the leaves of a very dull book, and finding the illustrations very stupid indeed. Suddenly, at the very front, affixed to the inner board of the cover, I came upon a spirited print of a galleon under full sail — headed away, no doubt, for the Indies. There was a name underneath, not my grandfather's, and a legend in flowing script which, like the name, I have forgotten. Possibly it read, "Magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faëry lands forlorn." I hope it did. There was also a second inscription that was obviously in a foreign language — two words: *Ex libris*.

The galleon pleased me hugely, but I do not remember asking any questions about it. Probably I imagined that somebody had begun to make a scrapbook of the very dull volume, and idly wondered why the happy idea had not been carried farther. Years later, when I began to know something about bookplates, my principal wonderment

was why so many persons insisted upon galleons to advertise their ownership of a book. Still, I realized, even then, I should have liked one myself. Increasing taste in such matters, as I like to flatter myself, has taught me the triteness of the galleon symbol, and I now know that I shall never have a bookplate upon which one of the jolly things appears. But I am still very fond of galleons; I wonder what the galleon symbol reveals to a psychoanalyst.

A bookplate has been simply defined as "a printed label intended to indicate ownership in individual volumes." Another definition calls it "a decorative name label, adapted for pasting on to the inside

front cover of a book, to denote the ownership of the book." But, although the word "decorative" helps, a bookplate is, of course, much more than either definition would suggest. It is the index of the bookish man, the revelation of his personality, the thumb print of his soul. That, I think, is what it should be. Often, to be sure, it is only a stereotyped galleon. At any rate, the bookplate is seen to be something movable, something at first detached, something to be pasted into a book. And it is a pleasant thing, is it not, to paste one's name, neatly lettered and illustrated, into one's books? Certainly the ownership of books must be established in some fashion, particularly if one is given to the reckless habit of lending them to friends. When the plate itself is a work of art, it is a very pleasant thing indeed. "Willie Upshaw," lettered large in ink, is well enough in youth, when *ex libris* is still a foreign phrase, and "Willie from Mamma, Xmas, 1893," will do for the immediate family; but neither inscription is quite the thing for an historical record of either ownership or personality. However, it is not my intention to argue at length the *raison d'être* of the bookplate. Probably it is unnecessary; and there is a small library on the subject for those who are interested.

But before the bookplate there was the written word; there must have been. As I come to think of it, my first experience with a statement of ownership was not that galleon in my grandfather's library at all, but a series of straggling hieroglyphics in the textbook of a friend at school. It was, I

"It is a fine thing to own a bookplate, and it is a fine and satisfying thing to paste it in one's books," writes Mr. Starrett. "Then finest and most satisfying of all, when you have pasted in your plate," he concludes, "is to settle down into the big chair and delve into the book that you have honored." As a lover of books the author has written a charming essay on that most intimate and personal of literary vanities, the bookplate, from its humblest beginnings to its most exotic flower

suppose, in its way, a bookplate. It occurred — part of it — on the inner front board of the volume, and it began:

If my name you would like to see
Turn to page 53.

I knew my friend's name well enough, but I turned, nevertheless, to page 53, after reading his astonishing rhyme; and there I found a second stanza:

If for my name you would still explore
Turn to page 104.

Fascinated, I turned to page 104, and, lo, there was a third stanza:

If my name you still would find
Turn to page 109.

Then I knew that the end must be near, first because my friend was obviously running out of inspiration — his last rhyme had been atrocious — and second because there could not be many more than 109 pages in the book. As a matter of fact, there were 108. Page 109 was the inside back cover, and there, sure enough, I found the name that I had known all along I should find. Thereafter I entered upon an era of book mutilation that pained my relatives as much as it would pain me today.

SOMETHING of the sort, I suppose, is found occasionally in the ancient volumes that turn up in bin and stall, whether they be of the age of Erasmus or of Dickens. A number of book labels of the printed variety even reproduce rhymes of a certain crudeness that probably antedates the printer of the label. One that I recall runs as follows:

If this be borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

A *friend*, observe! Yes, it is always the friends who borrow and fail to return. A bookplate not their own in a volume not their own should at least shame them. I often wonder what my friend Blank [name furnished on application] thinks when he takes up my long-vanished copy of Suetonius and sees my plate within.

"A happy future is dawning for these fine things," wrote Eden Phillpotts on the subject of bookplates some years ago, "and the time must quickly come when no booklover, worthy the name, can deny himself a work of art to link him with his book, long after his eyes shall read and his hands embrace it no more. . . . What, then," he asked, "should

an ideal bookplate be? Emphatically not a picture of the master's crest, or his coat, his house or his library, but a line between his own personality and the treasure it adorns — a sign for other eyes, by which the possessor holds forever a sort of spiritual right in his volume, that owners to come should recognize and respect."

THIS is the finest definition of a bookplate that I have seen. Mr. Phillpotts was writing of the ideal bookplate; his words occur in the introduction to a volume reproducing the bookplate work of Frank Brangwyn, an artist who has made some of the finest plates in modern times. The average collector, unhappily, cannot afford a Brangwyn plate, or a Cameron or an Anning Bell or a Haldane Macfall. None the less, at no great expense he may boast a quite charming and personal plate.

It seems to me that taste must be the keyword in any advice or argument with reference to bookplates. One can find no serious fault with the man — or woman — whose fancy runs to galleons. The symbol, one supposes, is that of escape. Better that a galleon should spread its wings in a book than that no wings shall be spread. Still, the motif has been vastly overdone. The ship model encroaches on the plaster bust of Shakespeare, and may in time drive it from the top of the family bookcase. Certainly, no particular originality is posited in either artist or book owner, by the use of a too popular symbol. The black derby hat is a useful thing, and often looks well enough upon its devotees, but as a means of identification it is, perhaps, unsatisfactory. But have a galleon on your bookplate, by all means, if you wish.

A house, of course, is another matter. One agrees with Mr. Phillpotts that a house is unthinkable. A castle in Spain, perhaps, but never a house in Suburbia. Yet I have seen a number of bookplates proudly advertising their owners' equally bad taste in literature and architecture. As well, indeed, hang your coat upon your bookplate. As to the crest and the library, also included in Mr. Phillpotts' strictures, one is less dogmatic. The case of the book symbol is simply that of the galleon: it has been done to death. And that a man might wish to put his crest in his books, when he has a crest, is understandable. The crest, the coat of arms, is the oldest tradition in bookplate chronicle, although in modern times it has not been widely popular. Armorial bearings are, in their way, individual, and they are often highly pictorial and attractive. But Mr. Phillpotts, for one, is glad that we have escaped "the tyranny of couchant lions, rampant leopards and chimeras dire," and possibly he is right. There is undoubtedly, as he points out, a "more fluent beauty, humor and imagination" in the modern plate.

As I have suggested, however, one's own taste

should dictate one's bookplate, and doubtless an apochryphal taste will achieve a bookplate similarly flavored. Time and again I have chuckled at what individual taste has accomplished. I have noted that a man whose name is Knight is reasonably certain to have a bookplate dominated by a plumed and helmeted gentleman upon an armored horse, and that a man whose name is Fisher is likely to fancy a fisherman at ease with a book — preferably a fisherman in buckles and lace wristbands. There is, of course, no earthly reason why Mr. Knight and Mr. Fisher should not paste just such plates into their no doubt judiciously selected volumes if it is their wish. Two such plates that I have in mind are very attractive indeed. I suggest merely that the symbols are a bit obvious, and that a higher flight of fancy might have produced an even more attractive self-portrait of either book lover. Possibly, in such cases, the artist alone is responsible — the book lover merely acquiescent. The real book lover and collector will, however, have at least a finger in the making of his own bookplate.

Certainly, leaving it to the artist is not always a safe business. Artists, excellent fellows that they are, are not of necessity psychologists. They are, in point of fact, frequently flatterers, since it is their business to please. An elderly maiden lady once said to me, gleefully: "I have had a bookplate made, and it is a beauty! I left it entirely to Mr. Locust — or whatever his name was — and he's really *got* my personality." It was a gorgeous plate, involving peacocks, fans, sea shells, books, and something that looked like a rubber plant. Nobody would have guessed that this elderly spinster's cosmos was as varied and as crowded, and I don't believe it was. I suspect that Mr. Locust — if that was his name — was flattering her shamelessly, but to the initiate his achievement savored of satire. Anyway, a multiplicity of interests is better suggested by a single symbol than by a page of mail-order cuts.

The rather notable fondness of bookplate artists and owners for other days — days of swords and breeches, for example — is readily explained by the pictorial values and possibilities of a painted past; and also, I think, by the average man's secret fondness for dressing up. This latter notion is not one that should be deeply probed, however, since in a large body of instances bookplates are of a more classic, not to say primitive, severity. At any rate, one does not find many bookplates peopled with the recognizable types and costumes of our own day. Such may exist, but I have yet to see a plate into

which there has been introduced either a derby hat or a dinner jacket. Highly popular always, though, have been such figures of mythology as Pan and Syrinx, Pierrot and Columbine, and the changeless, ever-changing figure of Death. Such figures of fiction as Don Quixote and Mr. Pickwick; such figures in literature as Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson. To attempt to indicate even the more widely used figures of legend or history would be to add another volume to the subject — to write, indeed, a thick volume, or two upon pictorial and symbolic art.

Congressional battles nowadays have an added significance in that many of them point the chances of the Presidential candidates. Which one of the hopefuls will spend his next four years in the White House? What sort of Administration might we expect from each of them? Charles Merz, editorial writer of the *New York World*, answers some of the questions about these spotlighted figures in a brilliant series which will begin in THE INDEPENDENT for January 7

Historically, the bookplate is nearly as old as the printed book. The earliest known examples are German: woodcuts representing a shield of arms supported by an angel, which were pasted into certain books presented by a certain Brother Hilde-

brand Brandenburg of Biberach — a glorious name — to the Carthusian monastery of Buxheim. That was about the year 1480, and the woodcuts, in imitation of similar devices in old manuscripts, are hand-painted. In France, the earliest discovered plate is that of one Jean Bertaud de la Tour-Blanche, the date of which is 1529; and in England that of Sir Nicholas Bacon, a gift plate for the books that he presented to the University of Cambridge. Holland follows, chronologically, with the plate of a certain Anna van der Aa — another magnificent name — dated 1597; then Italy, with a plate attributed to the year 1622. The earliest known American example is asserted to be the plain printed label of one John Williams, the date of which is fixed at 1679. In Germany, however, bookplates were found in considerable numbers long before the fashion spread to other countries, and many of the early German plates are of the highest artistic interest. It was not until the Seventeenth Century that the movable *ex libris* became tolerably common in France, prior to which time the more luxurious habit of stamping the cover of a book with a personal device had been in favor. Similarly in England, the book stamp long preceded the general use of the movable label, and the bookplate of today is a direct descendant of the book stamp of those wealthy book lovers of old who could afford their arms or initials in gold upon the leather jackets of their books. Thus the first bookplates — and all bookplates, practically — for a long time afterwards were armorial. It may be noted that the expression "*ex libris*," used as a substantive, which is now the recognized term for the bookplate in Europe, found its origin in France.

Much has been written about bookplates since that far day when Brother (*Continued on page 616*)

The Curtain Rises

By Ralph Sargent Bailey

PICTURE, if you can, the fate of the small boy who once was allowed to eat all the ice cream he wanted — a vengeful prospect, indeed! The same dyspeptic outcome might be predicted for the overzealous theatregoer who saw "Escape," "Porgy," and "Coquette" in succeeding performances. But here we are dealing with intellectual gastronomy and the analogy breaks down.

All three of these plays are magnificent drama, but their approach to the observer is different in each case. Take "Escape," which John Galsworthy has confidently announced as his last play; the appeal first and throughout is mental. What to do with an escaping convict: turn him over to the authorities or cheer him on his way? Some of the characters in this episodic piece would give him up; some hide him under beds, behind screens, feed him tea and chocolate as they might a less casual visitor. But Mr. Galsworthy would do none of these things himself. While his audience is turning the problem over leisurely in the back of its mind, enjoying the engaging humors of each passing situation rather more than the moral points involved, the playwright sends his fugitive to cover in a church. And there, because he is after all a rational social being as well as a gentleman, the hunted yields to the hunters.

It's easy, isn't it, after Galsworthy has worked it out for us; and such a logical solution, almost too platitudinous, perhaps, to serve the ends of mannered drama — and Galsworthy. We think at first that he must be tired of playing the great author and is laying down his pen for good and all with a few hasty flourishes by way of graceful and amusing valedictory. But it is not in the man to make a flourish of any kind. Heard from the lips of an unusually able cast his lines are crisp and compact with not a wasted syllable among them. Only when they are all said do we realize that each word, seemingly tossed on stage because it was diverting or pertinent or merely clever, has been pointing up to that final curtain. Perhaps in no play heretofore has Galsworthy written with such a light and gracious hand; yet in none of them has he commented more keenly on the workings of man's social mind or the vagaries of communal ethics.

"Porgy," the Theatre Guild's first offering of the season, is of another world with not the vestige of similarity except for its excellence and the medium in which it is presented. Here the contact with the audience is through the senses to a purely emotional reaction. Du Bose

and Dorothy Heyward have reworked the material of the novel into a patchwork play of amazing power. The curtain rises on Catfish Row, a disreputable court in the negro quarter of the Charleston water front. A swarm of raffish children mill noisily about, worn and hungry-looking women sit upon their doorsteps exchanging the wisps of gossip that find their way in from the city or discussing the internal affairs of the Row. In the foreground a dozen ornery niggers — ranging all the way from a gun-metal fisherman in battered dungarees to the light-skinned "Sporting Life" who never removes his brown derby except to take out the papers of Happy Dust which he dispenses for a small consideration — wrangle noisily over their dice. Oaths and insults fly with the ribald jokes, snatches of song careen out of the racket; then suddenly a knife flashes, and the court is deserted except for one dead nigger, his wife, and Bess, the woman of the murderer, Crown.

SUCH is the beginning of "Porgy." As the negro mind jumps from mood to mood, from gloom to jubilation and back again, so the play goes. Blood has been shed, and scarcely has the body sagged than a suddenly quiet mob has dissolved in the air. Death has come, a body must be buried, so a score of watchers gather in a barren room to sing open the gates of heaven for the departed soul. In harmonies improvised on the spot, interwoven in incredible cadences, with twisting bodies throwing weird shadows upon the walls the negroes invoke salvation. Or again, Catfish Row before dawn. The talk is now all of the cripple, Porgy, the commanding spirit of the Row, and Bess, who is now Porgy's woman as she was once Crown's and who has found release for a bedraggled spirit at last. So another mood is set. Or still again, a hurricane spent, the fleet lost, and more souls sung to glory, the Row waits for Porgy to come back from the morgue where he has been called to account for the body of Crown. The Row waits; but Bess has surrendered once more to the Happy Dust and left with Sporting Life for that fabulous New York. Finally there is Porgy, kneeling in his goat cart, taking the road after her — for "she still Porgy's Bess" — while the life of the Row closes again on itself like water after the sinking of a stone.

"Porgy" is as moving and as fascinating a drama as the Guild has produced: a sufficient estimate, indeed.

If the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the year were to be made a Christmas

gift, there is little question that "Coquette" would be the winner. Every New York critic has outdone himself in saying gracious and enthusiastic words in its praise, and in praise also of its superb protagonist, Miss Helen Hayes. Shaped and polished by George Abbott, one of the authors of "Broadway," from the original text of Miss Ann Preston Bridgers, "Coquette" is a direct and simple piece of stage business flawlessly produced and exquisite for fine and honest workmanship. To submit merely a summary of its plot by way of comment would be to work an injustice: for there is nothing essentially new in the awakening of a small-town flirt who has been caught by her own unsuspected passions to the undoing not only of the man she loves but of herself. And the typical Southern father who places his daughter's honor above his repugnance for murder and the "poor white" ne'er-do-well are not new to the theatre: It is in their delineation that they achieve distinction.

BUT we have still another peg on which to hang our mantle of appreciation. Unquestioningly we may look to Miss Hayes to find the full secret of this play's magic. It was our hearts that Miss Hayes warmed so memorably in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Here it is our spirit which she turns to the light of a torturingly vivid characterization. Practicing all the minor social duplicities of the belle of the small town while at the same time nourishing in her father the delusion that she is all sweetness and innocence — altogether she works on her audience a pattern of curious contradictions. One cannot help liking this charming young flirt — nor disliking the callous flapper who cannot play Mr. Galsworthy's game of cricket. When finally she finds her unpretentious soul overwhelmed by a passion for one of the borderland whites of the town, we pity her; yet almost as honestly we are glad that she is getting her come-uppance at last. With the news that the father has killed her lover comes the full discovery of the depths and the shallows of that fledgling soul. And it is now that Miss Hayes gives over the devices of the clever actress for the powers of a richly understanding spirit. As she reads the character of Norma Besant she finds no solution to the muddle except in death. So to the arbitrary dictum of the authors she adds the final poignant phrase that makes tragedy a relief and discovers in the girl's desperate surrender a splendid triumph. And that triumph is her own as well.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

IT has always been a mystery to me how women have survived without cynicism the contrast between theory and practice concerning them. Every little girl is—or used to be—taught that men admired the womanly virtues of modesty, devotion, tenderness, and so forth. Yet, has any woman famous in the world's history become so through the practice of those virtues? From Eve to Lorelei Lee, history suggests the contrary. Was Cleopatra modest? or Helen of Troy? or Madame du Barry? or Lady Hamilton? Even Florence Nightingale, the nearest approach to the ideal, became known because she departed from the rules of decorum for well-bred ladies of the period.

When boys are taught to respect courage and strength, they do not afterwards discover that every celebrated man in history was an effeminate coward. There is some relation between the facts of masculine history and the theory of masculine education. If men had to face the same discrepancies as women, they would probably be unable to survive the shock. It is true that scoundrels of both sexes gain notoriety, but women alone have the peculiar privilege of knowing that the surest way to condemn themselves to oblivion is to live up to the ideals prescribed for them. They have merely to look around them to see that it is precisely in the degree to which they flout those ideals that they gain the attention and approbation of mankind.

Of course, the women who thus signalize themselves neither expect nor receive the approval of their respectable sisters, but that, I fancy, merely adds to the zest of their discovery that they can dispense with that approval in the certain hope of compensation elsewhere. All of which creates a strange conflict that can cease only when the theory and practice of femininity are reconciled. Nowadays, I suppose, there is more chance of that happening than ever before, since young girls are growing up with a more realistic conception both of their own lives and of life in general. We may bewail certain manifestations of "flaming youth," but the elimination of certain conventions is all to the good, in so far as it helps the younger generation to lose unnecessary illusions before the disillusioning process is too late to be of any practical help.

These meditations were aroused by the reading of two volumes of an entirely dissimilar character which the hazards of publishing brought to my table simultaneously. I refer to "Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats" (Holt), by Duncan Aikman, and "Modes and Manners of the

Nineteenth Century" (Dutton), by Oskar Fischel and Max von Boehn. The former is a vastly entertaining series of biographical sketches of "uncontrollable ladies" who flourished in "the old bawdy West" during the mauve decade. The latter is a picture of the change in women's fashions

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Wayward Man. By St. John Ervine (Macmillan).

The Fifth Child. By Klaus Mann (Boni & Liveright).

The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni).

Stuffed Peacocks. By Emily Clark (Knopf).

GENERAL

Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats. By Duncan Aikman (Holt).

Seven Strings of the Lyre. By Elizabeth Schermerhorn (Houghton Mifflin).

That Man Heine. By Lewis Browne (Macmillan).

Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig (Little, Brown).

and in social manners between 1879 and 1914. From both works I have emerged with the impressions duly set forth above.

IF Mr. Aikman's ladies had only obeyed the precepts of right conduct, they would lie forgotten in an odor of sanctity. As it is, they live and rampage in this book to the satisfaction of any person who can relish lawless personalities and who cares for vivid pictures of an almost fabulous era. The author not only presents his wild women, drinking and fighting and shooting their way through mining camps, he also sketches in the background essential to an understanding of them. Martha Jane Canary could not have become the Calamity Jane the West knew without her mother, Charlotte Canary of Princeton, Missouri, who "offended by remaining when long past her middle twenties, and the mother of half-grown children, flamboyant, easy to look at, insolently youthful." The narrative of Calamity Jane's career has all the lurid charm of a Bret Harte story, but without his Dickensian sentimentality. She vindicated her "women's rights" by the simple process of exercising all the rights and privileges of the men around her, including particularly the right to drink long and deep.

Gazing at the innumerable illustrations in the work of the two eminent Germans who are chronicling the "Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century" I am amused by the collective evidence that our notion that the fashion of women's clothes today is more or less scandalous is merely an illusion. For example, this comment: "For some time Fashion seemed bent rather on undressing than on dressing a woman. There were toilets to be seen in which the upper part of the wearer's body seemed to be clothed merely in a light silken shirt with nothing beneath, while the light skirt revealed every line of the lower limbs." In January, 1913, the Bishop of Laibach felt constrained "to address an earnest plea to women . . . to observe in matters of dress those bounds imposed by decency and by Christian modesty." The State of Illinois "promulgated a law in the interests of female virtue and the menaced code."

In *Punch* in 1908 the advent of a new phenomenon was greeted thus:

Her locks are confined by a ribbon,
Her language is open and free;
She talks like a parrot, she's glib on
The problems that petrify me;
Her phrases are novel; today what
I marvel at most are the queer
Little statements she clinches with "Eh!
What?"
Tacked on to "Old Dear."

Save for the opening line, this is obviously our contemporary friend the flapper, who is supposed to be one of the aftermaths of the war. In other words, the superstition of every decade is that the fashions are extreme and that the young girl is not what she used to be. With both of these superstitions women contend as gravely as with the theory that they are admired for certain womanly virtues, most of which are conspicuously absent in the women celebrated in history.

EVEN Mr. Aikman's respectable wildcats—Mrs. William Arthur, Miss Pellett, and Carrie Nation—were unladylike in their excesses of virtue. As a mere male I contemplate respectfully these diverse manifestations of the feminine spirit and secretly rejoice that women, in the main, consider themselves happy to have no history. It is evident that the business of making one's mark as a woman is highly complicated and that ladies surrender to it only under extreme pressure of temperament. That is why, I suppose, they are not really troubled seriously by the discrepancy between the dream and the reality.

Among the Christmas Books

Our Times; The United States, 1900-1925.
Vol. II. *America Finding Herself.*
By Mark Sullivan. New York:
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

WHEN the first volume of Mr. Sullivan's originally conceived and brilliantly executed "Our Times" appeared a year ago under the title "The Turn of the Century," it set an example in the writing of almost contemporaneous history which seemed sure to be followed. It is still much too soon to say that this will not happen, though not to say that he who would venture on the trail Mr. Sullivan has blazed will do well to take accurate stock of his capacities both in the mastery of detail and in the exercise of generalization. In his second volume, "America Finding Herself," Mr. Sullivan has shown that the thing can be done again — I suspect, however, by nobody else quite so well as by himself.

For readers whose memories carry them back of 1900, this new book, like its predecessor, is dangerously provocative of reminiscence, for it unfolds a past which cannot fail to touch them at one point or another. One seems transported, for example, into the very mists of antiquity, yet not beyond actual remembrance, by reading about the pedagogic practice of "singing geography." What I learned myself at the little Quaker school of Miss Hough — or was it the Misses Hough? — on the south side of Spruce Street, below Broad, in the Philadelphia of the early 'seventies — the first institution of learning to which my feet were led — has stood me in good stead through all the intervening years. The capitals of New England still come back to me, at need, in song:

Maine, Augusta, on the Kennebec;
New Hampshire, Concord, on the Merrimac;
Vermont, Montpelier, on the Onion River.

The reality of it all made me even question the newspaper reports of the Vermont floods in November — with Montpelier submerged by the Winooski River. It could not be! Surely, I thought, the Onion River was just as immutable a classic of geography as the Euphrates. So I might have continued to believe — but for Mr. Sullivan, who informs his readers that even before the song of Nineteenth Century schoolrooms had died away the lowly Onion had begun to give place to its Indian equivalent, the Winooski.

Nine readers out of ten, over a certain age, I venture to believe, will find bits of half-forgotten lore, in a great variety of phases of American life, which will lead

them into surprising evocations. The range and variety of these phases are really extraordinary. They seem to lie far beyond the scope of a clipping bureau or the search of newspaper files by any single pair of eyes. Is Mr. Sullivan an Argus, a Briareus, or a syndicate? Whatever his designation and method, the chapters of his book devoted to the assemblage of miscellaneous items designed to illustrate the American mind in such fields as education, ideals, discipline, and sentiment are encyclopædic in content, yet vital with the breath of the best journalism.

There are other chapters in which the journalism — for the effect of contemporaneity seems always present — is that of the writer of historical editorials. In these the career of Theodore Roosevelt, the growth of the oil industry, the conflict between Roosevelt and the "malefactors of great wealth," the coal strike of 1902, the beginnings of aviation, and other pregnant themes are treated in a manner that reveals the hand of a master. From newspapers, from first-hand observation, from correspondence and interviews with scores of individuals possessing special knowledge, Mr. Sullivan has stored one arsenal of fact after another. The ammunition thus brought together is discharged with an aim extraordinarily true. It is in no spirit of derogation that a quality of journalism is recognized in it all. On the contrary, a rare ability to amass details, to marshal them in lucid order, to interpret them without prejudice and with a lively sense of their significance, marks equally the work of the best journalists and of the best historians.

The main achievement of the book is that it will help Americans to escape the Biblical condemnation of one who looks in the glass, goes his way, and straightway forgets what manner of man he was. In the frightful acceleration of everything since the America of which Mr. Sullivan writes began to find itself, it is fatally easy to forget many things that should be remembered. He acknowledges — and the nature of his entire task is implied in the recognition — that to recreate for the reader of today the fixed incredulity of the average man before 1908 with regard to the very possibility of aviation "is one of the major difficulties of the writing of this history." In twenty years what has not happened! Let the average American of today pause long enough in his headlong "keeping up" to reflect, to correlate, to synthesize even to a fractional extent of Mr. Sullivan's performance of these functions, and he will be well repaid. This is what both the volumes so far published will help him to do — if he will. And in the process he will find much to

amuse as well as to sober him, awaiting the while with some excitement of anticipation Mr. Sullivan's future dealings with such causes as prohibition and woman suffrage, and such inventions as the radio.

M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE.

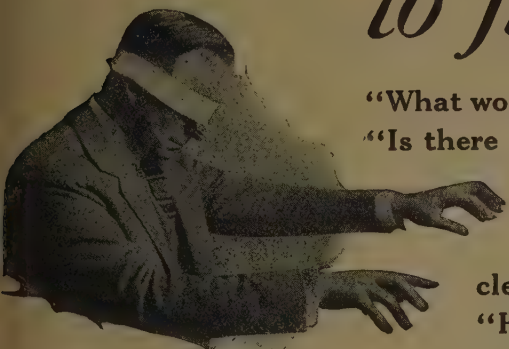
The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. \$2.50.

NO novelist in America and few in any country have achieved a beauty of style at once so precise, sensitive, and sophisticated as Thornton Wilder's. Of "The Cabala," his first novel which appeared last year, the *London Observer* remarked "as good as all but the best of Anatole France or George Moore." Like "The Cabala," this novel contains a small group of characters related tenuously but satisfactorily into a single plot. The connection in the first book was the bridge of a single personality, the fictitious narrator's. In this novel it is an actual bridge woven of osiers some centuries ago in Peru. Five people cross it on a Friday noon in 1714. It collapses and snuffs out their lives. The tale weaves the story of the lives of the five. In those lives appear passion, fanaticism, pride, and beauty together with certain *naïvetés* and sophistications characteristic of Spanish Peru of the Eighteenth Century. There are added the speculations of Brother Juniper who tried very hard by a minute investigation of the lives of the five dead to prove an act of divine vengeance in the falling bridge. A book for all who enjoy the art of the novel at its best.

Uncle Anghel. By Panait Istrati. Translated from the French by Maude Valerie White. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

HERE are tales by the son of a Greek smuggler and a Roumanian peasant woman. He is a writer whom Romain Rolland declares "worthy of the great Russians," and of whom George Brandes remarked, "I confess that among European writers Panait Istrati has long been my favorite." They were written in French, although as recently as in 1917 Istrati was unacquainted with the language. The story in this volume of the death of Uncle Anghel, a modern and disillusioned Job, is unforgettable. The blend of qualities in these tales is unique. One meets it in no other fiction. The narrative is impelling as the "Arabian Nights," the atmosphere is heavy with a Russian fatality, the use of language is French in

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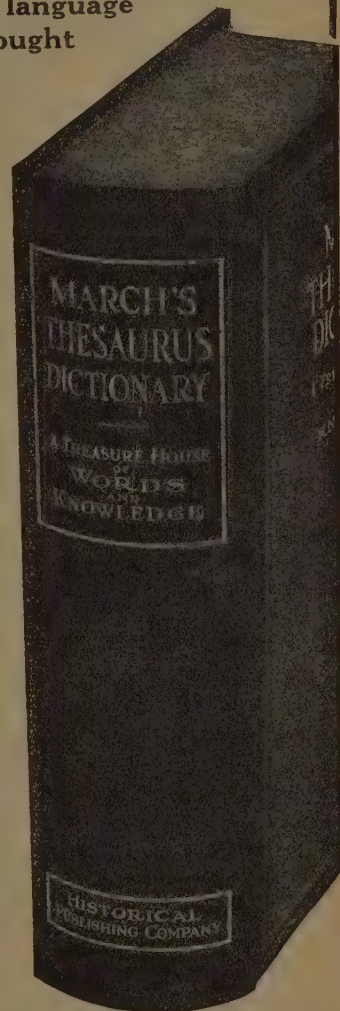
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Juggler's Kiss. By Manuel Komroff. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

"JUGGLER'S KISS" is the odyssey of a failure in search of success. Dundee left his girl and the little factory town in which he was brought up to seek his

fortune and the good things of life. But short cuts to success ended in failure and jail, and after jail led to Java. Weakness of character and the promises of hope conspired to betray him, and he triumphed only in death, victor over the inconsistencies of life. Manuel Komroff is primarily a story-teller. His gift for writing is simple and poetic. There is an Oriental movement and fullness, a sense of passive emotion about his unusual and beautiful story which sets it apart from the improvident

novels of the day. Komroff has studded his handiwork with bright stories and exotic adventure which intensify the poignancy of his allegory. He is least successful when he is in most obvious revolt against life, and the last vision of Dundee, in comparison with what precedes it, seems conventional as well as hysterical. Komroff is less a satirist than a teller of golden tales in this silver age of psychology.

Father Mississippi. By Lyle Saxon. New York: The Century Co. \$5.00.

RIVERS, like mountains, seem to acquire personalities which they impress upon the human beings who dwell near them, and it seems highly appropriate that the Mississippi should have a character study made of it at this time. Though many learned histories of the river have been composed, none quite like this one has yet been written. Varied matter is here, incidents, informative or amusing or terrible or tragic or fantastic; but "all a part of the living pageant which moved down the great river through the changing years." Twice in the book the author addresses the reader directly, once at the beginning when he lets him "see the life of a Louisiana plantation as I remembered it," and again at the end when he gives an extraordinarily vivid story of the terrible flood of 1927. For the rest of the book he skillfully allows explorers, pioneers, and boatmen to speak for themselves. The vivid stories of La Salle, Father Hennepin, Henri de Tonty, and others are told by themselves, and there is printed for the first time the memoir of a woman pioneer who came down the river in 1810, and the journal of a flatboat man of 1817. Two qualities in the author give the book its value: his own considerable powers as a narrator, and his skill and good sense in selection.

Rasputin. By Prince Felix Youssouppoff. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. \$5.00.

MURDER will out. "Prince Felix Youssouppoff, repudiating all newspaper stories attributed to him, here at last gives his personal account of Rasputin, the infamous Russian monk whom he slew with his own hand." Hearst's Sunday Supplement take notice! The value of this book except as a history and justification of Rasputin's murder is slight. The whole affair is compounded of the hysteria that is attendant on the break-up of an empire; and it is difficult to believe, as the author suggests, that the downfall of the Russian Monarchy and the rise of Bolshevism can be attributed to Rasputin, influential as he may have been. This treacherous though perhaps justifiable murder will titillate the morbid, and will

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undoubtedly impel some enterprising publisher to court the confessions of the other blue-blooded participants.

European Skyways. By Lowell Thomas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

THOMAS accompanied the Army flyers on the first round-the-world flight and was the official historian of it. Having gained a taste for flying, he has now "seen Europe from the air," taking his wife with him in a tour of practically the organized air routes of Europe. His book is written in lively journalese. From Heliopolis we raced across the sky toward the Nile and, as we approached the Pyramids, Emmet looped the loop right over the Sphinx and then side-slipped from several thousand feet to within a few yards of the tip of hoary old Cheops." Somewhat in this fashion he does Europe. It must have been good fun to do, and it is good fun to read about. From Croydon, the "Liverpool of the air," he goes to Holland, flies over France and Germany, rides "down the Rhine" by air, and climbs the Alps in the same fashion. Then across the Balkan countries, and a flight to red Moscow. Returning, he visits Africa. One notable crash he records upon the mountains of Spain, but all aboard lived to tell the tale and to fly again. As the first thoroughgoing tour of Europe by air, the book is surely a prophetic one. The photographs of Europe from the air are worth the price of the book.

Italy from End to End. By H. Warner Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.00.

THE author is impressed with "the melancholy paradox that the development of the means of locomotion has almost killed the gentle art of traveling." To restore the forgotten art he has written a merry chapter on how to travel happily — to avoid letting travel become "half-witted monotony of perpetual motion." Also he has shown how he traveled from one end of Italy to the other collecting amusing experiences. Without necessarily eating garlic to avoid hypersensitiveness as he did, the reader may well travel more happily after reading of his experiences or by carrying his book as guide. Gratefully we say that the author has avoided all temptation to rave endlessly of the scenery or apostrophize ghosts while sitting before a ruin. He takes for granted a certain amount of appreciation and historical background, and tells us unusual anecdotes about each place while describing it interestingly, and not tiresomely. Those who trust too much to the title will be disappointed to find such places as Portofino and Lakes Como and Maggiore omitted, while Garda is only touched upon.

Whatever We Do. By Allan Updegraff. New York: The John Day Co. \$2.50.

ALLAN UPDEGRAFF'S latest novel is another snappy tribute to that earnest little coterie of American drinkers who inhabit Paris and points east. When Peleus Chalfont met Mr. and Mrs. George Parsons of Springfield, Missouri, at a hostelry on the Riviera the riot began. Near by, at Cannes, Henry O. Wolcott, Peleus' friend, was being entertained by the wealthy Mimi Pond, — in France for a divorce, — and by her perverse satellite Miss Alice Parker. It was inevitable that they should all meet. The little riot of drinking and love-making which followed ended by Mrs. Parsons' jumping naked off a cliff, and by Peleus, also naked, following after to save her from drowning.

Alas! one suspects that Mr. Updegraff's spontaneity has led his sardonic sense of humor astray. There is a liveliness to this story which sets off its general absurdity. Drunken gentlemen, naked ladies, conversation generously embellished with Anglo-Saxon epithets only awake a deeply sympathetic cord of response in the callow and the Watch and Ward Societies. Updegraff, when he is lyrical, is sentimental; when he is Rabelaisian he is coarse; when he is literary he is affected. It seems a pity that the lively Mr. Updegraff should house himself in Paris as his publisher informs us. His gift for entertainment is already sufficiently Parisian, and undoubtedly a year or two in Iowa, the State of his birth, would mellow his obvious gift for writing, perhaps too severely repressed by five years' work on the staff of the *Literary Digest*.

The Classical Tradition in Poetry. By Gilbert Murray. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$3.00.

THE knowledge and understanding displayed in these nine essays, originally delivered as the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, is the expression of the highest scholarship. Gilbert Murray has taken the classical tradition in poetry for his central theme. "By emphasizing the word tradition," he writes, "I mean to regard Poetry as a thing that unites and not separates. . . . The Tradition also makes us realize that Poetry is not a new thing, not an accomplishment or refinement of civilization. It is a need of the human soul, and apparently about as old as that soul itself. And the greatest poetry seems to be that which has its roots deepest in human nature, deepest in passion, deepest in wonder and in worship, deepest among the infinite reverberations of the past. But the Classical Tradition implies something more. There are works of beauty that stand out above the ordinary changes of taste and fashion and have approved themselves to be of permanent value. . . . Certain

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Roaring Bones. By Prince William of Sweden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

DEMOCRATIC America has shown several times during the last three years that royalty still has a mighty pull upon her imagination. Revolutionary War or no, a prince is a prince and the title of the author is featured in this book. H. R. H. Prince William of Sweden, explorer, lecturer, and author, has written some interesting tales about darkest Africa. Love stories that fill one with sympathy and the kindred emotions. Tales of big-game hunting that make one yearn for the long trek. Thrilling tales about negro superstition, ghosts, and apparitions. Stories of the slow and subtle change in the souls of white men doomed by fate to spend their lives in this unfriendly climate. As a raconteur the prince does nobly, and he can be truly grateful to his able translators as well. He has a fine understanding of his subject. Yet in spite of it all the stories lack something which prevents them from being really good. What this lack is we cannot say; the reader must discover for himself.

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Sursum Corda. By Howard Chandler Robbins. Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Co. \$.75.

DEAN ROBBINS of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York is a poet whose verse has appeared in *Harper's*, the *Forum*, and other magazines. This little volume is evidence of a real poetic gift. He expresses with ringing music the mystic side of a joyful religion. The title poem is notable, singing of spring. Many would make fine hymns.

Man Possessed. Being the Selected Poems of William Rose Benét. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$.25.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT has published six volumes of poetry, and now under his own supervision brings out a selected collection. In reading what their composer believes the "best" of his own work, one is struck by the remarkable variety of subject and the splendid simplicity of poetic motive. Take a few at random: "Merchants from Cathay," "The Horse Thief," "Mid-Ocean," "On Edward Webbe," "English Gunner," "Hippogriff," "Turpin at Vauxhall," "Night-Motoring." They seem various enough; yet they fall pretty readily under the rather old critical tag, the "literature of escape." This is a classification, not a condemnation. They seek the outlandish, the unfamiliar, the historically remote, the racially exotic, the romantic everywhere. They satisfy the love for pagantry, riot, and rhythm, and seek it out wherever it can be found or imagined. Though the words are often unusual, and the rhythms are modern,—at least in the sense that Vachel Lindsay is modern,—there is nothing hard to understand about the interior of the poems. They ought to be popular. They pose no new æsthetic problem, they reveal no novel wisdom about our contemporary scene, but they feed in a measure a very old hunger, and one that is almost universal.

Steep Ascent. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

I dedicate them half to love
And half to God.

Yet lest it seem a paradox
To separate what's one in two,
I leave them, being orthodox,
To you.

IN this postscript to her latest poems the author has expressed the spirit of the collection. They are not all love lyrics, but adventures of a spirit that greets love as an essential part of life. Moods of beauty or loneliness, set down in words that are chosen well, with an effectiveness lost by many poets in the necessary struggle to be concise.

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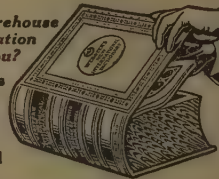
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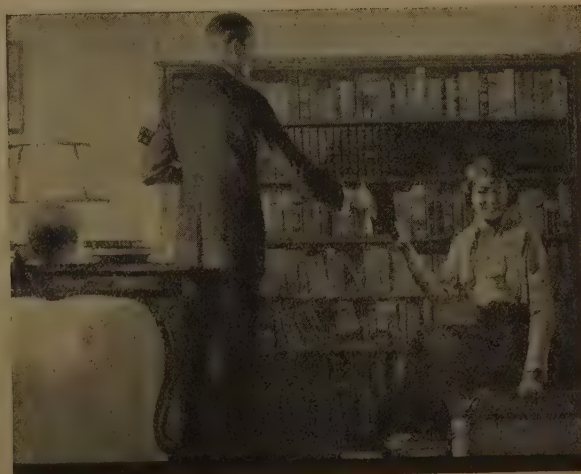
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What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

WHEN the hundred-odd members of the Republican National Committee assembled in Washington upon the call of National Chairman **WILLIAM M. BUTLER**, President **COOLIDGE** consented to receive them and say a few words.

A Silence
Broken

The welcome was scheduled for the East Room of the White House at 5.30 P.M., December 6. Before the meeting adjourned, Mr. **COOLIDGE** had appended ninety-five words to the mystic twelve which he gave out in Rapid City on August 2, and his elimination from consideration as his party's candidate next November was seemingly complete.

"This is naturally the time to be planning for the future," he said, after a series of comments upon the state of the nation, not unlike the content of his message read

before Congress at noon on the same day. "The party will soon place in nomination its candidate to succeed me. To give time for mature deliberation I stated to the country on August 2 that I did not choose to run for President in 1928. My statement stands. No one should be led to suppose that I have modified it. My decision will be respected. After I had been eliminated the party began, and should vigorously continue, the serious task of selecting another candidate from among the numbers of distinguished men available."

Continuing in the tradition established at Rapid City, no friend or adviser seems to have been privy to President **COOLIDGE**'s decision to amplify his previous statement at this time.

The Lone Hand Chairman **BUTLER** was as much surprised as the lowliest among the party menials. "There is nothing for me to say at all," was his only comment upon leaving the meeting. Others who had heard the President were slightly more communicative, and their opinion was generally summed up in the statement of Ex-Senator **RICHARD P. ERNST** of Kentucky: "The President is out, and out without qualification. He can no longer be brought forward as a possible drafter." A few of the faithful still professed to cling to what seems now a forlorn hope. The most pronounced of these, Senator **SIMEON D. FESS** of Ohio, still refuses to resign himself. "I think from the statement that it must be concluded that he does not want to run," he admitted. "But the thing in my mind is the condition that would result from a deadlock. I do not see anything in the statement that would prevent the President from being chosen."

Mr. **COOLIDGE**'s action has thus far had but one result in widening the field of Presidential candidates. Senator **FRANK B. WILLIS** of Ohio tossed his hat into the ring immediately he heard on the other end of a telephone wire that the President had eliminated himself. "Numerous friends in Ohio and some in other States

Budding
Candidacies

The Week

¶Mr. Coolidge greets the party chiefs. And urges them to find a successor. He has definitely eliminated himself, think most of them. But there are a few doubters who would draft him. ¶Smith and Vare cases engage Senatorial attention. They must be decided first. ¶Speaker Longworth is reelected. And welcomes back the insurgents. ¶A building program for the Navy soon. ¶Sinclair and Burns must stand trial. ¶Geneva. The Russians throw a bomb. But it turns out to be a dud. The security commission is appointed. ¶Chinese chieftains. Hope for unity in South China. ¶Ferdinand's letter. ¶Al talks from the shoulder. ¶The new flivver.

have been good enough to mention my name in connection with the nomination," he announced. "If the Republicans of Ohio feel that I can creditably represent them as their candidate in the forthcoming national convention, I shall feel it a great honor to do so." Senator **WILLIS**' entrance provides the second formally announced candidacy. The other is in the name of Senator **CHARLES CURTIS** of Kansas who anticipated the present statement by some weeks. Now that the President's desire to retire next March is definite, however, other announcements may be expected to follow shortly.

As the Senate came to order on December 5, the contest over seating Senators elect **FRANK L. SMITH** of Illinois and **WILLIAM S. VARE** of Pennsylvania was the outstanding matter of interest. A truce was called, however, whereby it became possible to postpone the fight until after the President's message had been read on December 6. According to prearranged plan, when the names of the newly elected Senators were called and the men walked forward to take the oath, Senator **NORRIS**

interrupted the progress of both **SMITH** and **VARE** by the presentation of a resolution attacking the credentials of both men which, the statement said, were "tainted with fraud." The objection to both men is based upon the size of campaign contributions which aided them in their election. In **SMITH**'s case the matter revolves around the fact that he was chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission, and as such a figure of considerable interest to **SAMUEL INSULL**, public-utilities magnate, who contributed liberally to his campaign. In **VARE**'s case there is also some question as to actual vote fraud. The case against both men is based upon the primaries. Vice President **CHARLES GATES DAWES** has ruled that until the cases of these two men are settled no other business may come before the Senate save by unanimous consent.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH was again elected Speaker of the House, and in his speech of thanks he welcomed the insurgents back to the fold of regularity. He also

indicated during the course of his remarks that he does not consider himself a candidate for the Presidency, although his name has been several times mentioned. One of the earliest acts of the House was to accept the new revenue bill upon which debate is expected to be finished by the beginning of the holiday recess.

HARRY F. SINCLAIR, center of the famous Teapot Dome oil-lease cases, **WILLIAM J. BURNS**, well-known detective and head of the agency which bears his name, and the four other

It Was Contempt defendants in the Government's contempt case, must go through with their trial. Thus ruled Justice **FREDERICK SIDDONS** in refusing to grant the defendants' motion and dismissing contempt charges. The decision was made on December 6, and the trial will proceed immediately. Justice **SIDDONS**' final decision is not expected for at least two weeks and will be based upon testimony of witnesses. The first to be called will be the jurors in the famous case against **SINCLAIR** and **ALBERT B. FALL** which ended in a mistrial when Government counsel brought in evidence that detectives in the employ of the defense had "improperly" shadowed and investigated jurors. It is the contention of the defense that there was nothing improper in this shadowing. According to their counsel, the Government has been shadowing jurors for a hundred years, with never any allegation of impropriety.

President **COOLIDGE**'s rather general statement in his message to Congress

upon naval construction will soon be amplified by a definite program. Although the specific recommendations which this is to contain have not yet been made public, it is understood that a five-year building program for cruisers will be its main theme, with an annual minimum of three and maximum of six laid down. All of them would be of the 10,000-ton class to which Great Britain objected at Geneva last summer upon grounds that she did not need such large cruisers herself, but would be forced to build them should this Government do so. The General Board of the Navy has already presented its recommendations to the President which are said also to include further destroyer and submarine building. Mr. COOLIDGE did not mention the former class in his message, but suggested that more submarines should be built as soon as the best type for our needs was determined.

In discussing naval plans of the nation, Mr. COOLIDGE took occasion to comment upon the plan presented by MAXIM LITVINOFF, Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, for complete and utter disarmament of nations. The President does not think such a plan to be feasible at the present time, and thus lines himself up with representatives of the other "capitalistic" powers at Geneva who heard M. LITVINOFF, raised their eyebrows, and went their way regardless.

The Russian plan bounced Soviet Russia back into the councils of the world with something of the commotion of the bombs which have for so long been associated with Red activities.

The Russian Plan It was prefaced by M. LITVINOFF's visit to Berlin where he talked the matter over with Germany's Foreign Minister, GUSTAV STRESEMANN, and Count BERNSTORFF who heads the Reich's mission to Geneva. The Germans were sympathetic to the Russian proposal, feeling it contained more hope for their own position as a disarmed nation surrounded by other Governments heavily disarmed than does the present proposal of France to base disarmament discussions upon security treaties. But when it came to a show-down at Geneva, they did not carry along far with their Russian colleagues. After Count BERNSTORFF had jockeyed LITVINOFF into position to hurl his diatribe against the inactivity of the League in making effective its limitation of armaments proposals, and seeing the coldly polite reception which it received, he slipped over to the side of the other powers who had met to create a security commission to investigate the possibility of creating pacts to supplement the Locarno Treaties. Briefly, the Soviet proposal was for a conference not later than March, 1928, at which the powers would assemble to draw up a covenant which would pledge

them to scrap their military and naval forces before the end of four years.

The security commission was created quite in accordance with the plans agreed upon by the League Assembly last September, and a considerable optimism prevails at Geneva over the possibilities thus opened up of attacking the problem of disarmament in a practical fashion. The American delegation was invited to send an observer.

At Shanghai, China, on December 3, the long-heralded meeting of the Kuomintang's Central Committee convened. The session was called for purposes of conciliation and consolidation, in the hope of bringing together the three wings of the party into unified action against the rest of China. The Kuomintang, or Peoples party, is the authority behind the Nationalist Government which has had such signal success since last January in bringing South China under its wing. In the various successes, however, factional troubles have arisen. The movement began in Canton and rapidly spread to Hankow. From there, the army swept on to Shanghai and Nanking where a Government was set up early last April. Then came a split between Nanking and Hankow, and this fall, Canton has also turned away from the fold with Gen. CHANG FAK-WEI taking control of the city by a *coup d'état*. Hankow and Nanking have been reconciled; Canton is still at odds, but the Cantonese contend that they control a majority of the Central Committee.

Although nothing new has emerged in the Roumanian situation where a political truce has been declared until after the new year begins, publication in a Paris newspaper of the text of the letter which the late King FERDINAND is alleged to have written urging the reinstatement of former Crown Prince CAROL as his successor, has caused some excitement. Strict censorship in Roumania had prevented publication of the letter, a photographic copy of which, however, was presented at the trial of Under Secretary MANOILESCU. Handwriting experts are said to have declared it to be genuine; CAROL believes it to be an authentic document written by his father, and has used it as one of the strongest reasons for his return to govern his people. In speaking of the law closing the royal succession to CAROL, the letter states: "I think, after a year and a half of deep reflection, that this decision cannot facilitate the tranquillity of our dear country. I trust your wisdom [the letter was addressed to the late Premier BRATIANO] as adviser to the throne will lead you to return to the old order, which is alone capable of assuring to the country development and consolidation."

After a long silence on the prohibition question, Gov. ALFRED E. SMITH of New York has declared openly his belief that voters have the right to oppose the Volstead Act. His statement has occasioned considerable comment since it was believed in political circles that he would continue, as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, to say little or nothing upon that subject. Speaking before the annual convention dinner of the New York State League of Women Voters, the governor was confronted with a resolution in which the Nassau County branch of the league condemned organized opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act and urged "respect for and obedience to law." "Is there any reason," he asked, "why the opposition should not organize? Is there any question about solidarity, force, and effectiveness of the forces on the other side of the question when they have gotten close to \$5,000,000 for the operation of their organization in the next few years? It is the right of our people to organize to oppose any law and any part of the Constitution with which they are not in sympathy. I have taken an oath of office as assemblyman, as sheriff of New York County, and four times as governor, to sustain the constitution of the State of New York, and yet there are parts of it I hate. I have promised to sustain it, but I have not promised to give up any right to oppose any part of it I don't like."

That part of the resolution urging respect for and obedience to law he strongly indorsed. "This is so fundamental," he said, "that nobody differs with it. Any well-organized government must rest upon that principle." He expressed surprise at a statement in the resolution to the effect that nullification was being preached by those in authority. "I would like the specifications of that," he continued. "It's news to me. I have no record of public expression by anyone in this State who has preached a doctrine of nullification of the Constitution. Certainly, I never preached it."

Following a final splurge of advertising during which \$1,300,000 is said to have been spent in five days for insertions in daily papers, the new Ford, on December 2, was unveiled to the public. It is estimated that one quarter of a million people saw it on exhibition in the showrooms of New York automobile dealers, and proportionate numbers examined it in other cities that day. In Detroit 100,000 people jammed through Convention Hall; by noon in Chicago a line stretched a block from the main showroom; in Philadelphia the entire student bodies of three public schools turned out with the rest to pay homage to the bigger and better flivver.

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As One Reader to Another

(Continued from page 594)

demand, and if I have not, they tell me just why I should. If in the same spirit, and just as honestly, I tell them, for instance, that if they have not yet read "The Wind in the Willows" they have something great in store, they are the more likely to add to their content in consciousness this paragon of books. And one who thus meets young readers, in print or in person, will soon find that they are reading much older books than those written especially for their ages,

and that if by the time they have reached fifteen they are reading only books written for fifteen-year-olds, they will soon stop reading altogether.

This is a nation in process of becoming, and in this process the reader will have an increasingly important part. The best seller and the book of obvious appeal will make its way to its public with no more help than that afforded by the regular organization of book selling. But there are books that will never mean much to more than a comparatively few people; they will, however, mean so much to people so well worth reaching that

it is important that all the people for whom they were written should at least know about them. Here the book-adviser has his part, unofficial and uncommercial, and it is possible that in the development of American culture it may be a part not altogether unimportant.

Bookplates and Their Vanities

(Continued from page 605)

Hildebrand pasted his first woodcut into a book, and the study of the subject in all its phases and styles is peculiarly interesting to all who love books. In its numerous varieties, the bookplate reflects with considerable fidelity the prevailing taste in decorative art at different periods of the world's history. The active study of bookplates, however, and the fashion of collecting them for themselves — for they are, of course, diligently collected — hardly goes back farther than the year 1875 — in England and America, at least. Since then, innumerable volumes have been written about them, and societies of collectors have been founded to collect, discuss, and classify them.

It has become the habit of many — sometimes the bad habit — to remove bookplates from books in which they are found, to swell their owner's collections of plates. Often this is the sheerest vandalism; again it is a defensible and perhaps meritorious practice. Bookplates are frequently of higher interest than the old volumes in which they are found, either as specimens of an older decorative fashion or as relics of the personages they celebrate. In the case of the plate of some well-known figure of either letters or history, one would think that the entire volume might better be preserved; yet it is true that not all books are good books, and books *do* pile up. Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum, thinks that when plates are fastened into books they ought not to be removed. When they are removed, he thinks a note should be made, establishing the title of the desecrated volume. So much for that, however.

It is a fine thing to own a bookplate, and it is a fine and satisfying thing to paste it into one's books. By far the best time for pasting is late at night, when you should be in bed sleeping and there is no one around to offer comment. Then finest and most satisfying of all, when you have pasted in your plate, is to settle down into the big chair and delve into the book that you have honored.

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THE President has fortunately dissociated himself from the reported billion-dollar naval program so that instead of being considered abroad as the settled program of the Administration, it may well be felt to be still tentative. This program, prepared in the Navy Department, is not really as imposing as scare headliners in some of our newspapers would like to make it appear. Nevertheless, if carried out in full it would rank second only to the 1916 program, and is certainly not one to be entered upon "indiscreetly or lightly." Its size is sufficient to enforce the demand for a settled naval policy on the part of the United States, because policy should direct the program — not vice versa.

Parity with Great Britain is not such a policy; it is merely a tacit recognition that neither of the Anglo-Saxon powers considers the other as a potential enemy. We need vessels of certain types for certain purposes; Great Britain needs other types for other purposes; to apply the strait-jacket of "absolute parity" to either power would be a serious embarrassment to both.

Navies are the one form of armament which cannot be put together overnight. It takes from three

to five years to construct a modern warship; the technical and tactical training of personnel cannot be mastered in "ten easy lessons"; naval strategy cannot be extemporized or naval bases created out of hand. For example, our 1916 naval program, which would have given us supremacy by 1925, was formulated to meet the emergency created by the Twenty-One Demands of 1915, by the British blockade and the German submarine campaign. By the time the vessels were nearing completion the emergency had passed and most of them were scrapped.

Statesmanship is at the basis of naval policy. Naval construction, as Mr. Carter points out in his article in this issue of THE INDEPENDENT, rests on political conditions. Owing to an overwhelmingly adverse strategic position and the most stable political conditions, the North Atlantic is not an immediate concern of American naval policy. One theatre of our naval policy is the Caribbean, still the scene of considerable commercial and economic rivalry. The chief element of political instability, however, seems to lie in eastern Asia, where the United States, Great Britain, and Japan have important commercial and political interests, and where China — not to mention Soviet Russia — is

in a turmoil from which anything may emerge. The fact that American cruisers must count on ability to operate in Pacific waters, far from protected bases and fueling depots, will determine only the type of vessel constructed. On the Administration's conception of our legitimate commercial and political interests in eastern Asia and of the nature of the opposition to those interests must depend the numbers of ships which we construct and the nature of the operations for which they are commissioned. This calls for a clearer formulation of our naval policy than has yet been advanced.

Segregating the Germ of Crime

AL SMITH has made a valuable suggestion in proposing that the duty of sentencing felons be taken from the hands of judges and given to a board of psychiatrists. The board would be composed of the best available psychiatrists, criminologists, and alienists, who would be compensated with salaries as large as any paid by the State of New York today. They would keep the felon under observation for an indefinite period after his conviction, and from their findings would decide what was to be done with him. They would determine whether he went to prison or to an insane hospital; whether the sentence should be brief or long. Possibly they would have the power to impose or withhold the death penalty. The whole plan suggests that criminals are to be treated as psychopathic cases rather than as willful offenders.

This is an idea in keeping with progressive thought, but one which needs a good deal of development before it can find practical application. Important details of the plan must be worked out. An incredulous public must be convinced that the alienist is entitled to a place beside the judge. Legal difficulties must be overcome. Al confesses himself that an amendment to the State constitution will be required if the plan is to be put through.

The governor has recommended that the State crime commission make an exhaustive study of the matter and sound out public opinion. He has suggested that the commission seek an appropriation for this purpose from the Legislature. It is to be hoped that the commission will give the plan a careful hearing, and that the Legislature will not be pusillanimous when it comes to providing funds. The plan is not for immediate adoption, but is deserving, nevertheless, of serious attention. The governor is to be congratulated for putting it forward.

Washing Prohibition's Linen

THE Anti-Saloon League, leaderless since the death of Wayne B. Wheeler and weary after fruitless searching for the teetotaler's millennium, is staggering along in a way alarming to its sponsors.

Even while it beats the drum and passes the hat in its \$10,000,000 drive, backers are beginning to wonder where it is going. Mr. Kresge's munificence is heartening but not curative, for something besides funds will be required if the League is to retain a semblance of prestige. Thus it is that the *Christian Century*, a nondenominational journal of religion, calls for a "threefold housecleaning," promising that if a broom is not used unsparingly the churches of the country "will be forced to turn away from this organization and find some other method through which to express their devotion to the prohibition cause." The magazine demands that the League "restudy and readjust its policies," "renounce all its dubious political commitments," and "have a change in the personnel of its leadership." It attacks the League for having sponsored the notorious Marshall bill which was snowed under in a recent Ohio election, and for indorsing and defending its indorsement of Frank Smith in Illinois. It accuses the League of having brought the prohibition cause "to the point where it is involved in a complex network of compromises and hypocritical accommodations." It suggests that the League's sponsorship of the Marshall bill means that "the same moral obliqueness by which the League is all too frequently guided in the matter of candidates is now finding expression in the realm of issues."

This is vigorous artillery fire, and it comes from a quarter to which the League has always looked for support. With the churches awakened to its uncertainty of policy, its descent to methods of expediency, and its lack of strong leadership, the Anti-Saloon League is likely to find itself in a forlorn predicament. If it is still bent upon reforming others, it must first reform itself.

A Real Envoy Extraordinary

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is building a record for making good appointments. He reached a high point in naming Dwight W. Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico, and he has touched it again by his nomination of Col. Henry L. Stimson for the governor-generalship of the Philippines. In the latter appointment, no less than in that which preceded it, the President has outdone himself.

Trained in colonial affairs and experienced in matters of state, Colonel Stimson is a fit successor to the late Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood. For many years a member of a famous New York law firm, and for a time United States attorney in the New York district, he has appeared for the Government in a number of important cases. During the latter part of the Taft Administration he occupied the post of Secretary of War, coming into close touch with General Wood, who was then chief of staff. In the spring of 1926 he visited Wood in the Philippines, studied island conditions, and returned to confer with the

President and Secretary Davis. Colonel Stimson carried out ably his recent mission in Nicaragua, accomplishing all that could be asked considering the awkward situation in which Mr. Kellogg's foggy diplomacy had placed the United States.

Colonel Stimson is expected to follow closely the policies of General Wood. One of his chief tasks will be to open the Islands for investments; thus providing opportunity for the development of their resources and the improvement of their economic condition. Existing land laws combined with opposition from the native legislature promise to make this no easy job. And although there is no immediate prospect of Philippine independence or even a change in the status of the Islands, the new Governor-General will be called upon to answer native demands along this line. The Philippines, in defiance of indifference from the American public, will not allow themselves to be forgotten.

The League Halts a Seven Years' War

THE League of Nations has grappled with the Polish-Lithuanian problem and come away with victory. It has surmounted the first obstacle in the way of a peaceful settlement. The League Council, with representatives of Poland and Lithuania present, has passed unanimously a resolution ending the state of war which existed, *de jure*, for seven years between the two countries. Foreign Minister Zaleski of Poland found it necessary to hold down Marshal Pilsudski by the coat tails, and the marshal and Premier Waldemaras of Lithuania had a vigorous argument over peace and war, but under the soothing words of M. Briand the disputants were brought into accord. The marshal and the Premier have agreed to enter into direct negotiations, and the Council, at the same time, will appoint a committee to examine the charge that Lithuanian minorities have been wronged by Poland. In case there is renewed friction, Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League, and Jonkheer Beelaerts van Blokland of the Netherlands, will endeavor to smooth things over.

This promises to settle the problem of minorities, which has long aggravated both Poland and Lithuania, but it does not approach directly the question of Vilna. Lithuania feels that she was wronged when Vilna, her capital, was seized by Poland in 1920. She has sought redress from the League, but to no avail. Poland holds the city with League sanction. It is inevitable that the League give further consideration to this situation. Vilna must be returned to Lithuania, or some equivalent compromise arrived at, if the sore spot of the dispute is to be removed. The League has taken the right direction, and must not be satisfied now until that end is reached. It has proved that even the bitterest disputants may find agreement at the Council table.

It has proved again its usefulness as an agency of peace. It must move forward from this victory to a complete settlement of the Polish-Lithuanian controversy.

King Coal Looks to His Throne

THE bituminous-coal industry, never in full health, is today suffering from one of the worst spells in its history. When last April many of the unionized mines of Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana were severely crippled by the union strikes, the industries of the country as well as dealers had already put in large anticipatory stocks. In addition, the non-union mines were in a position to supply at least seventy per cent of the normal demand. Today, with most of the strikes still unsettled, even the non-union mines are unable



to keep their men fully employed. The weekly demand is about forty per cent, or 5,000,000 tons below what had been considered normal, and stocks aboveground are estimated at over 60,000,000 tons. Is it any wonder that Secretary of Labor Davis is unable to interest the union operators in discussing wage agreements with the striking miners. Increased production of coal could only demoralize the industry further.

Oil burners and a late fall have much to do with the situation. Economy in fuel consumption by electric plants and the elimination of small independent power units because of the spread of electricity are contributing factors. The normal coal production of yesterday can no longer be the normal of tomorrow. New uses for coal and better service with coal are the only hope. One ship has just sailed the Atlantic burning powdered coal instead of oil. Some coal dealers are considering offering free furnace and ash service to counteract the effect of oil burners. Only by such measures, not by employing more miners at Jacksonville scale prices, can the industry pull itself up by its boot straps.

A Convention on the Kaw

KANSAS CITY is neutral territory for Hoover and Dawes, but not altogether favorable for Lowden. Missouri has not forgotten the unfortunate convention bribes of 1920, and may lay them against the former governor simply because they involved his name. It is within the sphere of influence of Senator Charles Curtis, another Republican candidate, but Mr. Curtis' chances are so slight that more than Kansas City will be required either to benefit or harm him. It is not unacquainted with political conventions, for there, on a summer day in

1900, William Jennings Bryan was made the Democratic nominee for President.

Summer days in Kansas City are often sultry, hot enough to melt an asphalt pavement. The sun, traversing a cloudless sky, beats down unshielded upon the Muchlebach and President and Baltimore Hotels, upon Convention Hall, the marble splendor of the Union Station, the stockyards straggling along the river. Republican delegates may cool themselves with internal and external applications of water drawn from the muddy Kaw, or comfort themselves with whatever other fluids they are able to find in prairie aridity, but there will be no Windsor where "beer is ten cents," no Golden Gate Park and sea air. All things considered, however, Kansas City is as good a place as any, Detroit and San Francisco included, for a Republican National Convention. The choice of a convention city is not so significant as it is often made to seem by jealous chambers of commerce and boosters with a mercenary turn of mind. Kansas City possesses the hall, the hotels, a sufficient number of amusements, and that is all that need be asked. It is a typical American city, and a pleasant one in equable weather. It is centrally located, so that no delegate will be called upon to fumble with a five-foot transcontinental railway ticket.

The only real item of importance in the selection of Kansas City was the strength shown by Chairman Butler in swaying members of the Republican National Committee to his choice. This demonstration, together with his renunciation of the Senatorial nomination in Massachusetts, makes him a more imposing political figure than he has been heretofore, and one to be reckoned with at the convention itself.

Less Work for the Headline Writer

WHY not a standing set of headlines for murder trials? For the sake of efficiency, if for no other reason, some of our newspapers ought to be amenable to the idea. Murders, like automobile parts, are becoming more and more standardized, so that a good outfit of standing heads would be out of place in no composing room. "Found Murdered in Lonely Lane: Wife Suspected," would be suitable for starting the series. It could be followed in due time with "Widow Confesses: Names Lover As Accomplice." Later on it might be amended with "Widow Recants: Avers Confession Forced by Police." Still later, there would be use for "Widow in Tears As She Takes Stand: Lover Silent." And so it would go. Since juries are unpredictable there would have to be two or three alternate sets for conclusion, but that could be easily taken care of.

The phenomenon of first-page murder stories has received a great deal of comment lately. Sometimes it has been blamed on the newspapers; sometimes on the public. The newspapers have been excused on

the ground that there is a dearth of news which compels them to fall back on such dreary stuff, or on the ground that they are giving the public what it wants. Those journals that are sold in daylight include the first reason in their apologia. The tabloids, if they apologize at all, name only the second.

If widely adopted our system of standing heads would eventually work a reform. Editors would cease to grow excited over conventional murders, and would look elsewhere for material to piece out the front page. They might even rescue the League of Nations from its position amid the display advertising. The public, adopting the murder cycle with the same equanimity it accords to the productions of Edgar Guest, would turn to the Washington correspondence for relief. Both editor and reader would remain satisfied, and public morals would be saved. When Mayor Thompson succeeds in stemming the Mississippi with paddle wheels we shall advance our plan in all earnestness.

"Those Who Have Suffered"

TROUBLES in Syria have been laid to rest, temporarily, at least. If life in the French Foreign Legion has been made a little less hazardous and romantic, seekers after adventure may solace

themselves with the thought that unrest still smolders in Morocco. The Syrian Nationalists, two years subdued by force of arms, have informed High Commissioner Auguste Henri Ponsot that they are ready to accept the French mandate in full, and to cooperate at last with the French Government in restoring tranquillity.



In promising coöperation for High Commissioner Ponsot the Nationalist leaders seem motivated by the fear that Syria will suffer the same treatment as France's neighboring mandate, the Lebanon. In that country there has recently been adopted a new constitution, unsatisfactory to all Nationalists and even to French sympathizers.

Lately there have been rumors at Geneva that France would hand the Syrian mandate over to Italy in exchange for the Spanish zone in Morocco. What Spain would gain by the dicker has been doubtful. It is more doubtful now, in view of the improved situation, if France will be anxious to make the exchange. A placated Syria is preferable to a double load of Moroccan troubles, and there is a strong clerical element at home which will favor the retention of Syria because of important French missionary interests. Meanwhile, Colonel Lawrence dedicates a share of the proceeds from the British edition of "Revolt in the Desert" to those who have suffered under French rule in Syria.

The Sinister Knife of Propaganda

WHILE the imbecilities of Big Bill Thompson, the flamboyant mayor of Chicago, are discounted by sensible people everywhere, they cannot be altogether disregarded. The mere fact that his attacks on Great Britain, and particularly on King George V and his beard, have been proved by the event to be good practical politics in the second largest city in America should give pause to the most optimistic Rotarian. Undoubtedly Chicago, with its population largely of European origin, is more hospitable to an attack on perfidious Albion than would be the case in almost any other American city, but the fact remains, and a very astonishing fact it is, too, that at the present stage in the civilization of this country it is still possible to make political capital out of blackguardly attacks on the other great branch of the English-speaking race. Those of us who believe that a cordial and honest understanding between the British Empire and this country and a friendly spirit of coöperation are essential to the peace of the world cannot regard such phenomena as Big Bill Thompson with mere disgust. We are forced to believe that he is doing a work which does not cease to be sinister because it is foolish in manner. And we are also forced to the conclusion that he is not alone in his effort, either on this side of the ocean or on the other. There are signs, and very definite signs, of a movement here and in England, deliberately designed to stir up ill will, distrust, and dislike between Englishmen and Americans. An English correspondent who is, like ourselves, convinced of the desirability, and indeed the necessity, for a good understanding between his country and our own, writes as follows:

I am sure that you will join with me in the profoundest regret when I tell you that there are many more British Big Bills who wage anti-American propaganda in England than there are American Big Bills.

For more than a year there has been what seemed like a concerted movement on the part of the British Press to put America and all Americans in the worst possible light. . . . The truth about America no longer suffices, and half truths, which are often more obscuring than out-and-out falsehoods, are most skillfully manipulated. All this has been brewing for a long time, but the enzymes shot it over the pot's edge when Lord Cecil denounced the Government's attitude toward naval limitation.

At bottom, the aim is discouragement of emigration to the United States and the shunting of British migrants to the Dominions, but I must confess that I feel very much ashamed of the methods pursued. One would think that the truth about the Empire was not sufficiently strong to render it independent of support provided by falsifications concerning other countries.

I am thoroughly convinced that the Big Bill Thompsons in America are directly traceable, at least in part, to the multitude of Big Bills in England. Nearly every American that comes to England now goes back to America hating everything English. They cannot read a paper without feeling affronted; shop attendants are beginning to be exceedingly rude; "the damned American" is an elegant phrase audible at any time and anywhere, from Mayfair to Hoxton; and, altogether, it is not to be wondered at that such a fertile plant, when crossed by Americanese, should blossom into "the damned English."

Meanwhile, as you undoubtedly know, ignorance concerning America is appalling. The heights and depths and lengths and breadths of it sometimes strike me dumb with amazement. And in that great empty chasm there floats a solitary, indeterminate word, America, the very vagueness of which has afforded the clever an opportunity to dress it as a monster. There is here no Press to counteract the British Big Bills, but it is comforting to know that there is sanity in America, and from that fact we may draw hope that the Anglo-Saxon world may yet be saved to itself.

In this silly and miserable business lie the germs of most serious and profound trouble. The die-hards of England and the Big-Navy adherents in the United States have so engineered matters that the two countries appear now to be definitely aligned in a competition for naval supremacy. Such a situation combined with the inevitable and bitter commercial competition, and the ever-present burden of the English debt to America, might very possibly develop into a condition which one hesitates even to contemplate. At a time when good will, friendliness, frankness, respect, and consideration for the other fellow should dominate, we find the newspapers filled with the ravings of Bill Thompson on this side of the water, and on the other, the annoying and constant campaign of criticism and dislike which our English correspondent has noted. It is perhaps too much to ask that the English should like and admire American films, American tourists, or even American business, but there is certainly no occasion for the propagandists to lump all the undesirable or unpleasant elements in American life together and label the mass America. This is being done every day by the English press with the sinister insistence of an inspired campaign, and the result will inevitably be at least a loss of respect and friendship between the two peoples.

We have no brief for propaganda of any kind, and on the whole we rather prefer a propaganda of attack to a propaganda of fulsome and hypocritical friendship, but we feel that the occasion calls for no propaganda of any kind, but merely a friendly and decent reticence. The two countries would get along perfectly well together for an indefinite period if the die-hards and their hired men on the press would allow them to do so.

Britain's Navy Come to Judgment

By John Carter

FOR the first time in forty-odd years, the British navy is an issue in British politics.

The Admiralty has seen Britain with an enemy so long — first France, then Germany — that it cannot get used to the fact that postwar Britain has no immediate rival, that there is no direct challenge to British sea power, and that a policy of ubiquitous naval supremacy once applied to European states alone is difficult to adopt with reference to America or Japan. For five years now the Admiralty has gone ahead on the principle that "another little ship can't do us any harm," and has

laid down cruiser after cruiser, without much apparent idea of what these cruisers may be used for. The three-power naval conference at Geneva, in effect, asked this question of the British delegates. The latter had no clear or convincing answer, and now British politics is beginning to pose the direct question as a strategic manoeuvre of the Opposition.

The Admiralty was strong at the time of the Washington Conference. In consequence, Secretary Hughes' Aladdin-like diplomacy scrapped new American ships against old British vessels, gave up our strategic power to defend the Philippines, and left the door open — in deference to existing British cruiser types — for unlimited cruiser construction under 10,000 tons. This was the Admiralty's chance. They went ahead, adding ship to ship, planning their program for years ahead, and faced the Coolidge conference with the firm announcement that Great Britain must have seventy cruisers, of a type and tonnage to suit Great Britain, and that any nation desiring parity would have to follow suit or curtail its desires.

The American delegates did not feel like following suit, preferring to construct cruisers of the 10,000-ton, 8-inch-gun variety, rather than the 7,500-ton, 6-inch-gun type which suited the requirements of a power whose naval bases dotted the globe. The Admiralty announced that, in that case, Great Britain must build ship for ship with the Americans. Various compromises and adjustments were rejected by one or the other party to the discussion, and the Admiralty wrecked the conference rather than admit that the United States was not considered the direct naval rival of Great Britain.

The British Admiralty's decision to forego building two of the three ships authorized for 1927-28 caused considerable surprise in this country. To understand this move one must glance at the political situation in Britain and survey the British navy. Mr. Carter of the *New York Times* supplies a picture of Great Britain's postwar naval situation which is of particular interest to Americans in the light of the proposed huge building program of our own Navy calling for twenty-six 10,000-ton cruisers in the next five years

To Americans — used as they are to firm Congressional control of finances, including the formulation of the Navy's construction program, and to the desperate efforts necessary in time of peace for the Navy to keep itself in any shape to perform its immediate duties — it may seem odd that a

government department can exert such tremendous influence on the policy of any other power. Lieut. Commander J. M. Kenworthy, in his recent book "Peace or War?" makes the following statement in explanation, which may be accepted as generally true:

In the periods of reaction after every war, the Admiralty has been hard put to it to extract the necessary money from a depleted Treasury to maintain an overwhelmingly strong Navy. In order to wring credits from Parliament, it has been necessary to point to a bogey, a menace to Britain's sea power. At the beginning of this century, France; yesterday, Germany: to-day, whom?

In the years immediately following the Armistice, the British Admiralty automatically indicated America, the next strongest Sea Power, as the potential enemy, just as they tend to indicate America again to-day. Now the policy of the British Admiralty is simplicity itself. It is to maintain a Navy, with the requisite fortified harbours and bases, of such strength as to be able to overbear any rival. . . . It must be realized that the Board of Admiralty is normally able to force its will upon any British Government. In recent years it forced its own shipbuilding policy upon the reluctant Government of Ramsay MacDonald. . . . After a bitter struggle, the British Board of Admiralty forced a shipbuilding programme on the strongest Conservative Government in history. . . . America was not openly paraded as the naval bogey until the abortive naval conference at Geneva in 1927. Japan was made to fill the rôle.

ALTHOUGH Commander Kenworthy served on the Admiralty war staff, it must not be forgotten that he is now a leader in the Liberal-Labor drive to turn the Conservatives out of office and that this diversion against the Admiralty entrenchments, to force a definition of Britain's naval policy toward the United States, is in the nature of a campaign document. The charge that the

Admiralty is preparing for war with the United States is thus part of a general indictment of the Baldwin Government made merely for political purposes.

The probable fact is that neither Great Britain nor the United States is building with direct reference to the other. They are building with reference to those areas where unsettled political conditions menace their interests—in the case of Great Britain, in the Mediterranean and eastern Asia; in the case of America, in the western Pacific. In neither arena has either power taken the initiative in armament. For example, the Japanese have added to their navy since 1919, fourteen new cruisers, thirty-nine new destroyers, and forty-three submarines. Japan plans to expend \$211,648,000 in the next five years under the three replacement programs of 1923-29, 1926-29, and 1927-32—the second calling for the construction of four 10,000-ton cruisers, nineteen destroyers, four submarines, three gunboats, an aircraft carrier, and a mine layer. In the Mediterranean area, France has a fleet of forty-six modern submarines and has fifty-nine more under construction, while Italy has forty-three submarines and is building twenty more. Many of these French and Italian submarines are of the largest seagoing, commerce-destroying type.

AT the time of the Coolidge conference doubt was expressed in many quarters as to its utility. Actually, what it all amounted to was that England, in the abstention of France and Italy, was unable to commit herself to the theory that she could promote British interests—which include peace—by weakening herself in the area where France and Italy were at odds. America had hoped to put a term to the rapid expansion of Japanese armament, through a three-cornered agreement, but to accomplish this would have meant that Great Britain must declare herself on the American side. This the British could not afford to do, even tacitly, and their statement that they would have to build ship for ship in the 10,000-ton class with America was simply another way of recognizing that for the Admiralty to admit that there was no direct relationship between British and American armament was equivalent to challenging Japan.

It was, therefore, a hard problem which our delegates set the Admiralty, and the British rejection of our solution has enabled the two navies to foster a mutual rivalry, the probable objectives of which will be found in neither. For America to build for "parity" will strengthen America in the western Pacific; for Great Britain to go "ship for ship" will strengthen her in the Mediterranean and in eastern Asia. This is clear gain for both.

At the same time, America's straightforward diplomacy has produced the unexpected result of shaking British naval policy. The agitation

on the part of the Laborites shows that our proposals have caused a split in British politics. The Admiralty's hasty efforts to allay the storm by abandoning two cruisers of the 1927-28 program shows that that powerful bureaucracy is on the run. But it is not actually on the run because of the American Navy or American diplomacy. The plain truth is that the British navy is somewhat overbuilt, that it costs too much. The British navy finds itself all dressed up and no place to go.

THE royal navy musters the following battleships: *Ajax* (23,000 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *Barham* (27,500 tons; eight 15-inch guns); *Benbow* (25,000 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *Centurion* (23,000 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *Emperor of India* (25,000 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *Hood* (41,200 tons; eight 15-inch guns—the largest warship afloat); *Iron Duke* (25,000 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *King George V* (23,000 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *Marlborough* (25,000 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *Malaya* (27,500 tons; eight 15-inch guns); *Ramillies* and *Resolution* (each 25,750 tons; eight 15-inch guns); *Revenge*, *Royal Oak*, and *Royal Sovereign* (each 25,750 tons; eight 15-inch guns); *Renown* and *Repulse* (each 26,500 tons; six 15-inch guns); *Thunderer* (22,500 tons; ten 13.5-inch guns); *Tiger* (28,500 tons; eight 13.5-inch guns); *Valiant* and *Warspite* (each 27,500 tons; eight 15-inch guns); *Nelson* and *Rodney* (now building; each 35,000 tons; nine 16-inch guns).

This list shows that although Great Britain conceded capital-ship parity to America in principle at the Washington Conference, for the last five years Great Britain has had four more battleships than the twenty retained by our Navy, and that, for the last year, she has really had six more, due to the approximate completion of the *Nelson* and *Rodney*. These embody the latest principles of postwar design and construction, have a length of 702 feet, a beam of 106 feet, and a mean draft of thirty feet. Their nine 16-inch guns are concentrated in three turrets forward. Each has a secondary battery of twelve 6-inch guns and ten 4-inch antiaircraft. Only Japan's *Mutsu* and *Nagato*, and the American *Colorado*, *Maryland*, and *West Virginia*, with eight 16-inch guns each, are comparable to these monsters. *Nelson* and *Rodney* were to have been completed last October, when they were announced as ready for commission, but something seems to have delayed completion. As soon as they are commissioned *King George V*, *Centurion*, *Ajax*, and *Thunderer*—all mounting 13.5-inch guns and dating from 1912-13—must be scrapped. Even then Great Britain will be superior to America, with a capital ship tonnage of 558,000 as against our 525,000. Not until 1934, under the Washington schedule will our Navy begin to draw abreast.

It is on its cruiser strength that British sea power really rests, and the Admiralty can dispose of the

following thirty-nine cruisers, all with one or two exceptions, built during or since the war: *Ark Royal* (7,080 tons); *Birmingham* (5,440 tons); *Calliope*, *Carysfort*, *Champion*, *Cleopatra*, *Comus*, and *Conquest* (3,750 tons apiece); *Cairo*, *Calcutta*, *Carlisle*, and *Colombo* (4,190 tons each); *Calypso* and *Condor* (4,120 tons each); *Cambrian*, *Canterbury*, *Castor*, and *Constance* (3,750 tons each); *Cardiff*, *Ceres*, *Coventry*, *Curacoa*, and *Curlew* (4,190 tons); *Centaur* and *Concord* (3,750 tons); *Chatham* (5,400 tons); *Dartmouth* (5,250 tons); *Danae*, *Dauntless*, and *Dragon* (4,750 tons each); *Delhi* and *Durban* (4,750 tons); *Dublin* (5,400 tons); *Eawkins* (9,750 tons); *Enterprise* and *Emerald* (7,550 tons); *Lowestoft* (5,440 tons); *Southampton* (5,400 tons); *Vindictive* (9,750 tons); *Weymouth* and *Yarmouth* (5,250 tons each).

IN addition to this cruiser force, the British navy includes the following aircraft carriers: *Argus* (14,450 tons); *Glorious* and *Courageous* (18,600 tons); *Furious* (19,100 tons); *Eagle* (22,790 tons); *Hermes* (10,950 tons); and *Pegasus* (3,070 tons). Its destroyer force includes seventeen flotilla leaders (1,600 to 1,800 tons), 57 S class (1,075 tons), 64 V class (1,300 tons), and 54 R class (1,085 tons). It has the following submarines: 21 H class (500 tons), one K class (2,500 tons), 29 L class (1,080 tons), 3 M class (1,950 tons), 2 R class (1,200 tons), the X i (3,600 tons), and the *Oberon* (1,750 tons).

This armada is the basis on which Britain's post-Washington construction has been erected. Since the Washington Conference, the Admiralty has built ten light cruisers, for a total of 65,250 tons: *Durban* (1921); *Capetown*, *Despatch*, *Diomedé*, and *Adelaide* (1922); *Frobisher* (1924); *Effingham* (1925); *Enterprise* and *Emerald* (1926), and *Adventure* (1927). Those completed before 1924 mount 6-inch guns; subsequent vessels mount 6 and 7.5-inch guns.

At the time that the British delegates accused America of forcing competition in the 10,000-ton, 8-inch-gun class of "treaty cruisers," the United States had two such vessels building; Great Britain had thirteen; *Berwick*, *Cumberland*, *Suffolk*, *Cornwall*, and *Kent* (laid down in 1924); *Australia* and *Canberra* (laid down in 1925); *Devonshire*, *London*, and *Shropshire* (laid down in 1926); and *Norfolk*, *Dorsetshire*, and *Sussex*, as well as the 8,300-ton *York* (laid down in 1927). These vessels have a total displacement of 138,000 tons, mount eight 8-inch guns apiece, and have a speed of thirty-two knots. Adding to these the existing light cruisers, the British Admiralty disposes of a grand total of sixty-four cruisers, built and building, with a total displacement of 387,410 tons.

As the prewar light cruisers grow obsolete, there comes into play the Birkenhead replacement plan, adopted in 1925. This calls for the following building: four 10,000-ton (*Continued on page 640*)

Back Stage in Washington

The Dramatic Exit of Calvin Coolidge

SO much weeping and gnashing of teeth has gone on among a certain select group since Mr. Coolidge declared he had "eliminated" himself that I have been put to considerable expense providing my agents with zippers, hip boots, and other waterproof articles in which to make their daily rounds. All in all, I am inclined to give Mr. Coolidge handsome credit for the fashion in which he made the back hairs stand on the heads of the committeemen and women. There was in the scene the dramatic element which is so dear to the Coolidge heart and lends to an otherwise quiet personality a halo of surprising things.

The stereotyped remarks of the President to the Republican National Committee were given out to the press

several days before the fateful Tuesday when he issued the decree that his wishes would be respected. Many of the smart writers about town immediately proceeded to hang themselves by boldly declaring that the reception at the White House would be devoid of fireworks of any character. But then, at the last moment, came the little typewritten slips which brought tears to the eyes of the women members and a lump to the throat of William M. Butler. In truth, my heart goes out to Mr. Butler, and I felt truly sorry as I read of the pathetic

figure filing last from the White House, so overcome that he nearly stepped into the wrong automobile. At last, apparently, Mr. Coolidge has said all that need be said. While it is perhaps unfortunate

Now that Mr. Coolidge has definitely eliminated himself from the Presidential race, attention naturally spotlights the three leading contenders for the Republican nomination — Messrs. Hoover, Dawes, and Lowden. Our Washington correspondent renders a few touching sidelights upon the recent meeting of the Republican National Committee, not forgetting the surprise of the Kansas City delegates at their success in securing the coveted convention

that he did not go the whole way, he has said enough to satisfy all except those who will never take "no" for an answer.

The barrier has been sprung, the track is clear, and the going good for all who aspire to Presidential posts. There are only three men who need be seriously considered, although Mr. Willis of Ohio and Mr. Curtis of Kansas have been the first to fling themselves upon the bosom of the electorate. They need not be given another thought. The men who can actually be counted upon to raise the dust in the preconvention campaign are Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, Vice President Charles G. Dawes, and former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. In the pages of this liberal journal I should like to mention one factor in the Hoover candidacy that forebodes rough sledding for that gentleman. It cannot possibly be overlooked in sizing up the situation and may as well be referred to openly and frankly. High finance and big business do not cotton to Mr. Hoover. This should in reality be a large element in his favor. But it does not always work that way. Big business and high finance in the years of the Coolidge Administration have obtained pretty nearly all they wanted. They do not intend to lose this grip without a fight. Their enormous influence will be deeply felt. A preconvention campaign costs money. Big business and high finance usually furnish it. In the case of many men this opposition from the bankers of Wall Street and other money centers would be turned into a great asset. But with Mr. Hoover it will prove more difficult to handle. He has not yet shown the sort of personality to go out and make a slapdash campaign by throwing bricks into the quarter that is anathema to the farmers and the peepul — spelled just that way.

THE objection which big business and high finance have to Mr. Hoover is to his credit. They are afraid he would make a great President. They are fearsome he would have a mind of his own. They are nervous for fear that he might have ideas which he would like to put into execution. In short, they are apprehensive lest the tender sympathy and affection which have been lavished on them in the last seven years might find no place in the Hoover make-up. It may prove something of a shock to many persons that fear of Hoover's being a great President frightens those who have most influence in running the Government, but there it is, and the Hoover campaign strategy must be so planned to meet it.

As this is written at the opening of a winter of great political uncertainties, none of the three leading candidates of the Republican party has declared himself. Mr. Hoover still perches on the pinnacle of the Department of Commerce. Mr. Lowden is receptive but quiescent. Mr. Dawes

maintains his Vice Presidential poise and has not so much as peeked out from behind the long coat tails of Mr. Lowden.

There is something about the candidacy of a lesser man which is decidedly humorous. The other day when the Senate was voting on the right of Frank L. Smith to be sworn in as a Senator from Illinois the loud Ohio voice of Mr. Willis ballooned out a large "NO." In this stand he had deserted most of his Republican colleagues. There was not a face in the chamber that was not lit by a large smile, not a breast that did not chuckle, at such catering to popular political fancy.

On the whole, the Congressional session got off to a much tamer start than many had supposed it would. The pyrotechnics which many had been led to expect were mainly lacking. Even the business of throwing out, or at least barring at the door, Messrs. Smith and Vare was conducted in a spirit of dogged determination which produced ennui in the galleries and empty seats on the floor.

DOWN at the Willard Hotel the dejected aspect of William M. Butler was adequate to squelch all natural feeling of ebullency which members of the Republican National Committee might have been inclined to show. He selected Kansas City as the meeting place of the next convention, and although many committeemen swore lustily they were not able to administer the chastisement many of them threatened. He showed surprising strength in the face of the fact that the President publicly declared he was sure Mr. Butler had not meant to show any preference. But Kansas City delegates were the most surprised of the lot. They came to Washington entering only a complimentary plea for attention. When Mr. Butler came out openly for Missouri you could have knocked them down with an eyelash. In all truthfulness I cannot report that Mr. Butler was all joviality and good spirits during this week. Steeling a heart which is naturally overflowing he denied himself to reporters and refused to comment on Mr. Coolidge's "elimination."

A story is told of Mr. Dawes' visit to a Middle Western town where he once lived. He went into the general store to buy various articles of refreshment for friends, among them such light species of beverages as such places purvey. He engaged the lady in charge in conversation and remarked on the necessity of a bottle opener which he promised to return.

"Say," said the female, "you seem to be pretty familiar around here. Where do you come from?"

Dawes allowed he was from Washington and contributed the information that he was Vice President of the United States.

"Boy," said the lady to a youth near by, "go along with this man and bring back my opener."

What is that old saw about the prophet?

Christmas, 1921

*"For That Which We Are About To Receive, Lord,
Make Us Truly Thankful"*

By Frank A. Golder

WHEN I left Moscow a few weeks ago, Anna Dimitrovna Ivanov and her grown-up children begged me to call on Mlle. Alice and wish her a Merry Christmas for them. Before the war the Ivanovs were known for their riches, culture, and hospitality. Mlle. Alice, when she was twenty, came to Russia as governess for the Ivanov children, and for thirty years she was a member of the family. The revolution deprived the Ivanovs of all their wealth and threw them on the street. They found a small apartment in a poor quarter and there they lived miserably by selling first one of their remaining personal possessions and then another. Mlle. Alice, though free to return to France, would not leave the family. Finally, in the spring of 1922, realizing that she was more of a burden than a help, she set out for Paris where she lives at present, and where I found her.

Mlle. Alice asked many questions. "How are Vera, Natasha, Anna Dimitrovna?" and many others of whom I had never heard. She was excited and every few moments she would exclaim, "How I wish I could see them!"

When she had quieted down a bit she asked about conditions in Russia. I gave her an evasive answer. "Don't despair," she reproved me, "God will not abandon that country."

"Mlle. Alice," I inquired, "after all the suffering and hardships that the Ivanovs and you have gone through, do you still believe in God, and that God will answer your prayer?"

"Do I believe in God and in prayer? It is only after we began to suffer that we commenced to believe in God and in prayer. You remember the famine and winter of 1921. We had no food, no fuel, and no clothing. Hundreds died from cold and hunger, and it seemed as if God had abandoned Russia, but He had not for He sent the Americans to help. Let me tell you a true story. On Christmas Eve, 1921, Anna Dimitrovna called the family together to explain that there was only a bit of black flour for the holidays; that there was nothing more to sell with which to buy anything. She begged us not to despair, to be grateful for what we had, to trust and pray to God. In her presence we pretended to be cheerful, but we went to bed with heavy hearts. Early in the morning the servant aroused me to come downstairs to see 'God's blessing,' as she called it. I could not understand what she was talking about, for she

was so excited. I followed her and at the doorway I saw a sack of white flour, sugar, milk, rice, tea, and other good things.

"I asked her where these things came from and she said that they were left by two men who were covered with white flour. I hastened upstairs to call Natasha, and she dragged her brother Ivan downstairs to look on God's blessing. The three wise men who looked at the Christ Child had no more love and gratitude in their hearts than the three of us who gazed on God's blessing.

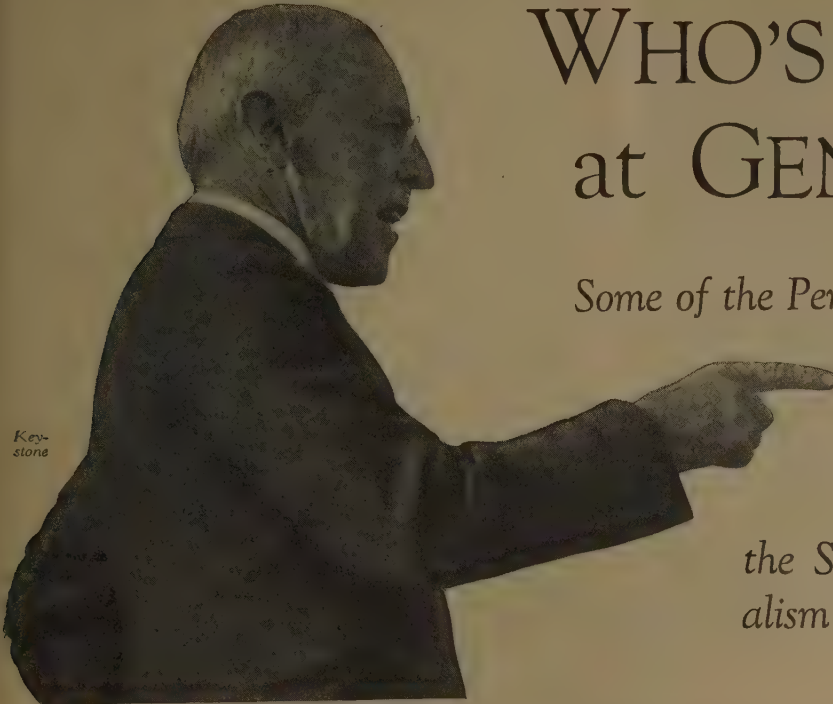
"We carried the things into the dining room and displayed them on the table as a surprise to Anna Dimitrovna who was at this time in church. When she returned, we blindfolded her and led her into the dining room. When the handkerchief was removed from her eyes and she saw the things, her face changed color and then she broke into tears.

"We tried to calm her, and when she recovered she told us that she knew all the time that God would not abandon us if we would only trust him. The Christmas of 1921 was the merriest Christmas of my life. Before the morning had passed the family went in a body to the church to thank God from whom all blessings flow. This Christmas was a turning point in our lives. The situation seemed to improve and we were never in great want after that."

IT was not for me to intrude on the spell of Mlle. Alice's faith. But I remember well Christmas morning, 1921. It was the year of Russia's terrible famine. Millions had died or were dying in the Volga Valley. Moscow was packed to overflowing with human sufferers to whom the prospect of that dismal winter was almost unbearable. Not all could even hope for a tiny ration of black bread. Prof. A. C. Coolidge of Harvard University and I, both members of the American Relief Administration, had decided to play the rôle of Santa Claus to a few of our old friends in Moscow whom we had known in better days. We set out with a number of food packages which we purchased from our general store and trudged many a mile through the winter snows. The two backs covered with flour which had been viewed from the Ivanov stoop were the backs of two men who themselves were giving thanks to God that they, too, in their small way, could help.

WHO'S WHO at GENEVA

*Some of the Personalities Who Are
Toiling in the
Old Swiss City on
the Shores of Lake
Leman to Make
the Spirit of Internationalism
the Spirit of Peace*



Key-
stone

THE LATE WOODROW WILSON AT PARIS, 1919

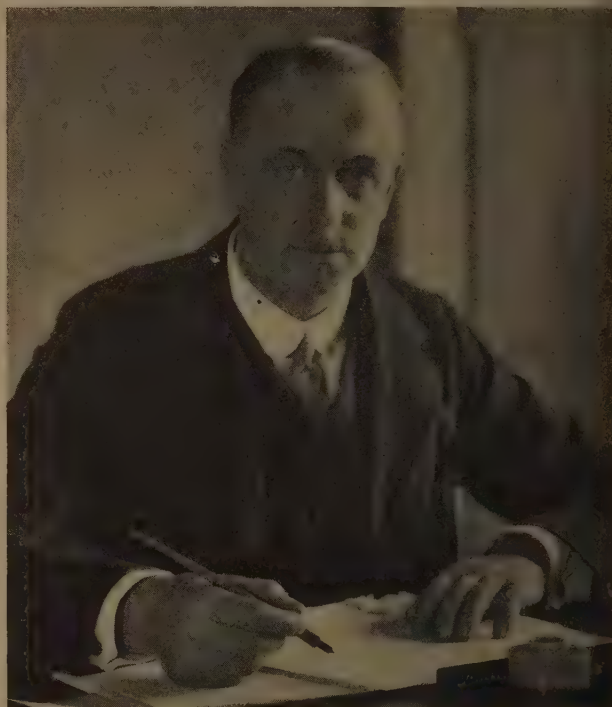


THE PALACE OF NATIONS, TEMPORARY HOME OF THE LEAGUE AT GENEVA. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE SIMPLE MEMORIAL TABLET PLACED BY THE CITY OF GENEVA TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE PRESIDENT WILSON, "THE FOUNDER OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS"



Keystone

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER, IS PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS COUNCIL AND ACTS AS CHAIRMAN OF ITS SESSIONS AT GENEVA. HE IS ONE OF THE MOVING SPIRITS IN THE SWISS CITY



SIR JAMES ERIC DRUMMOND HAS BEEN SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS SINCE APRIL 28, 1919. DURING THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VERSAILLES HE WAS ATTACHED TO THE BRITISH DELEGATION AS A SECRETARY



THE FORTY-FOURTH SESSION OF THE LEAGUE COUNCIL IN JUNE, 1927, IN THE GLASS ROOM OF THE PALACE OF NATIONS. THE JOURNALISTS ARE IN THE FOREGROUND. SEATED FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AT THE COUNCIL TABLE ARE YUDICE, SALVADOR; ZALEWSKI, POLAND; URRUTIA, COLOMBIA; VILLEGAS, CHILE; STRESEMAN, GERMANY; SCIALOJA, ITALY; BRIAND, FRANCE; CHAMBERLAIN, ENGLAND; DRUMMOND, THE SECRETARY-GENERAL; ISHII, JAPAN; VANDERVELDE, BELGIUM; CHAO HSIN-CHU, CHINA. THE PERMANENT LEAGUE DELEGATES ARE STANDING IN THE REAR



SIR JAMES ARTHUR SALTER HAS BEEN DIRECTOR OF THE ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL SECTION OF THE LEAGUE SINCE JUNE, 1919. HE WAS PRESIDENT OF THE ALLIED MARINE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AND FROM 1920 TO 1922 WAS SECRETARY-GENERAL TO THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION



ARTHUR SWEETSER OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, HAS BEEN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE INFORMATION SECTION OF THE LEAGUE SINCE 1920. AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE HE WAS ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF THE PRESS SECTION OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION



Underwood Press Service

THE WALLS OF THE CITY OF PEACE

MONT BLANC, ONE OF SWITZERLAND'S MOST FAMOUS AND MOST HAZARDOUS PEAKS, JUTS UP INTO THE HORIZON BEFORE THE PALACE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA



HOWARD HUSTON, HAILING FROM NORTH DAKOTA, HAS BEEN CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF INTERNAL SERVICES OF THE LEAGUE SINCE 1919. HE WAS IN THE ARMY DURING THE WAR AND WAS SECRETARY TO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMIES IN FRANCE



DAME RACHEL ELEANOR CROWDY HAS BEEN CHIEF OF THE OPINION AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS SECTION OF THE LEAGUE SINCE 1919. SHE WAS COMMANDER OF THE V. A. D.'S IN FRANCE DURING THE WAR AND WAS CITED IN THE DISPATCHES IN 1916



GUSTAV STRESEMANN OF GERMANY SPEAKS BEFORE THE ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE JUST AFTER GERMANY HAS BEEN ADMITTED AS A MEMBER, SEPTEMBER 10, 1926

The League of Nations Day by Day

By Henry R. Carey

THE questions put to an American just returned from Geneva would make a clamor blush. Does the League of Nations keep a caretaker there all winter? Is the International Labor Office the European branch of the I. W. W.? Are the men in the League Secretariat practical men or mooncalves? Some of these questions almost answer themselves. The query about the League caretaker is best disposed of by reminding ourselves that the League consists of an Assembly, a policy-forming body, meeting every September and consisting of some 200 delegates from fifty-six nations, an executive Council of fourteen nations meeting four times a year, attended by Foreign Ministers from the great powers of the world, and lastly a score of more standing committees, like those of a club, appointed by Council and Assembly, one more of which is in session every week in the year. Indeed, the comparison of the League structure with that of a club is almost perfect. The League is an open club, to which all civilized nations are invited as members. The Assembly is the all club membership, meeting to decide questions of policy, with final control over the budget. The Council is the executive committee, charged with carrying out the wishes of the club and with settling disputes. The Secretariat is the secretarial staff of the club in charge of correspondence, bills, announcements of club meetings. Ordinarily — and this is important — the club of nations can take no material action without the general agreement of the entire club membership. In this membership alone resides its authority to act. Nations joining the club give up voluntarily a certain amount of freedom in agreeing to abide by its constitution and by-laws. How, pray, could a single caretaker do the secretarial work of all these expert League bodies? As a matter of fact, the League Secretariat, with an overworked personnel of more than 500, has the task so blithely allotted to the janitor by the inquiring American. This permanent Secretariat, housed in its large Geneva hotel, the Palace of Nations, is the first international civil service that mankind has produced.

The work of the Secretariat in reporting and recording past meetings and in preparing for the

new is so intertwined with the activities of the committees, the Assembly, and the Council that we can best get an idea of the magnitude of its task by attending a public Council session. Through the wide windows of the Secretariat library we can look directly into the sunlit red-carpeted passageway, along which, four times a year, pass the political leaders of all the world, save Soviet Russia and the United States. They move from the private rooms of the Council down this passageway to the public session chamber, the famous Glass Room.

Standing in the library a yard away, we can study through the glass every shade of expression, every wrinkle, as they walk slowly along, smoking, talking, and gesticulating, followed by the official delegates permanently residing near the League — Poles, Irish, Canadians, Japanese — and by the chiefs of section of the Secretariat. There is little room for others in the Glass Room, save for the pressmen of importance, a few writers with genuine credentials from magazines, the official interpreters and stenographers, the photogra-

What goes on in Geneva when neither the Council nor the Assembly of the League is in session has troubled many Americans who have little idea of how this organization busies itself in odd moments. Mr. Carey, former member of the United States Diplomatic Service, contributes a refreshing picture of the League day by day and of the first international civil service which has been built up to administer the many duties which the League has assumed in building up a world spirit for peace

phers, and about threescore fortunate spectators. At ten minutes before the appointed hour, a middle-aged gentleman of middle height, with gray hair and mustache and a good golf complexion, precedes the others into the Council chamber. This is the kindly autocrat of the Secretariat, Sir Eric Drummond, whom everybody trusts but few see. Almost on his heels comes "our Austen," as the British affectionately call him. Like Sir Eric, he is usually in his seat at the Council table several minutes before the hour. At the very stroke of eleven, Stresemann and Briand pass us arm in arm. Stresemann is young, pink, bald, a little too fat, erect and fore-square, very confident in bearing. Briand, ten times Premier of France, is grizzled and bushy of hair and mustache, his face lined like the map of Europe, and his mind filled with the map of Europe.

Now, if you have been lucky enough to get a ticket, we can follow them into the Glass Room. The Glass Room is emblematic of the new round-table system and of the spirit of the League. Outside the open windows, along vistas of fresh trees and shrubs, we catch glimpses of blue-green Lake Leman, flashing in the distance. The Council room

is divided by a wooden railing like the bar of a courtroom. Beyond the rail, around the further and outer edge of a horseshoe-shaped table, sits the secretary-general among the Council delegates. Behind them are grouped the members of the permanent delegations, mingling with the chiefs of section of the Secretariat. Around the inner, nearer edge of the horseshoe the official stenographers and interpreters are seated. On the nearer side of the rail the journalists are ranged in long rows.

THE first day of the June, 1927, Council was typically a get-together and a dress affair. Important public debates were to come later. Little was done except to receive a few reports from League commissions. The most interesting event of the morning was the speech of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the presiding officer. Sir Austen delivered the speech in English. Hardly had he concluded when an official interpreter arose and delivered in the most perfect French a translation of the same speech, of which he had taken shorthand notes.

The Secretariat keeps the periodic conferences strung together so as to form a logical and continuous effort to outlaw war and to improve the condition of mankind in peace. In general it preserves the records of past meetings and prepares for future ones. In addition, it must collect information, publish reports, carry on a vast unofficial correspondence, probably as voluminous as the official, prepare the details of conferences, and translate documents or interpret speeches in the two official languages. Though forty-five nationalities are represented in the Secretariat, all its members, while keeping their citizenship, are in a sense denationalized, so that they are in no way responsible to their own Governments. They are civil servants of the League, appointed by it, paid by it, responsible to it alone. If it should ever be necessary, they must possibly be willing even to assist an economic blockade or other action against their own country. Sir Eric Drummond, the secretary-general, appointed by the Council with the approval of the Assembly, is the executive in supreme control. Fortunately, he has the happy faculty of inspiring trust in persons of all nationalities. This seems to be due to his objective, fair-minded attitude toward international problems. Among the reasons for his unique authority is this, that the seat of the League has and must have extraterritoriality, that is, complete independence of Swiss law. Thus, if a member of the Secretariat should commit a crime, he would have no appeal to his own Government and, unless voluntarily surrendered to the Swiss authorities, he would be tried by the secretary-general.

Below the secretary-general, the deputy secretary-general and the four under secretaries-general are appointed, as the result of recommendations by

their national Government, by the head of the Secretariat, with the approval of the Council. These appointments being political, the appointees are not members of the civil service proper. Below them in rank is the civil service itself — directors and chiefs of section, and some 500 others, including directors of services, over sixty stenographers, and copyists, and language experts who serve both as interpreters at League meetings and as translators of documents received by the Secretariat. There being practically no promotion, the highest position in the civil-service division is that of director of section at a salary of about \$5,000. Hence, a man's moral position in this "lower" plane of activity depends, not on his title, but on his energy and usefulness. Nor is there any pension offered by the Secretariat for persons of higher rank. All of which penury might be avoided if the United States Government, which constantly uses the League and receives all its publications free of charge, would have the grace to match Great Britain's annual contribution of about \$425,000.

Of the \$4,500,000 annually spent by the League, the largest fraction, averaging \$2,240,056, covers the expenditure for activities of Council, Assembly, standing committees, and Secretariat, while smaller amounts take care of the International Labor Organization and the World Court, which are financed by the League, but are not otherwise subject to League control. A considerable amount of this goes to the salaries and general expenses of the various sections and services within the Secretariat. There are a dozen or more, including those devoted to Social Welfare, Economics and Finance, Disarmament, Minorities, Health, Mandates, Information, Transit, Legal Matters, and Intellectual Coöperation. There is also the Political Section, devoted to forestalling international quarrels. There are besides such administrative divisions as Internal Services (Finance), Translating Service, Registration of Treaties Office, Library, Postal, and Secretarial Services. There is the League telegraph office, at which, in times of tension, a League official remains on duty day and night on the watch for urgent telegrams, appealing to the League in the event of a threat of war. The League has been considering the construction of its own wireless station and its own airplane landing field, in order that its communications may be independent of the telegraph and wireless services of national Governments during the confusion of mobilization.

CLOSELY dependent upon the work of the Telegraphic Service is that of the Political Section, which labors to prevent international disputes. Probably nine tenths of its work is preventive. Directed by a brilliant chief, Maj. G. H. F. Abraham, formerly of the British marines, it reaches out over the world, with a special eye on the Balkans, to search out and remove the causes of future wars.

When actual war is threatened, Major Abraham is called in with the legal and other experts to help draft the warning cables which are immediately sent by the Council to the belligerents. If, later on, a League Commission of Inquiry is sent to the spot where the spark started, the major and his assistants are indispensable companions to the generals and military staff aboard the League's special train.

OFTEN supplementary to the work of the Political Section are the activities of the Economic and Financial division, under the able directorship of Sir Arthur Salter. One of the Secretariat's important jobs is helping to organize loans to retarded countries, under an informal assurance that obligations will be fulfilled and interest paid. This guarantee is usually made effective by the presence in the borrowing country of a League-appointed financial expert, who often doles out the loan as needed, and keeps a sharp eye on interest payments. The League having organized many loans in Europe, it is now clearly recognized by British and American investors that loans to European nations are not to be lightly undertaken without first inquiring what interest the League is taking, and what "guarantees" it will supply. In this sense the League is in the good business, though it does not itself attempt the actual flotation of loans.

Of the many loans organized, that to Bulgaria, in the charge of M. Charron, a noted French banker, is most directly an antiwar measure. M. Charron lives in the Balkans as the League agent. Bulgaria, under his friendly guidance, is using the borrowed money to buy agricultural implements and recondition arms for Bulgarian refugees returning from exile in other countries. The importance of settling these wanderers is political, for it was just such wandering poverty-stricken *komitajis* whose raids caused much of the friction on the Greco-Bulgarian frontier leading to the hostilities of October, 1925. The Secretariat, having aided the Council in putting out that fire, is thus now at work on the prevention of future outbreaks.

As the Finance Section attempts to eliminate the basic foundations of war, so the Social Welfare Section works at the profound causes of human misery in peace time. Under the able direction of Dame Rachel Crowdy, famous for her organization of British nursing during the Great War, this section has two main preoccupations — opium, and the protection of women and children from white slavery. Working in collaboration with the Opium Advisory Committee since 1920, it has each year presented to the Council a report on League progress toward the restriction of the opium traffic. In the protection of women and children, many nations great and small have coöperated with the International Association for the Protection of Children, and various independent organizations for the protection

of girls. Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, president of the Child Welfare Committee of America, has been invited to act as adviser in child-welfare work.

The men and women of the Disarmament Section, working like bees, have done much to prepare the way for the naval disarmament conferences and for the coming final convention of general disarmament. Besides producing annually two bulky volumes, the "Trade in Arms Year-Book" and the "General and Statistical Year Book on Armaments," this division was responsible during the first months of 1927 for 266 sittings of various preparatory committees.

The harassed American tourist in Europe has often been turned out of his train for a customs examination of his hand baggage or has lost his checked trunks altogether, through the failure of frontier officials to warn him that they could not be examined at the journey's end, but must be either opened or held at the frontier. Truly has he opined that the world might still move, if this farce of baggage examination should be stopped altogether. After long and careful preparation, the League recently summoned a conference on transit problems. This body recommended to the thirty-four nations represented that, hereafter, travelers' hand baggage shall always be examined in the train. The states definitely agreed, moreover, to permit baggage checked from the place of dispatch abroad, to be forwarded, *without* customs examination at the frontier, to customs officers in the interior of the country of destination.

ARTHUR SWEETSER of Boston, assistant director of the Information Section, Huntington Gilchrist of Auburn, New York, of the Mandates Section, and Howard Huston of North Dakota, chief of Internal Services of the Secretariat, are the three musketeers of American internationalism, permanently serving in the international civil service. Men of foresight and pronounced ability, they joined the League at its earliest beginnings.

Mr. Sweetser has charge of League publicity. Hence, a steady stream of pressmen daily enters and leaves his office. The recent Geneva Press Conference made many requests for information, and the Economic Conference alone brought 200 journalists to his door. The work of this section increases in direct ratio to world interest in the League. In his odd moments, however, he has found time to oversee the publication of some seventeen pamphlets and booklets on the League. Mr. Gilchrist has the exceedingly delicate task of drawing up the long list of questions which the Mandates Commission annually addresses to the representatives of Governments holding mandates in fourteen territories. But Mr. Gilchrist has many other duties. He seems to have business with everyone in the building, and to pause (*Continued opp. page 640*)

If You Know What I Mean

THE slogan, 'Omaha, the Yuletide City,' is one that will befit Nebraska's metropolis if the sweep of sentiment for outdoor display of the Christmas spirit takes the city by storm, as the indications are that it will."

This message, let it be known, comes direct from no less Yulish and convivial an institution than the local electric-light company. Likewise, be advised that the "outdoor display of Christmas spirit" has to do with no such threadbare survivals of a barbarous past as carol singing or sleigh bells. Not at all. The "Christmas spirit" hereabouts is an all-electrical phenomenon and runs into real money.

"The city has been divided into four zones," — just like one of those big flood-relief or tornado-emergency situations, — and the householder in each zone who rigs up the most elaborate and "artistic" electrical display of the Christmas spirit will win a \$25 prize, in addition to the title of "The Man Who Has Rigged Up the Most Elaborate and Artistic Outdoor Display of the Christmas Spirit Between 34 Street and Happy Hollow Boulevard," or any other of the "zones."

The precise means by which the contestants are to exhibit their great humanity and susceptibility to the good old Christmas urge are partially outlined by the thoughtful electric company as follows:

1. Placing electric candles in the Christmas wreaths in the windows.
2. Colored lights on trees, either living trees in the ground or cut ones in supporters.
3. *Festooning strings of colored lights along the eaves of the house.*
4. Placing colored lights in flower boxes.
5. Illuminating the shrubbery on the lawn.
6. Placing illuminated stars over the doors *or on the roof.*
7. Using colored lights, red and green, in twin sockets.
8. Decorating and illuminating miniature Christmas Trees on the lawn and in the windows.

According to this list, a man could put on a good snappy display for not much more than the price of a Buick or a Studebaker.

* * *

"Yessir, when the judges told me that I had won in the third zone, you could have knocked me over with a feather. Where'd I get my idea? Well, to be frank about it, it wasn't original. The electric reindeer and Santa Claus I cribbed from that big Wrigley sign in Times Square. But that electric cascade of toys pouring down the chimney I thought up all by myself. The \$25 prize? Say, I think more of

that than I do of the cup I won in the consolations of the Secretary's Flight at the Country Club last year."

* * *

One enterprising fellow studded the entire four walls of his house with red and green bulbs (in twin sockets). He had, however, omitted the "illuminated star" on his roof-tree. But in view of his commendable attempt, the judges waived the rules of the contest and awarded him a special Honorable Mention and a cash award of \$2.50.

* * *

An unhappy incident marred the festivities when a wretched citizen — who shall here be nameless — was detected in touching a match to several old-fashioned tallow candles. "I didn't know there was any harm in it," he protested, as he was hustled off in the patrol wagon, "I thought they'd look nice on my mantelpiece."

* * *

One handsome display in zone two portrayed an old-fashioned stagecoach with holly-wreathed passengers and trumpeter. Its proprietor, Mr. Oswald Gherkin, just barely failed to get in the group of prizewinners when, right in the presence of the judges, the bulb representing the coachman's nose blew out. "Next time," declared Mr. Gherkin, "I shall buy only the most expensive bulbs on the market, and I advise all others to do the same."

* * *

The man who invented the idea of the electrification of the Christmas spirit has been hitherto, I understand, an obscure clerk in the auditing department of the electric company. He has been given a six months' trip to Europe with all expenses paid, and upon his return he is to report to the main office of the General Electric Company. His scheme, however perfect, was hurried into effect so suddenly that a complete set of instructions was not available for the judges. The most important of the regulations to be added for next year has to do with the display of bulbs or accessories which have been used in previous contests. Such use is to be forbidden — if possible, by statute. Failing in this, the company plans to tag and date all items of the exhibits, disqualifying any man caught trying to slip over any salvage from the year before. Thus the Christmas spirit will be kept full of novelty and free from burned-out bulbs.

* * *

Come to Omaha! The Greatest Yuletide Center in the Middle West!

C. W. M.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

IT is often said by people who ought to know better that a book which consists of collected articles must necessarily be of little consequence. When a novel appears which has been published serially in installments, that criticism is never heard, yet, when all is said and done, the necessity of making a story fall into attractive installments has had more definite effect upon certain works than the fact that the chapters of a volume of essays have appeared separately in various magazines. In the latter case, it is not even certain that the essays are disconnected, for the book may have been planned independently of the possible openings for the publication of separate chapters.

It is true, of course, that worthless volumes of reprinted articles and reviews sometimes find a publisher; but they are no more frequent than worthless volumes of reprinted short stories, or worthless volumes of any kind which have never been seen in print before. It so happens that some of the most important collections of essays, critical and otherwise, have been reprinted pieces: Sainte-Beuve's "Causeries du Lundi," the writings of Hazlitt, the "Shelburne Essays" of Paul Elmer More, the essays of George Saintsbury and Sir Edmund Gosse. And the list might be extended indefinitely.

Sir Edmund Gosse's latest sheaf of papers, "Leaves and Fruit" (Scribner's), consists, as did several of its predecessors, in a selection from the author's Sunday articles on books in a London newspaper. They seem to me to suffer in no wise from the compulsion of their weekly appearance, and in volume form they are readable, entertaining, and instructive within their limits. So far from making the reader feel that reprinted articles are of no consequence, they rather prompt admiration for the readiness and variety of the author's learning. Perhaps only those who have written many such articles can realize how little can be salvaged for the purposes of more permanent publication and admire the high average of Sir Edmund Gosse's literary journalism.

The wide range of subjects treated can be judged by a partial enumeration of the contents: Montaigne, Epictetus, Rochester, Rousseau, Mallarmé, Edith Sitwell, Lytton Strachey, George Gissing, René Boylesve, Walt Whitman, Lord Curzon, and Samuel Butler. Assuredly none of these subjects is exhaustively treated, but all are discussed with authority and infectious sympathy. Even where the criticism is depreciatory, it does not tend to drive the reader away from the writer

mentioned. Sir Edmund does not stand between his subject and his audience. He serves as an intermediary, usually urging the advantages of a closer acquaintanceship, at worst suggesting a critical revision of undue enthusiasms. On the subject of Samuel Butler, for example, he has some interesting qualifications to make: "In the face of all the panegyric which is now poured on the genius of Butler, it

part of Butler's work will be as dead some day as the greater part of Swift and Voltaire, but it seems to me inevitable that the author of "The Way of All Flesh" can no more be forgotten than the author of "Gulliver's Travels" or of "Candide."

In his essay on George Gissing, Sir Edmund Gosse writes a sympathetic and penetrating account of that much misunderstood author: "He was a humanist whom poverty pressed into the mould of a novelist. That his novels are so interesting and so well written is merely the result of his intellectual force, which was prodigious, but they were composed against the grain, and the writer's heart all the while was not in Grub Street but on the shores of the Ionian sea."

WHETHER commending the translation by Mr. Ives of Montaigne or recalling his memories of Mallarmé, Sir Edmund is always urbane and judicial. Although he dedicates this book to Lytton Strachey, his criticism of the latter's booklet on Pope is impartial and sound in its disagreements. I cannot, however, read the dedication without a smile, for it seems to me that Sir Edmund Gosse was one of those who resented rather sharply the irreverence of "Eminent Victorians." Nothing, apparently, succeeds like success, which, in this case, produces a dedication "with affectionate admiration."

I wish that Mr. Elmer Davis were less truculent in his "Show Window" (Day), a collection of reprinted pieces which includes that superb essay, "Portrait of a Cleric," in which Bishop Manning is examined to good purpose. Unfortunately, the truculence of Mr. Davis is excited by an imaginary obstacle to which he returns ever and again; to wit, the religion of Menckanism. Mr. Davis labors under the illusion that he alone with two choice spirits is immune from the habit of being violently pro or anti-Mencken, and he further believes in a cult of Mencken which is very far from the realities of that writer's success and following.

He mistakes cause and effect, and does not seem to realize that if a lot of people read the *American Mercury* it is not because they have been converted by the editor, but because the editor voices ideas which they hold already, and in support of which they welcome outside help, as it were. To Mr. Davis, H. L. Mencken is a perpetual incitement to protest, as if he were determined at any cost to disagree with him, when in fact his general attitude, save on this point, is certainly closer to Mencken's than to Bishop Manning's.

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

The Great Modern Detective Stories.
By Willard Huntington Wright
(Scribner's).

The Wayward Man. By St. John Ervine
(Macmillan).

The Fifth Child. By Klaus Mann
(Boni & Liveright).

The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder (A. & C. Boni).

GENERAL

Shelley: His Life and Work. By Walter E. Peck (Houghton Mifflin).

Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats. By Duncan Aikman (Holt).

Seven Strings of the Lyre. By Elizabeth Schermerhorn (Houghton Mifflin).

That Man Heine. By Lewis Browne (Macmillan).

may seem overbold on my part to suggest that violent reactions lead to slow reactions, and that the appreciation of that genius, having reached a pitch beyond which it would be difficult to go, is now certain to give way gradually to calmer reflection. . . . I think that when the temperature of fashion, now so high in Butler's case, begins to go down, it will sink steadily, and perhaps reach again a point much lower than his deserts." In his view Butler's greatest asset was his "pyrrhonism," his questioning of all truths, which accounts for his success in our time. But Sir Edmund feels that "future readers will turn with apathy from a writer who does nothing but break down doors which they themselves will long have found wide open."

BELIEVING as I do that Butler has been an influence most powerful in opening those doors, I wonder if he will not enjoy the gratitude which we always feel toward those who have helped to emancipate the human mind. Otherwise almost all iconoclasts would be doomed to oblivion. It is true that a very large

The Poet Writes of Poets

A Review by A. K. Laing

THE WINGED HORSE. By Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$3.50.

"IT was the Greeks who first took poetry to pieces and found how it was made and named the delicate magic machinery of it." This early sentence is a key to the manner in which "The Winged Horse" is written. It is not, happily, another addition to the already terrifying stock of tabloid knowledge. It does not attempt to put between covers all that anyone need ever know about poetry. Instead, it is an appetizer carefully planned to lure the uninitiated to the works of the great poets in their own volumes, and to clarify the always evolving panorama of traditional poetry for those who love it already. It is a simple, vivid story, equally suitable for children and for adults, telling of the lives and works of the major English prosodists.

In order to set the stage properly the authors commence with three speculative chapters on the primitive need for poetry in the days when poetry meant everything that newspapers, radio, the cinema, concerts, and literature in general mean to us today. Seven chapters follow on the ancient and renaissance poets who developed the art, and whose work has vitally influenced the English writers. Then the scene swings back to Beowulf and proceeds uninterrupted with the main English tradition. These early chapters contain many fragmentary translations from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and Middle English, made by the authors especially for this book. Most of them are admirable; but it is unfortunate that the first concrete examples of what poetry is should have been translations at all, however well done. Great poetry never can be as good in translation as in the original; and because these fragments often are put into approximations of the original quantitative meters, they lack something of the magic of verse autochthonous to the peculiarities of our own tongue. This may perplex many readers who do not approach the volume as confirmed lovers of poetry.

The authors state, in a brief introduction: "Because it seemed most right and interesting to do so, we have built up the larger story out of the stories of single great poets." About forty are treated in some detail; and of these a dozen receive about a chapter apiece. In addition to Shakespeare, Milton, and other towering giants, some figures of the second rank,

such as Byron and Poe, are stressed at the expense of more important writers. Ten lines are granted Donne, against ten pages for Poe; and this is indicative of what may be considered the major fault of the book: an overemphasis on the Nineteenth Century at the expense of the Seventeenth. This disparity probably is justifiable in a book largely intended to bring newcomers, and especially young ones, to an understanding love for poetry. The old satirists and metaphysicists are heady wine for seasoned palates. Yet I am sorry that there was not more of Marlowe at the expense, let us say, of Browning; and more of the Cavalier poets, most alluring fellows for anyone to contemplate, at the expense of the lesser Victorians.

PROBLEMS of this sort probably were discussed late many a night before the authors decided definitely upon the proportions of their book; and it is certain that the omissions are those of judgment rather than of ignorance, when made by men who have given their lives to poetry and who, on the basis of the original work which they have themselves produced, stand in the front rank of the younger poets now writing in English.

Another reason for the disproportionate stressing of certain figures is an obvious desire to explain the category of humanity into which poets fall. Of course they are as diverse physically and mentally as workers at any other occupation. On one hand we find sturdy brawlers such as Burns and Jonson, and on the other fragile or crippled wisps like Dowson or Pope. Intellectually they range from the keen good sense of Browning to the mad idealism of Shelley or the mysticism of Blake. But throughout the lot there runs a fire and a pride which has driven many into strange and lonely graves. The authors have accomplished well the task of showing that poets are both normal and more than normal; and the exigencies of this task frequently have made it necessary to choose for special study figures greater or more remarkable as people than as poets.

In this side of the work there is little conjecture. Most of the biographical data is taken from letters and other contemporary evidence. A vast amount of research must have been necessary to present so many characters so vividly, if only to check facts stored up in a lifetime of special reading; and the nature of the quotations, which for the most part are the best as opposed to the best known, shows that the authors have carefully

read the works of almost every poet of any importance. Indeed, there is hardly a quotation which is not admirably suited to its purpose: that of fomenting a desire to read more of the work from which it has been taken.

Collaboration, which is not wise always, in this instance has produced an excellent result. It has made for balance in the choice of subject and for clarity and conciseness of style. Evidently Mr. Auslander, the play boy of exquisite but not always pertinent phrases, has been restrained by Mr. Hill just enough to make the result a piece of fine instead of exuberant writing. When a surge of passionate wording is needed for a climax, it is there, and all the more effective for having risen above normal restraint. Mr. Auslander's sonnet which concludes the chapter on Keats provides an instance.

In general, however, biographical material is presented with a gratifying lack of bias. There is no muckraking or condoning. Shelley is forgiven a bit too promptly, perhaps, for the suicide of Harriet; but that is a problem upon which critics never will agree. Mark Twain and Maurice Hewlett have presented the opposite poles of opinion. You may choose one or the other; there is no possibility of a reconciliation.

THE authors admit in the foreword that they must have made mistakes. Those that I have noticed are errors of vague statement rather than of fact and do not affect the true purpose of the book. The invention of the "Shakespearean" sonnet, for example, is credited to "an Elizabethan." Actually it was developed by Henry Howard before Elizabeth came to the throne, and some fifty years before the appearance of the group whom we call the Elizabethans. Similarly, an injustice is done Howard when Milton is called the first to use blank verse for anything but drama. Howard developed the form for his translation of two books of the *Æneid*, written more than a hundred years before Milton. It is stated that Swinburne "never did anything better than his second and third books." I have always considered "The Forsaken Garden" his best and most representative poem. It appeared twelve years after the third book. Perhaps, however, I am alone in thinking so.

Such slips are annoying to this reviewer mainly because they are so difficult to find. Taken as a whole the book is a most unusual combination of good scholarship, good taste, and good writing.

New Books in Brief Review

Shelley: His Life and Work. By Walter Edwin Peck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. \$12.50.

THE late Clutton-Brock once said to a friend, "I have written a book about Shelley, but I am not quite sure that I understand him." How can we know Shelley who cannot completely know ourselves? We have the poems and letters, we have discovered many of the external facts, but we must conjecture the rest. That we shall ever possess the entire Shelley is like suggesting that we shall reach the limits of infinity. His life is inexhaustible. And as new material and fresh insight are brought to the task, each new biography is worth the writing.

Walter Edwin Peck's edition of Shelley's life is an important addition to English letters. Mr. Peck has gathered together the fruits of the latest scholarship, he has had access to the latest material that has been plowed up during the last few years. And he brings to his task a fair mind, a scholar's enthusiasm, and sufficient critical ability to do credit to his industry. Moreover, Mr. Peck is a temperate and fair-minded judge. He discusses sanely and shrewdly Shelley's extraordinary inconsistencies, allowing the poet credit for being neither so base as his contemporaries pictured him nor so blameless as his apologists believed him. What has made Shelley particularly difficult to understand is that we must accept him according to his own standards before we pass judgment, and that there may be two equally just points of view that are opposing in fact. Mr. Peck has recognized this without losing his own character as an interpreter and recorder of facts, and he treats with considerable success Shelley's peculiar relationship to his wives and female admirers and his social ideals in the broad sense of that term. We may disagree with Mr. Peck, his gift is perhaps more scholarly than literary, but again we come back to the question of individual judgment. "Shelley: His Life and Works" has been written without the aid of the brilliant, but fallacious, pyrotechnics which characterize modern biography, but it is no less readable on that account. Moreover, those who love Shelley cannot very well afford to do without it.

Aspects of the Novel. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

NO scholar's handiwork is Mr. E. M. Forster's "Aspects of the Novel," but the reflections upon his own craft of a distinguished master. Names and facts and dates are conspicuously lacking. This

is no learned treatise, but a series of *cause-ries* delivered before that most cultivated of audiences offered by an English university town. But if Mr. Forster's book does not have the defects of a scholar's writing, neither does it have its virtues. What he has to say is diffuse—urbane and occasionally witty, indeed, but lacking precision, lacking definiteness. Occasionally he sinks to downright vagueness. One suspects that Mr. Forster is more eager to be charming than to elucidate the principles which he practices so deftly. Can it be a case of a craftsman unwilling to divulge to the laity the tricks of his trade? Or is it merely that lectures, when reduced to cold print and deprived of the magic of the lecturer's physical presence, suffer a curious loss of vividness and life? However, "Aspects of the Novel" is a book that no one will regret reading, although one may rise from it with a disappointing sense of promise unfulfilled. Perhaps it is unfair to expect a novelist to write criticism as well as he writes novels.

The Woodcutter's House. By Robert Nathan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

THERE is a case to be made for the claim of certain critics that Robert Nathan has created a literary form entirely his own. In a half dozen slender volumes of prose, he has expressed in the form of tales a spirit that is sensitive, faintly ironic, fantastic, and wistful. Edwin Björkman believes that Nathan achieves "a genuine idyl with an adult mentality and the modern note." Whether the books reach that pitch of finality or not, they are a unique literary blend; and they have won enthusiasts. The Nathan method is to take animals or children or inanimates, such as puppets and an occasional imaginary elf, and set them talking and acting in a simple, homespun way. Then suddenly in the remark of a rustic child, or say a May bug, a philosophic truth discloses itself or poetry is unexpectedly uncovered. In this story of an orphan girl, her dog Musket, and Joseph, the woodcutter whom she didn't marry, the followers of Nathan will find many of the qualities they have long enjoyed. Indeed, it may well prove the most popular of them all. But to this reviewer, though it provides many moments of pleasure, it is vaguely lacking. Somehow the discussions of God and the whale in "Jonah" or the love-making of the puppets in "The Puppet Master" were saltier and more individual than Metabel's dealings with the green man of the forest in this present tale. Here sentiment

encroaches. A change in method or a profound change of feeling is in order before the next Nathan book.

Fighters of Fate. By J. Arthur Myers. Baltimore: The Williams & Wilkins Co. \$3.00.

THIS title is intriguing, but the introduction and foreword give one the impression that inadvertently he has picked up a medical book. The "fighters" really are fighting tuberculosis as well as fate. The book presents short biographies of twenty-four geniuses, men and women who in spite of their physical ailments or perhaps because of them, gained prominence in the field of endeavor they chose as their life work. The simple and straightforward manner in which each story is presented impresses one with the courage of souls in distress and helps to make our own troubles seem petty and mean. It is astonishing how many brilliant people have been afflicted by this insidious disease, and yet after reading this book you may feel that perhaps a slight touch of the White plague is a prerequisite of success in music, art, or literature.

John Keats, suffering tortures, wrote some of his most beautiful verse. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was nearly always an invalid. Henry David Thoreau, in spite of his close attunement to nature, died of acute tuberculosis. One thing is certain: after reading this book you cannot but feel a greater admiration and have a deeper understanding of the spirit that kept these people struggling to the very end.

The Woman's Side. By Clemence Dane. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

EVERYONE interested in the problems presenting themselves today dealing with the emancipation of woman from the thralldom of men would find much that was interesting in Clemence Dane's latest book. Of course some of us cannot see ourselves as others see us—and perhaps we are lucky. Miss Dane handles her subject in a masterly manner. We can quite agree with practically everything she says, and it is good to have it said so well. She takes up woman's part in politics, education, religion, marriage, and business in such a direct way that it will make many a man do some real thinking. The greatest geniuses may have been men, but could they have attained their exalted positions without the help of an inspiring woman? It would be well for the men who scoff at the power of women to read this book.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

WHEN President COOLIDGE sent his annual message to Congress on December 6, one of its most significant sections expressed his approval of a comprehensive naval building program. Although actual details of the proposed "Big-Navy" ^{Push} plans are still unconfirmed, it is understood that the General Board of the Navy has recommended a five-year program calling for twenty-six 10,000-ton cruisers, three airplane carriers, five fleet submarines, and eighteen destroyer leaders. In addition, the proposals are said to ask authorization for four battleships to take care of replacements scheduled under the Washington Treaty for 1932.

Memories of 1916 when President WILSON began building the greatest Navy afloat—a dream blasted by the Washington Conference of 1921-22—are aroused by this new

Memories program which will soon be embodied in a bill and sent to the House for consideration. Memories, also, of the Geneva Conference of last summer are called forth by the item of twenty-six 10,000-ton cruisers. At Geneva, where the United States, Great Britain, and Japan spent weeks attempting to reach some agreeable basis for further limiting naval armament, it was over 10,000-ton cruisers that most of the difficulty was aroused. The United States needs ships of this size to protect her interests in the Pacific where wide cruising radius is necessary. Great Britain, with frequent bases scattered through the Seven Seas, can do with cruisers of 5,000 and 7,500 tons. To a great extent, the conference was wrecked upon this knotty problem—the United States offering to set a total tonnage for cruisers and leave it to each nation to decide what type of cruiser she should build, Great Britain holding that if the United States were to build 10,000-ton cruisers she would be forced to build ship for ship with her.

In his message to Congress, President COOLIDGE stressed the point that the United States should calculate her military and naval arms with but a single idea in mind—national defense.

For National Defense The needs or desires of other powers should not be considered, he pointed out, because our armaments were a threat to no nation. Where no agreement with another power existed, then, we should build what we felt necessary to protect our coast line and our island possessions. It appears now that the President is withholding approval from the unofficially announced building program. Particularly, it is said,

he believes that authorization for the contemplated four new battleships is unnecessary at this time, and he believes that the cost of the three proposed airplane carriers can be reduced, bringing the expense of the entire program below \$1,000,000,000. His idea is further said to

The Week

¶Big-Navy guns begin to boom. A flock of big cruisers. But the President has not approved. The House is favorably disposed. ¶Embattled legislators in Oklahoma. A governor calls out the guard. But the Legislature meets in secret. Pajamas and bath robes. Impeachment proceedings. But has the session a legal right to act? ¶Colonel Lindbergh does it again. Washington to Mexico City in twenty-six hours. Latin enthusiasm. ¶Peace between Lithuania and Poland at last. The League Council registers a triumph. But the matters at dispute must still be ironed out. ¶At it again in China. Canton and the Communists. Were the Russians behind it? Chiang Kai-shek comes back to the revolution. And hopes to weld the party together. ¶A new Governor-General for the Philippines. ¶Smith and Vare must bide their time.

involve increasing the time element of the program to spread the cost over a nine-year period.

In the House of Representatives where the new naval bill must be introduced, sentiment is said to favor a substantial building program. A bill embodying the items proposed would be approved there, thinks **House Sentiment** THOMAS S. BUTLER of Pennsylvania, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, providing it omitted mention of the four battleships. Mr. BUTLER is inclined to believe the authorization of additional battleships is unwise at this time, feeling that before 1932 some new agreement may be reached with Great Britain which would curtail the present number of capital ships allowed the two nations.

In Oklahoma, a bitter fight between Gov. HENRY S. JOHNSTON and the State Legislature had its culmination on December 12 when the governor ordered out the National Guard to bar legislators

from meeting in the State capitol in Oklahoma City. A touch of the dramatic surrounded the executive's call for troops at two o'clock on a foggy Monday morning. They were mobilized promptly, detailed to the various entrances of the State capitol, the governor's home, the Supreme Court, and the State Court of Criminal Appeals. When legislators awoke on Monday morning and marched on the capitol to begin their impeachment hearings against the governor, they found their way barred by bayonets.

The following morning, however, at 3.50 A.M., in a hotel outside the city a pajamaed and bath-robed Legislature voted impeachment proceedings against

Oklahoma Difficulties Governor JOHNSTON on three counts. These included incompetency, illegal employment of an attorney for the State Banking Department, commissioning José ALVARADO, a man alleged to be wanted for bank robbery in Texas, as a peace officer, illegal payment of \$7,900 to employees of the Banking Department; an alleged conspiracy with Governor JOHNSTON's confidential secretary and another woman to aid a contractor in collecting a claim from the State. The legislators also voted impeachment proceedings against Chief Justice FREDERICK P. BRANSON of the State Supreme Court and HARRY B. CORDELL, president of the State Board of Agriculture. Charges against the former concern alleged corruption in office, and are based upon a legal battle between the Supreme Court and the Court of Criminal Appeals; those against Mr. CORDELL concern irregularities in office.

The House's charges have been placed in the hands of a board of managers which will present them to the Senate of the State, also in secret session. Meanwhile, a fight continues in the courts to determine the legality of a self-convened session of the Legislature. The Supreme Court, acting upon an injunction appealed from the District Court, has ruled that the present session of the Legislature is impotent, and that its acts have no force at law. Legislators, on the other hand, have denounced Justice BRANSON for his decision, saying that he has willfully misinterpreted the law. The Legislature has a full right, they say, to convene itself whenever it desires. Governor JOHNSTON bases his own acts entirely upon the courts and states that he is willing to abide by their decisions.

Col. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, America's ambassador of good will, has carried this

nation's greetings and friendly compliments to another nation where rumors of

Good-will Ambassador
American distrust were current. Just as Paris went wild over the young flyer when he dropped out of the sky at Le Bourget field last May, so Mexico City echoed the enthusiasm of that welcome on December 14 when the adventurous colonel's famous plane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, taxied up Valbuena Flying Field shortly after noon to be greeted by President PLUTARCO ELIAS CALLES and DWIGHT W. MORROW, American Ambassador to Mexico. A crowd of 30,000 had been assembling since early morning, and almost a third as many Federal troops were on hand to see that plane and aviator were not swamped by the enthusiasm. Although the 2,000-mile flight was scheduled to take twenty-six hours, and the *Spirit of St. Louis* was not expected before two o'clock, both President CALLES and Ambassador MORROW were on hand a good five hours earlier lest some turn of good fortune should bring the famous "We" to the field far ahead of schedule. There were three anxious hours between eleven o'clock, when LINDBERGH was reported over Tampico, and 2.39 P.M., when he finally arrived. A dense fog had made flying difficult and in some fashion the flyer swerved from his course. Although Tampico is not much more than two hours' air time from Mexico City, the colonel spent three and a half, part of it hunting for some landmark which would guide him to the flying field where the official reception was staged.

Colonel LINDBERGH took off from Bolling Field, Washington, at 12.26.30 P.M., on December 13. Muddy turf hindered the plane as it headed down the field, but its expert pilot tilted it into the air after an anxious moment or two, and was off on his long flight with as little emotion as might have been expected for a ten-minute test flight. Three sandwiches and two quarts of water comprised the flyer's rations for his flight; 368 gallons of gasoline and fifteen gallons of oil were the plane's share.

Before he left the United States on his latest good-will flight, House and Senate unanimously voted President COOLIDGE permission to award Colonel LINDBERGH the Congressional Medal of Honor. The House action was taken on December 10; the Senate acted two days later. It has not yet been decided when Mr. COOLIDGE will make the award, which is the highest honor the nation gives, and is reserved — with the exceptions which Congress may stipulate — for conspicuous bravery in military action.

After more than seven years of war, peace has been brought about between Poland and Lithuania through the intercession of the League of Nations Council. Premiers of the two nations — PILSUDSKI

of Poland and WALDEMARAS of Lithuania — facing each other at a secret meeting of the Council, decided that peace should be declared between them, and with characteristic dramatic

Peace Again

instinct the fiery Marshal PILSUDSKI left the meeting with the announcement that he would order Te Deums sung in every church in Poland. The dispute between the two nations will be settled through a memorandum which is still to be drawn up and whose principal concern will be the protection of minority rights in the two countries. The sovereignty of Vilna, former Lithuanian city which was seized by the Poles in 1920 and held by the Council of Ambassadors rightfully to belong to Poland, is still to be arbitrated. The important point, however, is that peace has been declared between the two nations, which gives them an opportunity of settling their own troubles. In case further difficulty arises, Sir ERIC DRUMMOND, Secretary-General of the League, and Jonkheer BEELAERTS VAN BLOKLAND of Holland will serve as a League commission to iron out the difficulties between them.

On December 10, the week's session of the Nationalist party's Central Executive Committee came to a close in Nanking, China, with CHIANG KAI-SHEK, military

"Peace and Amity"

leader who retired from the revolution last August, back in supreme command once more. The meeting ended in expressions of peace and amity, with CHIANG announcing as the two basic planks of his platform unification of the various dissentient elements of the party and a stronger foreign policy. Two days later, however, revolution broke out afresh in Canton, birthplace of the party, when 20,000 Communists stormed the native city, apparently captured it, and began to indulge in the approved Chinese practice of looting. The movement was turned against Gen. CHANG FAK-WEI, military leader who seized Canton on November 17 when its former leader was absent in Shanghai.

Somewhat confused reports do not allow a clear analysis of the situation. Trouble apparently started when Gen. CHANG FAK-WEI attempted to disarm

American Gunboats

troops suspected of being loyal to his predecessor. Communists seized the confusion thus aroused to make their attack upon the city. The Nanking Government alleges Russian inspiration, but since the Nanking Government is strongly anti-Communist it is impossible to state what truth there is in their contention. Three American gunboats are protecting American citizens and property.

This unexpected revolutionary movement destroys some of the optimism which prevailed at Nanking following the meeting of the Central Committee. Nevertheless, it is felt in Shanghai and

Nanking that the return of CHIANG KAI-SHEK is a favorable omen. This military leader, still in his thirties, is felt to be the one man to whom all of the elements

The Strong Man

of the Nationalist party will turn for guidance. In his statement, given out after his reappointment to the head of the movement, CHIANG expressed the hope that other powers might consider seriously the revision of existing unequal treaties. He states, also, that the Nationalist Government will make every effort to improve its relations with other powers, possibly excepting Soviet Russia.

Col. HENRY L. STIMSON of New York, Secretary of War in the TAFT Cabinet and more recently personal representative of President COOLIDGE in Nicaragua, has

Czar of the Islands

been nominated by the President as successor to the late Governor-General LEONARD WOOD in the Philippines. On December 13 the nomination was forwarded to the Senate. Colonel STIMSON was born in New York in 1867. He graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1890, and was admitted to the bar the following year. He entered the law office of ELIHU ROOT, which was then the firm of ROOT and CLARK, but has now become WINTHROP and STIMSON. In 1906 President ROOSEVELT appointed him United States Attorney for the district which includes New York City, and he conducted several Government cases of great importance, including that which resulted in the dissolution of the Manila Fibre Paper trust under the Sherman antitrust law. He resigned from that office in 1910 to run unsuccessfully for the governorship of New York.

Senator-elect FRANK L. SMITH of Illinois and WILLIAM S. VARE of Pennsylvania have both been refused seats in the Senate, and their cases have been referred

Disappointed Senators

to the Reed Campaign Funds Investigating Committee for inquiry and report. Until the committee informs the Senate of its findings, the two men will have to bide their time. SMITH was refused his seat on December 7 by a vote of 53 to 28; VARE was ruled out on December 9 by the decisive figure of 56 to 30.

The first resolution alleged that SMITH's campaign fund reached \$458,782, of which \$203,000 came from public service corporations at a time when SMITH controlled utility rates as head of the Illinois Public Service Commission. Hence, "fraud and corruption." The second resolution charged that VARE's campaign fund was in excess of \$785,000, and mentioned various charges lodged against him, involving again, "fraud and corruption." VARE issued a statement invoking "the great State of Pennsylvania," and declaring that "the covenant between the States has been broken."

The Editor Steps Down

FROM a professor of economics at Harvard University comes this reasonable letter on the prohibition question. The article by the late Wayne B. Wheeler, "A New Deal for Prohibition," to which our correspondent refers was published in the issue for June 25.

DEAR SIR:

Some time ago you published an article by the late Wayne B. Wheeler, which, as I wrote you, seemed to indicate a genuinely liberal spirit in the editorial policy of THE INDEPENDENT. Since that time I have read nothing on the subject of prohibition in the magazine that was not hostile. It seems to me that it is time somebody said something to your readers in its defense.

¶How well or how badly prohibition is being enforced is one question. Whether it is worth enforcing or not is quite a different question. To confuse these two questions is a mark not of clear but of confused thinking. There is a great deal of this kind of confused thinking. Most of the evils of prohibition to which its opponents point are the result of its non-enforcement and not of its enforcement. They merely show that it is not being well enforced; they do not show that it is not worth enforcing.

¶I notice that a great many, though not all, of the opponents of prohibition state positively that they have no desire to return to the preprohibition conditions. One wonders why. Can it be that they realize that, badly as prohibition is enforced, conditions are not so bad as they were in the days of the open saloon. If so, this position is not far from that of Prof. Irving Fisher. It means that they realize that prohibition, even at its worst, is not so bad as the licensing of saloons. Of course, this does not apply to those who are frankly for nullification or even to those who stand merely for repeal and do not propose a substitute for prohibition.

¶An even worse form of confusion is in the minds of certain wet statisticians. Without exception, so far as I have read their figures, they compare conditions during the last two or three years with those of 1919, 1920, and 1921, when the high moral fervor of the war period gave it great moral support.

¶I submit that if you show that drunkenness and other evils associated with drink were less when prohibition was moderately well enforced than they are when it is badly enforced, you have not shown that prohibition is a bad thing. You have gone a long way toward showing that it would be a good thing to enforce it, certainly that it is better to enforce it than not to enforce it. The figures may show that prohibition is not now being as well enforced as it was, say, in 1920 or 21, which is what the wet statisticians aim to show. They also show that conditions were better when it was enforced than now when it is not, which is not what the wet statisticians intended.

In short, they are either confused in their own thinking or they are hoping to confuse the minds of their readers.

T. N. CARVER.

THE following epistle from a correspondent in East Berlin, Pennsylvania, who had received a letter from our circulation department is no less than elegant in its denunciation of the Hub of the Universe — and this particular spoke in the wheel.

O Lord! How can anything good come out of Boston? Where they support the Watch & Ward society. Where they gag the news distributor, where they flimflam the book sellers, where they burn to death poor foreign wops because they do not think along orthodox lines. Where perished the Boston *Investigator* and even the *Free Religious Index*. No, brethren, when a publication is allowed in Boston I ask to be excused. It is milk and water with the water very predominant. Yes, I read your paper or the one with your name for twenty years, but it still had some backbone but in later years it lost that and if it has regained it since we parted company I have not heard of it and I am sure if it so had it would move out of Boston very promptly as do all folks who have any sign of guts.

Britain's Navy Come to Judgment

(Continued from page 624)

cruisers, five minor types in 1925-26; two 10,000-ton cruisers, one 8,300-ton cruiser, six fleet submarines, and two other types in 1926-27; one 10,000-ton cruiser, two 8,300-ton cruisers, nine destroyers, and six fleet submarines in 1927-28; one 10,000-ton cruiser, two 8,300-ton cruisers, nine destroyers, six fleet submarines, and two other types in 1928-29; one 10,000-ton cruiser, two 8,300-ton cruisers, one aircraft carrier, nine destroyers, five fleet submarines, two other types in 1929-30.

In deference to Parliamentary opposition, the Admiralty has postponed laying down two of these 1927-28 cruisers. Assuming, however, that the present storm blows over, taking into consideration the thirteen 8-inch gun cruisers now building and the trend of the British building program, the prospect is that in 1932 the British will have more than twenty such vessels built and over ten more building; so that when the Washington Treaty expires in 1936 they will have thirty-two to thirty-four 8-inch gun cruisers aggregating over 300,000 tons.

Thus, when the long-deferred *Nelson*

and *Rodney* join the British fleet they will form the nucleus of a post-Washington navy which embodies everything learned from war experience. The five 1924 *County* cruisers will be their consorts. These latter have an oil capacity large enough to permit them to cruise from Portsmouth to Singapore at normal speed without refueling. They will, as a matter of fact, form the new British squadron on the China Station — a sure indication of the underlying political reason for the British naval construction. There are the new flotilla leaders, *Amazon* and *Ambscade*, which can do thirty-seven knots; the diving cruiser XI, which carries four 5.2-inch guns mounted in double revolving turrets, with a surface speed of twenty-two knots; *Oberon*, a smaller type specially designed for transoceanic work — two recently completed Australian submarines — and six British submarines now building conform to this type; the mine-laying cruiser *Adventure*, which has a low speed — twenty-two knots — and weak armament (four 4.7-inch guns), but carries 1,000 mines, and is equipped with Diesel auxiliaries giving a large cruising radius.

Exclusive of cruisers, the British fleet will be strengthened by one aircraft carrier, one flotilla leader, twenty-six destroyers, and eighteen submarines in the next two years. Contracts for one flotilla leader, eight destroyers, six submarines and three cruisers, since postponed, are to be let before March, 1928.

The Board of Admiralty has tried hard to justify this ambitious and well-rounded program before British public opinion. Until the breakdown of the Coolidge conference they had succeeded. The American issue is, however, only a stalking horse for partisan advantage. The only material naval issue between Great Britain and America is the freedom of the seas — and possibly the existence of British naval bases athwart our vital communications along the Atlantic Coast and in the Caribbean. The broad interests of Great Britain and of the United States are so similar in the region which concerns them both — the Western Pacific — that proposals as to the Atlantic are at present irrelevant and academic. These interests are based, not on rivalry with any nation, but on a desire to maintain sufficient force to support their policies in China and the China Seas against all the unpredictable consequences of the political earthquake which is now shaking Soviet Russia and eastern Asia.

However, public opinion in Great Britain is unable to appreciate the broad political implications of sea power and insists on having an "enemy." Weariness of high taxation, combined with the fact that the British navy is overbuilt, has impelled a portion of the British public to seize upon the breakdown of the Coolidge conference as a means of forcing the Admiralty to commit itself.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

BRITAIN'S POSTWAR NAVY. 1. While reading this article, keep in mind the views expressed by Sir Harry Perry Robinson in THE INDEPENDENT for December 10. Compare Mr. Carter's remarks on British naval policy with those of Sir Harry. Do the authors seem to agree, in general, or are there marked points of difference? Does either of them declare that Great Britain and the United States are openly building cruisers against one another? Notice Mr. Carter's statement, "the probable fact is that neither Great Britain nor the United States is building with direct reference to the other." How can this be reconciled with his assertion that the British Admiralty "wrecked" the Geneva Conference "rather than admit that the United States was not considered the direct naval rival of Great Britain?" Why is it Admiralty policy to find a rival to build against? 2. Does Mr. Carter seem to approve or disapprove of Mr. Hughes' "Aladdin-like diplomacy" at the Washington Conference? 3. In what parts of the world, according to Mr. Carter, does Great Britain find her interests menaced by unsettled political conditions? In what area has the United States found a similar menace? Comment on international difficulties existent in these regions. 4. What is Mr. Carter's explanation for Great Britain's abandoning part of her 1927-28 cruiser-building program? Has the policy of the United States anything to do with the move? 5. Summarize, in your own words, the main points made by Mr. Carter.

BACK STAGE IN WASHINGTON. 1. Within the last two weeks Mr. Coolidge has issued a statement which seems to eliminate him definitely from the 1928 Presidential race. If you are not sure what it was, look it up. Does it seem to you that the President has at last committed himself? There are still those who believe he may be "drafted" by the Republican party. What justification have they for their stand? 2. William M. Butler is chairman of the Republican National Committee. What other office did he hold until recently? Who has succeeded him in it? 3. Discuss the duties of a Democratic or Republican National Committee, and the part it plays in party organization.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS DAY BY DAY. 1. Come to class prepared to discuss the general plan of organization of the League. How many nations are now members? What nations remain outside? 2. What is the League Assembly? The Council? What are the chief duties of each? 3. Name a number of the League commissions, and describe their activities. 4. What is the Secretariat? Name at least five of its divisions. What is the general nature of its work? 5. What languages have been officially adopted for use in League conferences? 6. What important matter has recently been brought to a settlement by the League Council meeting in Geneva? 7. Tell something about each of the following: Sir Eric Drummond; Sir Austen Chamberlain; Gustav Stresemann; Aristide Briand. 8. What is the relationship between the League of Nations and the World Court? 9. Write an article of 750 words or more explaining the organization and functions of the League. Make it more than a formal piece of exposition. Give it a lively but pertinent introduction. Be sure, throughout, that you are going to hold the reader's attention. A study of Mr. Carey's method will help you to succeed.

The League of Nations Day by Day

(Continued from page 633)

with him on the main stairway of the Palace of Nations is to meet nearly everyone of importance who happens to be going by. Howard Huston, chief of Internal Services, knows a thing or two about intricate League finances. Last, but not least, an American, Miss Wilson, until recently librarian at the Palace of Nations, was responsible for the building up of its first-rate International Library, organized on up-to-the-minute American lines.

Finally — to mention but a few of the activities of the Secretariat — there is the Treaty Registrations Office, started in May, 1920, which is carrying a steadily increasing load. All members of the League have promised, as signers of the Covenant, to register and publish through the Secretariat all treaties and conventions, and they have further agreed that no treaty shall be binding unless so registered and published. In seven years, over 1,100 treaties have gone to the Registration Office, 112 the first year, 305 during the last.

Incidentally it may be said that there are many standing committees of the League, appointed by Council and Assembly and reporting to them, which coöperate every week in the year with the divisions of the Secretariat of similar name. In these committees much of the real spade work of the League is done, and here many Americans may be found serving.

Now what is the attitude of American Government officials toward this international beehive? Briefly, they are in course of evolution from unofficial observers to official collaborators. Ordinarily, as yet, you will not observe the American Minister to Berne or the American Consul at Geneva consulting with directors of section, or playing the spectator at meetings of the Council. There is always a chance that they might meet one of the dwindling band of irreconcilable American Senators. You will not see them in the Secretariat building, but they will be there just the same. As Uncle Sam cannot afford to get too far out of date, you will frequently hear that these American officials have been talking quietly, behind closed doors, with the American head of the Information Section.

Of course, the truth is that the American Government is deeply interested in hearing every whisper that is uttered in this new center of the world. Why else did the present American Minister, like his predecessor, move his summer headquarters from Berne, where he used to belong exclusively, to Geneva? Why else is there a pew permanently reserved at the American church in Geneva for the Minister of the United States?

Meanwhile, the international mind is being evolved in many persons in the Council, the Assembly, and the League Commissions, and in the Secretariat, from the secretary-general down. Some time ago, a very able member of the Secretariat was allowed to leave because of an overdeveloped nationalist ego which caused disharmony.

But with all their objectivity, or rather because of it, the Secretariat people are realists and practical men. They refuse to be sentimental or overoptimistic. They insist on dealing with realities. No one is more painfully conscious than they of the League's faults and failures. But their skepticism and hardheadedness are tempered by faith, whereas the skepticism of the League's enemies — who seem actually to prefer eternal war to any attempt at peace — lacks faith, hope, and charity.

APHRODITE

By Pierre Louys

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The Independent

A Weekly Journal of Free Opinion



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Perceval Reniers			

THE circumstances of his position and his personal loyalty to Mr. Lowden have made it and will make it impossible for Vice President Dawes to come out in the open as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. Obviously Mr. Dawes will not go to the convention with large flocks of delegates pledged to his support. Probably he will get very few votes on the first ballot. But the feeling continues to grow that he will be the second choice of very many States, that after a few formal gestures of good will toward favorite sons and other forlorn hopes,



Mr. Dawes will become a serious and important candidate with an impressive following. The vagaries of a national convention are such that the trend of its balloting is unpredictable, yet there is little doubt that Mr. Dawes will swing many votes as the Kansas City meeting progresses.

He is undoubtedly a popular figure with the American people and rightly so. He has all the color, the force, the vitality, the picturesqueness which

make men popular, and he has in addition a fine sanity, a quick, brilliant mind combined with a sound sense of values. He is fundamentally conservative, but his is not the conservatism of inertia. He is an aggressive conservative; he makes haste slowly, but he makes it adventurously. He is fearless, he has the courage of his convictions, and his humor is as racy and native as Abraham Lincoln's.

Of New England stock, he was born and brought up in Ohio, practiced law in Lincoln, Nebraska, settled finally in Chicago, first as an owner and operator of public-utility properties and later as a banker. In the tradition of his ancestor, William Dawes, who rode with Paul Revere, and of his father who commanded the Iron Brigade at Gettysburg, he left his bank in 1917 for a commission in the engineers. His services in France won him the fully deserved rank of brigadier general, and six years after the Armistice he became Vice President of the United States. In all his career he has succeeded in everything he undertook, but he has never succeeded at the cost of a friend or a principle. There are few Americans with a more loyal and devoted following. He would make a distinguished and constructive President.

"He Remains an Englishman"

IT is very hard for John Doe or his good friend, Richard Roe, both red-blooded, hundred per cent Americans, to understand what the "Prayer Book controversy" in Great Britain is all about, anyhow. He has read in his newspapers that the new, or revised, Prayer Book has been approved by the National Church Assembly, that it had been presented to Parliament by the proper committee consisting of members of both Houses, that it had been passed by the House of Lords, and that after bitter and almost violent debate it had most unexpectedly and most tragically met defeat in the House of Commons. Yet it is hard for him to conceive of what is meant or implied by an "Established Church"; a church which in a sense is a part of the government of the land; a church whose doctrinal standards can be determined by a legislative body composed not only of laymen, but of "Jews, Turks, and Infidels" as well. It seems absurd to us Americans that a church cannot settle its own dogmatic difficulties and resolve its own problems without involving the approval or the disapproval of an elective legislative body. We can hardly understand the historic position of the Church of England, whose bishops sit in the House of Lords, whose liturgy and rubrics are almost a part of the law, not to be changed without the consent of the Lords and Commons who govern England.

The long controversy, now so unhappily revived, is the result of two discordant theories of general ecclesiastical polity and a great many discordant theories regarding the details of dogma and church services. One school has held that a national church must be large enough in its definitions and limits to include both High Church and Low Church, both those who are in effect Catholics save that they pay no allegiance to Rome, and those "Evangelicals" who are only a shade more Episcopal than the Methodists. There should be room for both, and for all others, they argued, in the bosom of the English Mother Church. With this purpose they proposed that such parishes as preferred the Prayer Book and the ritual of 1662 should continue to use them, while the "Anglo-Catholics" who insisted on the "reserved sacrament," prayers for the dead, and other Catholic ceremonies would in the Revised Prayer Book find legal authority for their practices. This school represents the practical genius for compromise which is part of the English character. It recognized that the Anglo-Catholics represented a growing group inspired by a keener passion, an intenser flame than the stodgy respectables of the old order. It saw that unless this precious group could be kept inside the Church legally it would either continue to exist illegally and defy discipline or it would escape to independence or to Rome. With characteristic bland ingenuity it devised its

program. As the Prime Minister said in his speech just before the final vote:

The position of the Church of England may sound and may look illogical. We are not a logical nation, and the Church of England could not exist in any country but our own. It could not exist in Latin countries because it is a church essentially of comprehension and compromise, and in it devotional instincts and rational instincts may each grow and live together, side by side.

This conception of the problem and this illogical but practical solution of it have been defeated by the vote of the House of Commons, a vote in which the religious die-hards of the logical school gathered with dissenters, mischief-makers, and the Jews, Turks, and infidels around the inspiring banner of "No Popery!" The new Prayer Book, they argued, might be very fine, and the Roman Catholic Church might be a very fine church, but the dogmas of either were not the dogmas of the Reformation nor of the Protestant Church. If you wish to desert the Protestant Reformation, if you wish your children to grow up Catholics, vote for the Revised Prayer Book, they said. As for us, the old-fashioned religion is good enough for us.

So the matter stands — as it were in chaos. The Anglo-Catholics are denied a legal home in the Established Church. The bishops are facing the dilemma of either disciplining the Anglo-Catholics — which means in all probability losing them — or of accepting disestablishment which would permit them to create their own standards while sacrificing the enormous benefits attaching to their official position. What the action of the Church will be no one can say, but one may hope that the national genius for adjustment and compromise will not fail her leaders and that they can achieve a solution without being impaled on either horn of their present dilemma.

Head Hunting in Oklahoma

OKLAHOMA is no longer on the frontier, having graduated from Indians to oil and through oil into industry, but she still has a breezy manner and a Wild West way of getting things done. Four years ago she tomahawked Gov. Jack Walton and treated him to impeachment. Now, with the impeachment habit grooved into her mind, she is trying the same system on Gov. Henry S. Johnston, and by way of good measure, on Chief Justice Branson of the Oklahoma Supreme Court.

It seems that Governor Johnston has aggravated Oklahoma politicians by failing to dispense customary favors, by refusing them admittance to his gubernatorial sanctum, and by manifesting in general an antisocial complex. The politicians object particularly to the authority lent by the

governor to Mrs. Mamie Hammonds, the secretary who guards the entrance to his office. They think that Mamie runs the State, find that she and the governor are spiritualists, and ferret out a suspicion that the governor is a Rosicrucianist pledged to abstain from coffee, tea, and coca-cola. The State Legislature accuses him of incompetency, and is voting articles of impeachment. At present the moot point is whether or not it is legally convened, and therefore vested with authority to act. The governor says no. The Supreme Court of the State says no. The Legislature says yes. Unless the Legislature can prove its legal right to convene in an off year, except at the call of the governor, it will have to wait until 1929, the time of its next biennial meeting, to accomplish more than fist shaking.

Disinterested visitors to the capitol describe Governor Johnston as honest, but "bewildered" and "incompetent." While the House sends up its war whoop from below, the governor sits in his office conferring with his few remaining allies, or douches forth to address some gathering of business men. The affairs of Oklahoma are in a curious tangle. Executive and judicial branches of the State Government are aligned against the legislative. The latter department is by far the most aggressive. There is little doubt that Henry S. Johnston must go the way of Jack Walton, and the question now is only one of how much longer he can hang on.

The Railroads—Today or Yesterday?

THE St. Louis and O'Fallon Railway case has slipped through a Missouri district court without bringing the momentous decision expected of it. The court has failed to rule on the Interstate Commerce Commission's method of railway valuation, a question for which the O'Fallon suit was to be a test case.

Under the Transportation Act of 1920 it is provided that the more prosperous railways shall hand over to the Government one half of any earnings they may make over and above six per cent on their valuation.

The valuation is to be made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Commission has proceeded on the theory that the railways shall be evaluated on the basis of original cost, whereas the railways themselves have maintained that the valuation should be made on the basis of reproduction today. The method employed by the Commission produces considerably lower valuations than that proposed by the railways, and in consequence gives them less leeway for legitimate profits. For example, the commission's valuation of \$850,000 for the St. Louis and O'Fallon leaves that company owing \$226,000 excess

earnings for 1921, 1922, and 1923 to the Government. The O'Fallon's valuation of almost twice that amount makes it owe the Government nothing. If there is this much difference in the case of a nine-mile railway operating only as a junction line, it is obvious what large sums will be involved when it comes to a question of the larger systems.

By unanimous decision the district court has refused the O'Fallon company an injunction to restrain the Commission from collecting the \$226,000, but in doing so it has found no necessity for reviewing the Commission's valuation methods. It is significant, however, that Judge C. B. Faris, in a separate though concurring opinion, reviews them and finds them the only methods possible "in a situation so difficult as that absolute certainty and correctness is well-nigh infinitely impossible." It may be gathered that beneath a mask of florid legal phraseology Judge Faris is approving the Commission's system.

The next move in the case is an appeal to the Supreme Court. If the Supreme Court side-steps as the district court has done, the O'Fallon suit will have flivvered completely as a test case. If the court follows Judge Faris and determines that the valuation methods must be passed upon, the suit may yet retain the name of "the biggest lawsuit in history."

Mr. Hoover and the Constitution

QUIBBLING over the Constitutional provision that no one shall be eligible for the Presidency who has not "been fourteen years a resident within the United States" is not getting the political enemies of Herbert Hoover very far. On the other hand, it is placing Mr. Hoover a full step nearer the Republican nomination. It is another case of the unexpected boomerang, the missile which returns from its flight to knock down the thrower.

None can say whether the Constitution makers intended that the President should have been fourteen years *in toto* a resident of the United States, or fourteen years *consecutively* before his election. It is obvious, however, that the provision was designed to insure the President's being an American with an American background, rather than an American steeped in foreign tradition. Herbert Hoover is a man of the former type. He has profited greatly by his foreign experience, yet has never ceased being thoroughly an American with American ways of thinking and American ways of doing things.

What the recent controversy has done is to call forth an amazing array of editorials from both the Democratic and Republican press ridiculing the absurdity of the whole question and painting in



glowing terms Hoover's Americanism and conspicuous record. His opponents will have to seek real issues if they are to make him unavailable as a contender for the Republican nomination.

"—Someone Has Blundered"

IN the dark tragedy of the sinking of the submarine, *S-4*, one thing to our minds stands out as verging on culpable neglect. The accident itself was doubtless unavoidable as far as the destroyer, *Paulding*, was concerned, although there may have been a lack of precaution on the part of the officers of the ill-fated submarine. But to one feature of our submarine construction a very well-founded criticism may be applied, a criticism based on the neglect of a simple, obvious, and potentially vital precaution, which was suggested long ago.

Suppose that a submarine is sunk, as were the *S-51* and the *S-4*, through collision, or that for any reason it lies on the ocean floor unable to rise, the rescue units are faced with a most difficult and laborious undertaking. It is necessary for divers to carry chains or hawsers *underneath* the hull of the submarine, an operation which often involves tunneling through mud or sand or rock in order to get a purchase which will permit either the lifting of the ship or the proper attaching of pontoons. When the *S-51* was sunk, many, many days were passed in the heartbreaking task of tunneling underneath the ship to accomplish this purpose. After that tragedy the officer generally regarded as responsible for the ultimate raising of the *S-51*, Lieut. Commander (as he then was) Edward Ellsberg, recommended that hooks or loops be placed on all submarines through which chains could be passed by divers in the event of accidents. Such hooks in the case of *S-4* which was sunk only a mile offshore in about one hundred feet of water and which rested on bottom shelving gradually to the shore line might and probably would have made the salvaging of the ship a matter of hours or at most of a few days. No action, however, was taken on Commander Ellsberg's recommendation, and our submarines have continued on their lawful occasions without a safety device so cheap, so easy, so simple that its omission seems almost criminal. There may be some technical reasons of which we are ignorant why this device cannot be used. If so, the public should know them. It should know just why all precautions were not taken so that the hideous tragedy of the *S-51* should not have been repeated by the *S-4*. The lingering and awful deaths of brave men imprisoned in iron walls underneath the sea are dreadful enough under any circumstances, but if these deaths could have been avoided, the responsibility is appalling. We want to know how and why Commander Ellsberg's recommendations were ignored. We want to know who is responsible for the killing of the six men who

survived the collision which sank the *S-4*. We call on the Navy Department to publish the facts in the record. And we insist that a failure to do so is evidence of something very unsound, something abject in the administration of the submarine service.

A Race of Frankensteins

IN the words of the psalmist, "an horse is a vain thing for safety," yet how much more vain, nowadays, is the automobile. If the lyrical King David could have a look at any main thoroughfare in America on any pleasant Sunday afternoon, he would undoubtedly modify his sober observation. A horse was in the habit of occasionally trampling a pedestrian and would now and then crack a rider's skull by bouncing it against a boulder, but no horse ever passed a car at fifty miles an hour on a blind turn or tried to race the Broadway Limited from Trenton to Altoona. He simply wasn't geared for such adventures. Compared with the automobile, a good lively horse of the Biblical variety would be as safe as government bonds, and a first-rate poet would be quick to admit it.

A glance at statistics of automobile fatalities for 1926 is convincing even for the unrhapsodic. Statistics are often twisted to prove a point, but these, released recently by the Department of Commerce, have had no doctoring. The Department finds that in continental United States, exclusive of seven States from which data is not available, there were 18,871 accidental deaths charged to automobiles and other motor vehicles during that year. The death rate from this cause was 17.9 per 100,000, as against 12.5 in 1922. But the deaths assigned to automobile accidents do not include those resulting from collisions of automobiles with street cars and railway trains. In 1926 the former kind of accident cost 464 lives, the latter, 1,556. If these are added to the figure of 18,871, they bring the grand total to 20,891. They raise the death rate from 17.9 to 19.9 per 100,000. In other words, approximately one out of every 5,000 persons in the area covered by the survey was killed in 1926 in an automobile accident. It is reasonable to suppose that the rate for the entire continental United States would be substantially the same. The Department estimates that in the entire continental area, 23,264 persons were killed by automobiles during 1926.

For a number of years, the rate has been steadily on the increase. It will be important to know in 1927, during which safety campaigns multiplied and regulations were made more stringent, brought with it a decline. Judging from incomplete returns it did not. Certainly 1928 must put an end to the mounting figures. In protecting themselves against disease men have been reasonably successful of late. It is time now that they learned to protect themselves against one of their own inventions.

Mexico and an Awakened Administration

WITH America's "most attractive citizen" making a new kind of conquest of Mexico, with Ambassador Morrow's appointment confirmed by the Senate, with the famous Hearst documents proving infamous and impotent, our relations with the republic adjoining us on the south have taken a decided turn for the better. Scarcely eight months ago Secretary Kellogg was fretting over Bolshevism in Mexico, and Mexico in Nicaragua, and war was not a remote possibility. Even more recently there has been acrimony over Mexican land laws. Now, with the Administration managing at last to put its right foot forward, Mexico and the United States give every promise of working together in harmony.

It was in the appointment of Dwight W. Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico that the Administration first gave evidence of awakening from the lethargy which was making a nightmare of our South and Central American policy. Before then it had been all too common to give Latin American diplomatic posts as political favors, to choose the appointees not for their abilities, but for their political availability. In selecting Mr. Morrow, the President departed from this habit. He chose a man outside the political sphere, one who would never have sought the appointment but was qualified as few others for filling it. Reaction both at home and in Mexico was favorable to the move, and already the President's act has borne fruit. Mr. Morrow was not long in obtaining the confidence of President Calles and other Mexican officials with whom he is brought in contact. The quietness with which a boisterous Senate confirmed his appointment indicates the regard in which he is held at Washington.

As for Colonel Lindbergh's flight, it marks a second advance in our diplomatic methods. The United States, with its Anglo-Saxon tradition still predominant, has never been an international gladiator. The nation has never indulged in meaningless displays of friendship simply for the purpose of currying favor, or gone in for long sessions of hand-shaking. On the contrary, it has gone about its international business rather bluntly, often manifesting careless indifference to diplomatic amenities. It has been particularly indifferent in its dealings with Latin America, allowing incident after incident to suggest hostile designs, and doing little to prove that in actuality the United States wishes only friendship and coöperation from her southern neighbors. Latin America, accustomed to a European suavity, has often mistaken our attitude. Colonel Lindbergh's visit to Mexico City has done much to offset the misunderstanding resulting from our seeming indifference. It has proved that we value

Mexican friendship and have friendship to offer in return. It supplies, sincerely and without ostentation, the gesture of good will which has been missing from our previous dealings with that country. Mexico has appreciated it and accepted it for what it is. The invitation to Colonel Lindbergh came directly from President Calles, but it is not too much to suppose that Washington had its part in originating the plan for his visit. The Administration has shown that in its foreign policy it is not always heavy-handed or crude. Colonel Lindbergh's Central American tour, if not the aeronautical achievement of his Paris flight, represents a new achievement in the field of American diplomacy.

In the matter of the Hearst documents, the Administration has received a "lucky break." Mr. Hearst was evidently bent upon fostering hostility between the United States and Mexico. For the sake of a journalistic "scoop" or for private reasons not yet revealed he was handing the public as authentic papers a sheaf of forgeries which he had made no effort to verify. According to his own testimony he considered them genuine, yet he was not willing to put them to the test of consulting the prominent Americans whom they implicated. Rather than lose the chance of publishing them, he dealt them out to his newspapers day by day without verification of any kind. He knew that forged documents were plentiful in Mexico; he must have realized from the extravagant statements in those of his collection that there was a good chance — a chance of say ten to one — that the collection was faked. But on the eleventh chance he proceeded. The documents may have convinced a few credulous persons that Mexico was indulging in widespread intrigue, but for the most part the "exposures" were received calmly and unbelievably. Since the Senate investigation has discredited Mr. Hearst's procedure, the effect of his *coup* has been rather the opposite of what might have been expected. The reaction against Mr. Hearst has been greater than the action he was able to raise against Mexico, and has brought with it a new recognition of Mexican friendship. Mr. Hearst has hurled a boomerang, mistaking it for a club, and both Mexico and the Administration have profited.

When President Calles and President Coolidge meet at Havana during the Sixth Pan-American Congress they will be recognizing, unofficially, a new era of understanding between their nations. It is not to be supposed that all difficulties are at an end. There will still be disputes, points at issue, between Mexico and the United States. Occasional disagreements are inevitable. Now, however, the two nations will have met on common ground, and demonstrated their respect for one another. Mexico will have less dread of American intervention; the United States will be more tolerant of Mexican disorders. The events of the past few months have done much to clear up a danger spot in our foreign policy.

Bratianu—Roumania's Lost Leader

By T. J. C. Martyn

THERE are times in the lives of all nations when the death of a great man seems to be an irremediable evil; for grief is proficient in the art of exaggeration, and the meaning and consequences in the passing of a powerful figure are easily distorted into a national disaster by the prophets of gloom. So in Roumania has the death of Jon Bratianu, eleven times Prime Minister and long the virtual ruler of that Euxine kingdom, brought the future of the country into temporary shadow. His final exit from the stage of life took place when the plot in the Roumanian drama was at its thickest. The principal rôle was Bratianu's in this Graustarkian tragi-comedy. Indeed, he was the playwright, producer, and stage manager to boot. His death, therefore, has produced no ordinary crisis. There are men who can act his rôle with all the necessary histrionic verve, but there is none who can be Bratianu in all his amazing parts; there are others who will have to put the finishing touches to the production, but who can say that the finale will be the same? Who will direct the cast? It is only possible to guess.

It is only a few months since King Ferdinand died, and it is about his demise that the principal elements in the plot revolve. Bratianu had long before conspired to seize the sole executive authority. He got rid of the "madcap" Crown Prince Carol—who had long been a thorn in his political schemes—by the simple expedient of working on the feelings of the king and queen through his brother-in-law, Prince Barbu Stirbey, the "Grey Eminence" of Roumania. He had a board of regents instituted to exercise the royal prerogatives during the minority of Prince Mihai, Carol's successor as heir apparent, and now the little king of Roumania. He thwarted Queen Marie in her ambition to become sole regent of the kingdom, and caused two of his supporters to be appointed members of the regency board with the powerless Prince Nicholas, Carol's younger brother, thus virtually making him the political arbiter of the destinies of Roumania. The stage had been elaborately set. The king's death consequently found him opportunely in power as an absolute ruler; for he controlled the executive, the legislature, the Liberal party, the royal family, finance, and the economic machinery of the whole kingdom. No one

can doubt that he foresaw grave challenges to his prestige and was accordingly determined to strengthen his position. It is the irony of fate that death should have ended his career just at a time when he seemed strongest.

Jon Bratianu was sixty-three years old when he died. For twenty of those years he was a minister of the crown and for twelve he was in office as Prime Minister. One does not rise to such heights without more than a meed of native ability, and native ability in Roumania combines the shrewdness of the Oriental, the unscrupulousness of the Byzantine, and the acumen of the Jew. To understand Bratianu it is necessary to bear in mind that his father was a

Jon Bratianu's death last month robbed Roumania of the power which has pulled strings behind its throne for the past twenty years, and took from the world one of its picturesque figures. Courtier, social leader, financial genius, statesman—Bratianu held the fortunes of his Balkan kingdom in the hollow of his hand. Mr. Martyn of the *New York Times* fashions an interesting portrait of this strong man in all his many guises

king breaker and a king maker; that is to say, he was first a radical, then a liberal, and finally a conservative. He helped to drive Prince Barbu Stirbey, the uncle of the present prince of that name, from power; and he

was the leader of the revolt that ended the reign of King Cuza. And it was he who called Prince Karl of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen to the throne of Roumania as Carol I. Jonel—the suffix "el" is the diminutive, hence John, Jr.,—too, was a radical in his early days. When studying in Paris, first in the École Polytechnique and then in the École des Ponts et Chaussées, for he was an engineer by profession, Jonel became mixed up in the Orsini bomb outrage, which almost cut short the reign of the strutting Napoleon III. It was not considered politic to execute him, for his father by that time was all powerful in Roumania, and doubtless the diplomatic wires were pulled in his behalf. Instead, he was fined and detained in polite confinement by the French authorities, to whose consideration he at least owed his mastery of the French tongue.

ON his return to Roumania he entered politics almost at once, and it was not long before he was a power in his father's so-called Liberal party. People were wont to ascribe his success to his father's name, and yet that initial success was to pale visibly before the subsequent realization of his ambitions. Once established in the councils of the party the young politician played a shrewd waiting game with telling effect. Throughout his career he was always a perfect judge of the psychology of

me; his every move was studied in advance from every angle; his actions were rapid, decisive.

Jon Bratianu's success in politics was due principally to his astuteness. He was thirty-three years old when he was appointed to his first Cabinet portfolio as Minister of Public Works. At thirty-eight he was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Soon afterwards he became leader of the Liberal party, and in 1907 he became Prime Minister for the first time. In the main he continued the policies of his father, who had largely contributed to ridding Roumania of the tyranny of the hospodars, or viceroys for the Sultan, and the irksome overlordship of the Turks. The son's policy was to hold what Bratianu held; to develop the country and with it his own fortune; and to steer a middle non-committal course in foreign policy.

It was in the field of statesmanship that Bratianu shone most brilliantly. Whereas his father had created what is now called the Old Kingdom of Roumania by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, the son doubled the area of the country by adding to it the whole of Transylvania, part of the Banat of Temesvar, a regal slice of the Dobrudja and the province of Bessarabia. In Roumanian eyes that is enough to make his name live as a great patriot. But it was not accomplished without a great deal of opposition both within and without the country. Old King Carol was a thorough German, as was his nephew, the late King Ferdinand. His sympathies were entirely with the Central Powers.

But the king died in 1914 and Roumanian diplomacy was thrown into the melting pot. Bratianu was Premier. The situation, as he must have seen it, favored joining the Entente powers, and in this attitude he was much encouraged by Queen Marie, who virtually usurped the king's prerogative in advising his ministers. For the queen, as a princess of Great Britain, the thought of going to war against her kinsman, King George, was unbearable. King Ferdinand favored Germany. For Bratianu, however, the situation resolved itself into which side would pay the biggest price for Roumanian support. He began negotiations with both sides and never for a single moment let either party know his real intentions. Probably he did not know himself until the last minute. What could he expect from the Central Powers if they were victorious? Bessarabia for a certainty and perhaps a colony. The Entente powers could and did offer him the glittering prize of Transylvania and the whole of the Banat of Temesvar. Bratianu signed a secret treaty with the Entente statesmen and declared war on the Central Powers. The Germans, infuriated by what they thought was his duplicity, launched a smashing attack on Roumania, capturing Bucharest and overrunning most of the country. Bratianu fell from power, disgraced. His successor, Marghiloman,

was then forced to conclude the shameful treaty of Bucharest which put an end to hostilities. Never had Bratianu's star been so low.

When the fortunes of the Entente powers began decisively to turn, back came Bratianu to power. His first act was to repudiate the treaty of Bucharest and once again Roumanian troops entered actively into the conflict. Under such conditions victory was easy and Roumania emerged from the war as the sixth largest state in Europe, and Bratianu reached the crest of his popularity. At the Peace Conference, however, he was coldly received by President Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and even Nitti. The Big Three, or rather the Big Two, were having an awkward time of it redeeming the pledges given to their minor allies. They were forced to split the banat of Temesvar between Roumania and Serbia. Bratianu rose to protest, and the sonorous voice of Clemenceau boomed through the glittering halls of Versailles in a stern rebuke: "M. Bratianu, you are here to listen, not to comment." Bratianu left the Peace Conference and returned home. He had failed, but his failure could not dim his glory; he was the idol of the people. Just about then the Hungarian Reds under Bela Kun attacked the Roumanian army and on this pretext the Roumanian army occupied Budapest. The Big Three took stern measures and ordered Bratianu to retire his army. Bratianu took his revenge by ignoring all the orders and protests he received by telegraph and wireless. When he was finally satisfied by this theatrical opposition the army was recalled and returned to Roumania with more than its fair share of Hungarian loot. Yet Bratianu had thereby found a way out of a difficult diplomatic deadlock and he was able to reënter into negotiations with the powers at Paris, although without much better success. But was he not the man who had doubled the size of Roumania?

IN one direction he was successful: he acquired Bessarabia from Russia. Roumania thus became embroiled with Russia to the east, Bulgaria to the south, Hungary to the west. The need of allies was imperious. Bratianu joined the Little Entente. But his two partners, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, were predominately Slav — it was impossible to turn to them for support against Russia with any assurance that aid would be forthcoming — but they were useful against the common enemy, Hungary. Bratianu therefore turned to Poland, whose traditional foe was Russia. Here he obtained complete satisfaction. And since France was looking about for allies in central Europe and was offering good terms for an agreement, Bratianu reinsured all his alliances. By his statesmanship he gave Roumania the greatest security possible, even though, as Crown Prince Carol so graphically put it, Bessarabia remained "the louse in Roumania's fur coat."

Jon Bratianu was a keen judge of human character and he was not slow to recognize that if he were to succeed in his ambitions he had a valuable ally in Queen Marie. He made a perfect courtier in the grand manner. He was tireless in his flattery of the queen, and she responded with alacrity to all his suave pleasantries. In fact his excellent command of the French language, his good physique, and his polished manners combined to make him the idol of the women. He was as popular at court as he was in society; he was even in demand. And as a past master in the subtlety of intrigue he had a positive genius for dropping a word in high quarters and retiring to his country estate at Florica, ostensibly to study agriculture, but in reality to await results, which were usually forthcoming. He encouraged the queen in every way possible because she was the easiest route to the king's ear, and the king's ear sometimes had to be tuned in advance to M. Bratianu's plans. But if he shared his confidence with the queen, it was only on matters in which he desired royal aid; for, with hostility rising about him as the result of the "Roumanizing" of Transylvania and Bessarabia, it was better to have the royal family on his side than against him. Moreover, he gave Queen Marie much of the appearance of power but none of its actuality. And so when Marie tried to become sole regent for the boy king, Mihai, she was disappointed; for Bratianu wanted the regents under his thumb and his shrewd common sense told him that the queen, as a woman, was not to be trusted. Hence the coldness that latterly grew up between them.

He was equally successful with Bucharest society, for Bratianu, although his family was of humble origin, was very fond of the aristocracy. His first wife was Princess Morouzi of a Greco-Russian family. He divorced her to marry Princess Elise Stirbey, sister of the present Prince Barbu Stirbey and niece of the Prince Stirbey whom his father drove from power for being too friendly with Russia. His social position was thus assured and he played it up to its fullest advantage.

BUT to say that these qualities alone were enough to assure him that great power that made his name almost synonymous with that of his country is to display a profound ignorance of the delicacies of the Roumanian mind. Something much more solid was necessary to Bratianu. And so his power was built on the firm foundations of the country's financial and economic system. If Bratianu's object was primarily to enrich himself, which he did, he was at least wise enough to enrich the most influential members of his political party; for to him political power was an obsession to gain which he must have the support of the influential men in finance, industry and commerce.

Not even his worst enemies, however, can deny

his patriotism. The mere love of gain had nothing to do with it. He saw himself as predestined to lead his country, and he was cunning enough to follow the path to power by all its tortuous turns. The Liberals dominate almost all the natural resources of Roumania; and, since the Bratianu and Stirbey families are the richest families of Roumania, it goes without saying that their members dominated in turn the Liberal cohorts. The Liberals consequently control the railroads, the immense oil lands, the enormous natural-gas resources, and they hold the fishery monopolies.

THE Bratianus and Stirbeys, through the Credit Industrial Bank, control the Lupeni and Petrosani coal mines, as well as the Resite concern in Transylvania, which is now allied with the British firm of Vickers. Head of the National Bank, the largest in the country, is Vintila Bratianu, and the vice president is Prince Barbu Stirbey. Stirbey, moreover, is president of the Steua Romana Oil Company and vice president of the Resita Mining Company, to mention two of his main interests. Was it any wonder that where Bratianu moved the Liberal party followed? He had them by the economic forelock; to risk opposing him was to invite grave economic consequences.

Now the guiding genius of this colossal power is dead and control has been shifted to Vintila Bratianu who, though considered a financial wonder, lacks the acumen and native ability of his brother. Jon Bratianu died at a time when the country most needed a strong ruling hand. The challenge to the Bratianu power was growing stronger and daring to raise its voice. The Opposition was espousing the cause of Crown Prince Carol for no other purpose than to get rid of Bratianu. Now Bratianu is dead.

What of Carol's chances? A new election seems an imminent probability, and it is difficult to see how Carol's name will be kept out of the campaigning. But no one can foresee the results of an election. On the one hand there is no reason to suppose that an appeal to the electorate will be conducted more fairly than hitherto, and on the other a revolt in the Liberal ranks is not an unlooked-for possibility. If Carol should be recalled — and this is much more possible than it was six months ago — he will probably content himself with the presidency of the board of regents. But one need not doubt that his real aim will be to secure the powers of sole regent. He can become regent constitutionally, but he cannot become king by legitimate means.

In one sense Roumania will be benefited by Carol's return, for it will give the nation a permanent ruling hand, which is better than no hand at all. Certainly in the death of Jon Bratianu the chief obstacle to Carol's return has been swept away; and in place of the suave, unscrupulous statesman, Roumania may yet see the erratic Carol.

Back Stage in Washington

Modesty in High Places

BEFORE many of us wore knee pants, the custom was to conduct Presidential campaigns in the quiet. Back in 1908, for instance, a man adopted a receptive attitude toward the Presidency. He kept quiet.

His friends did all the work, and William Howard Taft, then Secretary of War, got the nomination.

Since 1908 things have changed. Most of us have forgotten that Presidential campaigns were ever conducted in such amazing fashion. In 1912 there was a red-hot scrap. In 1916 the Republican party made the unfortunate mistake of turning to the bench for its candidate. But in 1916 candidates appeared at the national convention in person. By 1920 they came in droves. Who will forget the magnificent figure of Warren G. Harding shaking hands with Tom, Dick, and Harry in his headquarters in the Congress Hotel in Chicago.

For myself, it was my first contact with royalty. I remember that I was as much absorbed with the picture of Harding as I would be now if Coolidge took me by the back of the neck and flung me the whole length of the White House steps. In 1924, of course, Coolidge had the votes of the delegates. Everybody yawned a good deal and just to create excitement the boys ran off the reservation, to the devil William M. Butler, and nominated Charles F. Dawes for the Vice Presidency.

In this year of 1928 we have more shrinking violets running for the Republican nomination than the hardiest Pelmanite can remember since 1908. Unless one were engaged in the very active art of politics one might be led to suppose that there was hardly a man in the party who really wanted the nomination. If one relied solely on the public prints or one's information one might be inclined to run out and commit hara-kiri or some other despicable act just because of the way the three leading favorites are acting, despite all that their friends and relations are doing and saying for them. Mr. Dawes, Mr. Hoover, and Mr. Lowden simply do not want to lift a finger to get the nomination. They have said so over and over again. It's a pity. But that's the way they have gone on public record as feeling about the whole business. One would think they were sick and tired at the merest suggestion of being nominated.

The fact is that in this radical era all the

"There has not been so much talk of drafting people since the war," complains our Washington correspondent. "Somebody will suggest drafting Al Smith next." All of this concerns the amazing modesty apparent on all sides among aspirants for political office in high places. No one wants to run for anything, it seems — that is, no one who can be elected

candidates have gone back to the conservative methods of 1908. They do not intend to say a word in their own behalf until somebody opens the door on them in June and springs the surprise that they have been nominated.

When this act is performed the winning candidate may be expected to be as surprised as Mussolini at the appearance in Rome of the Fascist guard.

If anyone should be tempted to test the practicability of the old saying of being knocked down by a feather, I advise him to linger around the rooms of Lowden, Dawes, and Hoover during the middle of June when the nomination is made. Considering the reluctance of these gentlemen at the present time, the surprise that will be registered by one of them will surpass anything on record.

There has not been so much talk of drafting people since the war. There is talk of drafting Coolidge. Up in Massachusetts there is talk of drafting the governor as a Senatorial candidate. Somebody will suggest drafting Al Smith next. Seldom before have men been so wary about engaging in a political campaign. The thought frightens them to death. If a man can keep quiet, *à la* Coolidge, he is immediately considered a Presidential candidate.

A NEW terror has been added to walking about Washington. If a political writer is not careful he is likely to be knocked down and woefully bruised by the friends of some Presidential candidate, who has not announced himself, and forcibly informed as to the next move of the aspirant. There is hardly a man, woman, or child beyond the kindergarten stage, who does not know what Hoover is going to do in the next ten minutes. Dawes' friends, trading on the silence of that astute fellow, are contorting their faces in manifold eye winkings designed to convey their high appreciation of his inherent smartness.

"Lowden will be a flop," say the general's friends. "When he has reached his high point and has failed to go over, his delegates will swing to Dawes." This statement is made with the assertiveness of sinners who believe the pearly gates of heaven are always wide open. If the Lowden delegates all swing to Dawes it will constitute a political phenomenon that should be observed through the Mount Wilson telescope and photographed (*Continued on page 664*)

The Greatest Show on Earth

By F. L. Smith, Jr.

HAD the high talents of the late P. T. Barnum, the brothers Ringling, and Tex Rickard been united in one grand effort, it is doubtful whether they could have brought to pass any such spectacle as that of Friday, December 2, in Detroit where automobiles are made. At one time or another, the town has had its share of elaborate functions—Billy Sunday, conventions without end, occasional clashes between gifted pugilists, and a World Series before the Tigers lost their cunning. But all these pale before the showmanship of Henry Ford.

Mr. Ford hired a hall, the largest hall available, with a capacity of 30,000. It requires something besides manufacturing genius and business acumen to arrange an entertainment that will attract 30,000 spectators and send them away happy, but Mr. Ford did just that, considerably better, in fact. He seems to have suspected that his show would be a very good one, and consequently overflow accommodations were provided at the Highland Park plant. So when the doors swung open at ten o'clock Friday morning, a crowd standing in line for a block surged through the corridors for its first glimpse of the model A, successor to the late Lizzie. In the succeeding twelve hours, Mr. Ford enjoyed the unprecedented experience of having 114,000 people examine his wares, and the gatekeepers in Highland Park reported some 30,000 more.

What other manufactured product or invention, though it were heralded as a commodity guaranteed to bring the user every earthly joy, would receive such a reception? The question arises—why? For one thing, Mr. Ford is "news." Column for column, the printed matter expended in his behalf certainly exceeds that dedicated to any other merchant prince, and few Presidents of the republic have contrived to keep the clipping bureaus busier. On his home grounds the newspaper frenzy for recording his most trivial activity or inconsequential remark is almost unbelievable. When something of real import does come along concerning Mr. Ford, only the sky is the limit.

The reason for this is perhaps more obvious to a resident of Detroit than to an observer examining the show from a distance. In 1924, the Ford Motor Company produced 51.1 per cent, or better than half, of the entire automotive output of the United States; in 1925 it dropped to 42.8 per cent, and in 1926 descended still further to 35.1. And then on May 29 the output of model T ceased.

In the height of his prosperity, Mr. Ford maintained a personnel of approximately 120,000, or

about a third of the factory workers in Detroit, and when the demand for model T began to wane, thousands of Ford employees found themselves out of work. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that the Ford plants stood idle simply because the ultimate consumer had lost his enthusiasm for Lizzie. Although model T lacked sufficient charm to attract the new-car buyer, there were some 10,000,000 of them on the road, and the resulting business in replacement parts proved sufficient to keep on hand a force at no time less than 30,000. I recite all this merely by way of indicating that Mr. Ford and his works are bread and butter to a third and possibly half of the inhabitants of Detroit. Hence, Mr. Ford is "news," for his operations determine very largely whether the fourth largest city enjoys unlimited prosperity.

THE advent of model A, all things considered, represents as extraordinary an occasion in American manufacturing annals as any incident on record; it is the trump card of an enormous organization that has lost more tricks than it can afford. Enough new models of various cars have appeared on the market to deprive such events of any particular novelty, yet the arrival of the new Ford has been attended by a barrage of publicity and public response the like of which never was. In a long and distinguished career, the General Motors Corporation, for example, has never been tendered the helping hand of the press to half the extent enjoyed by Henry Ford, though the advertising branch has profited far more from the former.

Yes, the newspapers were good to Mr. Ford—very, very good, indeed. The Detroit press went to the extent, hitherto unheard of, of placing the Ford advertising in news columns on the front page in addition to the regular space, and delegated to its most accomplished scribes the task of riding in model A and composing suitable pæans. The young men were taken down the straightaway at sixty-two miles an hour, round curves at forty-five, through hopeless gumbo and over all manner of obnoxious terrain, and made to like it. Their words the next morning carried conviction.

So Mr. Ford has come back, and come back strong. Exactly how strong only time will tell. But should model A through some unforeseen circumstance find itself thrust upon an unreceptive world and enjoy the sad fate of Lizzie, be it remembered that Mr. Ford, in addition to his chosen calling, stepped to the fore in the rôle of a showman and proved himself the greatest of them all.

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL ODDITIES



MAN'S instinct to carve forms from rocks is deep-rooted and primal — nor is this to be wondered at when we find Nature so often setting him an example. The Far West of our own land is a veritable outdoor museum of this sculptor's versatile and whimsical exhibits. Why she showed such special favoritism to this section is a riddle. We might put that riddle to the mammoth Sphinx she has carved from the rock of the Black Hills at the base of Keystone Mountain, patiently, by tens of thousands of years of slow erosion. This Sphinx is not the only instance in which she has had the fancy to adopt the art forms of the ancient Egyptians. Another is the obelisk, a true Cleopatra's Needle, which she has set, sentinel-like, beside the Cody Road into Yellowstone National Park. Just as quaint was her notion — executed



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SPHINX ROCK AT THE BASE OF KEYSTONE MOUNTAIN IN THE BLACK HILLS

on a grand scale — to raise a Temple of Osiris as her prize exhibit in Bryce Canyon, Utah. Next, to prove her versatility, what does she do in Monument Valley, Arizona, but erect a towering temple in the style of the best architecture of Java! "Organ Rock" is the local name for this "templed hill," but every globe-trotter who

has been to Coffee Land thirsts to rechristen it. In all she does nothing is more remarkable about this sculptor than her combination of foresight and whimsical humor. How many thousands of years ago, for one example, did she set the elements chiseling with wind and wave a noble profile of George Washington in the Puget Sound district as an appropriate memorial for the State of Washington? And then, forecasting a tempest in a teapot in Wyoming, did she not, just as quaintly, fashion a great domed teapot after which the Teapot Dome oil field was named? A bit grim was her fancy to have a tantalizing mushroom of lava outcropping as the only plant life in Death Valley. But sometimes she can be gracious and hospitable, as when she set her Pillars of Hercules at just the proper distance to either side of a railroad's right of way alongside the Columbia River



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RAINBOW ARCH, OVER THREE HUNDRED FEET IN HEIGHT, IN SOUTHERN UTAH



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THE DEVIL'S TOWER STANDS LIKE A HUGE STATUELESS PEDESTAL IN THE STATE OF WYOMING

in Oregon. And again she can do something calculated to delight the kiddies, as when, in northern Arizona, she fashioned from the sandstone rock a splendid herd of elephants. You've heard of "sermons in stone." Nature can be even more original, as she is in the South Dakota Black Hills in fashioning "the Needle's Eye," as a reminder of a parable. The Black Hills must have furnished her particular delight. Another of her curious works there was to raise the so-called "Devil's Tower," a pedestal higher than the Woolworth, for a statue. Then, doubtless with a chuckle, she left off the statue!

We are only guessing at her mood, of course; we don't really know half the time whether her intentions were to amuse us with her humor or to make us gasp with wonder. Take this matter of her activities in bridge building. What on earth does she mean by such curiosities? There's Edwin Natural Bridge, for example, down in a part of southern Utah where few people live and where a bridge serves little utility. Was it just for a flourish, just a bit of beauty? A great span, 200 feet long, 111 feet high, rarely crossed by anything but a pack train. And then that noble arch called — for once, appropriately — the "Rainbow Bridge." One of the real Seven Wonders of the World, this bridge, curved like the rainbow, as brilliant in colors as the rainbow, and so high that you could fit the Flatiron Building or the Capitol at Washington under it without scraping their tops. Near the Arizona-Utah line you will find it, in the same neighborhood as the Elephant Rocks. But it is so nearly inaccessible that



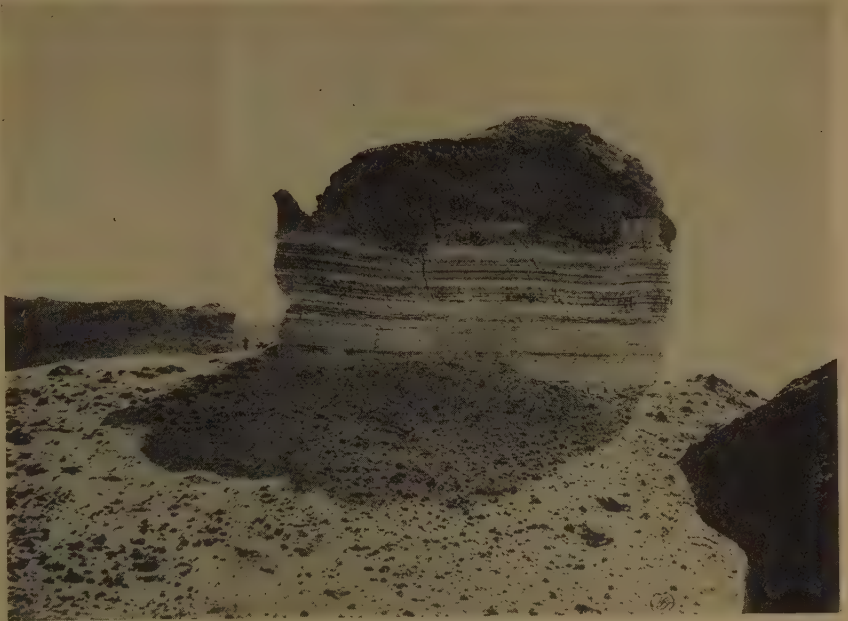
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ONE OF THE MANY WONDERS OF MONUMENT VALLEY, ARIZONA — ORGAN ROCK — ALONE IN ITS MAJESTIC HEIGHT, THERE IS SCARCELY TO BE FOUND A MORE AWESOME EXAMPLE OF THE FORCE OF TIME AND THE ELEMENTS THAN IN THIS RESULT OF AN EPOCH'S CEASELESS EROSION

to get at it is more like an explorer's job than an invitation to the tourist. And this seems to be the way with Nature. Unlike men, when she sets out to perform a minor miracle she is not at all particular where she does it. When man sets out to build the world's highest monument, he places it where it will be most conspicuous. But when Nature undertakes a job that requires an eon or two to complete, as likely as not she will select the middle of a vast desert, the heart of a jungle, or the steeps of the highest mountain on which to lay her foundations.

So you never know a certain lady's mind. "What—*never?*" "Well, hardly ever." She might have been in a serious enough frame of mind when she graved those hollows on a mountain side in Colorado where the sun glints upon a great cross of snow, the Mount of the Holy Cross.

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING.



Ewing Galloway

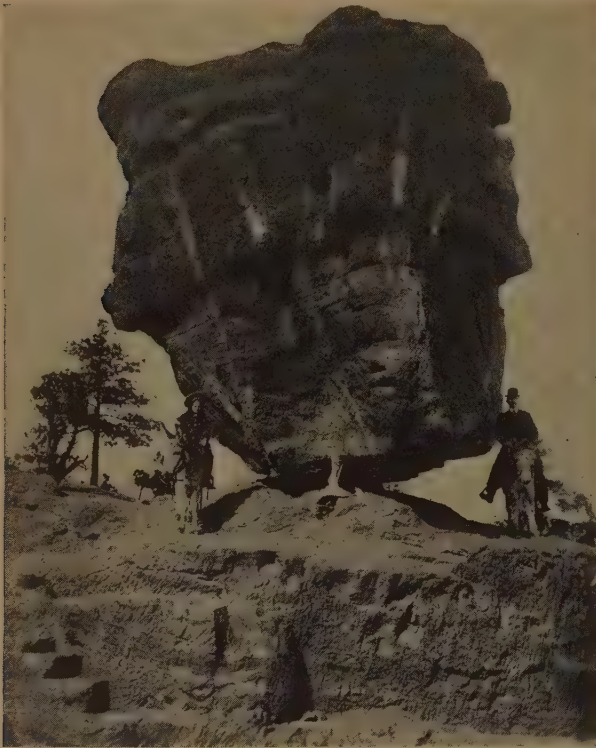
THE REAL TEAPOT DOME

ON THE GREEN RIVER IN THE NORTHERN PART OF WYOMING IS TEAKETTLE ROCK, WHOSE NAME HAS BECOME FAMOUS IN CONNECTION WITH GOVERNMENT SCANDALS OF LATE. NOTE THE SIZE OF THE MAN UNDER THE SPOUT



Keystone

IN BRYCE CANYON, UTAH, IS THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS, POSSESSING ALL THE ARCHITECTURAL GRANDEUR OF THE EGYPTIAN ORIGINALS AND SURPASSING THEM IN VARIETY OF FORM AND IN MAGNIFICENCE OF COLORING. AND IF IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THE EGYPTIANS WORKED THEIR WONDERS IN STONE SOLELY THROUGH THE LABOR OF HUMAN HANDS, IT IS ALMOST INCREDIBLE THAT NATURE SHOULD HAVE CONSTRUCTED THIS MASTERPIECE OF HER OWN ELEMENTS



Fotograms

ALMOST FIVE HUNDRED TONS OF ROCK ARE BALANCED ON A FOUR-FOOT SURFACE IN CALIFORNIA'S GARDEN OF THE GODS



Keystone

THIS IS THE BELLWETHER OF A HERD OF STONE ELEPHANTS WHICH GRAZE ETERNALLY ON THE ARIZONA SAGE



Wide World

MUSHROOM ROCK, A LAVA FORMATION, IS THE ONLY FORM OF VEGETATION OR NEAR VEGETATION IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Bloody Monday Again in Colorado

By Millard Milburn Rice

COLORADO is a colorful land. Its name, in Spanish, means just that. And its purple haze in autumn, its rocks mineral-stained by time, its blue skies, its snowy peaks, its brilliant sunshine, all bear out the meaning of its name. And again its soil is reddened by the bloodshed of industrial strife. It happened in Cripple Creek in 1903; at Ludlow in 1914; at Erie in 1927.

Through the scattering dusk, shortly after five o'clock on the morning of Monday, November 21, 1927, a caravan of more than a hundred automobiles was seen approaching the Columbine mine of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company near Erie, in Weld County, Colorado.

The caravan halted some distance from the gates of the mine property, and its carloads of striking miners formed in a ragged line in the road leading to the mine. Led by Adam Bell of the I. W. W., they began advancing toward the mine, ostensibly for the purpose of holding a mass meeting near the post office of Serene, Colorado, — within the mine inclosure, — where it is said similar meetings had previously been held.

Inside the mine gates were mine guards, and members of the State Law Enforcement Department. As the striking miners reached the outer gates of the mine property they were ordered to halt by Louis N. Scherf, head of the enforcement guards. The miners continued their advance, and in the inevitable clash which ensued five miners were killed and sixty persons on both sides, including one woman in the ranks of the miners, were injured. The death of another miner later brought the total death list to six.

That, briefly, is the story of the first bloodshed in Colorado's latest coal strike. With five companies of infantry, several cavalry troops, tanks, and airplanes of the Colorado National Guard patrolling the strike district under a condition closely approaching martial law, the question trembles on the lips of Coloradans, "Will it be the last bloodshed?" They remember that other bloody Monday, April 20, 1914, known locally as "the Ludlow affair" when, in a clash between State militiamen and strikers, the dead included upward of a dozen women and children and the complete destruction by fire of the Ludlow miners' tent

colony housing 1,200 persons. That affair, which laboring men everywhere know as the "Ludlow massacre" remains forever an ineradicable blot upon the political, industrial, and military history of this State. In order to understand the present strike, called on October 16, it is necessary first to understand the strike of 1914, for in large measure the one grows out of the other.

Let me say before I go further in this article that I doubt that there is any person in the State of Colorado who can at this time give an absolutely clear, accurate, and unbiased explanation of the present situation. It is bound up with too much

contradiction and counter-contradiction, too much bitterness, and too much obscurity to be unraveled. Indeed, the thirteen years since Ludlow have not served to explain even that completely. What I here set down is the most nearly accurate and unbiased story I have been able to sift out.

The strike of 1914 was the direct result of what some have called "the conditions of serfdom" existing

in the Colorado coal fields, particularly in the southern part of the State. The great corporation controlling the southern fields of the State is the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, one of the Rockefeller interests. Conditions in many of the mine camps in 1914 were, according to reliable witnesses, so oppressive and so degrading as to be almost inhuman and unbearable. Cramped living quarters; lack of sanitation; poor pay; company-owned stores and saloons — in some camps there was said to be one saloon to thirty adults, including women — which charged exorbitant prices and contributed to degradation; company-owned schools and churches; company-controlled local and county officials; absolute lack of recreational facilities: these were some of the things which stirred the miners to bitterness.

THE 1914 strike hinged chiefly upon the demand of the unions for freedom of entry into the camps of the State for the purpose of organizing miners working therein. Other demands — for an eight-hour day, the right to employ checkweighmen, semimonthly pay, abolition of scrip system, and more — were subservient to the great demand

November 21, 1927, stands out as another "bloody Monday" in Colorado's mining history. On that date, six miners were killed in a clash with armed mine guards; sixty persons on both sides were wounded. Behind this tragedy lie the Ludlow affair of 1914 and the Cripple Creek clash of 1903. All of them are related; all of them have their origin in the coal-mining conditions of the State. Mr. Rice, Colorado journalist, draws the picture of a troubled situation

of the right to belong to a labor union. Here the operators and the miners were at most bitter opposition. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is reported as declaring before a Congressional Committee investigating the strike that he and his company would rather lose every dollar of the millions invested in their Colorado coal properties than yield this point. The outcome of the whole bitter struggle was that unionism in Colorado was completely crushed. The irony of the situation is that many of the strike breakers imported in 1914 are the strikers of 1927.

SEVERAL things grew out of the 1914 strike which are directly connected with the present one. First is that bitterness, which none of the miners can overcome, caused by the crushing of their unions. The Ludlow battle lives in their minds as the bitter incarnation of this defeat. It is as much their battle cry as "Remember the Maine."

There was created, also, a State industrial commission whose function was to be that of mediator and arbitrator of future disputes between capital and labor. You cannot convince a single laborer or labor sympathizer in Colorado today that this commission has ever honestly tried to do its full duty; or that it is anything more than a tool of capital — in this strike the coal operators.

In the camps of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company there was inaugurated an elaborate system of welfare work, administered under the name and sign of the Y. M. C. A. and under the executive control of a Y. M. C. A. secretary. This was designed, of course, and without doubt honestly, for the purpose of improving the social and recreational conditions of the miners in the camps. I am not prepared to say to what extent it was successful. I do know, however, that conditions in the coal camps have improved over 1914 conditions. Indeed, a prominent Coloradoan, very active in labor and strike circles, admitted that much to me personally. But in the same breath he said, "Let the companies pay the miners what they deserve. We'll do our own welfare work." In other words, that welfare program which was designed as oil upon the troubled waters has itself been a cause for suspicion, and even contempt, on the part of the miners.

Another thing which the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company inaugurated as a result of 1914 was a system of employee representation designed as a medium for the settlement of all differences arising. Miners know that system as a "company union." Labor sympathizers will tell you that it is no more fair than the old system of absolute disregard for the unions. They will tell you that the men elected to represent the miners are company men planted there for that purpose; that you cannot vote for anyone you choose, but must vote for men selected or nominated by the management; that any miner who feels he hasn't had a square deal, and says so

openly, is either summarily discharged or put into a part of the mine where the veins are so poor that he cannot possibly make a living wage, and is thereby driven out. These accusations are vigorously denied by the operators, and doubtless the actual facts are somewhere between.

Those, essentially, are the grievances growing out of 1914 which have led directly to the present strife. Added to these are demands for restoration of the Jacksonville minimum wage of \$7.75 per day abrogated about two years ago, the six-hour day, properly elected checkweighmen — twenty-seven in all. Of these twenty-seven demands, I am informed that sixteen are already covered by State laws which the miners declare are unenforced. By way of comparison, it should be noted that of the seven principal demands in the 1914 strike, five were then covered by State law, and these same demands are now included in the twenty-seven current demands.

It is an accepted fact, I think, that as in nearly every other coal field the coal mines of Colorado are overmanned. This condition prevents any single miner from working a sufficient number of days to earn a living wage. The average number of days each year which miners have worked during the past six years is about 184. The miners and their sympathizers insist that this condition is encouraged by the operators in order to keep the miners in a state of subjection because of comparative poverty. Whether this is true or not, it would be difficult to convince labor sympathizers otherwise.

Charges have been made in Colorado newspapers and elsewhere that during this strike strikers have been arrested upon suspicion, jailed without preferment of charges, moved about from jail to jail so that they become "lost" to friends armed with habeas corpus writs, and later held as military prisoners although technically martial law does not exist. On December 6 the *Denver Post* announced the release of nine such prisoners as a result of agitation against such procedure. It is things like these which engender the intense bitterness of the strike.

A UNIQUE aspect of this present strike is that it is being carried on by the I. W. W. in a field which heretofore has shown little leaning toward that organization. Labor sympathizers explain this by declaring that organizers of the miners' unions have been refused admittance to the coal camps. This has been denied in a public statement by President J. F. Welborn of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. The I. W. W. organizers are, however, it is declared, underground men, receiving no special pay for their organization work. They work side by side with the miners as they spread their propaganda and are thus undetected. One of the most sympathetic and best informed laborites in Colorado stated to me (*Continued on page 664*)

If You Know What I Mean

DESPITE the frenzied rhetoric of the Associated Press and the lurid efforts of that body to convert Lindbergh into a tabloid hero, the flyer continues to go his way with the greatest decency and good sense. Indeed, so completely are his actions those of a sound, rational man that the reporters are driven well-nigh crazy in their attempts to make wild copy of him. Lindbergh is entirely without the qualities of asininity so prized by the press, the patting of little heads, the distributing of shiny new dimes, the choked allusions to "Old Glory"; he has no "sweetheart," no "kiddies," no pet Airedale, and even the "Spartan mother" angle of his private life has a distinctly handmade air. It is, accordingly, the habit of the newspapers to dig up all manner of fictitious and unnecessary attributes for him, for without these the average tale of his exploits resolves itself into an account of how other people behave when Lindbergh does something, or a highly colored description of the country he traverses. Thus, in the A. P. story of the Mexican flight, a full nine inches were devoted to the extraordinary behavior of President Calles. That gentleman, to the great mystification of the A. P. man, actually took not a bite to eat from early morning until almost two o'clock! Now he looked worried, now he smiled, now he took off his hat, and now he put it on again. The reporter had never seen anything quite like it before.

"The purple ranges that Cortes and his Spanish adventurers mastered four centuries ago to conquer an empire and open a new world." Yards and yards of this sort of thing were printed. "Can it be Lindy?" the multitude murmured."

When Lindbergh took off from Washington, "he soon outdistanced his escort of Army 'planes.'" Nonsense. Last of all would the flyer himself give the impression that his was in any sense a racing 'plane or anything other than a dependable, rugged ship designed for long-distance flying. But, no, loaded with over 300 gallons of fuel, bound on a difficult flight, Lindbergh had to "outdistance his escort." Now inasmuch as an Army 'plane can cruise comfortably at a much higher speed than the 85 M.P.H. given as Lindbergh's speed, I fail to see just how this was done. Was the Army represented by that old Langley 'plane from the Smithsonian Institute? Did the Army absent-mindedly turn off its ignition upon gaining the air? I don't know. Or better, why not write the simple fact that the escort was not instructed to fly all the way to Mexico and accordingly that it eventually turned back toward Washington?

"What was said between the famous flyer and his

mother was not revealed. *Those who should be in a position to know* said that the mother told her son how glad she felt over his safety and success, and Lindy, *in effect, although perhaps not in these actual words*, said, 'Oh, shucks, it wasn't anything for you to be worried about.'"

Here we have the spectacle of a correspondent imagining—and imagining in rather a commonplace vein, for that matter—a conversation of which he plainly had not the slightest knowledge, and solemnly sending it off as news!

* * *

I still can't help feeling sorry for that fellow who imagined the conversation between Lindbergh and his mother. He did try so hard. The trouble with Lindbergh is that he neither talks nor behaves as an unspeakably vulgar press would like to have him. Any conversations such as the one recorded must of a necessity be either normal and accurate, or fantastic and "good copy." As a specimen of newspaperese, then, why not something like this:

"Aha! O Mother o' Mine—the Lone Eagle speaking."

"Yes?"

"Yes, having battled my way over the grim solitudes of the Southland, past swamp and desert, I have gained at last the haven of the capital city of our great sister republic."

"Well, isn't that nice!"

"And, although Fate hurled her bold challenge at me with her azure peaks and her blinding fogs, yet did I cast back my defiance in her face—I mean in her teeth."

"And were you all alone, Charles?"

"Ha! Some might indeed call it 'alone,' but is he alone in whose cockpit ride Courage, Skill, and Youth?"

"Hello—hello—what did you say?"

"I said, 'Ha! Some might indeed call it alone, but is he alone in whose cockpit ride Courage, Skill, and Youth?'"

"Oh."

"Even now eager hands are grooming the other half of the famous firm of 'WE' in order that I may continue my journey of amity and good will to the torrid nations of that link between two great continents—I refer to Central America."

"What?"

"I said I referred to Central America."

"Well, good-by, Charles."

"Farewell, O Mother o' Mine! Did you get that all right—Central America?"

C. W. M.

The Shadow Stage

By Perceval Reniers

THESE highly accelerated goings on in American films do not seem to please Mr. G. K. Chesterton. His complaints on that score — at so much per word — in a recent number of the *Illustrated London News* were rather touching. Really now, men on horseback never streaked it so fast. Not actually. And people really aren't knocked down with anything like the dispatch attributed, by some mechanical hocus-pocus, to Tom Mix. "No man, however slick, in no saloon, however wild, in no mountains, however rocky, ever moved with that degree of celerity to do anything." God never meant the human eye to absorb such movement and this American desire for speed is defeated by the absurdities of exaggeration.

Admittedly, there is mechanical trickery in those abnormally swift dashes across the great open spaces. Our film education being what it is, we would probably find any normal speed dragging heavily on our eyeballs. As to Mr. Chesterton, there are two courses, at least, open to him. Either he may pick his quarrel with the operator of the projection machine who, being British, may be jacking up the speed of the picture until it squares with his notions of how things are done in the American West, or he may spend less of his time with our cheap "Westerns" and more with our expensive adaptations of famous books. If he follows the latter recommendation and happens to drop in on "Sorrell and Son," for example, he will probably sigh for the sight of a pony express making incredible time through the sage or for Tom Mix dropping half the population of a frontier town with one flourish of his six-shooter. And should he see "Love," a sort of clipping-bureau version of "Anna Karenina," he might next week fill his allotted space in the *Illustrated London News* with his unhappiness — at so much a word — over the distressingly high content of static in American films.

In the production of "Sorrell and Son" he would be confronted with the spectacle of one of our ablest directors sponsoring a pathetically faithful syllabus of a popular novel. To this latest activity of Director Herbert Brenon's one might properly append Mr. Erskine's most recent subtitle, "though he knew better." He must have. The studio doorman and the second assistant megaphone carrier must have known better. It is just one of those things that will happen in spite of everyone's knowing that a novel, no matter how fine, is not a motion-picture scenario and that to film its chapter

headings, no matter how categorically, is the work of a superannuated schoolmaster who fills out his decrepit days manufacturing college "trotts" for young men with a distaste for originals. I leave you to picture Mr. Chesterton thirsting for an eyeful of racing stagecoaches and pass on to "Love."

Unerringly, the makers of "Love" realized the need of just such acceleration as furnishes Mr. Chesterton with his burden, so they retained the military races of "Anna Karenina." Such needs as this are usually referred to as crying ones. In fact, it is seldom necessary to combat so much static, even in American adaptations. The Vronsky-Anna affair was all of Tolstoy's panorama that found bidders in the studio and this they have set out in neat pictorial parcels. Enlisted to pose for each of the thirty-six stages in the courses of pre-Communist illicit love are the two most high-powered illicit lovers of the screen, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, and pose they do. I can, without effort, imagine "Hold It!" as the watchword of all concerned during the whole self-conscious business of production. A still camera could have done quite as well as the motion-picture machine by these various positions for the osculatory daily dozen that comprise the Vronsky-Anna affair on the screen. I had intended referring to "Love" also as a cousin to the college trot but second thought has robbed me of the comparison. Trot suggests something more than sitting, standing, and sometimes walking.

IF the American screen is not versatile in its tempo it is nothing. Should those with the Chestertonian complaint suffer too much from the above antidotes, there is always Mr. Fairbanks on the other side of the ledger and, for his latest entry, "The Gaucho." For a space at least, we have the crisp and headlong manner of Fairbanksian melodrama. This Robin Hood of the pampas, this Gaucho leader of a bandit crew swoops down upon frightened towns in the torrential manner of professional swoopers of the films. Horses and men scoot across the field of vision more swiftly than horses and men ever did in real life. While both pace and hero falter and stumble over a lot of plot lumber in the second half, there is no nodding over them in full career.

I believe the scientists have calculated that the eyes given us by a divine wisdom are geared to a maximum of ten movements a second. When Mr. Fairbanks gives us twenty, what happens? Do we

falter, farther and farther in arrears? Do we write letters to the *Times*? Only the Chestertonians. The visual equipment of the rest of us is more exhilarated than offended — quickened, inspirited, excited to the clicking speed of a camera shutter.

MR. CHESTERTON makes what he can of the fixed capacity of vision. "Nature has written a speed limit in the nerves of the eye and the cells of the brain; and exceeding it, or even trying to exceed it, does not mean going to prison, but to a mad-house." That is surely the steak-and-kidney-pie of writing and thinking. Fear God, obey his Commandments, never presume to see more than your ten-per-second apportionment and Britons never will be slaves. I would rather that someone, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle perhaps, had got Oscar Wilde to tackle the matter for the *Illustrated News*. If he had found the paradox of nature imitating art so rewarding a plaything, what might he not have done with the comparatively simple proposition of nature adapting itself to the demands of this new art of representation, or misrepresentation, if you prefer? That calculation of ten movements a second was not, after all, a divine one. Nor is it, so far as I know, among the papal bulls. Mr. Chesterton need not guard it so jealously. If a nation of movie fans does not in time develop eyes quicker and keener than an American Indian's, I hope I shall be made to eat my copy of "Father Brown."

Just let Mr. Chesterton continue in this defeatist strain and some bluff American humorist will throw Krazy Kat at his head. There is movement for him, the very acme of movement because it is combined with almost continual mutation. No one should be allowed to touch the matter of accelerated screen movement or of visual education in general without first having passed a training course in the cartoon of Krazy Kat. Movement could go no further unless the universe were to fly apart and reassemble itself every three minutes.

I hope I shall have an excuse to come back to Krazy Kat another time. To observe this comical feline careening through his completely daft world without benefit of Sir Isaac Newton, elemental geometry, or any of the empirical facts of existence whatsoever is to partake of an utterly irrational dish meant for ocular consumption alone, and further, to realize with a start that multitudinous pairs of eyes are advancing into a visual education entirely new and strange.

Readers and Writers

By Ernest Boyd

AN unobtrusive little volume, unobtrusively entitled "Opinions" (Dutton), by Claude Washburn, has given me a couple of hours of pleasant reading. Pleasant, because Mr. Washburn is an essayist of real skill; pleasant, because one does not often encounter his type of American in print. Although he has six books to his credit, he writes with an air of unjournalistic ease and leisure which makes of him the cosmopolitan American articulate, and most Americans who write in Europe are far from being either as cosmopolitan or as articulate as they think they are.

Mr. Washburn, who, I understand, has died since this book first appeared in England a year ago, lived most of his life abroad, chiefly in Italy, and during the war he was attached to the American Embassy in Rome. His essays are varied in scope and are not, as one might expect, reprinted book reviews, although books and comments on literature are rarely absent from his pages. His opening theme, one upon which he is obviously well fitted to speak, is "On Living Abroad," a question of great interest to me. Having made the reverse journey, I am always interested to discover why Americans like living in Europe. Usually, people assume that nothing could be more obvious, but to me, as a European, the matter seems less simple.

I can understand why an American should like to take a holiday in Europe, but how and why an American can become an expatriate over there is an interesting speculation. Mr. Washburn thinks of European life as providing more freedom, more leisure, more variety than the life of his own country. "It gives him a blessed feeling of space around himself that becomes more precious to him than all the soft comforts of America." He is speaking here of the writer and the painter, but the passage fairly describes the general claim which he makes for Europe as against American life. "There is stronger individualism, less herd spirit, greater divergence of opinion. Individuals appear less like one another, and eccentricities that would almost ostracize men from their disapproving fellows in America are in France and Italy accepted with a smile."

How often one has heard words to that effect from Americans bemoaning the austere restraints of this Puritan civilization. Yet, in fact, how superficial such observations are. Even Mr. Washburn, for example, when discussing Italian manners refers to the tyranny of the family, which is so powerful in the Latin countries and

so rare in England or America. He admires this sense of the family, this acceptance of responsibility on its behalf, which can be seen in all classes save the highest and more or less cosmopolitan aristocracy. But surely there is a reverse side to the medal. Is an Italian a freer individual than an American because he is not compelled to discard his straw hat six weeks

Mr. Boyd Recommends:

FICTION

Just Between Us Girls. By Lloyd Mayer (Doubleday).

The Great Modern Detective Stories. By Willard Huntington Wright (Scribner's).

The Wayward Man. By St. John Ervine (Macmillan).

The Fifth Child. By Klaus Mann (Boni & Liveright).

GENERAL

Opinions. By Claude Washburn (Dutton).

Shelley: His Life and Work. By Walter E. Peck (Houghton Mifflin).

Calamity Jane and the Lady Wildcats. By Duncan Aikman (Holt).

Seven Strings of the Lyre. By Elizabeth Schermerhorn (Houghton Mifflin).

before the weather makes it unnecessary, if he is obliged, at the age of thirty, to obtain his parents' consent to his marriage?

MR. WASHBURN admits that, when one lives abroad, the unfamiliar surroundings induce a detachment which is not possible when one's roots are in one's own soil. I have often thought that it is this detachment in the alien which accounts for some of the illusions cherished by Americans about European countries. To live in a nice modern apartment in Paris, on an income in dollars, with the franc at three and a half cents, may be charming, but it does not conduce to a realistic knowledge of the actual conditions of French life. If, into the bargain, one does not speak French, and associates mainly with other expatriates similarly situated, the situation is even further complicated. In discussing a friend of his in Italy, a typical case of an American benefiting by residence abroad, Mr. Washburn admits that the painter made no attempt, after years, to learn Italian, and was ignorant of and indifferent to the political and social problems of the country.

It is my belief that most of the imaginary benefits of residence in Europe are within the reach of Americans in their own country, if they could ever be induced to take their own country in the same way as they take others; that is to say, not too seriously. When Mr. Washburn meditates upon the inhabitants of Zenith, he does not find them altogether as Sinclair Lewis describes them. With his European experience, he could hardly do so, for he must have been conscious all the time of their vast superiority to the inhabitants of the corresponding type of European town. He sees the emptiness of their lives, but he is quite frankly impressed by all that was omitted from "Babbitt," all that makes Zenith a better place to live in than, say, Valence. As for individualism, freedom, and so forth, while national advertising and standardization produce a uniformity and a timidity in externals, Americans never fail to strike Europeans because of the naturalness and the unconventionality resulting from the peculiar conditions of American history and vicissitudes of American life.

Mr. Washburn, however, has other topics than expatriation and its advantages, real or imaginary. His essay on Italian life and Italian fiction is a brilliant little piece of literary diagnosis, which will answer the often asked question: Why are there no first-rate Italian novelists? Mr. Washburn very humorously describes the baneful influence of literary conventions on helpless minors, whose style is corrupted at an early age by too much Manzoni, too much Silvio Pellico, too much of that awful story, "Cuore," of De Amicis. On Pirandello he writes a chapter which differs from most foreign comment on that overrated author in that it maintains a semblance of critical detachment and a definite perspective.

ON the dangerous subject of pornography Mr. Washburn discourses in a civilized manner, and on the even more dangerous subject of women he prints a series of reflections which have the strange merit of being calculated to delight one sex without exasperating the other. In an essay on the French he manages to sum up two diametrically opposite viewpoints, one hostile and the other friendly, so that justice is done to a country which has inspired more rancor and more rhetoric than it deserves. Being a man, very obviously, of culture and experience, Mr. Washburn also disposes very neatly of the so-called "sophisticated" school of fiction. He removes the lining from the hat and he shows how the trick is done.

"Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread"

A Review by William Whitman, 3rd

CITY OF BREAD. By Alexander Neweroff. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50.

THE MAN WHO CONQUERED DEATH. By Franz Werfel. New York: Simon & Schuster. \$1.50.

SPREAD the corruption of life over the fields, over the valleys, and in the spring flowers will bloom. Blow the dust of civilization abroad, and the earth remains unfertile. Art flowers out of human suffering, out of human corruption, but out of ease and pleasure nothing is born. The great books of the world are derived from suffering and fallibility, and oppression and unhappiness have produced the literature that is enduring. Even among the great novels of laughter, "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," the tragedy lies deep, making our laughter echo through caverns of despair.

Today as in the corresponding eras of Greece and Rome, where prosperity has become possible for great numbers of people, the power of art seems to be dying. Decadence creeps in, attention is drawn to form, and sensitiveness to suffering is lost in the jaded desire for bizarre stimuli. We are well fed, we are happy, we are about to die comfortably and discreetly — Lord, have mercy on us. In America, out of our complaisance, little has been produced. Thoreau, Melville, and Mark Twain have written us great books, but the torch they held, though still jealously guarded by a few, is already flickering among the pale shadows of prosperity.

In the last half century Russia has been twisted in the agonies of waking consciousness. But from the terror and the oppression, the famine and the disease have flowered the short stories of Chekhov, the novels of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Turgenev, and more recently, of a lesser tradition, the work of a such writer as Alexander Neweroff, teacher and peasant writer of Soviet Russia, alas! dead in 1923 of heart failure. Of peasant stock, Neweroff was brought up among the muzhiks and worked in the fields during his early youth as one of them. Quick to learn, he eventually won himself an education, and returned to the country to teach school until he was mobilized during the war and later enlisted his recognized ability as a writer in the cause of the revolution. According to the translator's note, "it was in the fall of 1921 that Neweroff, then living in Samara in the heart of the famine region, having suffered great misery that came to a climax in the death of one of his three children, conceived the plan of moving to Moscow. But first he must journey

to Tashkent in Turkestan, to secure a supply of bread for his family while he made ready in Moscow for their coming."

This journey is the theme of "City of Bread." Young Mishka, a famine child, whose grandfather and grandmother and father are dead, undertakes to save his mother and two younger brothers by making the journey to Tashkent two thousand versts away to bring back bread and grain for the spring planting. Mishka's companion falls ill with typhoid. And so he journeys on alone across the barren Kirghiz steppes, riding on the roofs of trains, familiar with death, pawing the filth of diseased railroad depots for food, fighting, lying, stealing his way toward the goal of plenty. Here is a portrait of men turned primitive, stripped of pretense, stripped of all that civilization holds dear, who engage in the ugly and terrible struggle for existence with blind obstinacy and optimism. "It doesn't matter. There's no sense in crying. I'll fix everything up again . . ."

IN the face of such a simple and sincere story the publisher's assertion that Neweroff founded a new school of fiction seems trivial. What are a few literary gyrations to life or to literature? Is the fire so dim within us, are we so quickly cold, so pale and anæmic that tricks of expression are more important than the life we express? The false gods of originality! Literature has become a quibble, a grimace, a marionette jig. "Ulysses," by Joyce, "A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu," by Proust are great novels. Does their manner matter since meaning is there? We should do well to contemplate life as well as the absurdities of living. The intellect we worship makes haste to sweep us to sterility and destruction. Beware the intellect! Too often it is the denial of this warm thing we are looking for, that we die for, that we crucify ourselves that others may possess it — life.

Another impressive novel, shorter even than "City of Bread," is "The Man Who Conquered Death," by Franz Werfel, an Austrian Jew. William A. Drake in his sensitive and appreciative introduction speaks of Werfel as a stern exorciser of man's spiritual and physical shortcomings, and an ardent partisan of humanity. "By the sublime paradox of his genius, he knows the foulness of the world too well to have anything but hope for life. He is honest alike with his eyes and with his spirit. If the picture of life which he presents is sometimes sordid, gruesome, and disquieting, it is so because it is the image of a social order, laid open to an

innermost core which discloses the taints and morbid contractions of decay. Yet it is a singular quality of Werfel's art that he can pardon every offense and fill even bleak sordidness with light. It is not his part to be the impassive historian of his epoch, to limn terrible pictures with the cold precision of the naturalists, to re-create a blank misery which congeals in the apathy of utter despair. He is the most stern, the most exacting, the most honest watcher of the modern world. But he can afford to be stern and exacting and honest, for he knows that human life contains no ill which the immemorial spirit of man cannot transcend; and being confident of this, there can be no bitterness, no desolation in his vision."

"The Man Who Conquered Death" is a delicate example of Werfel's warm humanity. Herr Fiala, ex-doorkeeper of the National Treasury Office, realizes that if he can survive his sixty-fifth year the terms of his life-insurance policy will provide for his family. Fond of his wife and of his epileptic son, afraid of his terrible, half-crazy sister-in-law, the old man waits impassively for his release, taking stolid comfort in his visions of past glory. But before he reaches his sixty-sixth year, he falls desperately ill. The tragic comedy begins. The doctors at the hospital complacently anticipate the death that does not occur, and Karl Fiala steadfastly and with a single purpose refuses to die. Two days after the victory is won, the rotten shell collapses, and the farce is played. Werfel relieves the stark reality of his story with a gently humorous and affectionate irony. More sophisticated than "City of Bread," more artfully and gracefully contrived, "The Man Who Conquered Death" lacks the powerful simplicity, the primitive life force of the former. Werfel is not a participant, but an onlooker moved with pity, seeing beyond the event itself a last spiritual triumph.

THESE books, perhaps of no lasting importance, one by a Russian, the other by an Austrian, stand as a challenge to the eccentricities, the banalities, the unctuous seriousness of our literature. It is not because we lack suffering in America that so many of our writers are living abroad, but because the Continent provides an avenue of escape from self, from society self-confident, self-centered, and emotionally impoverished. Newspapers, periodicals, novels, and plays display this light-mindedness of our emotions and lack of sympathy. Under such conditions literature becomes a farce played in the shadow of a mighty volcano.

New Books in Brief Review

Industry's Coming of Age. By Rexford Guy Tugwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.00.

ECONOMIC revolutions creep on us unawares till we wake suddenly and find the old order gone. If the thesis of this book be correct, such an awakening is due and another industrial revolution will stand revealed as we rub our eyes. The new revolution springs largely from new methods in the whole field of commerce and industry, as the last sprang from new inventions. The result expresses itself in startling statistics. In the automobile industry the output per man per hour has increased threefold since 1914. Increase for other industries is not as great, but it is still phenomenal. The transformation of consumption habits and the social attitude of men in society is so great that Professor Tugwell feels justified in calling the thing a revolution. In this book he seeks the causes. He finds them many. The new practice — page Mr. Ford — of reducing prices in order to make more money by selling more goods, of paying high wages — page Mr. Ford again — that the purchasing power of the public may be increased, spread of technical education, readiness to scrap obsolete plants and a score of others. The book is suggestive and, as far as it goes, accurate. It gives off, however, a certain air of second-handedness. It is full of tables and data other men have compiled, which is healthy enough, but there is somehow lacking that deftness of touch in their use and criticism which comes when original research is mixed with the work of others. Nevertheless, the book is of great value to set men thinking. In the last two chapters the wider implications of the "revolution" are suggested with skill and imagination. They deserve a wider treatment and the thought of every American.

Homemaking: A Profession for Men and Women. By Elizabeth and Forrester Macdonald. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. \$2.00.

"IT is quite possible to keep house and not make a home. . . . We need a new synthesis of the homemaker's duties." Starting with this general idea the authors, while disclaiming any effort at originality, have constructed an entirely new sort of manual for home-makers, which is written in a way to interest those who give it even a casual glance, and to fix their attention upon the many sides of home-making as the authors conceive it. Elizabeth Macdonald is already well known through articles in the *House Beautiful* and as professor of economics at Boston

University. Both the authors have practical, imaginative minds that not only have a lofty ideal of what a home should be, but can explain clearly just how the ideal may be realized. Always they show a fine sense of proportion. Increased leisure, artistic activities, diet, biology, eugenics and eugenics, the impossibility and possibility of routine — these are some of the subjects chosen to discuss. College women and business women and home-making are interestingly talked about, and many fond theories exploded. This is not a sentimental book of home-making, but is decidedly an inspiring one.

Leaves and Fruit. By Sir Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

THERE is very little need to introduce Sir Edmund Gosse to anyone at all familiar with criticism and English letters. The thirty-seven essays of "Leaves and Fruit" range from a discussion of Epictetus to the poems of Miss Sitwell. Sir Edmund's scholarship and catholic taste combine to produce a book of cultivated understanding. Kit Smart, Otway Rochester, Ninon de Lenclos, Samuel Butler, Walt Whitman, and Colly Cibber are but a few of the *literati* whose writings and personalities provide grist for Sir Edmund's mill. Gosse and George Saintsbury may rightly be considered the grand old men of English letters.

Reminiscences of a Ranger. By Major Horace Bell. Santa Barbara: Wallace Hebbard. \$3.50.

"CONTEMPORARY accounts of early American Los Angeles," writes Arthur M. Ellis in the introduction to "Reminiscences of a Ranger," "are rare and unsatisfactory. Hence, for pictures of early life in southern California, we must turn to the work of a man who stressed action and only unconsciously supplied the background." These roistering recollections of the late 'fifties enjoy a vitality rarely found in books of this sort. Maj. Horace Bell is entertaining not only because he has confined his narrative to broils, raids, and frontier life, but because he had an eye for what was ridiculous, humorous, and picturesque, as well as a dashing gift for satiric journalism. Originally published in 1881, the first and only edition of this book was small, and many of the copies were destroyed by fire after they had left the press. The new edition, illustrated by James S. Bodero, is a pleasant addition to swashbuckling Americana.

Degas: An Intimate Portrait. By Ambroise Vollard. New York: Greenberg, Publisher. \$3.00.

THIS portrait, composed for the most part of flat anecdotes, is scarcely worthy of Degas, the artist. Monsieur Vollard evidently kept a notebook in which he set down such crumbs of incident as he was able to glean from his acquaintance with Degas, Renoir, and Cézanne. "Degas: An Intimate Portrait" is neither intimate nor, as the publisher suggests, a biography; it is a collection of anecdotes arranged chronologically in an attempt to capitalize familiarity with greatness. The most important part of the volume is the sixteen reproductions in gravure of Degas' work.

The Life of Buddha. By A. Ferdinand Herold. Translated from the French by Paul C. Blum. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. \$3.00.

IT is possible at first to regard this skillful simplification of the life of Buddha as a fairy story, deriving pleasure from the feats of Oriental imagination displayed in it and the exoticism which it holds for the Western mind. It is impossible to pursue it far without finding an extraordinary personality, as beautiful as the reputed body of the Buddha and of great heroism at the heart of it. It is easy to see after a little thinking and imagining how the poetry and the legend grew in the jungle growth of Oriental mysticism around the living personality of a man. M. Herold has served the lay Western mind well in writing this book. For all but the special student, the vast Buddhistic legend as taught by the monks of India and China can mean little. This "Life" of the teacher proves there is little reason why the personality of Buddha, and the main outlines of his story at the core of the legend, should not mean much.

Not for Publication. By Clara Sharpe Hough. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

DAVE MORLEY, newspaper editor in a small Eastern city, uncovers a smuggling plot and incidentally estranges himself from his wife. Complications are introduced by the presence in his office of a girl reporter to whom he is strongly attracted. The story is well done, but one wishes the active Pomanset *Banner* had brought the archsmuggler to justice instead of dropping his case to all appearances like a hot potato. Dave, at least, is given the consolation of throwing him down the stairs.

What the World Is Doing

Edited by Stewart Beach

ON a mud bank off Provincetown, at the tip of Cape Cod, lies the United States submarine, *S-4*, 101 feet below the surface of the water. Imprisoned within her, forty men are believed to have lost their lives in what is the greatest submarine disaster this country has ever known.

The accident occurred at 3.47 P.M. on December 17 when the *S-4* was coming up from the sea a mile off Provincetown. The Coast Guard ship, *Paulding*, returning from a rum patrol, saw her periscope but too late to avoid the crash. The submarine was struck almost amidships and sank immediately.

On the under-sea craft at the time were four officers, thirty-four men, and two visitors connected with the Navy Board of Inspection and Survey who were making the trip from the New London, Connecticut, submarine base as observers.

When divers first inspected the wrecked craft on December 18, six men were found to be alive in the torpedo room, a compartment at the extreme forward end of the ship twenty feet long, ten feet wide, and from six to eight feet high. Messages tapped on the sides of the craft in Morse code told divers of their presence and asked if there was hope of rescue. On Tuesday morning the men were still alive, but hope was practically abandoned of rescuing them. Choppy seas, blown higher in the teeth of a northwest gale, hampered the divers and kept them from going below to fix chains and hawsers attached to pontoons with which it was hoped to raise the *S-4* to the surface.

The tragedy recalls the similar fate of the *S-51* off Block Island on September 25, 1925, in which thirty-three officers and men lost their lives. The *S-51* was rammed by the steamer, *City of Rome*, running in the coastwise service from Savannah, Georgia, to Boston. She was eventually raised by pontoons.

No blame has been fixed as yet for the present disaster, but a naval court of inquiry will be convened. Meanwhile, in the House of Representatives, Representative GRIFFIN has severely attacked the Navy Department for failing to provide submarines with safety devices based upon the experience of the *S-51*, and the Administration for failing to make provision in its Navy building program for salvage boats such as are said to be a part of the naval equipment of foreign navies.

On December 14, CURTIS D. WILBUR,

Secretary of the Navy, sent to Speaker LONGWORTH of the House of Representatives a bill setting forth the Navy Department's proposed building program. The plan has been approved by the President and by Brig. Gen. HERBERT M. LORD, Director of the Budget. Briefly, it calls for a total expendi-

Naval
Building
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The Week

¶Tragedy in the submarine service. The *S-4* off Provincetown. Imprisoned officers and men. But choppy seas and a gale prevent their rescue. ¶The new naval building program. Thirty-two more submarines. Speaker Longworth is for an "adequate" navy. And the President approves. ¶The House snaps its fingers at Mr. Coolidge and \$60,000,000. And the Old Guard is impotent. An executive veto? ¶Mr. Hearst's little indictment of Mexico. And of four American Senators. Proofs seem lacking. A Senate committee investigates. ¶Colonel Lindbergh in Mexico. Good will toward the United States. He will continue on his way through Central America. ¶South China severs diplomatic relations with Russia. The conservatives triumph. ¶Mr. Hoover's eligibility questioned — and defended.

To a mixed overture of cheers and dubious sighs, the House of Representatives passed the new revenue bill on December 15. The vote was 366 to 24. In its final form, the bill carries tax reduction of \$289,735,000, whereas the President had requested a cut of no more than \$225,000,000, and the House Ways and Means Committee had provided a reduction of \$232,735,000. Secretary MELLON's recommendation of repealing the inheritance tax was defeated, and despite his pleas, the three per cent tax on automobiles was repealed. The corporation income tax was reduced from 13½ to 11½ per cent; small corporations with income of \$15,000 or less were taxed on a graduated scale running from five to nine per cent; admission tax exemptions were increased to \$1; tax on club dues was reduced from ten to five per cent; cereal beverage tax was repealed. Other minor revisions of the present tax program were modified. The largest item was reduction of the corporation tax by two per cent, which will deprive the Government of about \$164,000,000 brought in under present rates.

Old Guard Republicans tried valiantly to stem the tide of enthusiastic slicing, but were defeated on every hand. After passage of the bill, a motion to recommit was lost by a vote of 301 to 93. The measure has now gone to the Senate where the Finance Committee will place it in shape for consideration by the Upper House. Speaker LONGWORTH and other leaders fear that if the Senate fails to pare down some of the House cuts, the bill will be in danger of executive veto. President COOLIDGE has expressed himself strongly as feeling that \$225,000,000 represented the limit of safety in tax reduction. Any greater cut, he feels, will place the Government in danger of a deficit.

In a room of the Capitol in Washington on December 15, a special committee of the United States Senate began its investigation of charges that the Mexican Government had created a slush fund for propaganda purposes of \$1,215,000 or more, the majority of which had been designed for four United States Senators. Senator DAVID A. REED of Pennsylvania is chairman of the committee; other members are Senators ROBINSON of Arkansas, BRUCE of Maryland, JOHNSON of California, and JONES of Washington. The investigation is concerned with the publication of facsimiles of alleged official documents from the Mexican Government's secret files. The copies appeared in

Old Guard
Impotence

Mr. Hearst's
Documents

Grim
Reminder

Court of
Inquiry

newspapers owned by WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST early in December, 1927.

Briefly, they intimate that the Mexican government planned to pay Senators WILLIAM E. BORAH of Idaho, THOMAS J. HEFLIN of Alabama, GEORGE W. NORRIS of Nebraska, and ROBERT

Alleged Bribery

M. LA FOLLETTE of Wisconsin for alleged propaganda

which they might conduct in the United States favorable to Mexico. Senator BORAH was to receive \$500,000, NORRIS and HEFLIN \$350,000, and LA FOLLETTE only \$15,000. Mr. HEARST himself, suborned by the committee, divulged the names of the Senators involved. When facsimiles of the documents were published in his papers, the names were deleted. Immediately following his disclosure, three of the Senators appeared in the committee room, were sworn, and denied emphatically knowing anything about the documents or having received any money or offer of money from the Mexican Government. Senator NORRIS, at the time, was visited by Senator JOHNSON and added his denial to that of the others. He urged that the committee make every effort to get at the bottom of the affair and that the guilty parties, whoever they might be, be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Neither Mr. HEARST nor any of his assistants who took the stand was able to offer convincing proof of the authenticity of the documents. Mr. HEARST and E. E.

Where Are the Proofs?

COBLENTZ, editor of the *New York American*, one of the HEARST papers, stated

that they did not believe any of the Senators mentioned had received the bribes indicated in the papers. They had no proof or indication of it, they intimated. They stated that the documents had been offered to the State Department for perusal as well as to President COOLIDGE and to the Mexican Embassy. Former Ambassador SHEFFIELD declined to state whether he had seen them. ARTURO M. ELIAS, Mexican Consul General in New York City, appeared voluntarily before the committee to deny any knowledge of the papers or of such a propagandist effort as they indicated upon the part of his Government. Witnesses for the HEARST group said that a number of the papers had been drawn from the private files of the Consulate. The investigation is proceeding vigorously to examine witnesses in an attempt to establish the origin and authorship of the documents.

Meanwhile, Col. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH continues to charm the Mexican populace, and is now making plans for an air tour of the various Central American republics. At its conclusion, he will probably fly back to the United States

Colonel Lindbergh

by way of Havana. Mrs. EVANGELINE LODGE LINDBERGH, the flyer's mother, was taken from her home in Detroit by

'plane to spend Christmas with her son in Mexico City. Indications are strong that LINDBERGH's flight has ripened the seeds of amity toward the United States which Ambassador DWIGHT W. MORROW had already planted. Results are apparent in the universal acclaim with which the American flyer has been met, and the strong feeling of friendship which has developed toward the new American Ambassador.

On December 15, CHIANG KAI-SHEK, returned civilian head of the Nationalist party which, since January, 1926, has been the strongest governmental force in

South China, ordered a severance of diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia.

The move was not a particularly surprising one in view of the Nationalists' claims that the Russians had inspired the recent Communist attack upon the city of Canton. CHIANG and the other Nationalist leaders allege that the Communists' base was the Russian Consulate in Canton, and that Russians were directing the rebels. Now that the smoke has cleared away from the beleaguered city, it appears that between 4,000 and 5,000 persons were killed during the hostilities. This figure does not include the almost wholesale executions which followed the suppression of the attack.

Expulsion of the Soviet representatives by the Nationalists means that South China has severed diplomatic relations with Moscow. But South China includes

Heavy Blow

the busy cities of Canton, Shanghai, and Hankow, and the move is a serious blow to Soviet prestige. It also strikes a heavy economic blow. Although Manchuria has always been the strongest sphere of Russian influence in China, since the revolution the Russians have been gaining more and more of a foothold in South China, and particularly since the Nationalists' revolt against the military despots of the north, Moscow has been pushing her trade with the rich cities of the south. Without diplomatic protection, the Russians will still be allowed to trade as private individuals, but the Communist propaganda which they have been disseminating will be largely curtailed.

The Nationalists' action in expelling the Russians shows how completely they control South China, as well as a strong desire upon their part for amicable relations with the other powers.

Conservative Victory

In the early days of the Nationalist revolution, it was frequently intimated that its intents were Bolshevistic, and, indeed, a certain wing of the party was closely identified with Moscow. Now, however, the more conservative leaders have triumphed, Moscow has been definitely repudiated, and the movement goes forward as a definite attempt, not to communize China, but to take the country out of the hands

of the militarists who have made development so difficult and to establish peace upon a firmer footing than has been known since the old days of the empire.

Very suddenly and very seriously political leaders have commenced discussing the provision in the Constitution by which a man must have been "fourteen years a resident within the United States" to be eligible for the office of President.

A Minor Tempest

A number of them claim that Secretary HERBERT HOOVER, because he has spent several years out of the last fourteen abroad, is not an available candidate. Others, placing a different interpretation upon the Constitution, maintain that so long as he has spent fourteen years of his whole life in this country, he is eligible for the office. GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, former Attorney-General of the United States, and legal authorities including Dean CHARLES K. BURDICK of the Cornell University law school, are among those asserting Mr. HOOVER's eligibility. Mr. WICKERSHAM, in holding that Mr. HOOVER's missions abroad have not disqualified him, declares, "I am clearly of the opinion that he did not lose his American domicile by reason of these absences and business employments, and that, retaining such domicile, he was at all times a resident within the United States within the meaning of the Constitutional provision. Even if the foregoing conclusion were incorrect, the Constitutional provision does not require residence within the United States for a continuous period of fourteen years." Leading newspapers, both Republican and Democratic, hold to a similar view of the matter. The *New York Times*, the *World*, and the *Herald Tribune* have declared editorially that HOOVER's eligibility is beyond question. The chief opposition seems to come from a group of Senators, unnamed as yet, but certainly including Senator JIM REED of Missouri.

The Italian Cabinet on December 22 took an unexpected step by abolishing Italy's forced currency and returning the lira to a gold basis. The paper lira was fixed at a value of 19 to the dollar, 92.46 to the pound sterling, and 3.66 to the old lira. The move came as a

The Lira Stands on Gold

complete surprise, for the Government had stated again and again that no revaluation was intended for the near future. It is praised, however, as promising stability in Italian finance. The recent value of the lira has varied between 18 and 18.3 to the dollar, and the fact that the difference between this and the new value is slight is expected to make conversion possible without much readjustment in industry. Stability of Italian currency on a gold basis is guaranteed by a credit of \$125,000,000 extended by bankers of fourteen nations.

The Editor Steps Down

IN the spring of 1924, shortly after THE INDEPENDENT moved to Boston, we published what we believe was the first article on Culion, the "Island of the Living Dead," in the Philippine group. Culion is the government leper colony, and the article was written by Mr. Philip Kerby after a personal tour of that barren jumble of torrid rocks where more than 5,000 lepers were isolated from civilization. At that time the first outside contribution — \$1.50 — was made through THE INDEPENDENT to Governor-General Leonard Wood, who up until the very moment of his death had continually in mind the problem of the Philippines' 12,000 sufferers from the most horrible and loathesome of all diseases. Since that time, through a few outside contributions, but chiefly through the inspiration of the late General Wood himself and the coöperation of a newly awakened Philippine Government, the facilities for housing and ministering to lepers on Culion have been immeasurably enlarged and improved. But that there is still great room for further improvement, both in the extent of the accommodations and the quality and size of the personnel, is amply evidenced by the plea which General Wood made to the nation on his return to this country last summer.

That there are upward of 3,000,000 lepers in the world today seems almost incredible. But even more incredible is the fact that the Philippines, for almost three decades under the American flag, harbor more than 12,000 of these unfortunates — and that a pitiful and shameful little has been done to alleviate their lot. Now, with the assurance during the last few years that a definite cure for leprosy has been discovered, a cure that may stamp out the disease entirely within a generation if the victims are treated in the early stages of the malady, comes the full realization not only of our privilege but our common duty in providing funds to make possible the application of this cure.

The Philippine Government is already straining its slim resources in support of the curative work, for it has had to carry the load alone. Nearly \$600,000 a year they have paid into the work: one third of their total health appropriation, and nearly two per cent of the entire government income. It remains for the people of the United States to lend a hand, to dig into purses which will bear a little lightening, and to wipe leprosy from the slate of human ills forever. For this reason we take a very keen pleasure in reserving our back cover this week for an advertisement of the Leonard Wood Memorial, and in commending it to the earnest attention of our readers.

FOR THE INDEPENDENT the new year begins well before Christmas. In fact, we have been juggling "1928" and "January" among ourselves since Thanksgiving. And — just to drive the point home for good — we have been making plans for the new season since the first yellow leaf alighted on the fire escape outside our window. Thus the special features we are holding in store for 1928 are no news to us. But they may be for our readers. THE INDEPENDENT looks forward to an unusually successful and exciting year, and intends to conduct itself accordingly.

To mention a few items: first, we have had it borne in upon us by the ground and lofty tumblers at Washington that 1928 is to be a Presidential year. In view of this fact the Editors have chosen to run a series of ten articles, beginning next week and continuing in succeeding issues, on some of the more prominent men who are refusing to declare themselves as candidates, together with two who are not. Mr. Charles Merz, a member of the editorial staff of the *New York World* and the author of many political articles in THE INDEPENDENT, is writing these biographical and analytical sketches for us. Five of the subjects are Republicans and five are Democrats. Some of them could not possibly be nominated by either party; but all are either "leading candidates" or at least capable of being hurriedly groomed as dark horses.

Our English correspondent, Mr. J. B. Atkins, former editor of the *London Spectator* will continue into the new year his series of monthly articles on various problems agitating his country.

There will be several changes of policy among our regular departments, the most important of which will affect "What the World Is Doing." In place of the usual tabloid summary of the week's news, set down in outline, there will be a single article on the most significant piece of news each week. Not only will the essential facts be concisely set forth, but they will be explained, interpreted, weighed, and carefully appraised. Such a departure, we feel, will be of greater value to those of our readers who wish to keep a judicious finger in the pie of world affairs.

Bloody Monday Again in Colorado

(Continued from page 656)

that while he doubted that at the outset of the strike there was a very large membership of Colorado miners in the I. W. W., he believed that now a majority had joined these ranks.

Because of the I. W. W. leadership of this strike, the Colorado Federation of Labor has until recently maintained a "hands off" policy. Now, however, the Denver Trades and Labor Assembly is organizing a committee of one hundred to sponsor an arrangement under which the miners may arbitrate their grievances with the operators. The operators have heretofore refused to confer with strike leaders on the grounds that they represent the I. W. W. and not organized labor. This attitude is significant in view of the fact that of the 12,000 miners in the State, labor leaders declare there are more than 8,000 out on strike. Whether these men are members of the I. W. W. or not, they are attempting to settle their grievances under the only leadership open to them.

It is a fact today, just as State Senator Helen Ring Robinson of Colorado declared thirteen years ago in THE INDEPENDENT of May 11, 1914, just after the Ludlow affair, "It remains for the people of Colorado to make . . . peace permanent. To do this they must strike at the causes of all these devastations. They must establish industrial peace on foundations of industrial justice."

Back Stage in Washington

(Continued from page 649)

for the preservation of countless future generations.

Speaking of phenomena, I wish to point to the women members of Congress. There has grown up in the body politic a belief that when a Congressman dies his wife should be elected to succeed him. The interment ceremonies are hardly decently over than the widow announces that she wants to carry out Harry's policies, or Dick's beliefs, or Tom's principles, although there isn't anybody in forty-seven counties who knew that Harry, or Dick, or Tom had any policies, or beliefs, much less principles.

For the first time three women have been elected on their own hook. I refer to Edith Nourse Rogers, Florence Kahn, and Mrs. Norton of New Jersey. Mrs. Norton, it may be said, is not in the widowed class. Presumably she has a husband able to take care of himself. He has been heard of but never seen. Mrs. John Langley stepped into her husband's shoes. They were a trifle wet. But the hardy mountaineers of Kentucky are good souls and know the right thing to do.

There is no eye like a woman's for getting into and keeping the limelight. My agents, badly battered, reported to me an incident connected with the bestowal of the Congressional Medal of Honor on Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. After that shindig was over the prominent members of the House went to the steps of the Capitol to have their photographs taken with

the hero. Good publicity. Speaker Longworth and Floor Leader Tilson stood on one side and Finis Garrett, Democratic leader, on the other. Garrett had a near accident. Just before the camera shutters clicked somebody gave him a whack on the back, dislodged him from his advantageous position. My agents report that when the negatives were developed the figure of Edith Nourse Rogers appeared on Colonel Lindbergh's left.

William M. Butler has upset my fondest calculations and has sprung the surprise of the season by declaring that he will not be a candidate for the Senate in 1928. Republicans who had already chalked this seat off to David I. Walsh will now have to revise their estimates as there is the slight possibility that someone can be found who will give David Ignatius a hot time on election day. But I am not so concerned with what will happen next fall as the manner in which Mr. Butler made his announcement. Although the White House declaimed that it had known for a long time that the national chairman had this in mind, my agents aver that they are not all so sure about that. It all goes to show the mystery with which the Coolidge people surround themselves. It proves a good thing none of them talks in his sleep.

The two most surprised boys in Washington were Ted Clark, confidential secretary to the President, and Jimmy White, confidential secretary to Mr. Butler. If these cunning fellows had no right to know the course of Mr. Butler's future then nobody did. Mr. Stearns, I am informed, expressed a deep sigh of relief over the Butler move. Just why, he did not explain. Naturally he had not been informed of anything although he admitted to one of my spies that he had talked "around" the matter with the chairman.

It is my private belief, and I am willing to admit it may not be worth much, that Mr. Butler quit in a spirit of peevishness at the way he had been treated by Mr. Coolidge. A political manager needs to be informed what his star of destiny intends to do next and Mr. Butler was as completely in the dark as to the President's elimination of himself as the Washington Bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune* or any other dignitary of distinction. Now that he is out and my spies need no longer hound his trail I have developed a large lump of sympathy for Mr. Butler. His relations with the White House have not been so stimulating that he can carry away from his job many sweet memories. He has had a hard time. He has taken a lot of knocks uncomplainingly. He has been put to a lot of personal expense with a return of small thanks. Of course, his race against Walsh was hopeless. Everybody had told him so. But he leaves the party in Massachusetts in an embarrassed position by making such a precipitate and immediate retreat from the field.

Suggestions for Classroom Study

THE INDEPENDENT articles best suited for classroom study depend so much upon the character of the class that the teacher will be the best judge of the material to be chosen for more careful study. The Editors select for comment those contributions that personally impress them as being appropriate for student discussion.

BRATIANU—ROUMANIA'S LOST LEADER. 1. Locate Roumania on a map of modern Europe, noticing its regional divisions, chief cities, and outstanding geographical features. What is its capital? By what countries is it bounded? 2. From an encyclopædia, geography, or any other authoritative reference work available, acquaint yourself with its chief manufactures and staple crops. Is it primarily an industrial or an agricultural country? 3. What is its population? Compare its population with that of New York State; then with that of New York State and some other State combined. 4. Compare its area with that of New York State; of New Mexico. 5. Compare its density of population with that of New Mexico; New York; Maryland; Massachusetts. 6. Sketch in outline the history of Roumania. 7. What is its form of government? With whom is the greatest power lodged? Is it an oligarchy, democracy, monarchy? 8. With this for a background, consider the career of Jon Bratianu. What impression of the man do you receive from Mr. Martyn's article? Do you feel, after reading it, that you know Bratianu? What do you learn of the events of his life? Of his traits of character? Notice how Mr. Martyn combines these things in giving you a rounded picture of the man. 9. Comment on the opening paragraph of the article. If you consider it a good introduction, give your reasons for finding it so. 10. Why is Roumania called a "Euxine" kingdom? 11. What is the meaning of the coined adjective "Graustarkian"? 12. Define: Byzantine; hirsute. 13. What was the position of Roumania at the outbreak of the World War? With which side was the king in sympathy? The queen? What was Bratianu's attitude before throwing Roumania in on the side of the Allies? 14. Discuss the misfortunes which overtook Roumania during the war, and the part she played in that conflict. 15. What territorial gains did she receive in the peace settlement? 16. Discuss post-war events in Roumania, particularly the exile of Prince Carol and the present movement favoring his return. 17. Tell something about each of the following: Prince Barbu Stirbey; Vintila Bratianu; Queen Marie; General Averescu; King Mihai. 18. Write an essay of not less than 700 words on one of the following subjects: Roumania in the World War; Roumania Under the Regency; The Carolist Plot; Bratianu As a Diplomat; Queen Marie.

BLOODY MONDAY AGAIN IN COLORADO. 1. Into what classification of writing—exposition, narrative, description, or argument—does the article fall? Does Mr. Rice give private opinions, facts, or both? Does he seem to favor either the miners or the employers, or is his attitude impartial? 2. From this article, and from accounts in newspapers and other magazines, gather the main facts of the Colorado strike. It would be well for the class to proceed methodically in this, organizing its material under various heads such as: *a.* history of the case; *b.* economic factors involved; *c.* social conditions among the mine workers; *d.* working conditions in the mines; *e.* demands of the workers; *f.* demands of the mine owners. Other heads will doubtless suggest themselves to the class. It is inevitable that some of the heads will overlap, and in classifying facts which seem to belong under more than one of them, students may exercise their discretion. 3. Write an expository essay setting forth the main facts of the strike. As an alternative, write a piece of argument favoring either the cause of the miners or of the employers. If the class is interested in debating, it would be possible to arrange a debate, with one group taking the side of the workers, the other that of the employers. 4. Discuss the wording of the question for such a debate, keeping in mind the rules governing argumentation.

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A Cry That Has Echoed Through the Ages

The cry of the leper—outcast, unclean! A soul-wracking, melancholy cry that has resounded in the halls of time since Egypt was young and the pyramids were but a dream.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean," pleaded the lepers when the Man of Galilee walked among them nearly 2,000 years ago. And in His great compassion He laid His hands upon them and gave them comfort.

But even in this advanced age the agonized cry of the leper is raised, unheard, lost on the winds of the sea and stifled by the loneliness of far-off islands where millions of lepers this very hour are living a walking, breathing death. Actually, millions there are—men, women and helpless little children who never should feel the hand of leprosy. Thousands of these are under the American flag in the world's greatest leper colony at Culion in the Philippines.

And yet, these exiled and forgotten millions are suffering and dying needlessly. It is astounding but true that leprosy is curable. In five years more than 1,000 of the milder cases have been cured at Culion and the patients returned to their homes. Now, only money is needed to provide increased personnel and equipment at Culion so that a perfected cure may be given to the lepers of the world. This was Leonard Wood's dream and it was he who asked the American people for help, just before his death.

"If Thou wilt Thou canst make us clean." Yes, the same old prayer, but this time it is addressed not to the Man of Galilee but to You. You can help rid the world of Leprosy—Stamp it Out for all time—by simply sending your check to aid the heroic men and women who have buried themselves among the lepers and are devoting their lives to this great task.

Interesting information on this subject may be obtained by writing the National Chairman, General James G. Harbord, or better still, send your check to the National Treasurer, General Samuel McRoberts.

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